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VOL. LXXVIII
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MAY TO OCTOBER, 1909

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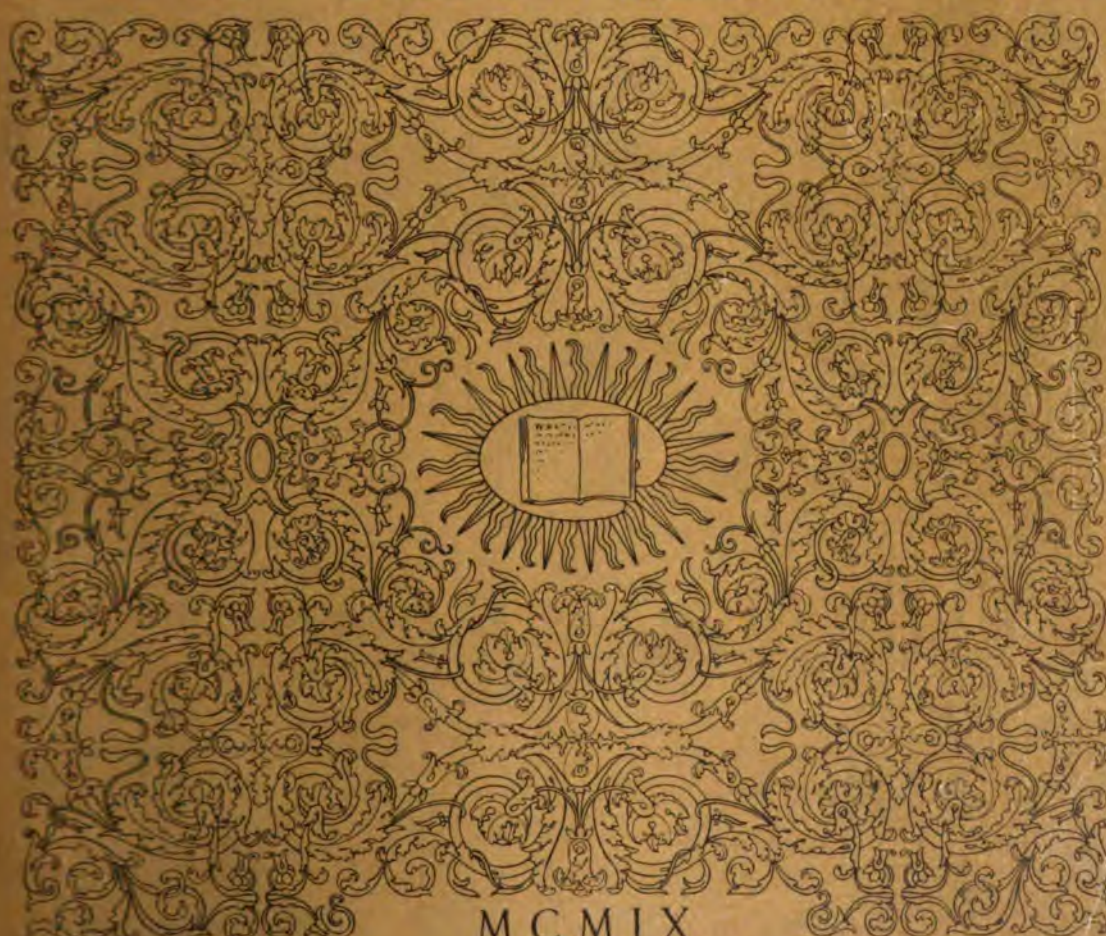

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SUMMER SHADOWS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII MAY, 1909 No. 1

THE OLD PLANTERS'[1]

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Author of "Mars' Chan," "Meh Lady," "Red Rock," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

I

THE time when the old Planters' Hotel first opened was a date so far back that the memory of man runs not to the contrary. It must, from its name, have been in the "ante bellum," or, as the old Colonel used to say, "antediluvian," period, when the wealthy planters passed up and down the country on their way back and forth from their rich rice and cotton plantations on the sluggish rivers to the mountains. Its name denoted it; its ample rooms, carved mantels, and heavy wainscot, long eaten of rats, and its fine old classical portico—all testified to a Colonial or post-Colonial period, contemporary possibly, with the Revolutionary name of the town, Liberty.

When the close of the war brought to an end the régime on which the prestige of the old "Planters'" depended, the mansion stood like some of those who had resorted there: a mere relic of the past, dignified almost to grandeur, but antiquated and out of date. The once snowy paint blistered and peeled from portico and portal; the fences rotted to decay, and the once carefully tended walks crumbled beneath the foot not of man, but of time and the elements.

Then came the boom as unexpected and apparently as disastrous as the boom of the guns that had startled and shocked the quiet region in the terrible year, sixty-four, when War's plowshare plowed a deep furrow through the land.

It was then that the new railroad came into, or nearly into, the town, and passed by on the other side. Streets, long, dusty, and hot, were laid out at right angles to one another, taking in not only the suburbs, but ranging on in their checker-pattern far into the country, marking the green or brown fields with long lines of naked, upturned earth, deep cuts, and high "fills," which in bad weather were impassable, and in all weather were hideous,

[1] The author desires to acknowledge his debt to a charming story "The Passing of Falstaff," published some fifteen years ago.

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like raw welts on the smooth body. "Corner lots" sold at fabulous prices to people who had never seen them, and who never paid for them. A mania seized on the people.

When the drop came, it was simply that—a drop. No one knew why it came or how. The bubble had simply burst, and the boom collapsed. No one had made money by it. Every one seemed poorer than ever, and Liberty, after its one wild, boom-orgy, sank back into its old humdrum life and ways, with only the long, raw welts, cuts, and fills; a few ugly, modern brick structures—in boom parlance, "up-to-date blocks"—standing up bare and shameless and empty among the quaint, dormer-windowed frame-buildings or solid brick houses of an older and serener age, to mark its fall in its unhallowed chase for wealth.

It was in the boom-time that the large, hideous shell, called the "Windsor Palace Hotel," was built on the new street, termed "Fifth Avenue," which had swallowed the up-country road. This hotel was the chief toadstool of the mushroom city, and here, mainly in its large bar-room, during its brief career, the glib real-estate agent plied his most alluring and deceptive practices, and the self-assertive drummer, cigar or toothpick in mouth, aired himself and his views with the confidence which had brought him to his present eminence and was looked to to take him higher.

When the boom had passed, the Windsor Palace Hotel had passed also, though it lingered on cataleptically for a year or two, while only drummers stamped through its vacant and resounding halls and shrunken bar, discussing its future end with a shrewd question or two as to "Old Dick's present insurance," until it went up one night in smoke, leading the astute young men who "traveled" in that "territory" to nod sagaciously, for the most part with an eye closed, and curse the fate that would throw them back to the old Planters'.

II

It was a topic of conversation among a group of the traveling brotherhood one autumn evening within my hearing in the smoking-car of the little, ill-lighted, ill-smelling train for Liberty, that jerked and jolted over the winding and uneven track which owed its crooked being to the exploded boom of some few years back. There were half a dozen of them—all but one, the eldest, from the North—becapped and cigaretted and self-assertive, representing as many different cities and "lines of goods," and they had taken easy possession of the car with the air of men who owned the train, as in some sort they did.

The unanimous judgment of those who had been so unfortunate as to have to stop at "that joint"—for one man was making his first trip South—was that it was "rotten," a view in which I was much interested, for I was bound for Liberty myself.

"But, you know, the place has changed hands since last season. Old Doodle 's pulled out and gone," said the eldest of the group, a pleasant-looking man of middle age whom the next oldest called Marion, and the others addressed simply as "old man."

"Well, that 's a blessing," observed another, with a young face, but an old air, as of a man who has seen the world and found it wanting. "Bound to be better; could not be worse. Only place I ever put up at where they had slop-water regular for soup—regular, mind you. I have seen it off and on at Jim Tipple's roost on the P. D. & Q., and at Slive Hunker's—where I first met you, Jake,—you remember?—and at several other places; but never regular except at the Planters'. I wonder who old Doodle 's unloaded on, and what he got?"

"Don't know, Mack; but he stuck whoever 't was, no matter what he got."

"That 's easy. Ever try to sell him a bill o' goods or stand him off?" The laugh that went up testified to old Doodle's character.

"I can stand axle-grease for cheese, for a variety," said one, whom the others called "Henchy"—short, as I learned, for Henchman—"but I do think the box ought to be hid."

"Maybe old Doodle 's dead," suggested another who had been working over a pipe, a curly-headed youth named Jake. His voice had an accent of hope.

"No such good luck. That kind don't die," said Henchy. "He 's robbed some poor devil and gone off, leaving him the bag to hold."

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" 'T ain't a him; it 's a her," observed Marion.

"A what? What kind of a her? Wid' or old maid?" "What 's her name?" "Where 'd she come from?" "How 'd she get into it?" were questions all asked together within a minute, with many forebodings that it would be "worse than ever," unless, indeed, as some thought, that were impossible.

"Named Garnett, I think," said Marion, when the questions slackened. "Widow, I judge. They always spoke of 'Mrs. Garnett's.' Her husband was—let me see—what did they say? Oh, yes; they said he was a colonel and had—let me see—done something in the war. What was it? Oh, I don't know; played hell somewhere—at Gettysburg or somewhere. Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I 'm glad he 's dead, anyway," observed Mack, amiably.

"I guess he was dead some time before they buried him," said Jake, a view that met with a prompt indorsement.

"I think I 'll go on and wire my folks to-morrow morning," continued the youth. "I 'm getting too old for this sort of thing. I like a bed 's 'll stand still an' not run clean away."

"I 've *got* to stop," said another, despondently, a traveler for "notions." "Got a bill of goods to look after. Sold last season, by one of the firm, and the Boss sent me down specially to see what 's to pay."

"Oh, well, I guess I 'll stop. I 'm tough."

"You 're that all right, Jake," observed his friend, to the appreciation of the others.

"Why did n't old Doodle have brains to do like old Dick up to the Windsor, and burn her and collect his insurance like a gentleman, instead of playin' off on a poor widdy woman?"

"Now, if I 'd said that!" commented the one they called Jake, with an expressive gesture and shrug, at which there was a laugh.

"You would n't dare," said Mack.

"Oh, 't ain't so bad," suddenly observed a pleasant-looking fellow who had not spoken before, and whose name I afterward learned was Wilson. "I crossed a fellow the other night at the theater in Florence. Said he 'd been there, and they were mighty nice folks had it now. Did n't know very much about runnin' a hotel,—left it pretty much to two old niggers,—but were straight all right. Sort of high-toned, and make you feel sort of company; but he said there was an all-fired— However—nothing." He stopped short, and the next second tried to adjust his necktie by the reflection in the darkened window-pane.

Next moment the engine whistled, the hoarse cry of the dusty brakeman, "Liberty!" set the group of drummers to gathering up valises and sample-cases, and speculating as to whether they would find a bus or a "night hawk," or would be forced to plow through the mud.

III

THE train came joltingly to a halt, and I followed the group of drummers as they picked up their traps and moved out of the door. On what should have been the platform, but was a stretch of sand uncertainly lighted by the dull gleam sifted through the car windows, a few loungers stood about in the gloom, hands in pockets, and up the track a little way beyond, where a negro was talking drunkenly, was heard the jar of trunks as they dropped heavily from the baggage-car in the fitful light of a smoky lantern. My friends, the drummers, moved up in a group, opening in a chorus of objurgations by no means complimentary to Liberty or the railway, when a lantern appeared close beside us, and a voice insinuated itself through the dusk.

"Planters' Hotel, gem'men? On'y fust-class hotel in de city, suh."

Muttered terms of derision were exchanged between the young men as they kept on toward the baggage-car, from which the heavy thud of trunks dropped on the ground still came, the fitful gleam of the lantern moving beside us as the bearer kept pace with us.

"All out?" inquired a voice; to which the reply came, "Yep; let her go!" and at the conductor's announcement, "All aboard!" sung out in the darkness behind us, the engine gave a screech, and, with a labored *chug-chug,* the train started.

As the band of dim light from the windows moved on beyond us, grotesquely

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zigzagging up the banks ahead of us and disappeared beyond, leaving only the light at the rear of the train glowering back at us like a dull, crimson eyeball, three or four negro youths appeared, offering to take our grips and asking for a dime. The voice near us once more insinuated itself: "Planters' Hotel, gem'mens? On'y fust-class hotel in de city. I 'll teck you' baggage. Jes gimme yo' carpet-bags, yo' grips, and yo' checks."

The drummers were counting their pieces, and finding the tale correct, one of them turned and asked, "Got a bus?"

"Aw—yes, suh; yes, suh. Got a—got eve'ythin'. Jes gimme yo' checks. I 'll ten' to eve'ythin'. Need n't trouble yo'-self 'bout nothin'. You jes lef' 'em to old Julius. He 'll ten' to 'em. You jes wait fo' me a minute." A shrill explosion of laughter from one of the negro boys standing listlessly by drew from him a sharp rebuke. "What you laughin' at? Git back out o' my way or I 'll mak' you laugh wrong side yo' mouf."

The checks were handed over to him, and a colloquy ensued between him and the station-agent while the drummers discussed and inveighed against the fate that had led them to a Sunday at Liberty.

Finally the old colored man turned. "All right, gem'mens. Jes a minute. I 'll be dyah in a minute, an' I 'll show you de way."

"Where 's the bus?" they called after him. But with a "Yes, suh; yes, suh; close by," he disappeared in the darkness without vouchsafing further answer.

"I believe he 's lying. Don't believe there is any bus," hazarded one of the young men. "Did he say there was a bus?"

"Of course he 's just lying."

A negro boy near by gave a shrill laugh of amusement, and turned to one of his companions.

"Dat 's what he call a bus."

Just then the sound of wheels reached us, and an old rattle-trap of a wagon approached through the dusk and drew up beside the luggage.

"Now, gem'mens, gimme yo' grips."

"Here, I thought you said you had a bus! What do you mean by lying to us? Do you call that a bus?" the drummers called to him derisively.

"Well, suh, not edzackly a—bus, but a —vehicle," said the old fellow. And with much clatter the luggage was got into the wagon. The old man handed his lantern to a negro boy, saying, "Heah, light de gem'mens," part order, part request, and, turning with a bow to us, said: "Gem'men, you jes foller me. Jes foller old Julius." He mounted his wagon amid the jeers of the drummers, and drove on through the sand.

After a drive and plod of a mile through the sand, during which the drummers bombarded him with their raw-edged wit all the way without a moment's peace, the old man called, "Whoa!" and the horse stopped at a gate in front of a large, double-winged, old-fashioned mansion, set back from the street, with big pillars two stories high. The old man descended from his perch.

"Jes walk right in, gem'mens," he said with a new air. "Yo' 'll fin' eve'ythin' comf'table, and de Cun'l in dyah waitin' supper fo' de guests."

This last, at least, was encouraging; for the night air and the trudge through the sand had whetted our appetites. So, with many directions to him to take care of their baggage, the "guests" filed up the path, and, crossing the wide and somewhat dilapidated porch, entered the only "fust-class hotel in Liberty."

Before us was a large hall, at present empty, on one side of which, beginning about half-way back, curved up a fine old stairway of the Colonial pattern, with fluted spindles. On each side were rooms, and at the back two doors opened on the rear. The furnishings were a long table, on which stood a big lamp with a smoky chimney and two or three well-thumbed volumes; half a dozen or more chairs and a long rack on the wall, flanked by a number of old prints of horses and dogs, and a well-smoked portrait of an elderly gentleman in a velvet coat and ruffles, with a dress-sword at his hip. In one of the rooms at the side, which presented the appearance of a sort of parlor, an old man was seated in an arm-chair, reading a newspaper by a dim lamp on a round table with a heavy carved base; but if he heard us enter, he took no notice of us, and we were left in the hall to our own devices until the old darky shambled in at the back door, lugging the highly prized hand-bags.

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IV

THE young men stood about, inspecting the scanty and battered furniture in the apartment, the time-marked prints on the wall, and the objects visible through the open door of the adjoining room, and passing criticisms on them, mainly jocular and often acute. The old gentleman, they decided, was probably the parlor-boarder, engaged in gleaning last year's news from the weekly newspaper. Mack hazarded a wager that he was "an old Rebel general living on his memories of before the war, and a bottle." The bottle clause had no taker. Gradually the criticism extended until it included the entire region and everything in it, which they damned generously and impartially. "It 's the same eternal Southern shiftlessness," said Mack, to which the others gave a hearty assent.

Suddenly I became aware of a presence: a little old lady in black had appeared among us, though where she came from, I scarcely knew, she had entered so quietly. She went around and spoke to each one, extending her hand, and giving us all a word not only of greeting, but of welcome. She was a quaint little lady, very spare and meager-looking, with bright, kind eyes, and was dressed in a black dress, very old and much worn, with a white kerchief about her throat. Her gray hair, brushed simply over her temples, added to the old-time air which surrounded her and appeared to pervade the place as she entered. When she extended her welcome to me I observed that the hand she gave me was curiously small, and so hard that it gave me a pang. It seemed quite incongruous with her silvery hair, delicate features, and gentle air.

"Will you write your names for me?" she asked with a smile, as she turned to the old ledger on the table; adding, as though by way of apology, "I like to have my friends write their names down so that I can remember them."

In awkward silence one man after another shambled up and scribbled his name and handed the pen to his neighbor, instead of flinging it on the table as he usually did at a hotel. They were beginning to be under the spell, as I was.

"And now," she said, with a glance around at each one, "I wonder if you would not like to run up to your rooms before supper? Supper will be ready soon. It will be a little late to-night, as we had a little accident in the kitchen; but it will be ready, I hope, in a short while. How many are there of you?" She counted us, "One, two, three, four, five, six. Oh, dear! I have only four rooms ready. I wonder if any of you happen to be brothers?" she inquired.

"Yes, those two are brothers," declared Mack, pointing shamelessly at a dark little fellow with an Italian face and at the lightest-haired man in the lot. "And those two." He pointed at me and the one called Marion. All four of us protested, but if Mrs. Garnett heard, she paid no heed to us.

"Well, supper will be ready directly," she said, "so you may want to go to your rooms. And I will have your valises sent up as soon as my servant comes in—unless," she added as an afterthought, "you prefer to take them up with you, as he has to look after his horse." I set the example by grabbing my bag, and the others rather gloomily followed suit. Thus armed, we waited.

"Oh," she said, "you don't know your rooms, do you? Of course not. Well, I must show you, and you can suit yourselves. Come along." She proceeded to pilot us up the broad, bare stairway, followed by the procession of drummers, who were nudging and hinting to one another their views of the Planters' and their determination to "get out of that" by the first train the next day. The selection of rooms rather increased this decision. The chambers were large and absolutely bare of all but the necessary furniture; but that was of rosewood and mahogany, high, testered beds and dressers, once handsome, now much battered and defaced. I must say they were clean, a rare and unlooked-for virtue. Marion and I, as brothers, took one together. A minute later the old darky bustled in, perspiring freely with his haste. Ol' Miss had sent him to see if de gem'mens wanted anything. What we wanted we did not say.

V

PRESENTLY a bell sounded down-stairs, and we all descended. I was struck with the change the last quarter of an hour had

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made in the young men. In the interval all had brushed their hair, and nearly all had put on clean collars. The Jew's crinkly curls glistened with the water that was still on them, while the heads of most of the others were brushed as smooth as energy and care could make them.

The lady was waiting for us downstairs. Still we waited, and impatience began to be manifested in more faces than one. In a moment, however, the door opened, and the same old colored man we had seen appeared with a waiter under his arm.

"Is Master down?" inquired the lady.

"Yas 'm; he 's in dyah," said the old darky.

"Will you walk in?" she said pleasantly, when she was satisfied that we were all present or accounted for, and turned toward the door. The man who stood nearest was about to swing in at the door ahead of her, but Marion, who stood next him, seized him by the arm with a grip that made him wince, and Mrs. Garnett swept in. I caught sight of the same back I had seen in the other room. The man was seated at the foot of the table, but rose on our entrance and bowed to us.

"My husband, gentlemen," said the lady with a smile so natural that we all felt rebuked, or, at least, lost our manner of levity.

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," said the old fellow, with a bow so grand that I was quite unprepared for it. "Won't you take seats?" He spoke quite as if we were his guests, and the awkward way in which my fellow-travelers shuffled into their chairs testified their unwonted embarrassment. Even the Jew and Mack kept silence, and under some accession of respect forbore to wipe their plates with their napkins. If, however, the Colonel, as he was called by his neighbors, observed it, he gave no sign. He opened the conversation at the same moment that he took up his carving-knife, and led it along easy lines, addressing himself now to the table at large, now to each person, whom he addressed as, "You, sir."

"The train was a little late," he observed. "Our roads are shamefully conducted by these new gentry who have come down,"—he did not specify from where, but it was plain what region he indicated,—"and are undertaking to gobble up everything." He hoped his servant had been on time to meet us and bring up our "carpet-bags." This word he corrected a moment later, and used the term "baggage." The negroes were "so trifling these days" that one could never count on them; "utterly inefficient," he declared them; but he admitted that Julius Daniels was quite an unusual man for a negro. "He owns a little wagon and horse which he uses to bring baggage up from the station, and is quite an exceptional man." This reference he made while Julius was out of the room, purveying a fresh assortment of batter-cakes, and I observed that he never referred to the "negroes" in Julius's presence. This led him to the subject of the war, and he was soon deep in the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, which, by his account, were one long blaze of glorious victories, undimmed by a single reverse. In the midst of his account, one of the boys, who traveled for "yarns," asked, "Were you in the war?"

"Sir?" said the Colonel, who thought he had not heard him correctly.

"Were you in the war?"

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel, quietly, and turning, he addressed a man on the other side of the table, and never again looked at the questioner; nor did he again refer to the war, but spoke entirely of what occurred "before the war," when, as he said frankly, "he lived," adding that now he "only existed."

Mrs. Garnett, at the head of the table, dispensed her tea and coffee with the graciousness of a lady to her guests, and I observed that she did not eat a mouthful. Through an open door behind her I caught a glimpse of a stout old colored woman moving about, and once I thought I saw a young girl, with a plate in her hand, peeping in at the door and smilingly beckoning to Julius.

When we were through supper, the old fellow at the foot of the table rose and, with a wave of his hand, said: "The smoking-room is across the hall, gentlemen." Then with a bow to his wife: "My dear, you will excuse us?" And we all followed him, feeling much as if we were in a play. I must say that my respect for him rose, and so, I think, did that of the others, for he treated us as a host treats his guests, offering us pipes, of which there was a small and battered collection, and apolo-

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gizing for not having any cigars, after having called Julius and inquired if there were not some.

"Well, please remind me to get some to-morrow," he said.

"Yes, suh; but to-morrer 's Sunday," said the old negro.

"Sunday? So it is. Well, remind me on Monday."

"Yes, suh." Julius solemnly withdrew.

"They have no memory whatever, none whatsoever," observed the old fellow in a tone of resignation when Julius had retired.

Through an open window the hum of voices came to me, and I caught sight of the glint of a white dress passing down the walk, and thought I recognized beside it in the dusk the straight back and slouched hat of a young man I had seen on the train. Suddenly as the latch clicked the old Colonel rose, and, with a bow like that with which he had greeted us, said: "Well, gentlemen, I regret that I have to leave you. The infirmities of age begin to press upon me, and an old wound sometimes gives me trouble; so I have to retire rather early and get my sleep. I believe you all know your rooms, and Julius will be on hand in case you require anything. Pray ring for whatever you need. Good night." And with another bow he shuffled off.

One man after another had awkwardly risen from his seat under some unwonted but compelling impulse to do what they possibly had not done in all the years of their traveling. As the door closed, the little Jew turned, and, with a shrug and spread of his hands outward, said: "Vell, he 's a new von on me. I haf seen 'em all, but he 's new goods. What you make of him? You haf lived before the war." He addressed himself to Marion. The traveler for yarns answered for him.

"He has gone to lay up to his bottle."

This created a diversion in which the old fellow's reputation somewhat suffered, as, one after another, the drummers, released from the unaccountable influence of his presence, sank back into their habitual attitude of caviling criticism. One recalled his dissatisfaction with everything since the war. Another cited his allowing his wife to attend to the business of the establishment, while several others united in criticising his views on the negro, when the old negro whom we had seen appeared to do all the work. Thus, when we went to bed the attitude was one of hostility to the Colonel and of growing criticism toward everything in the house. That the Pied Piper had not piped all the rats away, I could have testified that night.

VI

NEXT morning, although I descended to breakfast rather late, it being Sunday, I found myself among the earliest, and one by one my companions of the evening before drifted in. Mrs. Garnett was seated at the head of the table, and her greeting made amends, at least to me, for the delay in getting breakfast. The meal did not differ in many respects from that of the evening before, the chief difference consisting in a larger assortment of hot bread and old Julius's clean shirt and high collar. In the glare of the daylight our hostess looked older and more worn than she had done the night before, and, notwithstanding the fact that her attire was more carefully arranged, it looked even more threadbare than it had done in the softened lamplight. The Colonel did not appear at breakfast, and old Julius did the honors, urging "anuther cake, gem'men?" or "jes a cup of coffee?" in accents as soft as velvet.

Presently, just after the last of her guests had entered and she had poured out his coffee, the hostess addressed the table at large: "Now, young gentlemen, how many of you will accompany me to church? I hope you all will. We have two pews, and have the privilege of as many more seatings as we need, and even if we are a little late—"

I never saw such undisguised astonishment as that which sat upon the faces of the entire company. They were too surprised to laugh, which I greatly feared they might do. The young Jew was equal to the emergency. "Vell, I 'm a Jew," he said, looking her guilelessly in the face. "My Sabbath vas yesterday."

"I 'm a Catholic," said the traveler for notions, "and I 'm afraid of Father Horrigan." He winked openly at Marion, who looked away and refused to see him.

"I am sure it would not do you any harm," said the lady, mildly; "and if

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Father Horrigan is as good a man as I hope he is, he will understand. However, I do not wish you to go against your conscience." The snicker, audible down the table was, I suppose, at the idea of Dalling's having a conscience; but Marion, to break the effect, announced his wish to accompany her. I followed suit, and so did the two other young men, bent, as I believe, on sheer mischief, though another possible reason for it appeared a few minutes later.

I was seated in the smoking-room with my back to the door, which was open, when I became aware that something was taking place in the hall, on which the attention of my companions was suddenly riveted. Following their glance, I saw Mrs. Garnett in the act of presenting her escorts to a young lady, who, simply attired in white, with a large, white hat round which was wrapped some soft, white stuff, seemed suddenly to transform the entire establishment. An old colored woman was at the moment on her knees behind her, arranging her skirt, her eyes on her full of adoring affection, her white teeth gleaming with gratified pride, and when the young lady turned and smiled down at her, she gave an answering nod of complete satisfaction. When I joined them, I was presented to "my daughter," and I quite understood Wilson's unfinished reference of the evening before to the "all-fired" something, and his instinctive tug at his necktie. Her face had a charm in which I thought grave responsibility had played its part, for the frank smile in her eyes was deepened by the firmer lines about the mouth. But I own that a large, white hat shading a lovely face, lighted by beautiful eyes, quite destroys my judgment as to details. It is the proper canopy of romance.

So, leaving the others,—I thought, in a somewhat crestfallen condition,—we went to church, where we sat high up in a pew, evidently one of the best, among "the quality," and heard a perfectly sound and arid sermon. When we came out we found the rest of my fellow-travelers standing somewhat obtrusively among the throng that lined the sidewalk to see the congregation come forth, and certainly a dozen young men, obviously waiting to ask the privilege of escorting our young lady home, of whom the young fellow I had seen on the train bore off the honors. We knew that afternoon from Julius that "Mist' Calvert" was a "mighty fine gem'man." The old Colonel showed off better in church than he had done the evening before; in fact, he was a dignified figure in his threadbare black coat, his limp, but speckless linen, frayed collar, and worn necktie. But it was not at the Colonel that my young men gazed.

The dinner was late; but was good, and, as I discovered afterward, was prepared, at least in part, by the young lady who had adorned the pew at the morning service, and who now, having doffed her church apparel, turned Abigail and served the meal. I caught, through an open door, a glimpse of her with sleeves rolled up over arms round enough to have served as models to restore those the Venus of Melos had lost, an apron up to her white throat, and a stout old negro woman helping her to dress a cake. That afternoon we all knew that she taught in the Sunday-school, and later we knew from Mack that she had gone to walk with that "same young fellow," as Mack termed him, with something of reprobation in his tone. The effect on the young men was striking and immediate. I never knew a greater or more sudden accession of piety, and Father Horrigan, if the extreme constructionist that Dalling had declared him, would have been scandalized by his parishioner's backsliding. Next morning not a man was late to breakfast, and when the young lady started for the school which she taught, little Mack nearly broke his neck to open the gate for her.

When we came away no one was about except old Julius, and presently one of the boys said to him, "I want to pay my bill and get off."

"I 'll teck it," said the old fellow, simply. So we paid him, and left our good-byes for our hostess.

VII

I DID not visit Liberty again for two years, but when I had occasion to return there, on the same jolty little train I found little Mack and almost the same set of drummers. As the young men fell into conversation I fancied I saw some change in them. What was it? They had undoubtedly refined. They were less loud and a trifle less vulgar. They were all headed

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for Liberty to spend Sunday, which in itself surprised me, and I began to ask questions about our friends of the Planters'.

"Oh, the Planters' was about the same; but that was all right, and—yes, 'Ol' Mistis' was all right and the 'Colonel,' of it," put in unexpectedly a new man who had been sitting on the other side of the car. Mack turned on him with a cold gleam in his eye. "Traveled in the South much?"

"No; and don't want to, either."

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD PLANTERS'—"A MERE RELIC OF THE PAST"

too, just the same—let his wife and daughter do all the work while he 'held his job down,' telling 'how trifling the niggers are' and hitting the bottle." This view of the Colonel was warmly contested by Mack.

"I know the sort. It 's the Southern

"What do you travel for?"

"Brass goods."

"Thought so," said Mack, shortly, and, turning his back on him, lowered his tone.

"Did you ever hear what Plane, of Plane & Snapper said about him?" he

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asked us. "He said that he 'd tried to help him; but he just could n't be helped —could n't do a thing in the world. But that was all straight goods those fellows gave us about him in the war—chargin' the battery, and about his being shot through, and asking the fellow to please lend him his arm; but he said he was 'all in' years ago—said he was just inefficient."

Presently I discovered that nearly every one of them was bringing some contribution to the larder, or some present to his friends. One had something vaguely characterized as "canned goods," which he was taking down "from his mother," though he casually mentioned that his mother had died when he was six years old, and he 'd "like to know what the old man's 'second order' would think of it if she were asked to contribute anything to anybody on earth. She had never let the old man give him a cent since he was twelve." Yet another had a box of cigars for the Colonel, which he brazenly declared he would give him as Havanas, though they were made by Wrap & Co. of Rorwalk, Connecticut. "He 'll never know the difference; wait and see." Another had a turkey which his sisters were sending down as a token of their appreciation of Mrs. Garnett's trying to get him to go to church. "What did I say their names were, Skin?" he asked his friend in the next seat. "I know I tried to give 'em 'quality names,' as old Jule says."

"That comes of trying to get a gloss on," commented his friend.

So it went. Nearly every one had picked out something to eke out the fare these young knights of the sample-case thought too scanty for their needs, yet were willing to put up with for some undefined compensation. I wondered what it could be. I wondered how much of their surprising new interest in the Planters' was due to the youngest member of the colony; but I got no inkling of this.

We landed at Liberty about the same hour and in much the same way that we had landed there before. Old Julius was on hand, but this time the greeting was wholly different. The young men were now plainly on intimate terms with the old negro.

"Hello, Uncle Jule!" "Hello, old man; how 's everybody?" they called.

"G'd even', gem'mens. All 's well, thanky, suh. Who 's dat? Why, hi! Ef dat ain't Mister Marion! Dat you, Mister Mack? How 's you all, gem'mens? Um-hum! Got a big bus full to-night."

"You 've got a bus, have you? New one, I suppose? Four horses, rubber tires? Well, fetch it around." So they pelted him with questions as he busied himself among their bags, his face lighted up by the fitful gleam of the smoky lantern. But now the tone was friendly. And the answer was a laugh. "Bus 'nough to git de ol' man a extry quarter or two."

"How 's everybody? Ol' Miss?"

"All fust rate, gem'mens. Dey 'll cert'n'y be glad to see you. De Cun'l was sayin' las' week 't was 'bout time for you all to be along."

"Is that so?" The speech had been addressed to the group, and the reply was general and appreciative.

"Yes, suh, dat he was. He was talkin' 'bout you jes yistidy, Mr. Marion."

"He was?" The old traveler was manifestly pleased.

"Yes, suh. He axed me ef I thought de bar'l o' flour 'd hold out. 'T you ought to be along 'most any time, now."

"He 's gaged you, all right, old man," clamored the others. The negro was taken rather aback by the application of his master's speech.

"No, suh, gem'mens. De Cun'l he did n't mean nothin' like dat. He likes a gem'man to be a hearty feeder. Dat 's what mecks him lak you gem'mens. He say he never see such a hearty feeder in his life."

Perhaps it was to create a diversion that the hearty feeder asked, "How are the rats?"

"De rats? De ain't a rat on de place."

"There ain't? What 's become of 'em? Eaten 'em?"

"No, suh, not a rat," persisted the old man. "De Cun'l tol' me not long ago to git rid of 'em, if I had to bu'n de house down."

"That 's the only way to get rid of them rats," interpolated Marion.

" 'Cause he said," pursued the old negro, "he was p'intedly afeared Mr. Marion would n't come back no mo'. He said he never see a man so skeered o' rats in his life. Dat *he* warn't much afeared

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"AN OLD COLORED WOMAN WAS AT THE MOMENT ON HER KNEES BEHIND HER"

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o' Yankees endurin' de war as Mr. Marion was o' rats."

"They were n't as dangerous," said Marion, amid laughter.

Just as we were about to start, some one asked in a querulous voice if we could tell him what the best hotel was, and how he could get there. It was the man who had been snubbed on the train by little Mack. No one had taken any notice of him, and now he was in a very bad humor.

"Uncle Jule," called Mack, without looking at him, "here 's some one wants to know what 's the best hotel in Liberty. Can you tell him?"

The old darky descended solemnly from his wagon, on which he had perched himself, and, hat in hand, bowed to the stranger. "Oh, yes, suh. De Planters' 's de on'y fust-class hotel in Liberty. Jes gimme yo' checks, suh."

"How far is it?" demanded the stranger.

" 'T ain't so fur. Jes a little ways. You gimme yo' carpet-bag. You jes follow dese gem'mens. Deer 's all goin' dyah. You can't git 'em to go nowhere else. You ax 'em."

"What sort of a hotel is it?" asked the new-comer.

"Good enough for us," answered one of the young men, shortly.

"Where 's the bus?"

"Uncle Jule, show him the bus."

"Well, ur—de bus ain' heah dis evenin'," said the old man, diplomatically. "But you jes foller dese gem'mens; dey loves to walk."

"Well, I don't, I want a conveyance."

"No, you want the world with a new painted fence around it," snapped one of the drummers. The stranger was evidently angered.

"It 's this confounded Southern shiftlessness," he snarled.

"Yes, that 's it—you know all about it," assented a familiar voice out of the group. "Where are you from?" It was little Mack.

"From north of Mason and Dixon's Line, thank God!"

"You are thankful for small favors," sneered Mack, who was himself from Hartford, Connecticut.

"What 'd they run you out for?"

"Run me out? I was n't run out. What do you mean?"

"Oh, I thought you would n't have come down to a country you think so ill of, if you could 'a' stayed anywhere else."

"I 'm traveling down this way for my health," growled the other.

"Well, I can tell you one thing," said the little drummer, "your health will not be improved by expressing views like that around the Planters'."

The walk up through the sand was as before; but only Tompkins, the stranger, swore at it. The others, whether amused at his unhappiness or accustomed to it, were good-humored and lively.

The greeting we received was enough to have put even an older lot of wayfarers in good humor. If we had been cousins, that generic name by which are known all who have even a drop of common blood, we could not have received a warmer welcome from the mistress, and even the Colonel, though he had manifestly failed since I saw him last, was most cordial, and as soon as the names of the young men had been recalled to him, asked particularly about their families.

At the table I observed that Jake and little Mack had laid aside their flaming neck-gear and traveling-men's hotel manners, and whatever came in at the door behind Mrs. Garnett's right shoulder was "delicious." When Miss Garnett came in with a plate of cakes, every man was on his feet instantly. It was astonishing what early risers they became, how often their way lay in the direction of Miss Garnett's school, though it was on the outskirts of the town, and how regular they grew to be at early Sunday tea. As far as I could learn, no one of them except possibly Mack ever ventured to speak a word of gallantry to her, though I heard of Jake's once saying to Marion, "I *vish* her name was Rachel." An indefinable something seemed to wall her around and shield her. Little Mack overwhelmed her with plush-covered boxes of every hue and shape, which bespoke his sentiment as different flowers conveyed that of older but not more ardent suitors. It was evident, indeed, that several of the "guests" had fallen under her spell. I knew of their guilefully misleading her on the street when the Colonel would be making his way slowly homeward after having lingered too long with some old comrade to discuss a battle or an extra julep, though

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"SHE TREATED HIM AS AN INDULGENT MOTHER TREATS A FEEBLE CHILD"

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he was never really intoxicated; and little Mack first snubbed, then openly insulted, the dyspeptic and ill-bred youth who, as stated, was out on his first trip through the South. When the latter came to the table the evening following our arrival, it was soon apparent that he had a grievance against the entire region, and proposed to air it. He called for things that only a first-class hotel could furnish, and with every bow and apology from old Julius that they were "jes out," and every expression of regret from "Ol' Miss" that they did not have that, he gave a sniff, until little Mack, with a snap in his eyes, chipped in to the rescue with the point-blank suggestion that he must have been a cook. The new arrival flared up, but Mack had the gallery, and when Tompkins began to boast about his house selling everything in brass, Mack asked innocently, "Brass monkeys?"

"Yes, brass monkeys, too, if you want them."

"No," said Mack, "I don't think I want you."

As Tompkins left the table he said audibly, "This is the rottenest hotel I ever struck." If Mrs. Garnett heard, she did not show it; she only looked down in her plate. Little Mack strolled out, and half an hour later, with a cut lip and a black eye, he handed Mrs. Garnett a letter with an apology from Tompkins for having been rude to her. Tompkins took his breakfast in his room the next morning, and when I saw him on his way to the train that evening, the manner in which Mack had extorted the apology was rubricated over his face. I was not surprised to observe later that old Julius always began the hot cakes at Mack's seat, or that the Colonel offered him first his cigars, which he said his friend Jake had done him the honor to bring him, adding, "I am assured they are the finest Havanas."

But Tompkins's troubles were not over. His bag had been cut by rats, and he had refused to settle his small board-bill, having no doubt a feeling of having been badly used, and taking this method of settling the damage done to his property. I was leaving by the same train, which, as happened, was considerably late, and thus was present in the waiting-room when Nemesis, in the person of old Charlotte, the wife of Julius, panting and perspiring from her rapid walk through the sand, strode in at the door. A man's slouch hat was on her head, and she had on her kitchen apron. A glance of the eye picked the delinquent out from the other half-dozen passengers waiting, and she walked up to him.

"You 's Mr. Tompkins?"

"Who says so?" asked Tompkins, surlily.

"I says so—I knows you. I don' wonder you 's 'shamed to own it."

"What do you want?"

"My mistis' money, what you owes her."

"I don't. Who says I owe her? Who is your mistis?"

"I does; I says you owes her, and you knows you does. Mr. Mack done had to whip you once 'bout bein' impident to her, and I don't want to have to git after you." She glared at him with so instant a gaze that the young man quailed. He put his hand in his pocket.

"I paid all I owe, and more, too."

"You did n't."

"I did. I paid all but enough to pay for the rats cutting my bag."

"Rats! Never was a rat in dat house. Gimme my mistis' money."

"How much is it?" he growled.

"You knows how much 't is, and I knows: gif it to me."

Tompkins counted out a small sum reluctantly. "I was going to send it back," he growled, which, I think, indeed, was possibly the truth; but it did not satisfy the old woman.

"'Was gwine' ain' doin' it," she snapped implacably.

"I want a receipt for it," growled Tompkins.

"You want dat you ain' gwine git," she said.

She turned and bowed impressively to the rest of us. "Good evenin', gem'mens; I ain' gwine see my old miss' money stoled by no po' white trash." And she marched out of the door.

VIII

"FUNNY old place, ain't it?" queried one of the young men, who, like myself, was waiting for the train. "Now, that old fellow ought to have a gold mine right here; and if he had it, he would n't open

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it." To some extent this was true. After making allowances for the Colonel, his best friend must have admitted that he was now about as "inefficient," to use his neighbor's word, as a man could be. Adverse fortune and conditions had done their work, and possibly "laying up to the bottle," as Jake characterized it, had done its part, though he never appeared under the influence of liquor. He was simply a derelict, too battered and broken by the storm that had swept over him to make any headway or answer to any rudder, and he now lay awash in the trough of the sea, waiting for the final wave to drive him beneath the surface. His face had grown perceptibly more pallid and vacant, his air more absent, his step more uncertain, and but for the motive power furnished by his wife and daughter, he would doubtless have come to a standstill and ceased to be. It was only on rare occasions that his mental machinery now gave signs of motion. In the presence of a lady anywhere, or of a guest in his own house, the gentleman in him still flashed out after the man had almost faded into vacuity. His wife's manner to him was wonderful. It was maternal. She treated him as an indulgent mother treats a feeble child, and yet paid him a respect that was beautiful. I had not quite defined it until my attention was called to it by the Jew.

"That 's the way ve do it," he said briefly, in an undertone, with a nod of his curly head over toward the chair when Mrs. Garnett was leaning over her husband, arranging his breakfast. "But ve do not sit down, sit down, sit down, and read papers all de time because we are old. Because it is our law. That 's the reason we get along—always."

As harsh as it was, we had all about agreed with the characterization of the old fellow as "a dead one," and even Mack's defense of him had not done more than mitigate the contempt of youth in its arrogant energy for one who had so completely passed.

"He 's dead, and don't know it," said Jake with light disdain.

But he was not quite dead.

We had left the table one evening and assembled in the hall, leaving the old man dozing in his chair without the energy to leave it. Just then there was a stir outside. Some one hurried by through the quiet evening, then another, then the sound of voices speaking hurriedly, then men ran by. Something unusual was taking place. We felt it. A change had occurred. A youth hastily entered.

"Don't you fellows want to go downtown? There 's the devil to pay. They say a nigger has shot a man, and they are going to string him up."

"A lynching? Come on! Let 's see what 's up!" And there was a scurrying for hats and a rush down the walk. In two minutes we were on the outskirts of a crowd, already dense and rapidly growing, in a narrow side street in the lower part of the town. Pushing in, we found the crowd at a standstill, peering down a dark alley, at the end of which was a small house in which the fugitive was said to have taken refuge. He was said to be a desperado and was armed with a pistol, and some said with a Winchester rifle. He had shot a man in a drunken rage, and when an attempt was made to arrest him, had shot and wounded the constable, and now had barricaded himself in this house, swearing to kill any one who attempted to take him. The constable, a stout, round-faced fellow, with his arm in a sling and a large pistol in his other hand, was calling for a posse to help secure him; but while many were eager to assist him, none was willing to lead in an assault down that narrow alley. To do so, they all agreed, would be simply foolhardy. It was a sheer death-trap. All sorts of plans were being suggested to get at him. They might set the fence along the alley on fire and burn the desperado out, or they might fire the adjoining shanty. The mere suggestion seemed to have lighted the brands, so quickly did men appear with flaming torches. The sight set the crowd wild. They suddenly changed to a mob, and clamored for fire. Just then there was a stir which ran counter to the mob's fury: the Colonel made his way quietly to the front of the crowd, and I heard him asking the name of the criminal. Some one gave it—Joe Daniel.

"Joe Daniel! What Joe Daniel? Not old Julius's son?"

"Yes, sir, he 's the one."

"What has he done?"

"Killed a man."

"Killed a man! Whom? How did he come to do it?"

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"'STAND BACK, THERE, ALL OF YOU!'"

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The story was gone over with additional details of horror. The old gentleman made a clucking sound with his tongue, expressive of sorrow. "Tcht! tcht! tcht!" He caught sight of the constable, and approached him with the same question. The constable explained briefly. He had not killed any one—had only shot at a man, wounding him, and when he went to arrest him, he had shot him, and then had run into this house and sworn to kill any one who tried to take him. "And I 'm going to get him, if I die for it," added the officer. "I 'm going to show him no damned nigger can run this town."

"Of course not," said the Colonel, mildly, and again he made the clucking sound with his tongue.

"I 'm just plannin' now to get him out. I don't want him to kill nobody."

"I will get him," said the Colonel. "You wait here." As he turned toward the alley the officer caught him.

"You must n't go down there, Colonel. He 'll kill you sure."

"Oh, no, he won't. He knows better than to try any insolence on me."

"But, Colonel, you really must n't. You—if you go, I 'll go, too." But the old man had gone. Straight down the alley in the dusk he marched. The next instant a blaze flashed from a window, a loud report came, and a bullet crashed through the wall of a house hard by, which made the crowd scatter and seek shelter behind the corners. We heard the Colonel shout. Another shot followed, and another in fierce succession; but a moment later we heard the old fellow banging on the door—*rap-rap-rap*—with his cane, and caught his voice in a tone of command: "Open the door instantly." This was followed by a colloquy the tenor of which we could not hear.

The act had struck the crowd with amazement, and the Colonel was for the moment the master of the mob. They discussed him freely, and debated the chance of his bringing the negro out.

"He 's a wonder, anyhow, that old man."

"Who 'd 'a' thought he 'd still have the grit to do that!"

"Grit! Did you ever hear about the time at Malvern Hill he went right up to the gun and caught the rammer?"

"I heard about him at Gettysburg, when he got shot through, and told some one to give him his arm to help him over the fence, so he could go up and take the hill."

"If they had n't shot him, he 'd 'a' taken it, too."

But the next minute the door opened, and we heard the old man's voice berating some one. A few minutes later two dark objects appeared at the end of the alley, and, as they drew near, the Colonel's voice once more was heard, "Mr. Constable, disperse that crowd, and come forward and receive your prisoner." I scarcely knew the voice, it had changed so. It had in it an unexpected ring. As the officer advanced, there was a sort of roar from the crowd, and they made a sudden rush, which swept over him. It came, however, to an even more sudden stop. There was the gleam of something in the hand of the figure in the alley, as the torchlight flashed on it, and a warning, sharp and high-pitched: "Stand back, every one of you! I 'll shoot the first man that comes forward. I have given the prisoner my word that he shall be protected and receive a fair trial, and he shall have it."

The crowd stopped, and the voice could be distinctly heard. "Come on, Joe! Stand back, there, all of you!"

I never quite knew why it was, but that mob fell back and opened out; and, looking neither to right nor left, the old man walked on through it, with the negro, sobered now through fear, pressing close behind his shoulder, the officer walking at his side. Possibly one explanation was contained in a short phrase I caught from a bystander, answering a friend: "You know, if he said he 'd do it, he would." However this was, Joe was locked in the jail that night, and the Colonel came home with a more erect mien than I had ever seen him wear, and had a long colloquy with old Julius, who looked the picture of woe.

Next morning he was much as he had ever been, dull and indifferent, garrulous about events before the war, querulous about the negroes, whom he declared to have been utterly ruined by freedom. For Joe, the prisoner, he appeared to have only a feeling of mild contempt. "A very good boy. He would have been one of my negroes,"—Joe had been born several years after the war,—"utterly ruined. All he

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needed was a master. A good whipping would have spared him the penitentiary, and the State all the expense of his trial. Freedom has still many crimes perpetrated in its name."

I never saw old Julius so attentive to the old fellow. Always respectful, he now hung about him all the time in a sort of dumb dependence.

Joe was duly sent to the penitentiary for a considerable term, and the only persons who thought the sentence excessive were the family at the Planters' and possibly the clear-eyed young lawyer who defended him, whose opinion might have been taken with some allowance, as he was in regular conference every evening with the young lady whom Joe's father always referred to as "my young mistis," and Joe's mother always spoke of as "my chile."

The trial came off at the fall term of the court, the Colonel sitting in a chair close behind the prisoner all through the trial, and talking about him at home in the evening quite as if he were one of the family, the burden of his lament being the negroes' need of a master. And soon afterward came off an event which blessed one lover's heart, even if it desolated many more. Calvert, the young lawyer, whose efforts in behalf of old Julius's son had proved so futile, was more successful in his pleading in a tenderer court. None of us were in Liberty, but little Mack sent a large writing-desk finished in old-gold plush as his final tribute.

IX

WHEN I returned to Liberty that autumn, I found the Planters' for some reason duller than I had ever remembered it; and this was, as I learned, the general feeling of the set of drummers whom I had met on my first visit. Both Marion and Mack declared that they should seek new routes. "Business was growing dull. Too much competition was ruining the country."

"Especially in young lawyers," interjected Jake, to which the others vouchsafed no reply. It came to me quite clearly that little Jake had hit the mark. The table was much worse than ever, the Colonel much dimmer. Only "Ol' Miss" and Julius were the same.

At the table one morning, Henchman, who had just arrived, mentioned to Mack that he had run across his friend Tompkins a little farther south, making his way slowly northward.

"How is he getting on?" asked "Ol' Miss," catching the name.

"Still complaining," said Henchman. "He had been sick and had a bad season."

"Too much competition?" interjected little Jake.

Remembering Tompkins, I was prepared to hear the subject dropped. But Mrs. Garnett went on: "Oh, poor fellow! We must get him here and take care of him. Do you know his address?" Henchman gave the name of a town a little farther south, and the hotel at which he got his mail.

Next evening Tompkins turned up, pale and haggard. He had received a telegram inviting him to come and rest. He was manifestly an ill man, suffering from a raging headache and fever. Next morning he had broken out, and was so ill that a doctor was called in. In ten minutes the whole house was astir. A whispered consultation took place between the doctor and Mrs. Garnett, and then Mrs. Garnett notified the young men that they had better leave—possibly it might be small-pox. No second suggestion was necessary. Within fifteen minutes every room in the house was empty except those occupied by the family and the large chamber in which Tompkins had been put.

Small-pox it was.

As we were leaving, some one of us said to Mrs. Garnett, "You will put him in the hospital, of course?"

"No. There is no hospital in Liberty; but if there were, we could not turn the poor boy out. We must do the best we can with him here." The old Colonel, who, ever since the announcement came, had been following his wife about with mingled apprehension and wonder on his vague face, asked what she had said. She repeated it.

"Hospital! Of course not! Who ever heard of turning a sick man out of the house! I shall nurse this fellow here, and hope not to get it."

"Turn him out! Nor, suh, dat we ain't! We don' turn nobody out o' our house, sick or well," said a voice, as old Julius lined up behind him.

When we were safe in the car, with

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every window open, Mack said: "Lord! Lord! Were there ever such impracticable folks on earth!" There was a long pause, and then the traveler for yarns burst out: "I take back every darned word I ever said against 'em! I want you fellows to remember that, and I 've said many a one. They may have what they please on their table, or nothin' at all, if they choose; I know they 'd give it to us if they had it, and I can go elsewhere and get something to eat: but I won't get *that* anywhere else." He gave a jerk of his head toward the rear of the train. "And when I get sick, that 's where I want to go."

Then a strange thing happened. The stingiest man in the lot, the one whose name was used as a by-word by his friends, spoke up. "Fellows, we 've got to do something for 'em. We 've got to keep 'em goin'. I 'm good for ten. What do you fellows say?"

"Well, Waxy can't beat me," said one after the other, and soon the crowd was making up a snug little sum to send back —"to help Tompkins."

X

I DID not get back to Liberty for some years after this, but falling in on the train with little Mack one day, I asked after our friends there.

"All gone," he said briefly.

"The old Colonel? Dead?"

He nodded his head. "Him and old Julius both—that Tompkins!" he added briefly.

"You remember the time he arrested that drunken nigger who had stood off the town?"

"I remember."

"Gee! That was a nervy thing. I would n't have gone down that alley that night to be a partner in my firm, and that old fellow went down by himself and made that nigger come out. You remember?"

"I remember."

The drummer paused in reflection. "How did he do it?"

"Courage."

"Yes, of course. But there were plenty of others there who had courage, too; but he made him do it. Seems like he knew how to do it. Did n't calculate. Just did it—out of—out of—just damned so. I never used to believe all those things he used to tell about what they did during the war. Used to think he was just lyin'. You remember how we used to sit around and josh him?"

"I remember."

The drummer gave a nod of conviction. "Well, he done 'em. You bet if he ever said he done 'em, he done 'em. One thing he did n't do was to lie." He turned and looked out of the window. I agreed to this heartily; but my companion was not thinking of me. He was back at the old Planters'.

"Lord! If that old man had been trained in Wall Street, what would n't he have been! Why, he 'd have had a cinch. His nerve! Shot through twicet, and goes down there in the dark with a drunken nigger pumpin' lead at him, and made him give up his gun when he did n't have energy enough hardly to pick up his newspaper when it fell off his lap on the floor!"

"And 'Ol' Miss'?—the Planters'? Who owns it now?"

"Burned down. No insurance, of course," he said complainingly. "And you ought to see what they 've got there now for a hotel! Worse than the Planters' at its worst, and no 'Ol' Miss' to make it go down. Some of us fellows—and Tompkins—talked about settin' her up—stakin' her; but she said no—she was too old, and she was all broke' up. She went to her daughter. 'T was just as well we did n't try."

"Where is she now?" I inquired.

"She 's dead—all gone." He turned and looked out of the window, and presently took up a paper as if to read; but I observed that he was not reading.

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PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS

A COMMENT ON "PUBLIC MORALITY AND STREET RAILWAYS," IN THE CENTURY FOR MARCH

BY WILLIAM M. IVINS

Chairman of the New York Charter Commission; formerly Special Counsel to the Public Service Commission of the First District, New York

A GENTLEMAN, writing in the somewhat difficult atmosphere of a street-railroad receivership, has in THE CENTURY for March told why, in his opinion, the entire surface-railroad system in Manhattan came to such unexampled grief; has said his word as to the morality of the organizers of the system; has poured a little acid on the reputation of the "common people" for "common honesty"; has passed his verdict on what he has discovered to be a peculiar kind of "unscrupulousness" on the part of the Public Service Commission; and has incidentally dropped into prophecy, the last of which is, of all things, dangerous.

So clever and interesting an article is very apt to leave one somewhat in doubt as to the desirability of the law which created the Public Service Commissions of New York State, as well as that of the commissions themselves, and to lead one to ask precisely what they have accomplished, and what they are likely to achieve in the way of efficiency, or even, as Mr. Whitridge thinks possible, in the way of infamy.

The trouble with the state of mind of the community, and particularly of those of us who think much on the solution of some apparently insoluble political and industrial problems, is that we have not enough of the philosophy of resignation, touched with the salt of humor. No one can possibly be satisfied with the present condition of the law fixing the relations of State and Nation, and of both to the public-service corporations, unless he is prepared to accept at least one declaration from the general credo of pragmatism; namely, that "the world is the best possible world, and everything in it is a necessary evil."

We cannot possibly pass on the questions raised by the attempt to apply State regulation to public-service corporations without stopping to get a much clearer notion than most of us have as to just what legislation is, and just what is possible of accomplishment by its means, particularly in view of the fact that in this country there seems to be only one real live religion, which is the universal belief in salvation by statute.

Now, to begin with, legislation helps a people to reform itself only to the extent to which it helps it to understand itself. The latter is its chief use, and its chief value depends upon that. A good law soon ceases to be necessary because it becomes a part of the habits of the people, and thus acts automatically through custom, and responds perfectly to the popular temper and to the needs of the community. A bad law is one that is so outside of the community's needs, or so far ahead of the people, or, worse yet, so far antagonistic to them, as to become either a dead letter or a distinct mischief, and thus constitute a continuous collective crime,—a crime which is committed by American legislators, agitators, and special interests with greater frequency and greater immunity than any one else in the world, and for which we are constantly paying the highest sort of price. Real law is only the grammar of custom, and statesman-made law is efficient only when it falls within this defini-

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tion. Most of such law is fortunately only matter of administrative direction, and not law proper, and its sanctions, if it has any, place it in the penal as well as in the political system.

The first thing to be determined, therefore, is whether the law of 1907 creating the New York Public Service Commissions is in this sense a good law or a bad law; for on the answer to that question must depend the answer to the next one—whether the Public Service Commissions can ever become efficient and valuable as a part of our political machinery and our public life. Every statute of this kind is only a general and straight direction—"as the crow flies." What it really is, is not in the rule which it lays down, but in the application of that rule. The statute is just what the commissioners make it. No statute is ever either more or less than it is made by its administration. But that is no truer of this particular Public Service Commissions Law than of any other administrative law, and if this law fail, it will be, as we shall show, not because its aim and purpose are not right, but because *quo ad hoc* the government is a failure, or because the people do not know how to compel, or do not wish to compel, its enforcement.

The statute can create the commission, but it cannot give it any internal vitality; that is to say, it cannot supply the administration with a personal will which shall make the statute a living and beneficent thing. When such institutions as the Public Service Commissions succeed and grow, it is because they respond to a current of opinion, and because the principle for which they stand has already been practically applied in some other form or in some other department. There is no such thing as "a government of law and not of men," for the law is just what, and nothing more than, the men who have to administer it really make it. As a clever French lawyer, M. Jean Cruet, says:

> The intensity of the administrative action is something which is independent of, and wholly escapes, the legislative command; it happens to be such as it is at any given time and in any given place because it depends entirely on the spirit of initiative of the officials to whom the application of the law is intrusted. Administrative action has to be compelled, for every administration applies the law very mildly where nobody insists on its application. . . .

The law, therefore, is just what the commissions, within the limits of legality, and public sentiment pushing and controlling the commissions, make it. We shall find these considerations of particular value when, with Mr. Whitridge, we succumb to the temptations of genius and drop into prophecy.

Now, our present law grew out of a demonstrated necessity which was the result of an intolerable state of affairs. But the application of the principle of public regulation was no new thing in our history, and the creation of these particular commissions was in no sense, as interested parties would have us believe, an untried experiment and a blind rush for unbridled and mischievous power. Virtually every power granted to these commissions has heretofore been vested in some form and applied in some field in our scheme of government. Is it a question of the quality and the true measure of the quantity of gas supplied? That only involves the application in a new field of principles almost as old as the English law—that of appointment by the government of the sealers of weights and measures. It was applied to the inspection of gas-meters in this State as early as 1859, and the same reasons which led to its application to gas then, have now compelled its application to electricity. It is precisely the same principle which applies to the rate to be charged, and the adequacy and safety of, the service rendered by the railroad companies.

Our national and State supervision of banks, our State control of insurance, our Rapid Transit Commission, and finally the experience and history of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, all supplied both reasons and models for the new Public Service Commissions Law which was demanded for the purpose of making the State superior to the corporations, instead of, as had been the case, leaving the corporations in command of the State.

That the law was a proper law there can be no doubt in the mind of any disinterested person or of any one who realizes the primordial necessity for the accomplishment of the purposes for which the State exists, as well as for the realization

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of the ideals of that collective conscience which is the motive force in the evolution of all society.

Whether the law has so far accomplished, and whether it is likely in the future to accomplish, the purposes for which it was passed are two different questions. To answer them we must make perfectly clear just what, in a large and general way, those purposes were. They may be summarized somewhat as follows:

1. The prevention of wrongs in overcapitalization and in the issue of corporate securities;

2. The prevention of monopoly, by making it impossible for one corporation to hold more than ten per cent. of the stock of another;

3. The control of corporate accounting, to secure efficient publicity, and to cure the mischievous practices of public-service corporations through systematic misrepresentation, and often with motives of wrong-doing, on the books of the companies;

4. To compel an adequate service and an honest product, at fair and reasonable rates, without discrimination among users or consumers;

5. By investigation to throw the light of publicity on the operations of those kinds of business in which the interest and welfare of the community as a whole is the primary consideration;

6. To secure the safety of the general public.

Now, bearing these objects in mind, let us ask precisely what the Public Service Commission for the First District—that is to say, for Greater New York—has accomplished. I am bold enough to say that Governor Hughes has been justified of his law and his commission, and that no other similar body has accomplished so much, and so much of value, in the same time.

The first work of the commission was the creation of an organization, and this of itself has been no small feat. Before this work was even begun, it found itself called to conduct one of the most important investigations that has ever been made in this country, and one that has been as considerable in its results as any. Having been special counsel for the commission in that investigation, I prefer not to dwell on that part of the work.

It was the belief that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was actually insolvent, or was, at all events, approaching insolvency. If such were the case, it could not be known too soon, nor the entire system too soon placed in the hands of the courts for liquidation, resurrection, and reconstruction, in the interest of the public, the creditors, and the shareholders. The result of the investigation was that, within a fortnight after it began, the insolvency of the company was demonstrated and the company compelled to seek refuge in the courts, and thus begin a readjustment without which all progress had become impossible. If the community is now going to be the beneficiary of an earlier and a more thorough house-cleaning than would otherwise have been possible, and if the parties in interest and the public have been enjoying the great advantages of Mr. Whitridge's great abilities, the credit is due primarily to the courage and promptness of the commission in sending the companies to the courts, although it knew that the necessary intervention of the new jurisdiction must for the time being largely hamper its own effective control of the companies. At any rate, it must be placed to the commission's credit that it made the opportunity for the employment of Mr. Whitridge and the other receivers, and has advanced the solution of the very difficult problem many years.

The next great service of the commission was in the matter of the authorization of the $55,000,000 mortgage of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, in which case, and in a way little realized and little appreciated by the public, it exercised its authority to bring about the execution of a corporation mortgage so carefully guarded that the holders of the securities issued under it have every protection the law is able to afford, which fact of itself places these bonds in a class apart.

In respect to its treatment of the gas problems, the commission, following its predecessor, has not only won a notable victory, but has incidentally created the occasion for the declaration by the Supreme Court of the United States of certain principles of public law which mark one of the most far-reaching of evolutionary possibilities through the more complete subjugation of individual property to the welfare of the Commonwealth.

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In respect to proposed new subways (and it must always be remembered that three quarters of the expenditures of the commission, as successors of the old Rapid Transit Commission, and not as successors of the Railroad and the Gas Commissions, have been for this purpose), it has done everything in its power; and if there are no new subways in course of construction, it is in no way its fault, but wholly that of the municipal administration and the state of the city's finances.

Under the commission there has been a very marked improvement in every branch of the railroad service, both of bankrupt roads and solvent ones, and the credit is not so much due to the receivers as to the requirements of the commission, supported by public opinion. Without the pressure from the commission and the community, it is certain that nothing would have been done either by receivers or boards of directors, unless railroad human nature has of late been completely reborn, and born something quite different from anything we were justified in expecting.

In addition to these things, the commission has established a new system of uniform accounting, which will make impossible the recurrence of some of the most serious of the old evils. This is a matter of the utmost interest, for these accounts must be so kept as to make proper provision for maintaining the properties and to render it impossible for the companies to declare excessive dividends, or to sacrifice the physical assets of the companies to considerations of unearned profits.

But, as I have said, the severest trial of the commission is still to come. There are three or four truths which are fundamental and determining with regard to the future of the railroad problem in this city, although to say them is to invite all manner of condemnation on the part of the collective ignorance of the town. These truths are as few as they are ugly.

First, subways which cost from three and a half to five million dollars a mile for construction and equipment can never be made to pay on the basis of a five-cent fare for the long haul. This fact presents the question of the necessity and wisdom of municipal construction, if more subways are to be built (which in turn involves the question of the city's credit), and possibly also the wisdom and necessity for municipal operation, which would still more deeply involve the treasury and the whole scheme of efficient municipal government.

Secondly, we must consider the "universal transfer," and how it is to be treated. There is no doubt that it was one of the prime factors in the *débâcle,* that it has resulted in the disintegration of the system, and is bound to prevent any reintegration until it is treated with the best sense of the responsible community, wholly unmindful of the passion of the mob. Unless there is some kind of reintegration, there can be no really satisfactory system of transfer. We might as well look the fact in the face—disregarding both those responsible for raising the hope and whatever is responsible for our disappointment—that the general transfer on a five-cent fare can never be restored.

The next question is that of the conditions which may be imposed on the reorganizers as precedent to the authorization of any plan of capitalization. Here the commission will need its greatest courage and the utmost wisdom and poise; for, no matter what it does, it will be the object of rancorous criticism and, I fear, almost brutal opposition. No body of men within my recollection will have been called upon to take so high ground and to display such inflexible decisiveness and so steady a nerve. After all is said and done, it is the public which will ultimately be responsible. Power is not where the statutes try to place it, but where the controlling influence is, and it depends on the public more than on the commissions whether the law shall finally succeed or fail. If the people are mad enough to elect bad officials, and if these are bad enough and mad enough to appoint worse ones, corruption and failure will not be the result of the law, but the immitigable consequences of our incapacity for self-government.

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TWO GREAT SPANISH PAINTERS: SOROLLA AND ZULOAGA

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Author of "Modern Artists"

IT is not often that the pictorial treasury of a single nation is simultaneously enriched by two such distinctive painters as Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida and Ignacio Zuloaga, whose work by the generosity and public spirit of Mr. Archer M. Huntington has been enjoyed at the Hispanic Society in New York, and is to be shown elsewhere in this country. Almost single-handed these two painters have in large measure restored the artistic prestige of contemporary Spain. For the last decade they have shared honors at home and abroad, and wherever their masterly and salient work has appeared, it has made ready converts. They are both avowed nationalists. With freedom of spirit and restless graphic energy they confine themselves almost wholly to that luminous Peninsula the fecundity of which, both actual and visible, is a constant source of wonder to the outside world. In their own country and in the minds of close and sympathetic students, these two painters, however, represent tendencies that are frankly antagonistic. They reflect, both personally and esthetically, an irreconcilable dualism of aim. Their work is absolutely opposite in conception and appeal, and yet the art of each is equally typical and equally racial. In their very diversity they admirably supplement each other, the net result of their efforts offering a magnificent panorama of native life, scene, and character.

That the art of Sorolla and Zuloaga is so dissimilar should not, in point of fact, be a surprise. In each case the individual, as well as the inherited basis, has been different. It is true that they are both Spaniards, yet the term Spaniard is merely a convenient generalization. Señor Sorolla is a robust Valencian, who comes from that gleaming Mediterranean coast, which has long been the chief source of his inspiration. Señor Zuloaga is a Basque, who in his life and art reveals all the passionate intensity of purpose and personal hauteur which characterize those strange mountain folk, whose very history is still shrouded in mystery. Taking into consideration their respective origin, and the circumstances of their youth and early training, it is but logical that Sorolla should be the more advanced and radical of the two, and that Zuloaga should in a sense cling to the older and graver traditions of Spanish painting.

In his independence, his ready initiative, and his ceaseless industry, Joaquín Sorolla shows that he comes from the neighborhood of Catalonia, which is the veritable storm-center of all that is energetic and progressive in the Peninsula. Though the boy was born in Valencia, his mother was actually Catalonese, and it is from her that he doubtless inherited his irrepressible vitality. No less typical are the incidents of his career. Left an orphan at the age of two, he was adopted by his maternal aunt, Doña Isabel Bastida, and her husband, Don José Piqueres. He was sent in due course to school, and later was apprenticed to his uncle, who was a locksmith by trade, and finally, at fifteen, displayed such unquestioned artistic talent that he was allowed to attend the San Carlos Academy of his native city.

In the rapidity of his progress and the finality with which he passed from one phase of his esthetic evolution to another, Sorolla can be compared only with Adolf

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From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE BEACH AT VALENCIA

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von Menzel. From the very outset he was a confirmed modernist. His first important canvas, "The Second of May," which was shown at Madrid in 1884, was one of the earliest historical pictures to bear the stamp of wholesome realism. From Rome, where he next went as the winner of the coveted but meager Italian pension, he sent to the same exhibition, three years later, a "Burial of Christ" of that life which thronged about him in its perennial variety and picturesqueness.

The canvases upon which Sorolla's first reputation was made were a series of poignant social studies which began with "Another Marguerite," and closed, eight years later, with that unforgetable scene of crippled boys on the beach at Malvarrosa entitled "A Sad Inheritance," which is shown in the present collection. In

From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LEONESE PEASANTS

which shocked the public by its veracity of statement. Yet such compositions, despite their manifest force, did not reveal the young man's true capabilities. As a student he had looked with enthusiasm upon the works of such masters of actuality as Ribera, Velázquez, and Goya in the Prado, and afterward, in Paris, was brought face to face with the convincing naturalism of Bastien-Lepage and the explicit observation of Menzel. Each of these great innovators in turn gave him something, and it was not long before he renounced history and religion in order to devote his energies to the frank portrayal every one of these he was in close contact with reality. And yet, while these appealing and sympathetic episodes touched to the core the popular heart, Señor Sorolla did not pause, but through some resistless impetus passed quickly out of this shadowland of sentiment into the sparkling glare of day. Even before "Another Marguerite" started on her sad though triumphant pilgrimage to the Chicago Exposition of 1893 the artist had spent several summers on the Valencian coast, and it was here, and among the near-by vineyards and orange-groves of this garden spot of all Spain, that he found

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his lasting inspiration. He began modestly at first, but within a few seasons was able to complete those superbly rich, varied, and colorful panoramas of seaside life with which his name has since been associated.

The early years had been precarious and full of struggle, yet from the day he began recording with such accuracy of vision and impulsive pictorial enchantment those countless scenes which met his gaze along that sun-kissed strand his success was assured. The winter months were passed in Madrid, but the early spring always found him by the glistening sands of Jávea or among the orchards of Alcira. He was at last in his true element. His entire outlook changed, and with it his technic. He was seized with what our Teutonic friends call *Sonnenfanatismus*—a species of sun-frenzy, and picture followed picture with feverish rapidity until he had placed to his credit unnumbered canvases which now carry around the world his radiant gospel of light, color, and frank human joyousness.

With a few trifling exceptions, it is the work of this last decade only which has lately come to America under the auspices of the Hispanic Society, and is now making its triumphant appeal to the local public. Rarely has such a display of a single person's achievement been seen among us, and indeed, few men in the history of painting have given a more sovereign demonstration of the sheer power of eye and hand.

Although there are several important canvases which do not figure in the current exhibition, enough has crossed the water to offer a comprehensive idea of this art which is at once so scientific and so poetic, so advanced in its expression, yet so full of antique blitheness and beauty. Sorolla covers an astonishingly wide range of subject, and everywhere, save in the province of formal portraiture, evinces incontestable mastery. He has at his command an iridescent palette and a vigorous and effective brush-stroke. He revels in problems of light, shade, and rapidly shifting form which would appal the average painter, and is the essence of modernity, alike in his vision of tone and atmosphere and in his instantaneous grasp of composition.

Glance at any of these canvases, with their clear, resonant color spots and structurally superb draftsmanship, and you will see the work of a man who has no equal in the entire sphere of current art. Though passionately fond of motion, he now and then, especially in certain of the later canvases, such as "After the Bath" and "An Old Castilian," achieves a static quality which adds to his work a welcome note. With every year the art of Sorolla makes fresh conquests. Conscious design, which has often been neglected in the swift feats of impressionism which characterize many of his sea-beach studies, triumphantly reappears in the "Leonese Peasants," a canvas which, even among its brilliant companions, holds a place quite by itself for clarity of tone, native racial flavor, and spontaneously effective grouping.

It was inevitable that an artist of Señor Sorolla's reputation should drift into portraiture, and of recent years he has painted numerous likenesses of the Spanish royal family, the nobility, and the leading artistic and intellectual figures of contemporary Spain. The best are, however, those viewed out of doors, such as the ones of his wife and elder daughter in the park or beside the fountains of La Granja, for they leave nothing to be desired in the way of freshness of touch and invigorating charm. In the equestrian portrait of his daughters Helen and María in fancy costume he has frankly achieved a combined suppleness of handling and sumptuous beauty of coloration which have no equivalent in modern art. Despite his masterful technic, Sorolla does not, on the whole, find explicit portraiture greatly to his taste. His favorite types are the boatmen, the wood-gatherer, the fishwife, or the gaily clad peasant working in vineyard or orange-grove. He belongs by right of nativity beside the glistening sea-marge or amid the rich orchards of Valencia, and there it is that the realist of yesterday has become the luminarist of to-day. He loves with consuming ardor the sparkle of water, the flash of fruit among dark leaves, bronze youths and maidens tripping across the golden sands, and great sails flapping in the breeze. He is, above all else, a painter of sunlight and of those simple and sturdy types who labor or relax in the sun's rays, however vibrant and incandescent they may be. He is a species of solar

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From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AFTER THE BATH

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From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD CASTILIAN

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pantheist who unites all things by the magic power of light alone. Deprived of this, his art diminishes in esthetic glory; with it, he stands supreme.

It is a vastly different world into which the fluent and passionate vision of Ignacio Zuloaga lures us. It is a world of toreros and gitanas, of flaunting picturesqueness, insistent coquetry, and dark and sinister desire. You meet at times in these canvases family groups of elegance and distinction, but for the most part this broad and sweeping brush confines itself to the bull-fighter, the gipsy, the beggar, the dwarf, and the sinuous and frenetic dancer. There is nothing salubrious in the work of Zuloaga; these faces are not bronzed by sun and wind, but scarred by sin or covered with a heavy coating of rice-powder. These men and women do not labor joyfully in the fields; they haunt the corrida and the Calle del Amor.

Like much of the Spanish art of his own or former days, that of Zuloaga is defiantly histrionic. It is the established esthetic conventions of his country to which this young painter holds fast. He continues unbroken the aristocratic dignity of Velázquez, the picaresque note which few Peninsular painters have been without, and the restless diabolism of Goya. Although his every brush-stroke bears the impress of its day and hour, it will not be as an intrepid pioneer that Zuloaga can claim rank, but rather as one who has extended, while still preserving, the distinctive features of an art which is old, yet ever vital and fecund.

It is as natural that the eye of Zuloaga should glance backward as that that of his Valencian contemporary Sorolla should look forward to the eager solution of new problems. Born at Eibar, in the Basque province of Guipúzcoa, of a family which has for generations represented at its best the inherent prestige of worthy craftsmanship, the boy's early years were spent in mastering the intricate and delicate art of ornamental metal work. His father, Plácido Zuloaga, and his grandfather, Eusebio Zuloaga, were both famous as chiselers, armorers, and makers of all objects damascened upon iron, silver, and gold. The grandfather was the organizer of the Armería Real at Madrid, and his son Plácido became the foremost artist of his time in this particular line of work. It was their original intention to make the youthful Ignacio an architect, but the boy rebelled and was placed at the forge, where he was soon able to support himself. A chance trip to Madrid and a few hours passed before the works of El Greco at the Prado changed, however, the lad's entire future. From that instant he strove to become a painter, and, despite incredible hardship and discouragement, he has at last managed to divide with his colleague Sorolla the artistic primacy of his native land.

Zuloaga went first to Rome, then to Paris, then to London, and finally drifted back to Spain, where, in order to assure himself of the bare necessities of existence, he gave up painting and became a matador. Following this picturesque and hazardous interlude, he returned to the palette with renewed zest, and during the last decade has executed a series of forceful and eloquent character studies many of which today proudly figure in the leading public and private collections of the Continent.

The success of his bold and assertive art has been little short of phenomenal, and it is hence with pleasure that one welcomes the fine array of canvases by him at the Hispanic Society and elsewhere. This work represents the latest phase of Zuloaga's art. There are here no hesitations, no lack of esthetic conviction. All is free and effective in drawing, replete with rich and sonorous color, and decisive in individualization. The subjects are chiefly Spanish, with now and then a racy Gallic note, for the painter divides his time between the ancestral home at Eibar, or in Segovia, and his Paris residence. Although it would be difficult to say whether any marked advance has been made upon such canvases as "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters" or "The Promenade after the Bull-Fight" [1] there is everywhere visible a subdued splendor of tone and a saliency of touch which show no diminution since the painter first took the Salon by storm ten years ago. It is even possible that he has surpassed himself in the large composition showing "The Family of the Torero Gitán" and in the supple fluency of outline and discreet wealth of coloring which distinguish "The Village Bull-Fighters."

[1] See THE CENTURY for January, 1905.

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From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTERS, HELEN AND MARÍA, ON HORSEBACK IN VALENCIAN COSTUMES OF 1808: THE YEAR OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE AGAINST NAPOLEON

He is manifestly at his best in these pictures, though certain of the single figures, among them "The Montmartre Singer, Buffalo" and "The Matador Pepillo," display a commensurate mastery. There is no denying the power of this art as a whole. It seizes upon you with a graphic insistence from which there is no escape, and which has no parallel in contemporary painting. It is an art which is both tra-

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From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE GUITAR PLAYER

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ditional and personal, and its appeal is more than doubled owing to the fact that it gathers so much of its force and vitality from the great store-house of the past.

And yet there are dangers lurking in a method so deliberately pictorial as that of he expects to treat it. There is little difference between subjects which are sketched out of doors and interior scenes. The sovereign clarity of the modern palette is unknown to this artist, who pursues with unswerving directness the path which

From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FAMILY OF A GIPSY BULL-FIGHTER. (PROPERTY OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA)

Zuloaga, just as there are in the sometimes over-prompt transcriptions of Señor Sorolla. The young painter who mingles so freely with matador and manola, who is equally at home in the Sevillian Macarena, in Andalucía, or among the cutthroats and muleteers of Anso and Las Baluecas, carries with him a manifest preconception of what he is going to paint and the way birth and circumstance have so definitely marked out for him. It may be urged that his work is even hostile in its attitude toward those sensitive truths of light and atmosphere which to the newer men mean so much. Yet such facts only serve to throw into sharper silhouette his actual achievement. He exhibits preferences which nature herself might hesitate to

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From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE VILLAGE BULL-FIGHTERS

display, though in doing so he merely succeeds in proving himself the more individual and inevitable. For behind him, as behind every artist, looms a great, throbbing background which has simply thrust him forward into conscious expression.

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BEAUVAIS: THE MAGNIFICENT FRAGMENT

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

I

AT Chartres the cathedral-builders raised to heaven two spires that none who came after could hope to rival. At Amiens they planned a nave never to be surpassed, for it touched perfection. Symmetry could yield no statelier beauty than they forced from it at Paris, nor ornament blossom into more luxuriant loveliness than under their hands at Rheims. When the ambitious moment came to Beauvais, as it came to all the great cathedrals, and architects sought the splendor that would make of it a marvel among the marvelous churches of northern France, nothing was left but to light the "lamp of power" and to conquer by sheer sublimity of size. Their cathedral should reach to a majestic height hitherto unapproached, undreamed of. The new cathedral they designed to take the place of the old was never finished; it was never carried beyond apse and transepts; it remains a fragment. And yet the first impression Beauvais gives, the last impression brought from Beauvais, the impression dominating every memory of the town and strengthened with every return to it, is of this size, this height, unbelievable, almost intolerable. "There are few rocks, even among the Alps, that have a clear vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais," Ruskin wrote of it. There is no rock among the Alps, he should have added, where this fall is so amazing, due, as it is, not to blind chance, but to the genius of the architect who designed the placing of stone upon stone and made each beautiful in itself. So the cliffs of the St. Gotthard, the peak of the Matterhorn, might look were they wrought into a network of tracery and pinnacles, were a carven surface created to clothe their nakedness.

Whenever I have been in Beauvais it has seemed to me as if the town existed solely for the greater glory of this great marvel sprung up in the midst of it. I would have known from Baedeker, had I not already, of the factories that to the outside world have made Beauvais far more famous for its tapestries than any glory or architecture. I soon learned from the statue of Jeanne Hachette in the great *Place* that Beauvais has a history with one of my own sex for most heroic figure, and so should be of special interest to me. I am sure that if it were to see only so fine a church as St. Etienne, I would journey any distance to any town. As I look back to my walks through the quiet streets, I can recall not one that did not lead to fine old houses and picturesque corners, to gables and turrets, to gardens and poplared roads. But all these things, so delightful in themselves, had to me an air of being deliberately arranged as a foil to the cathedral, as a foreground, or to give the scale. Even at the hotel in the *Place*, where I stayed on my last visit, I could have believed that the windows turned from the cathedral—to my disappointment—simply to add to the effect of the moment when, sauntering out from the long covered passage that is the hotel entrance, my breath was taken away on the threshold by my first view, across the white square, of the buttressed apse towering massively above the gabled houses. It seemed impossible that the chief café of the town set out its little tables on the pavement there, close to the hotel, for any

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Etched by Joseph Pennell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL—THE SOUTH PORTAL

other reason than for the finer enjoyment of that stupendous view. And nothing would have convinced me that the market was held in the *Place* for any more practical purpose than its value in the composition. If the narrow streets wound between old houses, it was only that, of a sudden, they might frame in for me one or the other of the lofty portals, to show me, as I could see them from nowhere else, the mighty flying buttresses spread like great wings to lift the transept heavenward. If after wandering through a long, unlovely suburb, or up the hills that shut in Beauvais as in a cup, or by the shaded canals across country as green as in England, the great, gray monster vanished for a while out of sight, it was only that with the next glimpse it might impress me, overpower me, anew. The town, the hills, the canals, the meadows, were only a stage for the drama of the cathedral's beauty.

I always found it wonderful from the distance, the distant view giving the best idea of its size in proportion to the town, and also of its architectural incompleteness; for not far away St. Etienne, with

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long nave and western tower, rises above the house roofs, the model of what a Gothic church ought to be. And the cathedral was still wonderful when my wanderings in and about the town brought me back to the little *Place* of St. Pierre, with its tiny grove of horse chestnuts all abloom in the spring-time, where I stood immediately below the buttressed, pinnacled, statued walls, and grew dizzy as my eyes tried to climb the inaccessible heights. The clear sunlight of the warm French spring could not rob it of the wonder and mystery. But it is more wonderful perhaps, as William Morris thought, in the hour between night and day. "Seen by twilight," he wrote once to a friend, "its size gives one an impression almost of terror; one can scarcely believe in it." And it is most wonderful of all, as the Abbé Pihan, re-echoing Scott at Melrose, insists in his guide-book, when, through the darkness, a great moon comes sailing up in the sky, and washes in with white and silver the broad spaces between the impenetrable shadows, and models the solid Gothic fabric into a church of dreams and visions, transfigured in the miracle of the moon-drenched night.

Drawn by Joseph Pennell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL SEEN AT NIGHT FROM THE MARKET-PLACE

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL—THE SOUTH TRANSEPT

II

If great height makes Beauvais one of the wonders of the world, as William Morris said it was,—as, fortunately, Beauvais not being on a main railroad-line, the world has not yet found out,—the first builders had no such ambition for it. The first Christian builders everywhere could congratulate themselves if they provided a safe roof over the heads of the faithful. At Beauvais, a lowly Romanesque nave, founded on an earlier, some assert a pagan, temple, remains as proof of the centuries that passed before the architects' imagination began to take bolder flights. Mean and undecorated without, insignificant within save for two beautiful strips of old tapestry hung up in the nave, it leans against the vast stretch of brick wall to the west of the later church, and dwindles into nothingness by the comparison, as if bent on justifying its name of *Basse Œuvre*. It was never incorporated into the new building, never became a part of it, as in the case of the far more important Romanesque nave at Le Mans. That it survives at all is the merest accident.

Beauvais did not escape the fires inevitable in the history of every medieval church, and some sort of rebuilding was at times imperative. The old nave, however, was untouched by fire. It was simply because the Gothic architects were vandals in their way, and had no sentiment for the work of their predecessors, that its destruction was decided upon, with the rest of the primitive church, when the

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BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL—THE CHOIR

thirteenth century, awakening in all northern France the desire of free citizens in their new communes for great buildings as meeting-places, and the power of the architect to build these for them, inspired besides at Beauvais that dream of great height which Beauvais never could shake off. The little old church was a pigmy even among Romanesque churches, and had no place in the scheme of giants. But if the dream brought beauty to Beauvais, it brought disaster also, and the moment of destruction never came for the Romanesque nave, just as the moment of completion never came for the great Gothic church. Insignificant survival, magnificent fragment, both are reminders of the architect's ambition, which, in its fruition and in its failure, is the beginning and end of the story of the cathedral, the central fact which you can never forget while you are at Beauvais.

It is said that Eudes de Montreuil, architect to St. Louis, designed the new building. Whether it was his or not, the design was approved by the bishop who was temporal, as well as spiritual, lord of Beauvais: how powerful you may see in the old episcopal palace, now converted into law courts by the people who have made national monuments of their churches. But the towered, turreted gateway remains, eloquent of days when for the Bishop of Beauvais life as often meant battle as for the Bishop of Rheims or Laon.

The cathedral was begun in the first half of the century that saw one after another glorious church spring out of the soil of northern France, and some twenty-

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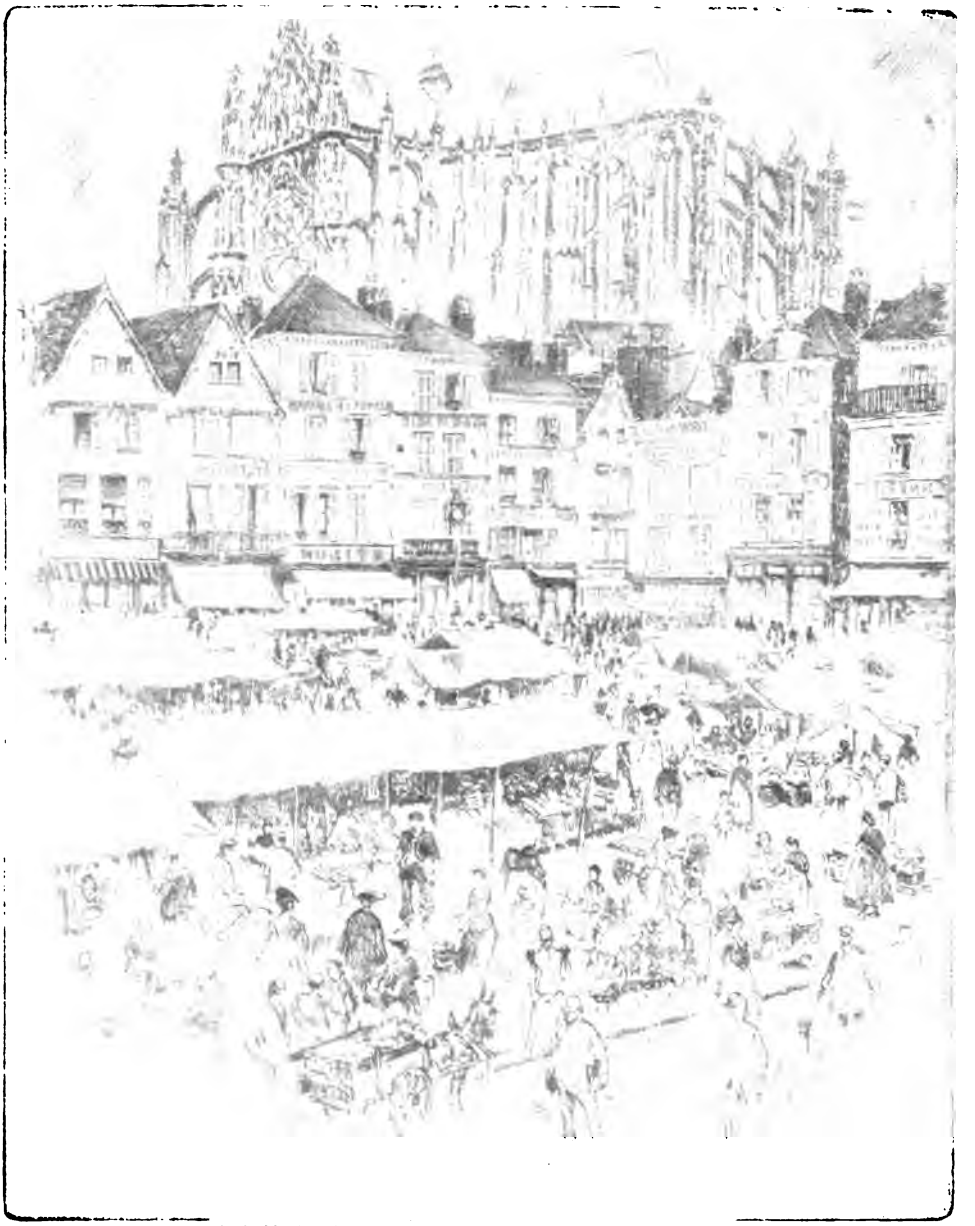

Etched by Joseph Pennell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BEAUVAIS—THE MARKET-PLACE

five years after Robert de Luzarches had got to work near Amiens. The building went on vigorously, the builders warmed by the ardor of the faithful, the architect seeking ever after the marvel of height, sure of immortality for it even should his own name be forgotten. In less than thirty years (in 1272) apse and choir were finished.

It was the fashion at one time to praise the old builders for their piety, and to account by their faith for the perfection of their work. But the work, technically, was not perfect. Their virtue was that they were not bound hand and foot by rule and convention; that they were not afraid to experiment, to run risks. Sometimes their courage, their daring, brought

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them through triumphantly; sometimes it betrayed them into hopeless blundering, as many a spireless tower, many a jumble of styles, many an architectural patchwork in the same Gothic building, is the witness. And they blundered at Beauvais. Pillars reaching up after unaccustomed heights were weakened for their more immediate duty as supports. For twelve years apse and choir stood there in their gigantic beauty; then the great roof fell in, and for forty years the bishop's throne, the people's meeting-place, was in the *Basse Œuvre,* spared until then, spared until now, by virtue of its insignificance. This was the story of Beauvais throughout the centuries that followed—the story of splendid ideals, with partial achievement, partial ruin, as the sequel.

Ambition flared up again early in the fourteenth century. But sad days had come for France, her own people warring one against another, English armies in possession, battle making a more peremptory call on patriotism than beauty. The sixteenth century was almost a year old before the first stone of the transepts was laid. The cathedral in the building, like many another architectural monument of France, could claim Francis I as a patron. Nothing, however, crushed or lessened the striving after height by which the builders at Beauvais sought glory and distinction for their cathedral. Transepts were cast in the same titanic mold as apse and choir, and then the builders grew impatient—who can now say how urged and goaded on by even more impatient citizens? They finished one bay of the nave, but could wait no longer to see the dream of centuries realized, and at once, on the four great pillars where nave and transepts meet, they set up a spire that dwarfed the highest in France, the highest anywhere. From the summit proud citizens could see on the horizon the roofs of Paris, the capital where there was no such lofty watch-tower, and Jean Vast, the architect, acclaimed himself as greater than Michelangelo, boasting that the dome of St. Peter's at Rome had been humbled by the spire of St. Peter's at Beauvais.

During five years Beauvais rejoiced. But Gothic architecture, as the modern critic defines it, is a system of thrusts and balances. It needed more than one bay of the nave to withstand the thrust of that heaven-searching spire. With the fifth year—it was Ascension day, and priest and congregation had just left the cathedral to walk in solemn procession through the town—the spire came crashing down, filling choir and transepts with chaotic ruin, and ending once and forever the hope Beauvais had clung to for ages.

For the great days of cathedral building had passed. The inspiration had gone with the need. The money set aside for the nave was spent in rebuilding choir and transepts. There were new plans, but never the money or the enthusiasm. A rough wall was built up where the nave should have begun, and Beauvais was left the fragment we know, with the strange sky-line that makes it look from afar like a citadel rather than a church. The *Basse Œuvre* is too small to count in the arrangement of lines and masses, and appears to have no use whatever, as it props itself up against the huge wall, except to point a moral for those in search of one. There was a time when the architectural authority was ready to seize upon this, or any, moral, and allowed himself to see in the beautiful crippled giant that rules it over the town only the text for a sermon. "An example of the vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," is Fergusson's description of Beauvais, an "extraordinary masonic *tour de force*" to astonish the "gaping vulgar." Mr. Charles H. Moore, of a broader, more liberal generation, regrets the ill proportions of the choir even as he pronounces it "magnificent." But for me the magnificence overshadows every defect, every shortcoming. The architects of Beauvais achieved, even in the fragment, the sublimity at which they aimed. In choir and transepts, beneath the buttresses and pinnacles of the outer walls, the ascending lines carry the eyes upward, and ever upward, as if in an attempt to climb to the very heights of heaven. I could never go to the cathedral that this impression of height did not take hold of me, absorb me. It did more of old for the faithful, since there above the walls and piers and arches up which they sent their eyes wandering was actually their paradise, the goal of the one supreme climb for which life was given them. They, like Burne-Jones, saw no ambition o'erleaping itself, but only "holy beauty," within the

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walls of Beauvais. In no other cathedral do you understand so well what Huysmans meant when he wrote that in the Gothic church, eyes, always lowered under Romanesque roofs, are lifted.

William Morris, admitting his terror before Beauvais in the twilight, added, "But when you see the detail, it is so beautiful that the beauty impresses you more than the size." There may not be as much ornament as in many another French church, the architects having subordinated everything to the one great effect they sought, and Beauvais having suffered its fair share of the bad taste of the eighteenth century and the brutality of the Revolution. I have a vivid recollection of the bit of old cloister, now forming part of the museum of the town, where there is an array of dishonored sculptures, at all times a melancholy record of the sacrilege of centuries, but the more melancholy when last I was there because of the blooming of new life in the lilac-trees and the golden narcissus that filled the little garden once inclosed on all four sides by the now ruined cloister. The sacrilege has spared the town as little as the cathedral. I remember my regret before a bas-relief of the four sons of Aymon rescued from the house pulled down to give way to my very modern hotel in the *Place,* with the beautiful view. But not this, nor any of the other waifs and strays from the past, was to me as sad a sight as the broken sculptures from the cathedral. However, enough detail has been spared to make it easy to forget for a time, with William Morris, the beauty of which it is a lesser, though an essential, part. The interior of Beauvais will never seem cold and bare so long as the eye, in its upward flight, reaches windows, fewer in number it may be, but burning and glowing with the same warmth and splendor as at Chartres; so long as the lovely old tapestries, faded and mellowed into new loveliness, cover the huge stretch of western wall that should open upon a vista of noble piers and arches. I never found a suggestion of emptiness at Beauvais. Amiens or Laon is emptier; and I have been to services there when the atmosphere seemed charged with something of the same spirit, the same devoutness, that makes of Chartres the House of Prayer. Nor can I understand why Fergusson should have regretted the meagerness and attenuation of the exterior, where I saw, instead, almost extravagance in the elaboration of buttresses and fretted pinnacles in the carven loveliness of the two great portals. The southern, as if warmed by the sun into more luxuriant life of blossom and flower, is the richer of the two in the ornament that stretches to the topmost peak of the high transept gable; above the northern portal a Tree of Jesse spreads out in lines and curves and spaces almost frigid in their beautiful severity, as if chilled into restraint in the colder light. But both portals are set about with traceried, pinnacled niches where saints once stood in rows; both have a wealth of carving on perhaps the most splendid doors in France. I can imagine nothing less meager. Altogether, if Beauvais can terrify by its size, it can charm by its detail, and in the end make itself loved by those who, coming often, become more and more familiar with it in its every aspect and phase.

III

THE cathedral is dedicated to St. Peter, the rock upon which Christ built his church and against which the gates of hell were not to prevail. The great Mother Church at Rome, which Jean Vast thought he had humbled, does not wear the name with better grace nor more appropriately. The cathedral of Beauvais looks rock-like; it proved so in the town's troubled days. There seemed no hope for it when the red cap of Liberty flamed through its desecrated aisles and crowned the Infant Jesus in his Mother's arms; and the Mother, the Blessed Virgin, was transformed into a new Goddess of Reason whose worshipers, to show their reasonableness, destroyed the beauty built up by centuries and massacred those whose charge was to guard it. It was then that the statues were hurled from their niches at the cathedral doors; priests were murdered; and to those who watched, waiting their turn, it appeared, in truth, as if the gates of hell *had* prevailed and the last day dawned upon St. Peter's Church. But the wave of liberty, equality, and fraternity swept past and away, the Infant Jesus wore his own crown again, the Goddess of Reason was once more the Blessed Mother, and only the empty niches spoke

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of the danger that had threatened. Worse days came with new revelations of reason —days when the restorer was let loose, when France seized upon the cathedral as an historical monument, when the bishop's palace was taken from him and given to the lawyers. And these, too, were survived, as most probably the still worse days of our own time will be. But even if, in the struggle with the state, the cathedral of Beauvais is lost to the church, is emptied and stripped bare and handed over a prey to the tourist, like the Abbey of St. Michel on its windy mount, the beauty will remain. Art is the rock upon which the Cathedral of St. Peter, in the gray North, is as firmly set as the Pyramids of the Egyptian desert, as the broken stones of the Parthenon under the sunlit skies of Greece.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"MY PASSAGE . . . WAS IMPEDED"

CONCERNING TRIBAL WARFARE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

WITH PICTURES BY J R. SHAVER

ON my way to my dressmaker, Mrs. McClanahan, I happened to pass across a little, barren square in the part of New York still known as Greenwich village. My passage across it was impeded by mobs of fighting small boys engaged in hurling at one another rocks, bricks, bottles, coal—anything, in fact, hard and likely to hurt. It was a dangerous place, thought I, for a lone woman. I looked upon the swarm of youngsters with distaste. It did not seem right to me that peaceable citizens on their way to and from their business should run the risk of being hit on the head with a piece of coal.

I fought my way with rapid caution among them, and proceeded to what was called, somewhat ironically, it seemed to me, my "appointment."

My dealings with Mrs. McClanahan had always been of the pleasantest. We had started out from the first with a gra-

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cious social flourish on her part, where payment and fittings seemed merely incidents in a charming afternoon visit. Indeed, it was only at Mrs. McClanahan's that I ever had the refreshing feeling that I brought my work and "spent the day," as the large, pleasant country phrase has it.

"Ain't it awful underfoot!" Mrs. McClanahan greeted me. "Get a glass for Mis' Perrin, Lady. I 'm sure her mouth 's dry in this windy weather. There 's nothin' like a drop o' beer for a dry mouth and a wet foot."

Lady produced a shaving mug, into which she poured beer from the can. In the McClanahan household, beer procured in a can was as natural and as little to be deprecated as would have been a milk-can in the country. A dish of tripe and onions, or a plate of nice, hot frankfurters and beer, took, in Mrs. McClanahan's hospitalities, the place of a cup of tea and a dainty biscuit.

As I drank my beer, Mrs. McClanahan resumed conversation with little Johnny Leary, frequently employed in the purchase of "findings."

"Did you get everything, Johnny?"

Johnny looked up with his vague, ruminating gaze. He had the look of a boy reared in some placid country corner, and given to sitting long hours in pastures, wool-gathering.

"Yes 'm," he said. "He did n't have that kind of hooks-and-eyes. He says he 'll have your 'broidery cotton pretty soon. He says he never see such a woman for buttons. He guesses you must eat 'em."

He gave this out with an air of impartial stupidity, reporting, like a faithful little phonograph, all that had fallen into his dull brain. His prattle flowed along like some little, underground spring. No one gave the slightest appearance of heeding anything that Johnny Leary said; the larger currents of talk moved on unimpeded above his head.

"Just look out o' that window, Lily!" said Miss Lady. "Them kids is fierce! Why, Lily, look at Georgie! He 's out there fightin'."

Miss Ameliar moved leisurely to the door.

"Georgie!" she called. "Your momma wants you, Georgie."

Mrs. McClanahan's little boy moved sulkily to the door.

"Dey come after me clear down here. If Mickey 'd been round, dey would n't. Mickey 'll kill 'em."

"There 's some awful tough kids round here, Mis' Perrin. It ain't hardly safe to walk round here after school 's out, since Jones and Grove Stritters has fought, and Charles and King Stritters. Things is fierce!"

"I never see such kids," said Mrs. McClanahan. "I never see such kids as they 're gettin' to be. They 're gettin' worse every year. Why, Ameliar, 's long back as I can remember, Jones Stritt kids has stood in with Grove Stritt kids."

"Grove Stritt kids," said Johnny Leary, in his little, toneless treble, "is dirty Dagoes." For the first time his little stream of talk emerged to the surface of the earth.

"I don't think that 's a nice thing for a little boy to say," Miss Lady reproved gently in that tone of condescension in which wisdom and experience address childhood through all Christendom.

Johnny accepted his reproof with meekness.

"If you want me any more, Mis' McClanahan," he said, "I 'll be outside playin'." He looked up at her trustingly. "I 'll look like I was playin' with a dead cat. 'T ain't. I let it down the sewer by a string on its tail, an' I pull it up again. I 'm watchin' for the plain-clothes man. *I* know 'im by sight," he added proudly. He went his way.

"Ain't he innercent!" exclaimed Mrs. McClanahan. "I never see such a' innercent child. He seems kind o' lackin' sometimes. He had n't ought to 'a' told he was lookin' for the plain-clothes man right out like this; there might anybody 'a' be'n in here. Pore Johnny, he don't know no better! I s'pose they set him a-watchin' because he 's so innercent-lookin'. There would n't nobody suspect pore Johnny o' nothin', not even a plain-clothes man.

"You see," she condescended to explain to me, having by this time gaged the hopeless depths of my ignorance of common things—"you see, the kids put out a watch on the corners for the plain-clothes man, or 's like as not some o' them 'd get run in."

Now, it seemed to me rather a desirable thing than otherwise that one of these small ruffians should be arrested, and his parents fined, as a lesson to keep boys off

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Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"'THEM GROVE STRITT KIDS *STOLE* THE TAR BARREL'"

the streets; for I did not like my walk interfered with by the throwing of whole bricks, which even the officer had considered a gratuitously large missile. Everybody knows that the streets are for grown people, not for children, and I might have said so had not my point of view been taken by a stout German lady, who had come in to hire a wig for a fancy-costume ball from the costumer's at the other side of the shop.

"Dem kids had n't ought to fight," she said.

"No," Mrs. McClanahan agreed, "they had n't ought to fight, but so had n't everybody to do most of the things they does; but they do 'em—an' they don't want to get run in for 'em, an' their folks don't want 'em to get run in. No more do these kids."

"Dey had n't ought to be fightin'," the German lady insisted, with solid gravity.

"King Stritt kids and Charles Stritt kids has always scrapped with Jones Stritt kids and Grove Stritt kids. Them Charles Stritt kids is stuck-up kids. They 'd tempt the Angel Gabriel himself to heave somp'n at 'em. You see," Mrs. McClanahan explained to me, "Charles and King lies out to the other side of the square, and all the kids around there, cross stritts and all, they call theirselfs 'Charles Stritters' or 'King Stritters'; like as not they don't live within five blocks o' King or Charles. Jones an' Grove is down this way, and Christopher Stritt divides them from each other."

Thus Mrs. McClanahan told me that all Gaul was divided, and its tribes lived in a state of constant warfare one with another.

"Oh, Mis' Perrin," she went on, "this ward 's changed awful since I was little! Why, I can remember when you 'd walk a mile before you 'd see a Negro or a Dago. Bleecker used to be lovely—did n't Bleecker use to be lovely, Lady?"

"Yes, Lily, it did," replied Lady, obediently.

"And now, what with push-carts down to the bottom of Carmine, an' Dagoes keepin' grocer' shops in cellars, Mis' Per-

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rin, you can't tell Bleecker from the East Side. I often says to Lady,—don't I, Lady?—'It 's gettin' so you can't tell Bleecker from the East Side.' I hate a stritt when it gets to have green groceries in the cellar. That marks a stritt for me. I always did say coal an' wood belongs in cellars, an' ice, an' I don't mind a barber-shop, nor some kinds of saloons, where you only have to walk down two steps. But when I go through a stritt where other things is bein' sold right out o' cellar doors an' down cellar steps, that 's enough for me. But though I 've seen many a change in this ward since I was born here an' raised, I never thought to see King Stritt boys an' Grove Stritt boys standin' in together, nor Charles an' Jones. You don't understan' what that means,

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"'DEY ARRESTED MICKEY BRADY'"

Mis' Perrin. You see, before this, anybody who knew that the kids was fightin' knew which way a bottle or a piece of coal 'd be comin' from; but now they come from all wheres, Charles an' King heavin' coal at each other, or Jones an' Grove turnin' round an' throwin' things. I says to Georgie there: 'Won't no good come o' Jones an' Grove scrappin'. It ain't safe any more on the stritts,' I says to Georgie."

"It ain't us Jones Stritters' fault. It 's them dirty Grove Stritters. They pinched the tar barrel off'n us. We 've stood a' awful lot from de Groves, but Mickey said he would n't stand for no tar barrel," Georgie explained with heat.

Mrs. McClanahan turned to me with a helpless gesture.

"Yes, Mis' Perrin, that 's what happened. Them Grove Stritt kids *stole* the tar barrel right off'n their friends, as if one tar barrel was n't enough for a bonfire for two gangs! They must 'a' been luny."

"They got King Stritters to help 'em. Then Charles said they 'd help us—King an' Charles is bad friends 'cause each says it 's de boss stritt," said Georgie.

"They 're a mean lot o' kids, Charles an' King both," commented Mrs. McClanahan. "I should n't think you 'd have anything to do with 'em, after all they done to you."

"Mickey was awful sore when Grove Stritters let King Stritters help 'em," Georgie apologized.

"Dot Mickey Prady iss a' awful tough poy," said the German woman.

"What Mickey Brady says, goes," Mrs. McClanahan assured me. "Bradys," she added, "is cousins o' mine 'way back on my mother's side. But for Brady and McClanahan I don't know where we 'd be in this ward, 'long o' so many Dagoes an' Sheenies comin' in. An' Mickey 's just like his pa: he don't stand for no nonsense, does he, Georgie?"

It was thus conveyed to me that what had hitherto seemed like groups of nondescript little boys throwing things at one another was in reality tribal warfare, which had descended from one generation of children to another. As manhood claimed one after another of the old warriors, one after another their places were filled. When these little boys outgrew

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the throwing of coal and rocks, there would still be Jones Streeters and Grove Streeters, and King Streeters and Charles Streeters. The members shifted, but the tribe was a fixed thing. They were repeating the history of the race, these boys, one generation of them after another. I had it there large before me as a subject for consideration. When pieces of coal and bottles whizzed perilously near my head, I could console myself with the thought that the youngsters who threw them had harked back to an age of primitive warfare—back to the time when one band of men fought another band of men for existence. They must fight or be wiped out. And the grown-up dwellers of Grove and Jones and Charles and King had come to a realization of this through no philosophical reflections. It was not they who went to the police and complained about the perpetual warfare going on in the little square. They knew that the boys had always fought and always would fight, and saying, "Kids is fierce!" they avoided the square after school hours, bowing to the law which decrees that each child shall live over in his own person the successive stages of the development of society.

When I went for my next fitting, I witnessed a curious phenomenon, and having the key, I understood what was happening. I was keeping close to the shelter of the houses, while bottles and coal flew through the air, when skirmishing ceased. Little boys vanished down streets; others dropped in their tracks to play marbles. I looked around for an avenging policeman, but saw none. In the middle of the square, so lately the scene of noisy conflict, trotted a little, stupid-looking boy. He dragged a dead cat by the tail. Nothing more. It reminded one of the appearance of the watchman in "The Meistersinger," after the turmoil of the street fight.

I was rather proud of myself for knowing that Johnny Leary had seen a plain-clothes man, and I had my moment of admiration for these highly trained young savages, who were so skilful in evading the police. That was not the end of the afternoon's engagement; Johnny Leary appeared to do the late afternoon errands, rivers of tears running from his innocent brown eyes.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"HIS BRICKBAT CALLED TO HIM IN VAIN"

"Why, Johnny, what ails you?" asked Miss Ameliar, kindly.

"Dey say it 's my fault, but it ain't my fault. Dey say it 's my fault that he got pinched. But my cat wore out; the tail come off, Aunt Lily! I tol' 'em my cat was wearin' out, an' I 'd got to have somp'n else to drag."

"They arrested who? Who 'd they arrest?"

Georgie dashed in at this point.

"Mickey," he reported. "Dey arrested Mickey Brady! His pa 's crazy. He says if he ketches any of us kids, he 'll give us a' awful hidin'."

Mrs. McClanahan laughed long and mirthfully.

"It makes me laugh to think how mad Brady 'll be; he 'll be wild," she said. "There it is, you see. That 'll be trouble for that pore cop that did n't mean nothin'; that 'll be trouble for every one."

"Course," Miss Ameliar put in, "he could n't know he was arrestin' *Brady's* kid. But Brady 's that kind of a man. You can't talk to him; he won't see it that way. Them po-lice had ought to have some sense. That 's what comes o' shiftin'

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men roun' an' sendin' new men down here. One of our old officers would 'a' known that this ain't no ward to go arrestin' kids just for playin' in the street."

"I don't wonder Brady 's mad," said Mrs. McClanahan, with emphasis. "*Arrestin'* a kid! 'S if they could n't stop kids fightin' without arrestin' 'em! Folks can't have much to do that goes complainin' an' gets a kid arrested 'long o' playin' a little. I 'd like to know who done it. Now, look at my cousin, Mis' Perrin—him who 's got the grocer' store at the corner o' Christopher. Why, he 's been plagued fierce with boys always pinchin' everything left outside an' bustin' his windows. But he would n't call in no po-lice. When things gets fierce, he runs out, an' the first boy he ketches, whether 't was the one that stole or not, he takes an' whales 'im good. That settles 'em. Sometimes he 'll take an' whale two or three—he an' the clerks all together. An' no jokin', I tell you. They go off rubbin' their breeches. He warms 'em up good, an' they 'll act all right for a long time. Now, ain't that better than goin' for the po-lice? All I can say is, that folks that 's runnin' for the po-lice all the time ain't got no sense o' shame."

Soon after the arrest of Mickey the Great, desolation fell on the tribes. His arrest was not the cause; that was merely an added glory, a sort of symbol of the importance of their play. I gathered this from Georgie, who came dashing in like a whirlwind, saying, "Have to look out, or the cop 'll get you!" Georgie was himself as much in danger of getting arrested as a baby in a baby-carriage. No, it was not Mickey's arrest that clipped his wings; it was a far direr tragedy. Mickey, the victorious hero, first of the forces of Jones and Grove, later, of Jones and Charles, had lost his leadership. Mickey was "out of it," as I heard Georgie lament whenever I visited his mother's shop. His weapons lay rusty with disuse; in less lofty language, ink bottles and coal reposed harmless in Mickey's pocket; his brickbat called to him in vain.

The awful thing that had happened to Mickey was this: he had been condemned by his mother to take his baby sister out in a baby-carriage.

You can see how useless the leader of a tribe becomes when he is hampered by a baby-carriage containing a girl kid. Even an outsider like myself noticed how half-heartedly warfare was carried on in the side streets. Between the loss of the great leader and the vigilance of the plain-clothes men, there was nothing doing. There came a season of uneasy, partial armistice. Guerrilla warfare was carried on in a desultory way. The square, once the battle-field, became the playground of little children.

I remarked on its unwonted aspect to my friends.

"Well," said Mrs. McClanahan, "it won't be for long. They won't keep on watchin' the kids always, an' fightin' 'll begin again worse 'n ever."

"Yes," Georgie spoke up, "them Charles Stritt kids makes me sick. Now Mickey can't play no more, they think dey owns the earth. Dey tried joshin' Mickey, even, but Mickey he won't stand for that. I watched the carriage for 'im to-day, an' he pushed their faces in; then they went off boo-hoo'n' an' sayin' Mickey had n't no right to lick 'em, 'cause they 's been standin' in with the Jones Stritters."

"Did n't your momma tell you," asked Miss Lady, "that them Charles Stritters would turn on you first chanst they got? You always did say that to Georgie. Did n't you, Lily, say the Charles Stritters would turn on 'em the first chanst they got?"

"Oh, the gang ain't no use without Mickey," announced Georgie, with disgust. "All the stritts is fightin' for deirselves now."

History, you see, had repeated itself. Suddenly withdraw from any tribe its chieftain, and quick demoralization follows. Rival tribes, even though they be allies, turn on you in your weakness. Lawlessness breaks out, the tribe becomes disintegrated, the strong bully the weak; in short, anarchy reigns.

Mrs. McClanahan's words proved true. As soon as the eyes of the law were withdrawn from the square, fighting again broke out; not, indeed, the splendid wars of the days of Mickey the Great's fierce raids. Every man's hand was against every man. Clan feeling having lessened, boys took this time for the payment of old grudges. The Charles Streeters had turned on their old allies, the Jones Streeters.

"It ain't safe for boys to be out by

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Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"TO GIVE JOHNNY'S TIN CANS A VICIOUS KICK"

theirselfs," Mrs. McClanahan told me, darkly. "When any gang catches a kid of any other gang out alone, they licks him. The Charles Stritters kicked a Grove Stritt kid fierce the other day."

"Mickey seen 'em," said Georgie, "an' he lef' his carriage right there an' knocked the stuffin's out 'n 'em; but a girl in his house saw 'im, an' she said she 'd tell his momma on 'im. He dass n't leave the carriage for a second, 'cause his pa said he 'd lick Mickey till he can't see if he leaves his sister, an' he 's bought a strap to lick 'im with; he 's give Mickey a grand pair of roller-skates, too."

"Brady was blind mad," Mrs. McClanahan explained, "along o' Mickey gettin' arrested, an' when a man gets mad clear through, he 's bound to lick something. He says he 'll learn Mickey for gettin' pulled, an' he 'll learn the po-lice for arrestin' him. He says to McClanahan, 'What 's the use of spendin' your days an' nights workin' for your ward, if your kid can't heave a brick off'n his own door-step without gettin' pulled in?' I won't let Georgie play in the square no more. I ain't goin' to have his eyes bunged up by no Charles Stritters. If the little kids is goin' to play in the square at all, Grove an' Jones has just natu'lly got to stand in together."

"Kids from down the other side o' Bleecker 's comin' up in the square now," complained Georgie.

"Hear that, Lady," said Mrs. McClanahan, scandalized—"kids from the other side of Bleecker 's comin' up in the square now. Kids from the other side of Bleecker 's never come up to the square, Mis' Perrin."

"They dass n't: all the kids from this side turns in to drive 'em out."

Once the great leader overturned, you see, and old alliances broken up, the outlying barbarian hordes press in to harry the people.

I was coming through the square one day not long after this, dodging small groups of fighting boys, when I beheld Johnny Leary happily dragging a string of tin cans. Up and down the square a sturdy lad on roller-skates pushed a baby-carriage with speed. I gathered from the sounds that arose that he was a motor-car of high horse-power. I imagined, and rightly, that this was Mickey the Great solacing himself. I trembled for the life of the infant in the tonneau of the car. She, however, crowed and waved her little hands as her brother trundled her with fearsome speed over the asphalt.

With touching mimicry, little Johnny Leary dragged his train of tin cans along, also making shrill automobile noises. A big boy emerged from a squabbling bunch

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Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"THE CHARLES STREETERS SCATTERED BEFORE HIM"

of kids on the street corner to give Johnny's tin cans a vicious kick.

"Aw, cheese it!" Johnny whimpered.

The big boy kicked the tin cans farther, and gave Johnny a cuff on the ear which sent him sprawling.

"Let 'm alone!" bawled Mickey from across the square, his habit of protecting his people still strong upon him in the hour of his impotence.

"Come on an' stop me! You can't!" mocked the boy.

"Get out o' here, you dirty Charles Stritter!" Mickey cried with authority.

Other boys joined the big boy. They danced derisively in front of the baby-carriage, shouting insulting things to the fallen leader. King Streeters and Charles Streeters joined to bait him. They blocked my passage. I retreated up a flight of steps.

Then, from my vantage-ground, I witnessed Mickey bring strength out of his weakness, as great generals can do. With a high-hearted shout of, "Clear out o' here!" he charged down on the foe with his baby-carriage, using it as a battering-ram, the baby crowing loudly. The Charles Streeters scattered before him. Johnny Leary dropped his cans and fell in behind his leader, throwing coal which he took from his pockets. Little boys ran from down the streets; like Clan Alpine's warriors true, they seemed to spring up from nowhere. Grove Streeters and Jones Streeters rallied as of old against King and Charles, Mickey, in the lead, ramming gloriously with his baby-carriage. The baby crowed exultantly and waved her arms up and down. It was easy to see she loved it.

The opposing force fell back, the onslaught was so fierce and sudden. They were hampered in every way; they were in the territory of the enemy; they could n't fling things at Mickey, because even a Charles Streeter would n't run the risk of hitting a girl kid, while Mickey's forces could throw over his head. Joyfully hurling bricks and bottles, they pursued the enemy down the square, along Fourth Street, and finally across Christopher. It was a rout, sudden, brilliant, unexpected. A baby-carriage, pushed by a boy on fleet roller-skates, proved an engine of war superior to anything that the tribes had ever known. It was a glorious day.

I watched the battle sweep past me. I still have the vision of the two faces, Mickey's intent and purposeful, the baby's little face abeam with excited smiles. I stood, even, and watched for Mickey's glorious return. No longer was he a motor-car, but Mickey the Great come into his own again. He returned, swinging proudly down the square, now swept clear of enemies. Adoring little boys trotted by his side, saying: "We done 'em

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brown, hey? We licked the tar out'n 'em!"

Mickey paid no attention to any of them. He swung his war-chariot along at a fine pace, humming happily to himself. God was in His heaven; Grove and Jones were standing in with each other; Charles and King had been routed; Mickey ruled the gang again; all was well with the world.

I progressed on to my fitting.

"I wonder what 's become of Georgie and Johnny," said Mrs. McClanahan. "School 's out. It 's time they was here."

I knew what had become of Georgie and Johnny. They had been fighting in the glorious battle. Later they came in, bumptious and important, with the air of victorious soldiers.

"You oughter 've seen 'em! You oughter 've seen 'em run! Why, Mickey rolled right over a feller that fell down!" The hero's exploits had already grown.

"Was the Grove Stritt boys with you?"

"Sure," said Georgie. "Sure. *They 're* all right! Soon 's they seen Mickey, they run right in, heavin' bricks. Mickey he 's filled the carriage full of bottles for us to help ourselves outer. There ain't no harm no more in my playin' out now, is there, Ma?"

"No," Mrs. McClanahan agreed—"no, not while Jones an' Grove stands in to keep Charles an' King back o' Christopher."

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE

BY RICHARD BURTON

WOMEN there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do: they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 't were shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth 's departed;
But in God's Book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illume with luster splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

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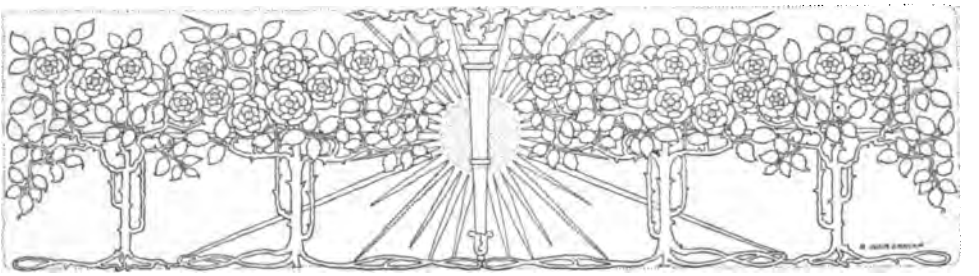

MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

XV

THE warning note sounded by Mrs. Fallows at the beginning of the oil boom was echoed by many before the summer was over. The coldest thing in the world is an exhausted enthusiasm, and when weeks slipped into months, and notes fell due, and the bank became cautious about lending money, a spirit of distrust got abroad, and a financial frost settled upon the community.

Notwithstanding these conditions, "The Opp Eagle" persistently screamed prosperity. It attributed the local depression to the financial disturbance that had agitated the country at large, and assured the readers that the Cove was on the eve of the greatest period in its history.

"The ascending, soaring bubble of inflated prices cannot last much longer," one editorial said; "the financial flurry in the Wall Streets of the North were pretty well over before we become aware of it, in a major sense. 'The Opp Eagle' has in the past, present, and future waged noble warfare against the calamity jays. Panic or no panic, Cove City refuses to remain in the backgrounds. There has been a large order for job-work in this office within the past ten days, also several new and important subscribers, all of which does not make much of a showing for hard times, at least not from our point of looking at it."

But in the same issue, in an inconspicuous corner, were a couple of lines to the effect that "the editor would be glad to take a load of wood on subscription."

The truth was that it required all of Mr. Opp's diplomacy to rise to the occasion. The effort to meet his own obligations was becoming daily more embarrassing, and he was reduced to economies entirely beneath the dignity of the editor of "The Opp Eagle." But while he cheerfully restricted his diet to two meals a day, and wore shirt-fronts in lieu of the genuine article, he was, according to Nick's ideas, rashly extravagant in other ways.

"What did you go and buy Widow Green's oil-shares back for?" Nick demanded upon one of these occasions.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Opp, "it was purely a business proposition. Any day, now, things may open up in a way that will surprise you. I have good reason to believe that those shares are bound to go up; and besides," he added lamely in an undertone, "I happen to know that that there lady was in immediate need of a little ready money."

"So are we," protested Nick; "we need every cent we can get for the paper. If we don't get ahead some by the first of the year, we are going under, sure as you live."

Mr. Opp laid a hand upon his shoulder

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and smiled tolerantly. "Financiers get used to these fluctuations in money circles. Don't you worry, Nick; you leave that to the larger brains in the concern."

But in spite of his superior attitude of confidence, Nick's words rankled in his mind, and the first of the year became a time which he preferred not to consider.

One day in September the mail-packet brought two letters of great importance to Mr. Opp. One was from Willard Hinton, the first since his operation, and the other was from Mr. Mathews, stating that he would arrive at the Cove that day to lay an important matter of business before the stock-holders of the Turtle Creek Land Company.

Mr. Opp rushed across the road, a letter in each hand, to share the news with Guinevere.

"It 's as good as settled," he cried, bursting in upon her, where she sat at the side door wrestling with a bit of needlework. "Mr. Mathews will be here today. He is either going to open up work or sell out to a syndicate. I 'm going to use all my influence for the latter; it 's the surest and safest plan. Miss Guinnever,"—his voice softened,—"this is all I been waiting for to make my last and final arrangement with your mother. It was just yesterday she was asking me what I 'd decided to do, and I don't mind telling you, now it 's all over, I never went to bed all last night—just sat up trying to figure it out. But this will settle it. I 'll be in a position to have a little home of my own and take care of Kippy, too. I don't know as I ever was so happy in all my life put together before." He laughed nervously, but his eyes anxiously studied her averted face.

"Then there 's more news," he plunged on, when she did not speak—"a letter from Mr. Hinton. I thought maybe you 'd like to hear what he had to say."

Guinevere's scissors dropped with a sharp ring on the stepping-stone below, and as they both stooped to get them, their fingers touched. Mr. Opp ardently seized her hand in both of his, but unfortunately he seized her needle as well.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she said. "Wait; let me do it," and with a compassion which he considered nothing short of divine she extricated the needle, and comforted the wounded member. Mr. Opp would have gladly suffered the fate of a St. Sebastian to have elicited such sympathy.

"Is—is Mr. Hinton better?" she asked, still bending over his hand.

"Hinton?" asked Mr. Opp. "Oh, I forgot; yes. I 'll read you what he says. He got his nurse to write this for him:

"DEAR OPP: The die is cast; I am a has-been. I did not expect anything, so I am not disappointed. The operation was what they called successful. The surgeon, I am told, did a very brilliant stunt; something like taking my eyes out, playing marbles with them, and getting them sewed back again all in three minutes and a half. The result to the patient is of course purely a minor consideration, but it may interest you to know that I can tell a biped from a quadruped, and may in time, by the aid of powerful glasses, be able to distinguish faces.

"With these useful and varied accomplishments I have decided to return to the Cove. My modest ambition now is to get out of the way, and the safest plan is to keep out of the current.

"You will probably be a Benedick by the time I return. My heartiest congratulations to you and Miss Guinevere. Words cannot thank either of you for what you have done for me. All I can say is that I have tried to be worthy of your friendship.

"What 's left of me is

Yours,

Willard Hinton."

Mr. Opp avoided looking at her as he folded the sheets and put them back in the envelop. The goal was bright before his eyes, but quicksands dragged at his feet.

"And he *will* find us married, won't he, Miss Guin-never? You 'll be ready just as soon as I and your mother come to a understanding, won't you? Why, it seems more like eleven years than eleven months since you and me saw that sunset on the river! There has n't been a day since, you might say, that has n't been occupied with you. All I ask for in the world is just the chance for the rest of my life of trying to make you happy. You believe that, don't you, Miss Guin-never?"

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"Yes," she said miserably, gazing out at the little arbor Hinton had made for her beneath the trees.

"Well, I 'll stop by this evening after the meeting, if it ain't too late," said Mr. Opp. "You 'll—you 'll be—glad if everything culminates satisfactory, won't you?"

"I 'm glad of everything good that comes to you," said Guinevere so earnestly that Mr. Opp, who had lived on a diet of crumbs all his life, looked at her gratefully, and went back to the office assuring himself that all would be well.

The visit of Mr. Mathews, while eagerly anticipated, could not have fallen on a less auspicious day. Aunt Tish, the arbiter of the Opp household, had been planning for weeks to make a visit to Coreyville, and the occasion of an opportune funeral furnished an immediate excuse.

"No, *sir*, Mr. D., I can't put hit off till to-morrow," she declared in answer to Mr. Opp's request that she stay with Miss Kippy until after the stock-holders' meeting. "I 's 'bleeged to go on dat night boat. De funeral teks place at ten o'clock in de mawnin', an' I 's gwine be dar ef I has to swim de ribber."

"Was he a particular friend, the one that died?" asked Mr. Opp.

"Friend? Bunk Bivens? Dat onery, good-fer-nothin' ol' half-strainer? Naw, sir; he ain't no friend ob mine."

"Well, what makes you so pressing and particular about attending his funeral?" asked Mr. Opp.

" 'Ca'se I 'spise him so. I been hatin' dat nigger fer pretty nigh forty year, an' I ain't gwine lose dis chanst ob seein' him buried."

"But, Aunt Tish," persisted Mr. Opp, impatiently, "I 've got a very important and critical meeting this afternoon. The business under consideration may be wound up in the matter of a few minutes, and then, again, it may prolong itself into several consecutive hours. You 'll have to stay with Kippy till I get home."

The old woman looked at him strangely. "See dis heah hole in my haid, honey? 'Member how you and Ben uster ast Aunt Tish what mek hit? Dat nigger Bunk Bivens mek hit. He was a roustabout on de ribber, an' him an' yer paw fell out, an' one night when you was a baby he follow yer paw up here, an' me an' him had hit out."

"But where was my father?" asked Mr. Opp.

"Dey was 'sputin' right heah in dis heah kitchen where we 's standin' at, an' dat mean, bow-laigged nigger did n't have no better manners den to 'spute wif a gentleman dat was full. An' pore Miss she run in so skeered an' white, an' she say, 'Aunt Tish, don't let him hurt him; he don't know what he 's sayin',' she baig, an' I tell her to keep yer paw outen de way an' I tek keer ob Bunk."

"And did he fight you?" asked Mr. Opp, indignantly.

"Naw, sir; I fit him. We put nigh tore up de floor ob de kitchen. Den he bust my haid open wif de poker, an' looks lak I been losing my knowledge ever sence. From dat day I 'low I 's gwine to git even if it took me till I died, an' now dat spiteful old devil done died fust. But I 's gwine see him buried. I want to see 'em nail him up in a box and th'ow dirt on him."

Aunt Tish ended the recital in a singsong chant, worked up to a state of hysteria by the recital of her ancient wrong.

Mr. Opp sighed both for the past and the present. He saw the futility of arguing the case.

"Well, you 'll stay until the boat whistles?" he asked. "Sometimes it is two hours late."

"Yas, sir; but when dat whistle toots, I 's gwine. Ef you is heah, all right; ef you ain't, all right: I 's *gwine!*"

As Mr. Opp passed through the hall he saw Miss Kippy slip ahead of him and conceal herself behind the door. She carried something hidden in her apron.

"Have you learned your reading lesson to say to brother D. to-night?" he asked, ignoring her behavior. "You are getting so smart, learning to read handwriting just as good as I can!"

But Miss Kippy only peeped at him through the crack in the door and refused to be friendly. For several days she had been furtive and depressed, and had not spoken to either Aunt Tish or himself.

On the way to his office Mr. Opp was surprised to see Mr. Gallop leaning out of the window of his little room, beckoning frantically. It was evident that Mr. Gallop had a secret to divulge, and Mr.

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Gallop with a secret was as excited as a small bird with a large worm.

"Just come in a minute and sit down," he fluttered; "you 'll have to excuse the looks of things. Having just this one room for telegraph office and bedroom and everything crowds me up awful. I 've been trying to fix my lunch for half an hour, but the telephone just keeps me busy. Then, besides, Mr. Mathews was here; he came down on the launch at twelve o'clock. Now, of course I know it ain't right to repeat anything I hear over the long-distance wire, but being such a good friend of yours, and you being such a friend of mine—why, Mr. Opp there ain't anybody in the world I owe more to than I do to you, not only the money you 've lent me from time to time, but your standing up for me when everybody was down on me—and—"

"Yes; but you was remarking about Mr. Mathews?" Mr. Opp interrupted.

"Yes; and I was saying I never make a practice of repeating what I hear, but he was talking right here in the room, and I was mixing up a little salad dressing I promised Mrs. Fallows for the social—it 's to be over at Your Hotel this evening—there 's the telephone!"

Mr. Opp sat on the edge of the sofa, the rest of it being occupied with gaily embroidered sofa pillows, specimens, the town declared, of Mr. Gallop's own handiwork. In fact, the only unoccupied space in the room was on the ceiling, for between his duties as operator and housekeeper Mr. Gallop still found time to cultivate the arts, and the result of his efforts was manifest in every nook and corner.

"It was Mrs. Gusty getting after Mr. Toddlinger for sending vanilla extract instead of lemon," explained Mr. Gallop, who had stopped to hear the discussion.

"Well, as I was saying, Mr. Mathews called up somebody in the city almost as soon as he got here—Now you 've got to promise me you won't tell a living soul about this."

Mr. Opp promised.

"He said to telegraph New York party that terms were agreed on, and to mail check at once to Clark, and tell him to keep his mouth shut. Then the other end said something, and Mr. Mathews said: 'We can't afford to wait. You telegraph at once; I 'll manipulate the crowd down here.' They talked a lot more, then he said awful low, but I heard him: 'Well, damn it! they 've got to. There 's too much at stake.'"

The editor sat with his hat in his hand, and blinked at the operator: "Manipulate," he said in a puzzled tone—"did he use that particular word?"

Mr. Gallop nodded.

"He may have been referring to something else," said Mr. Opp, waiving aside any disagreeable suspicion. "Mr. Mathews is a business gentleman. He 's involved in a great many ventures, something like myself. You would n't think from what you heard that—er—that he was contemplating not acting exactly—fair with us, would you?"

Mr. Gallop, having delivered himself of his information, did not feel called upon to express a personal opinion.

"If you ever say I told you a word of this, I 'll swear I did n't," he said. "It was just because you were such a good friend, and—there 's that 'phone again!"

During the early hours of the afternoon, Mr. Opp was oppressed with a vague uneasiness. He made several attempts to see Mr. Mathews, but that gentleman was closeted with his stenographer until five o'clock, the hour named for the meeting.

All feeling of distrust was banished, however, when Mr. Mathews made his way through the crowd of stock-holders that filled the office of Your Hotel, and took his stand by the desk. He was so bland and confident, so satisfied with himself and the world and the situation, that, as Jimmy Fallows remarked, "You kinder looked for him to purr when he was n't talking."

He set forth at great length the undoubted oil wealth of the region, he complimented them on their sagacity and foresight in buying up the Turtle Creek ground, he praised the Cove in general and that distinguished citizen, the editor of "The Opp Eagle," in particular. The enterprise upon which they had embarked, he said, had grown to such proportions that large capital was required to carry it on. Owing to the recent depression in the money market, the Kentucky company

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did not feel able properly to back the concern, so it had been agreed that if a good offer was made to buy it, it should be accepted. It was with such an offer, Mr. Mathews said, that he had come to them to-day.

A stir of excitement met this announcement, and Miss Jim Fenton waved her lace scarf in her enthusiasm.

"Some time ago," went on Mr. Mathews, graciously acknowledging the applause, "the Union Syndicate of New York sent an expert, Mr. Clark, down here to report on the oil conditions in this region." Mr. Opp's eyes became fixed on Mr. Mathews's face, and his lips parted. "The report was so entirely satisfactory," continued Mr. Mathews, "that the following offer has been made."

Mr. Opp rose immediately. "Excuse me, sir, there is—er—rather, there must be some little mistake just at this juncture."

All eyes were turned upon him, and a murmur of dissent arose at an interruption at such a critical point.

Mr. Mathews gave him permission to proceed.

"You see—I—Mr. Clark, that is,"—Mr. Opp's fingers were working nervously on the back of the chair before him,—"him and myself went over the ground together, and—I—well, I must say I don't consider him a competent judge."

Mr. Mathews smiled. "I am afraid, Mr. Opp, that your opinion is overruled. Mr. Clark is a recognized authority, although," he added significantly, "of course the most expert make mistakes at times."

"That ain't the point," persisted Mr. Opp; "it 's the conflicting difference in what he said to me, and what he 's reported to them. He told me that he did n't consider our prospects was worth a picayune, and if the wells were drilled, they probably would n't run a year. I did n't believe him then; but you say now that he is a' expert and that he knows."

Mr. Mathews's tolerance seemed limitless. He waited patiently for Mr. Opp to finish, then he said smoothly:

"Yes, yes; I understand your point perfectly, Mr. Opp. Mr. Clark's remarks were injudicious, but he was looking at all sides of the question. He saw me after he saw you, you know, and I was able to direct his attention to the more favorable aspects of the case. His report was entirely favorable, and I guess that is all that concerns us, is n't it?" He embraced the room with his smile.

During the next quarter of an hour Mr. Opp sat with his arms folded and his eyes bent on the floor and bit his lips furiously. Something was wrong. Again and again he fought his way back to this conclusion through the enveloping mazes of Mr. Mathews's plausibility. Why had they waited so long after drilling that first well? Why, after making elaborate plans and buying machinery, had they suddenly decided to sell? Why had Mr. Clark given such contradictory opinions? What did Mr. Mathews mean by that message from Mr. Gallop's office? Mr. Opp's private affairs, trembling in the balance, were entirely lost sight of in his determination for fair play.

Covering his eyes with his hand, and trying not to hear the flood of argument which Mr. Mathews was bringing to bear upon his already convinced audience, Mr. Opp attempted to recall all that Mr. Gallop had told him.

"He said 'manipulate,'" repeated Mr. Opp to himself. "I remember that, and he said 'telegraph New York party that terms were agreed on.' Then he said 'mail check to Clark; tell him to keep his mouth shut.' What 's *he* paying Clark for? Why—"

"The motion before the house," Mr. Tucker's piping voice broke in upon his agitated reasoning, "is whether the stockholders of the Turtle Creek Land Company is willing to sell out at a rate of seven to one to the Union Syndicate."

In the buzz of delight that ensued, Mr. Opp found himself standing on a chair and demanding attention.

"Listen here," he cried, pounding on the wall with his hand, "I 've got important information that 's got to be told: that man Clark is a rascal. He 's—he 's deceiving his company. He 's been paid to make a good report of our ground. I can't prove it, but I know it. We 're taking part in a fraud; we 're—we 're being manipulated."

Mr. Opp almost shrieked the last word in his agony of earnestness; but before the crowd could fully apprehend his mean-

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ing, Mr. Mathews rose and said somewhat sharply:

"What the representative of the Union Syndicate is, or is not, does n't concern us in the least. I come to you with a gilt-edged proposition; all I ask you is to sit tight, and take my advice, and I guarantee you an immediate return of seven dollars to every one you put into this concern. Mr. Chairman, will you put it to the vote?"

But Mr. Opp again stopped proceedings. "As a director in this company I won't stand for what 's going on. I 'll telegraph the syndicate. I 'll advertise the whole matter."

Mat Lucas pulled at his sleeve, and the preacher put a restraining arm about his shoulder. The amazing rumor had become current that the Cove's stanchest advocate for temperance had been indulging in drink, and there was nothing in the editor's flushed face and excited manner to contradict the impression.

"If by any chance," Mr. Mathews went on in a steady voice, "there should be a stock-holder who is unwilling to take advantage of this magnificent offer, we need hardly say that we are prepared to buy his stock back at the amount he gave for it." He smiled, as if inviting ridicule at the absurdity of the proposition.

"I am unwilling," cried Mr. Opp, tugging at the restraining hands. "I have never yet in all the length and breadth of my experience been associated with a dishonest act."

"Don't! Mr. Opp, don't!" whispered Mat Lucas. "You 're acting like a crazy man. Don't you see, you are losing the chance to make three thousand dollars?"

"That has n't nothing to do with it," cried Mr. Opp, almost beside himself. "I 'll not be a party to the sale. I 'll—"

Mr. Mathews turned to his secretary. "Just fix up those papers for Mr. Opp, and give him a check for what is coming to him. Now, Mr. Chairman, will you put the matter to the vote?"

Amid the hilarious confusion that succeeded the unanimous vote, and the subsequent adjournment of the meeting, Mr. Opp pushed his way through the crowd that surrounded Mr. Mathews.

"You know what I was alluding at," he shouted through his chattering teeth. "You 've carried this through, but I 'll blockade you. I am going to tell the truth to the whole community. I am going to telegraph to the syndicate and stop the sale."

Mr. Mathews lifted his brows and smiled deprecatingly.

"I am sorry you have worked yourself up to such a pitch, my friend," he said. "Telegraph, by all means, if it will ease your mind; but the fact is, the deal was closed at noon to-day."

The long, low whistle of the packet sounded, but Mr. Opp heeded it not. He was flinging his way across to the telegraph office in a frenzy of Quixotic impatience to right the wrong of which he had refused to be a part.

XVI

HALF an hour later, Mr. Opp dragged himself up the hill to his home. All the unfairness and injustice of the universe seemed pressing upon his heart. Every muscle in his body quivered in remembrance of what he had been through, and an iron band seemed tightening about his throat. His town had refused to believe his story! It had laughed in his face!

With a sudden mad desire for sympathy and for love, he began calling Kippy. He stumbled across the porch, and, opening the door with his latch-key, stood peering into the gloom of the room.

The draft from an open window blew a curtain toward him, a white, spectral, beckoning thing, but no sound broke the stillness.

"Kippy!" he called again, his voice sharp with anxiety.

From one room to another he ran, searching in nooks and corners, peering under the beds and behind the doors, calling in a voice that was sometimes a command, but oftener a plea: "Kippy! Kippy!"

At last he came back to the dining-room, and lighted the lamp with shaking hands. On the hearth were the remains of a small bonfire, with papers scattered about. He dropped on his knees and seized a bit of charred cardboard. It was a corner of the hand-painted frame that had incased the picture of Guinevere Gusty! Near it lay loose sheets of paper, parts of that treasured package of letters she had written him from Coreyville.

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As Mr. Opp gazed helplessly about the room, his eyes fell upon something white pinned to the red table-cloth. He held it to the light. It was a portion of one of Guinevere's letters, written in the girl's clear, round hand:

Mother says I can never marry you until Miss Kippy goes to the asylum.

Mr. Opp got to his feet. "She 's read the letter," he cried wildly; "she 's learned out about herself! Maybe she 's in the woods now, or down on the bank!" He rushed to the porch. "Kippy!" he shouted. "Don't be afraid! Brother D. 's coming to get you! Don't run away, Kippy! Wait for me! Wait!" and leaving the old house open to the night, he plunged into the darkness, beating through the woods and up and down the road, calling in vain for Kippy, who lay cowering in the bottom of a leaking skiff that was drifting down the river at the mercy of the current.

Two days later, Mr. Opp sat in the office of the Coreyville Asylum for the Insane and heard the story of his sister's wanderings. Her boat had evidently been washed ashore at a point fifteen miles above the town, for people living along the river had reported a strange little woman, without hat or coat, who came to their doors crying and saying her name was "Oxety," and that she was crazy, and begging them to show her the way to the asylum. On the second day she had been found unconscious on the steps of the institution, and since then, the doctor said, she had been wild and unmanageable.

"Considering all things," he concluded, "it is much wiser for you not to see her. She came of her own accord, evidently felt the attack coming on, and wanted to be taken care of."

He was a large, smooth-faced man, with the conciliatory manner of one who regards all his fellow-men as patients in varying degrees of insanity.

"But I 'm in the regular habit of taking care of her," protested Mr. Opp. "This is just a temporary excitement for the time being that won't ever, probably, occur again. Why, she 's been improving all winter; I 've learnt her to read and write a little, and to pick out a number of cities on the geographical atlas."

"All wrong," exclaimed the doctor; "mistaken kindness. She can never be any better, but she may be a great deal worse. Her mind should never be stimulated or excited in any way. Here, of course, we understand all these things and treat the patient accordingly."

"Then I must just go back to treating her like a child again," asked Mr. Opp, "not endeavoring to improve her intellect, or help her grow up in any way?"

The doctor laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"You leave her to us," he said. "The State provides this excellent institution for just such cases as hers. You do yourself and your family, if you have one, an injustice by keeping her at home. Let her stay here for six months or so, and you will see what a relief it will be."

Mr. Opp sat with his elbow on the desk and his head propped in his hand, and stared miserably at the floor. He had not had his clothes off for two nights, and he had scarcely taken time from his search to eat anything. His face looked old and wizen and haunted from the strain. Yet here and now he was called upon to make his great decision. On the one hand lay the old, hopeless life with Kippy, and on the other a future of dazzling possibility with Guinevere. All of his submerged self suddenly rose and demanded happiness. He was ready to snatch it, at any cost, regardless of everything and everybody—of Kippy; of Guinevere, who, he knew, did not love him, but would keep her promise; of Hinton, whose secret he had long ago guessed. And, as a running accompaniment to his thoughts, was the quiet, professional voice of the doctor urging him to the course that his heart prompted. For a moment the personal forces involved trembled in equilibrium.

After a long time he unknotted his fingers, and drew his handkerchief across his brow.

"I guess I 'll go up and see her now," he said, with the gasping breath of a man who has been under water.

In vain the doctor protested. Mr. Opp was determined.

As the door to the long ward was being unlocked, he leaned for a moment dizzily against the wall.

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"You 'd better let me give you a swallow of whisky," suggested the doctor, who had noted his exhaustion.

Mr. Opp raised his hand deprecatingly, with a touch of his old professional pride. "I don't know as I 've had occasion to mention," he said, "that I am the editor and sole proprietor of 'The Opp Eagle'; and that bird," he added, with a forced smile, "is, as everybody knows, a complete teetotaler."

At the end of the crowded ward, with her face to the wall, was a slight, familiar figure. Mr. Opp started forward; then he turned fiercely upon the attendant.

"Her hands are tied! Who dared to tie her up like that?"

"It 's just a soft handkerchief," replied the matronly woman, reassuringly. "We were afraid she would pull her hair out. She wants it fixed a certain way; but she 's afraid for any of us to touch her. She has been crying about it ever since she came."

In an instant Mr. Opp was on his knees beside her. "Kippy, Kippy darling, here 's brother D.; he 'll fix it for you! You want it parted on the side, don't you, tied with a bow, and all the rest hanging down? Don't cry so, Kippy. I 'm here now; brother D. 'll take care of you."

She flung her loosened arms around him and clung to him in a passion of relief. Her sobs shook them both, and his face and neck were wet with her tears.

As soon as they could get her sufficiently quiet, they took her into her little bedroom.

"You let the lady get you ready," urged Mr. Opp, still holding her hand, "and I 'll take you back home, and Aunt Tish will have a nice, hot supper all waiting for us."

But she would let nobody else touch her, and even then she broke forth into piteous sobs and protests. Once she pushed him from her and looked about wildly. "No, no," she cried, "I must n't go; I am crazy!" But he told her about the three little kittens that had been born under the kitchen steps, and in an instant she was all a-tremble with eagerness to go home to see them.

An hour later, Mr. Opp and his charge sat on the river-bank and waited for the little launch that was to take them back to the Cove. A curious crowd had gathered at a short distance, for their story had gone the rounds.

Mr. Opp sat under the fire of curious glances, gazing straight in front of him, and only his flushed face showed what he was suffering. Miss Kippy, in her strange clothes and with her pale hair flying about her shoulders, sat close by him, her hand in his.

"D.," she said once in a high, insistent voice, "when will I be grown up enough to marry Mr. Hinton?"

Mr. Opp for a moment forgot the crowd. "Kippy," he said with all the gentle earnestness that was in him, "you ain't never going to grow up at all. You are just always going to be brother D.'s little girl. You see, Mr. Hinton 's too old for you, just like—" he paused, then finished it bravely—"just like I am too old for Miss Guin-never. I would n't be surprised if they got married with each other some day. You and me will just have to take care of each other."

She looked at him with the quick suspicion of the insane, but he was ready for her with a smile.

"Oh, D.," she cried, in a sudden rapture, "we are glad, ain't we?"

XVII

For the next four weeks there was no issue of "The Opp Eagle." When it did make its appearance, it contained the following editorial:

> Ye editor has for several weeks been the victim of the La Grip which eventuated into a rising in our left ear. Although we are still in severe and continuous pain, we know that behind the clouds of suffering the blue sky of health is still shining, and that a brighter day is coming, as it were.

The night of Mr. Opp's return from Coreyville, he had written a long letter to Guinevere Gusty telling her of his final decision in regard to Kippy, and releasing her from her promise. This having been accomplished, he ceased to fight against the cold and exhaustion, and went to bed with a hard chill.

Aunt Tish, all contrition for the disasters she thought she had brought upon the household, served him night and day,

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and even Miss Kippy, moved by the unusual sight of her brother in bed, made futile efforts to assist in the nursing.

When at last he was able to crawl back to the office, he found startling changes had taken place in the Cove. The prompt payment of the oil stock-holders by the Union Syndicate had brought about such a condition of prosperity and general satisfaction as had never before been known. The civic spirit planted and carefully nourished by "The Opp Eagle" burst into bloom under this sudden and unexpected warmth. Committees, formed the year before, were called upon for reports, and gratifying results were obtained. The Cove awoke to the fact that it had lamp-posts, and sidewalks, and a post-office, with a possibility, looming large, of a court-house.

Nor did this ambition for improvement stop short with the town: it extended to individuals. Jimmy Fallows was going to build a new hotel; Mr. Tucker was going to convert his hotel into a handsome private residence, for which Mrs. Gusty had been asked to select the wall-paper; Mat Lucas was already planning to build a large store on Main Street, and had engaged Mr. Gallop to take charge of the dry-goods department. The one person upon whom prosperity had apparently had a blighting effect was Miss Jim Fenton. Soon after the receipt of her check, she had appeared in the Cove in a plain, black tailor suit, and a small, severe felt hat innocent of adornment. The French-heeled slippers had been replaced by heavy walking shoes, and the lace scarf was discarded for a stiff linen collar.

But the state of Miss Jim's mind was not to be judged by the somberness of her raiment. The novelty of selecting her own clothes, of consulting her own taste, of being rid of the entangling dangers of lace ruffles and flying furbelows, to say nothing of unwelcome suitors, gave her a sense of exhilaration and independence which she had not enjoyed for years.

In the midst of all these tangible evidences of success, Mr. Opp found himself indulging in a hand-to-hand struggle with failure. As a hunter aims at a point well in advance of the flying bird, so he had aimed at possibilities ahead of the facts, and when events took an unexpected turn, he was left stranded, his ammunition gone, his judgment questioned, and his hands empty. He had been conducting his affairs not on the basis of his present income, but in reference to the large sums which he confidently believed would accrue from the oil-wells.

The circulation of "The Opp Eagle" was increasing steadily, but the growing bird must be fed, and the editor, struggling to meet daily pressing obligations, was in no condition to furnish the steady demand for copy.

All unnecessary diversions were ruthlessly foregone. He resigned with a pang the leadership of the Union Orchestra, he gave up his membership with the Odd Fellows. Even his more important duties, as president of the Town Improvement League, and director in the bank, were relinquished. For, in addition to his editorials, he had undertaken to augment his slender income by selling on subscription the "Encyclopedia of Wonder, Beauty, and Wisdom."

It was at this low ebb of Mr. Opp's fortunes that Willard Hinton returned to the Cove. He was still pale from his long confinement, but there was an unusual touch of animation about him, the half-surprised interest of one who has struck bottom, and found it not so bad as he had expected.

One dark afternoon in November he made his way over to the office of "The Opp Eagle," and stood irresolute in the door.

"That you, Mr. Opp? Or is it Nick?" He blinked uncertainly.

"Why, it is me," said Mr. Opp. "Come right in. I 've been so occupied with engagements that I have n't scarcely had occasion to see anything of you since you come back. You are getting improved all the time, ain't you? I thought I saw you writing on a type-writer when I passed this morning."

"Yes," said Hinton; "it 's a little machine I got before I came down, with raised letters on the keyboard. If I progress at the rapid pace I have started, I 'll be an expert before long. Mrs. Gusty was able to read five words out of ten this morning."

"Hope you 'll do us an article or two," said Mr. Opp. "I don't mind telling you that things has been what you might

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name as pressing ever since that trouble about the oil-wells. I 'm not regretting any step that I taken, and I am endeavoring not to harbor any feelings against those that went on after I give my word it was n't a fair transaction. But if what that man Clark said is true, Mr. Hinton, the Union Syndicate will never open up another well in this community."

"Your conscience proved rather an expensive luxury that time, did n't it, Mr. Opp?" asked Hinton, who had heard as many versions of the affair as there were citizens in the Cove.

Mr. Opp shrugged his shoulders, and pursed his lips. "It 's a matter that I cannot yet bring myself to talk about. After a whole year and more of associating with me in business and social ways, to think they would n't be willing to take my word for what I said."

"But it was n't to their advantage," said Hinton, smiling. "You forget the amount of money involved."

"No," declared Mr. Opp with some heat, "you do those gentlemen a' injustice. There ain't a individual of them that is capable of a dishonest act, any more than you or me. They just lacked the experience in dealing with a man like Mr. Mathews."

Hinton's smile broadened; he reached over and grasped Mr. Opp's hand.

"Do you know you are a rattling good fellow? I am sorry things have gotten so balled up with you."

"I 'll pay out," said the editor. "It 'll take some time, but I 've got a remarkable ability for work in me. I don't mind telling you, though I 'll have to ask you not to mention the fact to no one at present, that I am considering inventing a patent. It 's a sort of improved typesetter, one of the most remarkable things you ever witnessed. I never knew till about six months ago what a scientific turn my mind could take. I 've worked this whole thing out in my brain without the aid of a model of any sort."

"In the meanwhile," said Hinton, "I hear you will have to sell your paper."

Mr. Opp winced, and the lines in his face deepened. "Well, yes," he said, "I have about decided to sell, provided I keep the editorship, of course. After my patent gets on the market I will soon be in a position to buy it back."

"Mr. Opp," said Hinton, "I 've got a proposition to make to you. I have a moderate sum of money in bank which I want to invest in business. How would you like to sell out the paper to me, lock, stock, and barrel?"

Mr. Opp, whose eyes had been resting on the bills that strewed his table, looked up eagerly.

"You to own it, and me to run it?" he asked hopefully.

"No," said Hinton; "you would help me run it, I hope, but I should be the editor. I have thought the matter over seriously, and I believe, with competent help, I can make the paper an up-to-date, self-supporting newspaper, in spite of my handicap."

Mr. Opp sat as if stunned by a blow. He had known for some time that he must sell the paper in order to meet his obligations, but the thought of relinquishing his control of it never dawned upon him. It was the pride of his heart, the one tangible achievement in a wilderness of dreams. Life without Guinevere had seemed a desert; life without "The Opp Eagle" seemed chaos. He looked up bewildered.

"We 'd continue on doing business here in the regular way?" he asked.

"No," said Hinton; "I should build a larger office uptown, and put in new presses; we could experiment with your new patent type-setter as soon as you got it ready."

But Mr. Opp was beyond pleasantries. "You 'd keep Nick?" he asked. "I would n't consider anything that would cut Nick out."

"By all means," said Hinton. "I 'm counting on you and Nick to initiate me into the mysteries of the profession. You could be city editor, and Nick—well, we could make him foreman."

One last hope was left to Mr. Opp, and he clung to it desperately, not daring to voice it until the end.

"The name," he said faintly, "would of course remain 'The Opp Eagle'?"

Hinton dropped his eyes; he could not stand the wistful appeal in the drawn face opposite.

"No," he said shortly; "that 's a—little too personal. I think I should call my paper 'The Weekly News.'"

Mr. Opp could never distinctly remem-

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ber what happened after that. He knew that he had at first declined the offer, that he had been argued with, had reconsidered, and finally accepted a larger sum than he had asked for; but the details of the transaction were like the setting of bones after an accident.

He remembered that he had sat where Hinton left him, staring at the floor until Nick came to close the office; then he had a vague impression of crossing the fields and standing with his head against the old sycamore-tree where the birds had once whispered of love. After that he knew that he had met Hinton and Guinevere coming up the river road hand in hand, that he had gotten home after supper was over, and had built a bridge of blocks for Miss Kippy.

Then suddenly he had wakened to full consciousness, staggered out of the house to the woodshed, and shivered down into a miserable heap. There in the darkness he seemed to see things, for the first time in his life, quite as they were. His gaze, accustomed to the glittering promise of the future, peered fearfully into the past, and reviewed the long line of groundless hopes, of empty projects, of self-deceptions. Shorn of its petty shams and deceits, and stripped of its counterfeit armor of conceit, his life lay naked before him, a pitiful, starved, futile thing.

"I 've just been similar to Kippy," he sobbed, with his face in his hands, "continually pretending what was n't so. I acted like I was young, and good-looking, and—and highly educated; and look at me! Look at me!" he demanded fiercely of the kindling-wood.

Mr. Opp had been fighting a long duel —a duel with Circumstance, and Mr. Opp was vanquished. The acknowledgment of defeat, even to himself, gave it the final stamp of verity. He had fought valiantly, with what poor weapons he had, but the thrusts had been too many and too sure. He lay clothed in his strange new garment of humility, and wondered why he did not want to die. He did not realize that in losing everything else, he had won the greater stake of character for which he had been unconsciously fighting all along.

The kitchen door opened, and he saw Miss Kippy's figure silhouetted against the light.

"Brother D.," she called impatiently, "ain't you coming back to play with me?"

He scrambled to his feet and made a hasty and somewhat guilty effort to compose himself.

"Yes, I 'm a-coming," he answered briskly, as he smoothed his scant locks and straightened his tie. "You go on ahead and gather up the blocks; I only stopped playing for a little spell."

XVIII

THE marriage of Guinevere Gusty and Willard Hinton took place in midwinter, and the account of it, published in the last issue of "The Opp Eagle," proved that the eagle, like the swan, has its death-song.

Like many of the masterpieces of literature, the article had been written in anguish of spirit; but art, like nature, ignores the process, and reckons only the result, and the result, in Mr. Opp's opinion at least, more than justified the effort.

"In these strenuous, history-making meanderings of the sands of life," it ran, "we sometimes overlook or neglect particulars in events which prove of larger importance than appears on the surface. The case to which we have allusion to is the wedding which was solemnized at eventide at the residence of the bride's mother. The Gusty's may be justly considered one of the best-furnished families in the county, and the parlors were only less beautiful than the only daughter there presiding. The collation served therein was of such a liberal nature that every guest, we might venture to say, took dinner enough home for supper. It has seldom been our fate to meet a gentleman of such intelligent attainments as Mr. Hinton, and his entire future existence, be it long or short, cannot fail of being thrice blessed by the companionship of the one who has confided her trust to him, —her choice, world-wide. Although a bachelor ourself, we know what happiness must be theirs, and with all our heart we vouchsafe them a joyful voyage across the uncertain billows of Time until their nuptial or matrimonial bark shall have been safely moored in the haven of everlasting bliss, where the storms of this life spread not their violence."

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Some men spend their lives in the valley, and some are born and die on the heights; but it was Mr. Opp's fate to climb from the valley to his own little mountain-top of prosperity, only to have to climb down on the other side. It was evidence of his genius that in time he persuaded himself and his fellow-citizens that it was exactly what he wanted to do.

"That there life of managing and promoting was all right in its way," he said one day to a group of men at the post-office, "but a man owes something to himself, don't he? Now that the town has got well started, and Mr. Hinton is going to take main charge of the paper, I 'll be freer than I been for years to put some of my ideas into practice."

"We are counting on getting you back in the orchestra," said Mr. Gallop, whose admiration for Mr. Opp retained its pristine bloom.

Mr. Opp shook his head regretfully. "No; I 'm going to give all my evenings over to study. This present enterprise I am engaged on requires a lot of personal application. I sometimes think that I have in the past scattered my forces too much, in a way."

So persistently did Mr. Opp refer to the mysterious work that was engrossing him that he reduced Mr. Gallop's curiosity to the saturation-point.

When he was no longer able to stand it, the telegraph operator determined upon a tour of investigation. The projected presentation of a new cornet by the Unique Orchestra to its erstwhile leader proved a slender excuse for a call, and while he knew that, with the exception of Willard Hinton, no visitor had ever been known to cross the Opp threshold, yet he permitted desire to overrule delicacy.

It was a blustery December night when he climbed the hill, and he had to pause several times during the ascent to gain sufficient breath to proceed. By the time he reached the house he was quite speechless, and he dropped on the steps to rest a moment before knocking. As he sat there trying to imagine the flying-machine or torpedo-boat upon which he felt certain Mr. Opp was engaged, he became aware of voices from within, and looking up, he saw the window above him was slightly raised. Overcome by his desire to see his friend at work upon his great invention, he cautiously tiptoed across the porch and peeped in.

The low-ceilinged old room was bright with firelight, and in the center of it, with his knees drawn up, his toes turned in, and his tongue thrust out, sat Mr. Opp, absorbed in an object which he held between his knees. Miss Kippy knelt before him, eagerly watching proceedings.

Mr. Gallop craned his neck to see what it was that held their interest, and at last discovered that they were fitting a dress on a large doll.

Miss Kippy's voice broke the silence. "You can sew nice," she was saying; "you can sew prettier than Aunt Tish."

"Can't nobody beat me making skirts," said Mr. Opp, and Mr. Gallop saw him push his needle through a bit of cloth with the handle of the shovel; "but sleeves is a more particular proposition. Why, I 'd rather thread three needles than to fix in one sleeve! Why don't you make like it 's summer-time and let her go without any?"

Miss Kippy's lips trembled. "I want sleeves, D.—two of them, and a lady's hat, with roses on it. We can let *her* be grown up, can't we, D.?"

Mr. Gallop beat a hasty and shame-faced retreat. Though his idol had fallen from its pedestal, he determined to stand guard over the fragments, and from that night on, he constituted himself Mr. Opp's loyal defender.

And Mr. Gallop was not the only one who came forth boldly in expressions of sympathy and respect for the ex-editor. It was especially easy for those who had prospered by the oil boom to express unbounded admiration for the conscientious stand he had taken in the late transaction. They had done him a grave injustice, they acknowledged. The wells had been reinvestigated and proved of small value. The fact that the truth was discovered too late to affect their luck deepened their appreciation of Mr. Opp.

Willard Hinton, seeing what balm these evidences of approval brought to Mr. Opp's wounded spirit, determined to arrange for a banquet to the retiring editor, at which he planned to bring forth as many testimonials of friendship and good-will as was possible.

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The affair was to take place New Year's night, in the dining-room of Fallows's new Your Hotel. The entire masculine contingent of the Cove was invited, and the feminine element prepared the supper. There had never been a social event of such an ambitious nature attempted in the Cove before, and each citizen took a personal pride in its success.

For a week in advance the town was in violent throes of speech-writing, cake-baking, salad-mixing, and decorating. Even Mrs. Fallows warmed to the occasion, and crocheted a candlestick, candle, flame and all, to grace the table.

When the night arrived, Jimmy Fallows did the honors. He was resplendent in his dress-suit, which consisted of a black sateen shirt and a brown suit of clothes.

When the guests were all seated, Willard Hinton rose, and in a few brief, pointed remarks, called the attention of the town to the changes that had been wrought by the indefatigable efforts of one citizen in particular. He spoke of the debt of gratitude they owed, collectively and individually, to the late editor of "The Opp Eagle," and added that after Mr. Opp's response, the guests desired, each in turn, to voice his sentiments upon the subject.

Mr. Opp then rose amid a thunder of applause, and stood for a moment in pleased but overwhelming embarrassment. Then he put forward one foot, inflated his chest, and began:

"Valued brother fellow-beings, I come before you to-night to express that which there is no words in the English vocabulary to express. Whatever you may have to say concerning me, or my part in the awakening of this our native city, I shall listen at with a grateful heart. I believe in a great future for Cove City. We may not live to see it, but I believe that the day will arrive when our city shall be the gateway to the South, when the river front will be not dissimilar to Main Street, New York. I predict that it reaches a pivot of prominence of which we wot not of. As for Mr. Hinton, one and all we welcome him amid our mongst. 'The Opp Eagle' strikes palms with 'The Weekly News,' and wishes it a lasting and eternal success."

A burst of applause interrupted the flow of his eloquence, and as he glanced around the room, he saw there was some commotion at the door. A turbaned head caught his eye, then Aunt Tish's beckoning hand.

Hastily excusing himself, he made his way through the crowd, and bent to hear her message.

"Hit 's Miss Kippy," she whispered. "I hate to 'sturb you, but she done crack her doll's head, an' she 's takin' on so, I can't do nuffin 't all wif her."

"Could n't you contrive to get her quiet no way at all?" asked Mr. Opp, anxiously.

"Naw, sir. She mek like dat doll her shore 'nough baby, and she 'low she gwine die, too, furst chanct she gits. I got Val's mother to stay wif her till I git back."

"All right," said Mr. Opp, hastily. "You go right on and tell her I 'm coming."

When he reëntered the dining-room, he held his hat in his hand.

"I find a urgent matter of business calls me back home; for only a few moments I trust," he said apologetically, with bows and smiles. "If the banquet will kindly proceed, I will endeavor to return in ample time for the final speeches."

With the air of a monarch taking temporary leave of his subjects, he turned his back upon the gay, protesting crowd, upon the feast prepared in his honor, upon the speech-making, so dear to his heart. Tramping through the snow of the deserted street, through the lonely graveyard, and along the river road, he went to bind up the head of a china doll, and to wipe away the tears of a little half-crazed sister.

He wears the same checked suit as when we saw him first, worn and frayed, to be sure, but carefully pressed for the occasion, the same brave scarf and pin, and watch fob, though the watch is missing.

Passing out of sight with the sleet in his face, and the wind cutting through his finery, he whistles as he goes, such a plucky, sturdy, hopeful whistle as calls to arms the courage that lies slumbering in the hearts of men.

THE END

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Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'CAN'T NOBODY BEAT ME MAKING SKIRTS.'"

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MUNICH—A CITY OF GOOD NATURE

ROMANTIC GERMANY—VII

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES VETTER

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE OLD TOWN HALL

"I AM going to make Munich such an honor to Germany," declared Ludwig I, "that nobody will know Germany who has not seen Munich."

This prophecy has not only been fulfilled, but fulfilled in such a natural, spontaneous way that the city is a running commentary on the character of its citizens. The capital of northern Germany is less an expression of its people than an embodiment of the character of its ruling family; but the southern capital is an open book wherein even the stranger may read the popular love of beauty and of Bohemian ways; the untranslatable *Gemütlichkeit;* the dislike of trade; the piety; the simple, reposeful breadth; the loyalty to superstition and romance; and the score of other qualities that go to make up the true Münchener.

Munich is, in great part, a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old, it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years, and why such geniuses as Lenbach, Von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlando di Lasso, and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.

My first impression of Munich was of a place simply irradiated with the love of beauty.

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KARL'S PLACE, LOOKING TOWARD KARL'S GATE

The principal streets, old and new, seemed as exquisitely calculated for effects of vista as the streets of Dantzic; the squares, with their old tower-gates and churches and massed houses, were grouped as if composed by the eye of a painter. And although one half of the Marien-Platz is the work of our day, yet few squares in Europe have given me a deeper sense of the combined opulence and simplicity, the dignity and pure beauty, that used to invest the forums of medieval towns like Siena and Nuremberg.

In the Pinakothek I found a collection of old paintings second to no other in the land but that of Dresden, and far surpassing Dresden in the German, Flemish, and Spanish schools. The building itself has served for generations as a type of the ideal home for pictures. A companion building holds a representative collection of modern German paintings, while the Schack Gallery has an unequaled collection of Böcklin and of Schwind, that Grimm among painters who fixed on canvas the very essence of medieval romance and fairy-lore. In the fascinating new National Museum I found a vivid résumé of the complete artistic history of the Bavarians, a collection unrivaled in its setting, and rivaled alone in its content by the Germanic Museum at Nurem-

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CHURCH OF ST. JOHN

berg. It was typical of the place that a whole floor should be given over to those tender, miniature representations of the Nativity which the Germans call *Krippen*. The Glyptothek holds an assemblage of masterpieces of Greek sculpture, including the famous pediment groups from Ægina.

But despite all these signs of a rare artistic culture, it is plain that the Münchener has one passion passing his devotion to painting, sculpture, and architecture: he is at heart a child of the open air, and might sincerely say with Landor,

Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.

Through and through he is a devotee of those enchanted mountains the snow-capped summits of which lend the finishing touch to a distant view of his city, to those leagues of wood and stream called

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THE NEW TOWN HALL IN THE MIDDLE GROUND, AND THE TOWERS OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY IN THE DISTANCE

the English Garden, to the blooming wood-ways along the riverside, and to the flashes of turf and blossom and foliage which punctuate every street.

The city is so unconventional that a stranger must be very dull or very tongue-tied who feels lonely there. Any one may talk to almost any one, and a mixed crowd at a restaurant table is soon chatting with the ease of a group of old friends.

Few other places are so democratic. In the great beer-halls where Munich

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COURT OF THE HOFBRÄUHAUS (ROYAL BREWERY)

spends many of its leisure moments, one man is exactly as good as another. There you will find a mayor and an army captain rubbing shoulders with a sweep and a peddler, and all talking and laughing together with no sense of constraint. I like to recall a fragment of democracy that I met with on the platform of a trolley-car. There were five of us, representing almost as many grades of society. To us entered the conductor, saluted, and reached into his pocket. I supposed he was feeling for his bundle of transfers. Instead, he pulled forth a tortoise-shell snuff-box and handed it round. My fellow-passengers took their pinches with much good feeling. Then the conductor fixed us each in turn with the kindliest eye in the world, and dusted his ruddy nose with a bandana equally ruddy.

Another incident was quite as characteristic. We were audibly admiring a picture of Carmen Sylva in a window. An old public porter, lounging near-by, pricked up his ears. "What," he cried, "*she* beautiful? You just ought to see my Gretchen!" And he launched into an enthusiastic description of his wife and her charms of face, figure, mind, and heart.

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Such whole-souled democracy would be impossible without the famous *Gemütlichkeit* of Munich. It is a misfortune that the English language has no equivalent for this useful and eloquent word. Perhaps the lack is also significant. It means a sort of chronic good-will-toward-men attitude, tinged with democracy and bubbling humor, with mountain air, and a large sympathy for the other fellow's point of view. Even Martin Luther called these people "friendly and good-hearted," and declared that if he might travel, he would rather wander through Swabia and Bavaria than anywhere else. And this, although these stanch Catholics hated the reformer like the pest, and to this day still libel him by telling how he stopped at a tavern in Sendlinger-Strasse and ran away without paying for his sausage.

The Müncheners are quite Austrian in the heartiness of their salutations. "Grüss di Gott!" ("God greet thee!") friends exclaim on meeting; and "B'hüt di Gott!" ("God keep thee!") at parting. When a crowd, in breaking up, cooes a general *Adje,* it is as though they had broken forth into a chorus of gentle song. "One almost has to say good-by to the trees here," a Chicago girl once declared.

The Müncheners are so good-natured that they hate to trouble one for their just dues. I have had more than one landlady who could hardly be induced to present her bill, and even then half the extras

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THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNA

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THE MAXIMILIANEUM AND THE ISAR

were not included. On a certain street-car line I was never approached for fare during four consecutive rides. And yet—strange paradox—Munich is the gateway

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THE PARK OF NYMPHENBURG

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of greedy Italy, and its people have many marked Italian characteristics.

They have in their *Gemütlichkeit* a humorous streak capable of saving almost any situation. "Dawn breaks after the blackness of night," exclaimed the servant, with an engaging smile, as she brought in my omelet forty minutes late.

Thus equipped, they can extract pleasure from anything—even from the new annex to the imposing court of justice. This annex is gaudy with enameled tiles, and makes a violent discord with the older, baroque building. A story is current of a condemned murderer who was allowed a last wish.

"Kindly lead me past the new court of justice," he answered, "that I may have one more good laugh before I die."

Twice a year all the exuberant, Bohemian qualities of the people find full outlet. The October Festival is held on the Theresien Wiese, near the colossal statue of Bavaria, and, on a large scale, is a cross between an American circus and a French fête. The *Karneval* is the most festive season in the calendar. Twice a week from Twelfth Night to Ash Wednesday there are masked balls in which nearly every one joins. During *Karneval,* all necessity for introductions in a public place is set aside, and no man may insist on monopolizing his partner. The last three days are called *Fasching,* and then the fun grows fast and furious. General license reigns indoors and out. For seventy-two hours there is little thought of sleep. The streets are alive with masks and costumes, with confetti and paper serpents. Any masked lady may be kissed with impunity, and few are unmasked. It is a scene even more hilarious and brilliant than that other *carnivale* which seethes up and down the Roman Corso. And this festival seems to come more directly "out of the abundance of the heart" than the Italian one. In Rome it has a marked theatrical quality. Here it is a sincere, hearty, intimate expression of the brotherhood of man, the sisterhood of woman.

This intimate quality, found even amid the madness of *Karneval,* is one of those things that endears the city most to those who know it. In absence one yearns for certain Munich sights as for the sight of tried and trusted friends.

The Old Rathaus, for instance, has a specially intimate appeal, with its noble tower-gate and its simple, beautiful hall enlivened by the Gothic humor of Grasser's inimitable dancing figures. One has much the same feeling for the great, homely tower of St. Peter's ("The Old Peter," in the vernacular), whence on Saturday evenings a trombone quartet plays mellow chorales; for the little church of St. John, built next their own house, and presented to Munich by those renowned artists, the Asam brothers, who poured out on its walls so much native buoyancy and humor; for the toy-houses of the village-like Au, clustering along their brook; for the dear old St. Jacobs-Platz; and perhaps most of all for the gigantic body and thick, dusky-red towers of the Church of Our Lady, like a portly, genial, confiding burgher, ready to welcome you into his heart on the slightest provocation.

Artists, as a rule, detest commerce, and these artistic people have had to make trade as attractive as possible for themselves. Hence they have chosen to deal in the two things they like best, art and beer.

Munich is not only the center of the arts and crafts movement, of the photographic, lithographic, and allied industries, but also, owing to its honesty and its situation in the center of Europe, it is the best place to buy "antiquities." There is even one commercial institution which the Müncheners actually contrive to invest with their carnival spirit. The *Dult* is a biennial rag-fair, covering many acres near the toy-houses of the Au. Here, amid the booths that hold the Bavarian junk harvest of the last six months, the eye of the enthusiast may discover Egyptian and Roman bronzes, fine old laces and embroidered vestments, Sicilian terra-cottas, Renaissance furniture and iron work, Russian brasses, even precious prints and paintings, enamels and jewels, going for a mere song. The knowing disguise themselves in rags in order to buy cheaper. All one's friends are there, and when any one makes a lucky find, all the rest join his impromptu carnival of triumph at the nearest place of refreshment.

Munich brews more and better beer than any other city. It is hard to realize what an integral part of the place and its people this liquid is, and what a deep sen-

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timent they have for it. I once overheard a short dialogue entirely characteristic of the local point of view:

Waitress: "Yet another beer?"

Citizen: "What a question!"

"The Bavarian can put up with anything," runs a well-known proverb, "even with the fires of purgatory, if only he can have his beer." It flows in his veins; and one is sometimes tempted to call what flows beneath the beautiful bridges "the Isarbräu."

The saying goes that those landmarks, the twin towers of the Church of Our Lady, are capped by two great beer-mugs. And on the city's crest is the far-famed Münchener Kindl—a boy in a monk's robe and hood, with a stein in his hand. Legend explains the figure by telling how our Savior once came down, disguised as a little child, to bless the place and further the good works of the monks, who were the original local brewers. In this connection it is interesting to know that Cloister Schäftlarn, the germ of Munich, still turns out an excellent brew.

A marked trait of this hearty people is their devotion to the ancient line of Wittelsbach. In temperament many of the dukes and kings of Bavaria have shown themselves true Müncheners, specially in their love of beauty; and while, in many cases, their architectural taste has not fully expressed the character of the people, yet, from the first ducal castle down to the National Museum and the new bridges, the Wittelsbachs have filled the centuries with architecture which is, on the whole, racy of the soil, though many of the buildings are in the styles of distant ages and nations.

These Wittelsbachs have been closer to their people than most ruling houses, and some of them have been loved in return as kindred spirits. It is touching to remember how they would call out to Max Joseph as he rode past in troublous times: "Weil du nur da bist, Maxl, ist alles gut." ("Seeing you 're here, Max-y, everything 's all right.") On the abdication of their Mæcenas, Ludwig I, they brought the old man to tears with their wild demonstrations of affection; and aged citizens have told me that heartbreaking scenes were witnessed when it became known that mad Ludwig II had taken his own life.

The earlier Wittelsbach architecture is more in harmony with Munich character than is the later. There is the romantic "Old Court," on the site of the first ducal castle, with its Gothic portals and façades, its picturesque, dunce-capped oriel window, and the quaint fountain murmuring in the center.

Nearby, from a lane behind the post-office, one comes suddenly upon the old Tourney Court, now called the Court of the Mint. It is a typical work of the German Renaissance. The oblong space is surrounded by three tiers of colonnades, and the squat, dusky-red pillars and flattened arches breathe the ponderous *Gemütlichkeit* of the days when Munich used to applaud the flower of Bavarian nobility breaking lances in the lists below, the pavement of which is now littered with the charcoal and the crucibles of the royal mint.

About the palace itself there hangs little of Old-World glamour. For each ruler of the long line felt it his duty to add to, subtract from, multiply, and divide this huge complex, until the medieval was almost eliminated, and many of the later portions became unimpassioned echoes of French or Italian prototypes. For all this, there are a few parts of the palace that delightfully reflect the Münchener. "Wherever the garment of foreign style did not quite come together," as Weese quaintly says, "the honest German skin peeped through."

In the long, formal sweep of the western façade, for example, a bronze Madonna stands in a niche above an ever-glowing light, a tender German motif borrowed from the highland farmhouse, with its wooden patron saint.

In the Grotto Court one comes suddenly on a delightful instance of Bavarian charm—a vivid fleck of soft turf full of water-babies on ivied pedestals surrounding a fountain of Perseus worthy of the streets of old Augsburg. The plashing of the water, the cool greens and yellows of the palace walls, the perfect patina of the sculptures, the fantastic shell grotto at one end—all make a pleasant contrast to the monotonous splendors of the long festal suites within.

In the Fountain Court there is less of dreamy charm and more of the carnival spirit. On a jolly, rococo pedestal of mossed stone poses Otto the Great, with

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his eye on the crowd of frivolous water deities below, among whom are the genii of the four rollicking rivers of Bavaria. They have that lovely iridescence which seems to thrive best on bronzes in the atmosphere of Munich, and which is specially brilliant on Red Riding-Hood's little fountain in the Platzl.

The archway leading to the Chapel Court contains some reminders of the good old days. Chained to the earth is a black stone weighing about four hundred pounds. A rhymed inscription relates how, in the year 1490, Duke Christopher picked it up and "hurled it far without injuring himself." This is the same hero who, at the corner of the Marien-Platz called Wurmeck, killed a dragon that was terrorizing the town. It seems that the good duke was in love with a beautiful and popular daughter of the people, and that he agreed with his two rival suitors to hold a sort of field-day and let the best man win the maiden. The first event was putting the stone, and Christopher won. The second was hitch-kicking and three nails in the wall immortalize the three astonishing records. The inscription proceeds:

Drey Nägel stecken hie vor Augen,
Die mag ein jeder Springer schaugen,
Der höchste zwölf Schuech vun der Erdt,
Den Herzog Christoph Ehrenwerth
Mit seinem Fuess herab that schlagen.
Kunrath luef bis zum ander' Nagel,
Wol vo' der Erdt zehnthalb Schuech,
Neunthalben Philipp Springer luef,
Zum dritten Nagel an der Wandt.
Wer höher springt, wird auch bekannt.

(Before your eyes protrude nails three
As every jumper well can see.
The highest, twelve shoes from the earth,
Duke Christopher, a man of worth,
Kicked from its proud position there.
Conrad leaped up into the air
Unto the second,— ten shoes steep.
Unto the third — Phil Springer's leap —
Was nine-and-a-half shoes from the ground.
Who higher leaps will be renowned.)

The poet Görres concludes a charming lyric on this event with an apposite wish:

Und möge unsern Fürsten all
Der liebe Gott verleihn
Aus jeder Noth den rechten Sprung
Und Xraft für jeden Stein.

(And may the dear Lord to each one
Of all our rulers loan
Skill to leap out of every ill
And strength for every stone.)

Where within palace gates is to be found a more striking memorial of good-fellowship between ruler and subject?

In its ground-plan, in its monumental façades and its long flights of festal chambers, the palace shows a simple, reposeful breadth quite characteristic of the city and its people. It is the sort of breadth that one looks for in the work of great artists. And one imagines that there has entered into the Münchener something of the generous, free spirit of his marbles from Ægina, of his Titian canvases, and of the calm strength of his hills.

He is built on large, deliberate lines—a person not to be hurried or crowded. His speech is broad and slow, and even his graves are set unusually far from one another.

This large quality is specially marked in Munich's four monumental streets. The Brienner-Strasse takes its stately way from the portal of the Royal Gardens to the Königs-Platz, a square the simple majesty of which might suggest the Athenian Acropolis. In front is the Doric dignity of the Propylæa, erected to celebrate in advance Bavaria's ill-fated attempt to shake Greece free of Turkey. On each hand are Ionic and Corinthian temples, devoted respectively to sculpture and the Secessionist school of painting. Between these serene, broadly modeled buildings lie only stretches of turf and roadway.

The great simplicity of such a scene is exaggerated in the Ludwig-Strasse into monotonous austerity, especially where the hard Roman Arch of Triumph, the cloister-like university, the Ludwig Church, and the public buildings, line up their dreary façades. But, in spite of these, it is an imposing street. It shows at its best when the sun of early afternoon slants down to correct its horizontal lines, or when, at sunset, every homely westward road becomes a flaming way to some enchanted castle, and, behind the Hall of Generals, the tower of the New Rathaus changes in the glow to a tower of quicksilver. The southern end of the Ludwig-Strasse is most delightful at noon, when

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the military band plays and the gay crowd comes to promenade and see the Royal Guard relieved.

These newer parts of Munich have been called the Wittelsbachs' note-book of travel, where they have recorded in stone and bronze their deepest impressions of other lands. In the Königs-Platz they wrote down their love of Greece, and their love of Italy in the Odeons-Platz.

The Hall of Generals is a copy of the Florentine Loggia dei Lanzi; the church of the Theatines on the right was modeled after the Church of S. Andrea della Valle in Rome; on the left, the western façade of the palace is typically Italian, while the southern was actually copied from the Pitti Palace. The very pigeons graciously peck corn from the palms of American tourists in the accepted Venetian manner. One sees over the foliage of the Royal Garden the iridescence of the Army Museum's dome and the lordly tower of St. Anna's, and involuntarily glances about, wondering why there are no dark-skinned folk sipping their wine on the sidewalk; why no forms in roseate rags lie asleep on the steps of the loggia, and why no melting voice and prehensile fingers are touching one's heart and sleeve for "*un soldo!*"

Though the Maximilians-Strasse is bad architecturally, yet there is the same grand manner in its round-arched buildings, and something nobly commanding in the way the Maximilianeum dominates the city from among the gardens across the Isar.

With its splendid new home for Wagner music-drama and its National Museum, the modern Prinzregenten-Strasse, laid out by some inspiration in a gentle, medieval curve, shows that the city is not lagging behind her traditions.

The best exemplar of this quality of reposeful breadth, the Church of Our Lady, is exemplar also of another leading trait of Munich—her deep, religious spirit. In fact, these simple, massive walls, adorned outside and in with quaint and beautiful carvings and paintings, seem to epitomize the whole Münchener. Some of the tombstones, like that of the blind musician, are even suffused with a kindly humor; and around the mausoleum of Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, a worthy companion piece to Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck, one may see the love these warm-hearted people still bear to one who made Munich's fortunes his own. Among the many legends that cluster here is one of this emperor, who was found, centuries after his death, in the crypt under the mausoleum, sitting upright on his throne, as Charlemagne is said to have been found at Aix-la-Chapelle.

There is a black footprint on the pavement under the organ-loft at a place where a curious architectural trick has made all the windows invisible. There one is told how the builder of the church made a compact with the devil, who agreed to help him on condition that God's sunlight should be kept out of the building. The devil saw the windows growing, and was glad. "Come along with me," said he to the builder. "Come along yourself," cried the builder, and led him under the choir-loft. The devil looked in vain for a window, stamped his foot in impotent rage, and vanished. But his footprint has remained to this day.

The builder of St. Michael's was less fortunate, for when he had completed the bold barrel-vaulting that spans the most noteworthy of German Renaissance halls, it is said that he cast himself from the roof in despair, fearing that his work would not stand. This majestic church was built by the Jesuits to celebrate in advance the triumph of the Counter-Reformation. It was an eloquent prophecy of Munich's present Roman Catholic solidarity.

St. Peter's is the oldest local church, and contains the choicest tombstones; but the interior has suffered shockingly from the vandals of baroque times.

These venerable examples among Munich's churches well represent the broad, simple, reposeful characteristics of the place. As is natural, the younger ones, like All Saints, Trinity, St. John's, and the Church of the Jesuits, fairly sparkle, in their baroque and rococo finery, with the carnival spirit.

The most noteworthy modern churches are the Court Church, a little Byzantine pearl of a place that transports one in a breath to the holy hush of the Cappella Palatina at Palermo; and the Basilica of St. Boniface, Ludwig's record of his most precious hours in Ravenna and Rome. But, of all the later churches, St. Anna's is my favorite. Built of rough coquina, its picturesque complex of gables, turrets, and spires grouped about the central tower

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is already finely weathered. The broad, walled terrace, the moated fountain borne on pillars, the deeply felt modeling of the façade, the portal worthy of some great medieval builder—all these blend in an ensemble the equal of which I have not seen elsewhere in modern Romanesque architecture.

All these churches are real places of worship. One finds there the same spirit of fervor that one expects to find in Tyrol or Italy. And this is natural, for the city grew out of a religious institution nearby, and its very name—*Ad Monachos,* or "At the Monks"—stamps it as the child of Cloister Schäftlarn. The whole daily walk and conversation of the people is connected in some way with ecclesiasticism. They say of anything that moves rapidly: "It runs like a paternoster"; of a heavy drinker, "He guzzles like a Knight Templar." A mild state of intoxication is called a *Jesuitenräuschlein;* while an unfortunate in the advanced stages is "as drunk as a Capuchin father."

In Catholic communities farther north there is a strain of cooler intellectuality in the devotions of the people. Here all is emotion. In fact, until recently this lack of balance has had a grievous effect on Munich's intellectual life. But it has, on the other hand, kept a warm place in the hearts of the people for romantic legends and superstitions. The Münchener has clung so much more successfully to these beliefs than to his medieval buildings that the place gives the illusion of having more atmosphere than its architecture would warrant.

On Twelfth Night they cast evil spirits out of their homes with a ceremony descended in substance directly from the heathen rites of Odin. They move from room to room, sprinkling the powder of sacred herbs on a shovelful of live coals, and write up over every door with consecrated chalk the mystic initials †C †M †B. These letters stand for the three Wise Men of the East, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

This is of a piece with the conservative instinct that still continues the Passion Play in the neighboring village of Oberammergau.

With their Bavarian zest for anecdote, the people love to tell of a basilisk which lived in a well on the Schrammer-Gasse opposite the present bureau of police. The glance of this medieval Medusa killed all who looked at it, until some German Perseus held a mirror over the well and let the creature slay itself.

The local belief in witches and black art is wonderfully persistent. Tales are still current of spirits who took the form of black calves and could be outwitted only by being banned into a tin bottle with a screw-top. There is the legend of an unprincipled lawyer who died and was laid out in the usual way with crucifix and candles. All at once two black ravens appeared at the window, broke the pane with their beaks, and flew away again with a third raven which suddenly appeared from within the chamber of death. The candles were quenched in a trice, the crucifix overturned, and the lawyer's corpse turned as black as night.

Then there is the favorite story of Diez von Swinburg, a robber knight who, with four of his men, was caught and condemned to death. Diez begged in vain for the lives of his comrades. Finally he cried: "Will you, then, spare as many as I run past after I have been beheaded?" With contemptuous laughter the request was granted.

Diez placed his men in a line, eight feet apart, with those he loved best nearest him. Well pleased, he knelt down. His head fell. Then he rose, turned, ran stumbling past all of his followers, and fell dead.

People who cherish such beliefs do not easily give up time-honored customs, and Munich is still rich in romantic rites. During the plague of 1517, when half the city lay dead and the other half was stricken with despair, the Gild of Coopers gave every one fresh heart by organizing an impromptu carnival of dance and song in those terrible streets. Once every seven years, in honor of this act, the Schäffler Tanz, or Coopers' Dance, still takes place, the coopers dancing in their ancient garb, —green caps, red satin doublets, long white hose,—and carrying half-hoops bound with evergreen.

Sad to say, the picturesque Metzgersprung, or Butchers' Leap, has been recently done away. After a jolly round of dancing and parades and a service in "The Old Peter," the Butchers' Gild would meet around the Fish Fountain in the

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Marien-Platz and, after elaborate ceremonies, the graduating apprentices, dressed in calf-skins, would leap into the basin and thus be baptized as full-fledged butchers.

In this same beloved square the pick of all Munich, old and young, joins in the Corpus Christi Procession, which, gay with students' caps and banners and guild-insignia, winds from the Church of Our Lady and groups its rainbow colors around the old Pillar of Mary, where the Archbishop, who has been preceded by white-robed maidens with flowers and candles, reads the scriptures.

Despite its worship of the past, however, Munich is, on the whole, a progressive city. Its recent commercial strides have been astonishing. For a century it has led Germany in artistic matters. And that it still leads, is shown by its annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture, of arts and crafts, and by such architecture as the National Museum, St. Anna's, the building of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and some of the new school-houses.

THE Isar Valley, Schleissheim, and Nymphenburg belong even more intimately to Munich than the Havel and Potsdam belong to Berlin. To wander through the fragrant woods and by the castles and quaint villages of the Isar gorge is to hear and see the Münchener at his best. For he is always taking a few hours off there, and is always laughing and singing and yodeling. It seems as though the happy creature cannot turn his face away from town and swing into stride without breaking into one of his hearty songs.

The castle of Schleissheim was built, like St. Michael's and the Propylæa, to celebrate a future triumph. For Max Emanuel imagined that he was going to be elected emperor, and could not restrain his exuberance at the thought. Those splendid baroque halls never held his imperial court, for he was driven into exile before they were finished; but they hold to-day one of the foremost Bavarian collections of paintings, especially rich in the old German school. The formal gardens, with their statues, vases, and tree-fringed waters, contrast pleasantly with the severe façades of the castle, and form a sort of prelude to the more generous scale of Nymphenburg, the most lovable of all the many German paraphrases of Versailles.

My first visit to Nymphenburg was on a perfect afternoon in late summer. I came into a circle of buildings at least a mile in circumference, a barren, baroque circle inclosing a cheerless waste full of ugly canals and ponds, where the lords and ladies of the eighteenth century, in their gondolas, used to ape the water fêtes of France and Italy. There is all too little of the festal spirit left there now.

But on the other side of the castle the atmosphere changed like magic. I plunged into a brilliant Versailles, but a sweeter, more *gemütlich* one than any of my acquaintance—a vast garden that knew how to be at once formal and natural. There was a wide sweep of lawn where old women and bullocks and rustic wains were busied with haycocks among long rows of marble deities and urns. In the middle of the scene a fountain flashed high in the sunlight, falling among rough rocks. Humorous lines of Noah's Ark evergreens stood attention. In the distance, beyond a linden-flanked canal, were waterfalls; and one caught a glimpse of the misty horizon. Right and left, narrower lanes of foliage opened vistas of water-flecked lawns checkered with patches of sunlight. Far away gleamed little pools, as bright as pools of molten steel, and near one of them I came upon a dream of a summer-house called the Amalienburg, the most delicate and radiant bit of rococo fantasy in the German land.

MUNICH is such a diffuse city that it is hard to think of it as a unit until one has seen it from some high place. It was a revelation to me when I climbed past the chimes of "The Old Peter" to the town-pipers' balcony. There lay the city as flat as a lake. To the westward was a jumble of sharp, tiled roofs, turning the skylights of myriad studios searchingly toward heaven, as though the houses were all bespectacled professors. Beyond the eloquent front of St. Michael's rose the court of justice in all its dignity, with the humorous annex which the murderer begged to see. The Church of Our Lady towered over old Munich, symbol of the warm, South-German heart. Immediately to the north rose that "mount of marble" the New Rathaus, a reminder of Milan cathedral, in its dazzling, restless

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opulence, and with a touch of the theatrical manner seen beside the quiet comeliness and reserve of the Old Rathaus. Beyond, the Pitti-like façade of the palace stood out against the soft leagues of the English Garden. Eastward the Maximilianeum's perforated front reposed like a well-kept ruin amid the luxuriance of its waterside park. The Isar, itself invisible, made a bright zone of green through the city; and in the south, crowning and glorifying the whole scene, the snow glistened on the far peaks of the Bavarian Highlands.

A party of students had come up, and were gazing with loving eyes on their city. Quite without warning they burst into a song which I shall always associate with that tower and its glorious panorama:

So lang die grune Isar durch d' Münchnerstadt noch geht,
So lang der alte Peter auf 'm Peter's-Platz noch steht,
So lang dort unt' am Platzl noch steht das Hofbräuhaus,
So lang stirbt die Gemüthlichkeit in München gar net aus.

freely rendered:

So long as through our Munich the Isar rushes green,
So long as on St. Peter's Place Old Peter still is seen,
So long as in the Platzl the Court-brew shall men nourish,
So long the glowing, kindly heart of Munich-town shall flourish.

RENEWAL

BY INA COOLBRITH

THE sea is a molten pearl,
And pearl the fleckless sky;
The firstling leaves unfurl,
And the air is a fragrant sigh.

A bird's soft madrigal
In the pear-tree 's blossoming;
High on the church-spire tall
A white dove preens her wing.

The elemental strife
Lost in a peace profound,
In sound of quickening life
That yet is scarcely sound.

One with the starry chime
Earth keeps her rhythmic beat—
Our mother, old as time,
With heart still young and sweet.

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THE NEW BASIS OF WORK FOR THE BLIND

BY SAMUEL H. BISHOP

BLINDNESS is a pitiable misfortune, but the greatest misfortune of the blind has been their relegation to the position of permanent poverty and dependence upon public or private charity; the deprivation which they have suffered of that moral seriousness, self-respect, and vital hope which belong to real and to possible efficiency; and the loneliness, ignorance, and inevitable pauperdom to which they were subject. The new movement in charity, or what Professor Patten calls the "new basis of civilization," is nowhere more clearly or more beautifully illustrated than in the new attitude toward the blind. If one realizes what is the horror to the blind of the old incubus, and would see in contrast the enthusiasm with which they are responding to the promise made by the new attitude, as well as the joy and courage with which they are taking up new responsibilities he would do well to visit the Blind Men's and Blind Women's Self-Improvement clubs in New York,—clubs formed under the auspices of the New York Association for the Blind,—or such an institution as that at Overbrook, Pennsylvania. The latter was founded nearly seventy-five years ago as a result of a philanthropic movement which, spreading throughout the country, resulted largely in hospitals and orphan asylums. The governing idea of that movement was the responsibility of the strong for the weak, the rich for the poor, and the unhandicapped and successful for the handicapped and unsuccessful. The thought was not that the weak might be made strong, the poor made rich, handicaps removed, and success for all attained, but that class distinctions inhere in the nature of things and in the will of God, and that the conditions of birth and individual characteristics alone determine position, attainment, and success. It was a humane and generous movement, but it was founded on an essentially pessimistic conception both of individual character and possibility and of the dealings of God with men. It is perhaps this lack of optimism and of real democracy which has made the older philanthropic institutions and the men who have managed them, and who still do manage many of them, somewhat alien to the new spirit.

Happily, Overbrook has had so broad-minded and so progressive a board of directors that they have been able to escape from the old conception and heartily to adopt and realize the new. They were also fortunate in securing some years ago a man for the principalship of the school who had the courage and the power of leadership, and whose knowledge and experience had been inspired and dictated by the new conception. Mr. Edward E. Allen, the principal, to whose spirit and to whose efforts the eminent success of Overbrook has largely been due, after his graduation from Harvard, was trained and acquired his faith and knowledge at the Royal Normal College for the Blind in London, headed by Dr. Campbell, one of the most conspicuous and successful educators of the blind in the world.

The school at Overbrook is a private institution in the sense that it is managed by a corporation apart from political influence or control, but it serves the purposes of a public institution, and as such is related to the State of Pennsylvania. Those blind children whose parents are not financially able to give them special

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After the drawing by Mme. Crompel. By permission of Hachette et Cie

THE BLIND SCULPTOR VIDAL IN THE CAGE OF A LION

advantages, but who are, so far as education is concerned, the wards of the State, are admitted to Overbrook partly at State expense. For years the school was located in a city street of Philadelphia; but as a result of Mr. Allen's leadership, it moved to Overbrook, where it has ample space for buildings, gardens, lawns, and athletic field. The new buildings, two stories high, have been constructed on the general model of the California missions, and are built of rough stone and covered with plaster.

Such details as the cloisters around the great inner court of the main building, in one of which the sun must shine every day in the year, when it shines at all; the laying of the floors so that the sound of the footfall indicates to the blind child where he is; the laying out of the walks and the planting of trees so that by that subtle cunning of the other senses which the blind have they are never in danger of running into anything—everything, in short, in the physical structure of the buildings seems marvelously near perfection. The Overbrook idea is that the environment must be beautiful. The buildings are beautiful with that romantic and speaking beauty characteristic of the Spanish missions of California, and the traditional quiet of monastic life seems to have followed this type of architecture. The lawns are well kept, and the general design of the grounds enhances the charm of the buildings. The inner courts are solid gardens of flowers, and through teachers and those pupils who have partial sight the totally blind are fed with beauty, charm, and restful quiet. Children run about in the gardens and wander through the cloisters and halls with the precision of sight; and, as they guide visitors, seem to feel and enjoy the beauty everywhere as if every sense were laden with its message and power. The floors of the buildings are all carefully varnished, so there is absolutely no "institution smell"; all the school-rooms are perfectly lighted and ventilated; pictures hang on the wall; and each school-room has its window garden. Everything seems perfectly adjusted to the opening of the eyes of the heart and the spirit, if not those of the body. The

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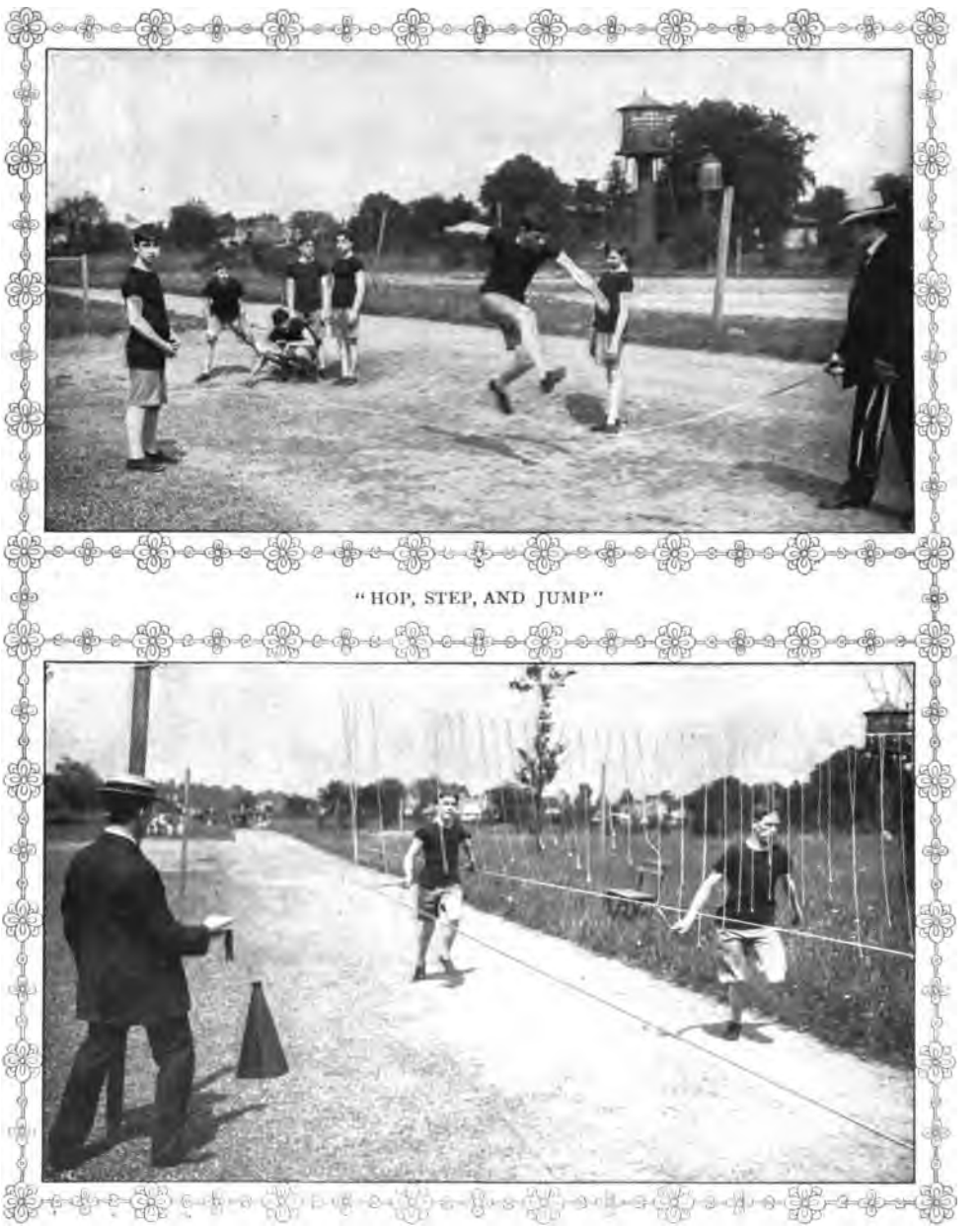

"HOP, STEP, AND JUMP"

From photographs taken at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Overbrook, Pa.

THE FINISH OF A HUNDRED YARDS' DASH, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF GUIDE-CORDS AND STOP-CORDS

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school-rooms open on corridors running parallel with the cloisters or on the cloisters themselves, and the upper parts of the doors are glass, so that when the doors are shut, visitors may walk through the corridors and see into the rooms without entering or disturbing the order and attention of classes. The blind are proverbially cheerful, but there is something more at Overbrook than the proverbial cheer of patience or resignation. It is the cheer of hope, of self-respect, of intelligent work, of the joy that comes from the recognition that they are the objects not only of the sentiment of love and pity, but also of skilled love and of scientific attention.

At Overbrook, whatever other compensation there may be, one feels that the efficient inspiration of the teaching force is a loving devotion to the pupils. The charm, culture, and breeding, as well as the efficiency, of the teaching force are instantly manifest even to careless observation. The methods of teaching are in accord with those of the new education everywhere, but in such a school as Overbrook they must have particular adaptation to the needs of the pupils. As at the Perkins Institution in Boston, the raised type in use is the Improved Braille; but whenever a better book on a given subject exists in the New York Point, that book is used. The Braille, however, is preferred, and because that system is largely used in Europe, it would serve the purpose of intelligent uniformity if one system could obtain among institutions for the blind throughout the world. Another argument for the superiority of the Improved Braille in the judgment of experts is that the Moon Print is more easily read by those who have not keen sensitiveness of touch. The English Braille has one advantage which is peculiarly important to the movement which aims to secure for the blind light and life through work, in that it has the capacity for almost limitless contractions, and therefore may be written in shorthand. The Improved Braille, which is the simplest tactile print, will undoubtedly be substituted in time; but it is the verdict of those who have studied the matter most carefully, and who have opened this door of opportunity to the blind, that the Braille system has a permanent advantage over the New York Point, that print not being easily capable of contraction and symbols, and not having, as has the Braille system, a shorthand machine by the use of which a stenographer can take dictation on stock-ticker tape as rapidly as a sighted stenographer can take dictation. The tape enables a stenographer to find and keep her place as cannot be done with the New York Point.

The fundamental motive in the teaching at Overbrook is the appeal to the motor centers. Blind children are lacking the main agent of observation; therefore the power of observation of that class of pupils is small, and they must be reached chiefly through their motor centers. They must learn by doing; and all the educational work at Overbrook consists largely in stimulating attention and the power of acquirement through action, though great care is taken not to tax attention to the point of brain fag. Even those studies which are called academic are carried on by means of calling into play the motor activities of the children. Ideas of measurement in number work, of place in geography, and other ideas, are gained by the pupils through their own actions, their own initiative or creative efforts. Form study so pursued becomes fundamental.

Particularly interesting is the way they make geographical maps by means of distance measurement, angles, etc. Each pupil makes his own instead of using costly jointed maps with which in class work only one can be concerned at a time, generally at the expense of the attention of other pupils. These maps are made with cushion paper, or some such substance, and brass-headed tacks, points being located on scale measurement and outlines filled in by use of angles and curves. Later, individual outline paper maps are supplied in abundance from the school printing office.

Yet the education at Overbrook, though it begins with the stimulation of motor activities, is not confined to those activities. The practical or industrial education has been greatly amplified, and is no longer limited to the few industries of which the blind have been supposed to be capable, such as caning chairs and making mattresses and brooms. Mr. Allen and his corps of teachers carefully consider the industrial capacities and inclinations of the pupils, and though each pupil is re-

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GIRLS' RING GAME, THE KINDERGARTEN BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

From photographs taken at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Overbrook, Pa.

"ROCKING THE BOAT"

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quired to learn to do something practical with his hands, care is exercised to preserve for him such talents as he may have or be able to acquire for wider selection of his vocation in life.

A commercial course is given to the boys, and Mr. Allen asserts that no small percentage of the pupils choose and enter fields of work which are not those ordinarily considered accessible to the blind. An interesting development along this line has recently occurred at Overbrook. Mr. Allen a few years ago was somewhat distressed at a certain inertness and hopelessness prevailing among the students, notwithstanding their joy in their school life, as to the openings possible to them in the world outside. One or two calls for teachers came to the school which it was able to supply, and that fact was announced to the pupils, together with the promise that the school would endeavor to secure openings for all who should be competent to fill them. A tremendous change appeared almost immediately in the spirit and work of the pupils, and now they are all talking of what they shall do and be in the great world outside. All are inspired with hope and with self-respect, initiative, and the sense of responsibility which hope, and hope alone, can give.

Another departure of great importance has been made at Mr. Allen's suggestion. The blind are generally over-cautious; they lack courage and the confidence necessary to initiative. Mr. Allen thought that this lack might be remedied by a development of athletics, which should serve not only the purpose of inspiring the pupils with confidence and fearlessness, but should increase the *esprit de corps* of the school life, and intensify the community consciousness. Accordingly, something over two years ago the athletic field was fitted up, and a beautiful swimming-pool constructed. Last year the school had its first annual field meet, at which there were the hundred-yard dash, putting the shot, running broad jump, hammer-throwing, standing broad and high jumping, and other exercises. An admirable arrangement has been made for the races. A three-strand wire cable is stretched breast-high between well-guyed end posts one hundred and ten yards apart. The runner holds in one hand a wooden handle attached by a short, flexible chain to a ring on the wire. As he runs, the ring slips along, and both the feel and the sound it gives enable him to hold his course. The runner is stopped by a "low-bridge" fringe made of hammock twine, which strikes him in the face as he runs under it at the end of the course. The increase in physical courage and confidence has been most striking. The first year the prizes were won largely by boys with some sight, but last year the highest prize, a cup, was won by a totally blind boy. This increase of courage is not physical merely, but enters into the pupil's view of life and into his effort. The girls also have gymnastic exercises, and it is delightful to see the fearlessness and joy with which both girls and boys enter into sports.

Music, at Overbrook, is under the direction of David D. Wood, Mus. D., a former graduate, and said to be one of the most eminent blind men in the world. Care is taken to avoid a frequent misconception that a larger number of blind than of sighted persons possess exceptional musical ability. As Mrs. Lybrand, who has made a most interesting sociological study of the school at Overbrook, says: "It is as illogical to say that all the blind are musical as to say that all Indians are warriors." All pupils are given opportunity to develop genuine musical ability, as to develop any other special talent, but mediocre talent and achievement are not mistaken for genius, and no opportunity is given for the acquiring of that special musical craft which results in street fiddling or in disguised street begging. In previous years the school has rendered Haydn's oratorio of "The Seasons," and at the last commencement were rendered, among other works, with wonderful precision and spirit, "O Lord My Trust is in Thy Mercy," "Come, Gentle Spring," from Haydn's "The Seasons," "The Miller's Wooing," and the chorus "The Conquering Hero" from "Judas Maccabeus." Careful attention is paid to piano-tuning, a work rather specially adapted to the blind, and a goodly number of expert tuners have been sent out, as well as two or three teachers of piano-tuning in other institutions.

The far-sightedness which inspires the management of the school is nowhere more carefully illustrated than in the con-

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BLIND STUDENTS OPERATING A SHORT-HAND MACHINE AND A BRAILLE WRITER

From photographs supplied by the New York Association for the Blind

A BLIND GIRL OPERATING A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD

ception of the institution as a school, not as a charitable asylum. There is no reason why blind children should be regarded as objects of charity any more than any children who need education should be so regarded; and the whole spirit of the school, illustrated by the absence from the consciousness of the pupil as well as from the spoken language of such words as "asylum," "inmate," "charity," etc., and their thorough consciousness of their position as "pupils" and of sharing in "education," serve completely to protect their joy and self-respect in their school life. It is in accordance with such a definite understanding that Mr. Cadwalader, the president of the board of trustees, could announce in 1905 that any graduate of the school fitted to receive it will be provided by the institution with university education if he cannot achieve it by himself. In fourteen cases this great privilege has already been given or is being given.

The little red box which contains the card catalogue wherein is recorded the history of the graduates gives clear evidence that, as far as present results may be determined, over eighty-seven per cent. of the graduates since the new methods came fully into force have justified the faith in them and the methods used in their training.

Mrs. Lybrand, in her interesting study of this most beneficent institu-

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tion, has made certain deductions from it with reference to the proper management of schools for the blind. She says that schools for the deaf and the blind should be separated, the mendicant or dependent spirit should be eliminated, available resources should be utilized before new ones are sought, knowledge of the prevention of blindness should be disseminated, and the blind should be made definitely aware of the objects for which they are striving. We may perhaps add to Mrs. Lybrand's deductions the necessity of optimism in work for the blind. Those institutions which are lacking in efficiency are specially characterized by a lack of earnest belief in the possibilities of education for the blind. Overbrook now has the experience which justifies its optimism, but that experience could not have come except under the leadership of men who believe profoundly in the methods of their work and in the possibility of success. If from all the inspiring characteristics of Overbrook one could be chosen as standing out more prominently than others and as the fundamental inspiration of all the work, it would be hope.

It is from one point of view a serious misfortune for Overbrook that Mr. Allen was called some months ago to the superintendency of the Perkins Institution in Boston, and has entered upon his work there. But from another point of view it is a great

BLIND TEACHER AND PUPIL

From photographs supplied by the New York Association for the Blind

BLIND WOMEN AND GIRLS DRESSING DOLLS

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A BLIND OVERSEER INDICATING DEFECTS IN CHAIR-CANING TO A BLIND WORKER

A CLASS IN SLOYD AT OVERBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA

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advantage both to Overbrook and to intelligent work for the blind that such a man, after having brought that school up to the high grade of efficiency at which it now is, should go to another institution, where he will have the opportunity for doing a similar work. He has been succeeded at Overbrook by Mr. Burritt, the former head of the New York State School at Batavia, a man also of fertile ideas, large experience, and with keen sympathy for the new methods and ideals of education for the blind.

As one realizes the splendid significance of the new attitude toward blind children, and of the new spirit in work for them, his mind turns to men such as Hauy in France, Campbell in England, and Dr. Howe in this country, the pioneers in humane and scientific treatment of the blind, and to the possibilities realized through the work of these men not only for children, but for adults. A special word, however, of commendation and of gratitude is due to Dr. John Dennison Russ, the first recognized educator of the blind in this country. Born September 1, 1801, in Essex, Massachusetts, of fine and indeed distinguished stock, he was a remarkable man. He was graduated from Yale, and after taking a course in medicine at Bowdoin, studied in the hospitals of Paris, London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. In 1827 he took an active part in the benevolent movement for aiding the Greeks in their struggle with the Turks, remaining some time in Greece with Dr. Howe, studying the condition of the poor and organizing a remarkably efficient system of relief. He established hospitals at Poros and Hexamelia, which were of inestimable benefit in relieving the sufferings of the poverty-stricken people of Greece. The story of his life has a flavor of romance and heroism such as that which characterizes the life of Byron and other world patriots. On his return to this country he became interested in the instruction of the blind, which subject was under discussion both in New York and Massachusetts, and he aided in securing an act by the legislature of New York in 1831 providing for such instruction. In 1832 he began the teaching of three blind boys in the almshouse, that being the first attempt of the kind in America. The number of the class increased rapidly, and in the autumn of that year the New York Institution for the Blind was founded. The work of Dr. Russ soon attracted popular attention, and in various churches throughout the city he demonstrated by exhibitions of the work of his pupils the feasibility of such instruction for the blind as would help them in an attempt to be self-supporting. The evidence seems to show that to Dr. Russ is really due the credit of originating the New York Point system; but, at any rate, to him belongs a high preëminence in making real and practical the ideal of independence and consequent self-respect which has given joy to the life of the blind and which has contributed much to human civilization. Dr. Russ was asked to direct the Boston School for the Blind, but refused the offer. It is interesting to note that Dr. Russ's intelligent interest and sympathy were not confined to the blind, but were also given to the cause of humane and scientific treatment of criminals.

The school at Overbrook has been selected for special notice because, with its perfect equipment and ideal management, it represents the greatest achievement thus far in fitting the blind school child to overcome his handicap and to take his position as a useful citizen in the world; and also because it indicates surely the way to realize the ideals of Dr. Russ and others for helping the teachable adult blind to at least a measure of independence and efficiency.

Overbrook may well be a model for other institutions for the education of blind children. Its policy is to hold itself always open to possibilities of better work, and to permit no limitation which could prevent its growth in directions made either necessary or expedient by the needs of its pupils; and in so doing it reduces greatly the difficulties in the problem of helping the adult blind. Each efficient graduate from a school for the unsighted does incalculable good to other blind by spreading through his example the gospel of pluck, independence, and possible achievement, and consequently helps to lessen the number of adult blind who would otherwise become burdens on the State or private philanthropy. The lack of recognition of these facts has resulted in great economic loss to the community and in untold suffering to the

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blind. Yet it remains true that three quarters of the entire number of blind persons lose their sight after the school age, and the problem of what to do with that number is now occupying much of the best thought of typhlophiles. Many industrial homes and associations for the care of the adult blind have been formed and some very efficiently conducted both here and abroad, but on account of the breadth as well as discretion of its program the youngest of all the more important associations, namely the New York Association for the Blind, is chosen as an example of the direction which work for them should take. That association aims to demonstrate for the adult blind who are teachable what Dr. Russ and others have demonstrated for blind children: that any blind person who is teachable may attain a certain measure of self-support, and may thus be at least partly released from the withering curse of total dependence.

The work of the New York Association cannot be more clearly described than by quoting a recent article by Miss Helen Keller, one of its vice-presidents:

Three or four years ago, in New York, two cultivated women became interested in the blind. They observed how much pleasure some blind persons derived from a musical entertainment, and they thought how many hours the sightless must spend without diversion. They set to work to establish a bureau for the distribution to the blind of tickets for the theater, the opera, and other entertainments. This brought them into contact with the blind, and they soon perceived that their efforts to entertain them were but to gild a sepulcher. The blind said to them: "You are very kind to give us pleasure. But it is work we need, something to do with our hands. It is terrible to sit idle all day long. Give us that wondrous thing, interest in life. Work wedded to interest gives dignity, sweetness, and strength even to our kind of life." The two noble women determined to see what could be done. They went for information to the New York Institution for the Blind. They asked why the blind were unemployed. They received courteous assurances that everything possible was being done for the blind, that their hard lot was the inevitable result of circumstances. The fact that they were idle was deplored, but there was no help for it. In a world of machinery, specialized industry, and keen competition the blind man could not expect to find profitable occupation. He must, it was urged, ever remain a public charge to be treated kindly, and the young women were heartily commended for their efforts to supply them with entertainment. Indeed, it was argued, it would be cruel to add to the burden of infirmity the burden of labor. It would be quite as cruel to expect them to earn their living as to compel a disabled horse to earn his oats. (The same kind of specious argument was being disseminated in Massachusetts and other States.) But the ladies were too intelligent and too earnest to be convinced. Their visit was the beginning of a new movement in New York toward the betterment of the sightless. Soon afterward an association was formed. Meetings were held. Men of ability and eloquence spoke in behalf of the work and drove the truth home to the people that the heaviest burden upon the blind is not blindness, but idleness. The institution raised its head in protest and self-justification, and tried to prejudice the blind against the association. It opposed an adequate census of the sightless. The association appealed to the Legislature for an appropriation to carry on the census. The Legislature made the appropriation and established a commission. The commission appointed one of the two ladies director of the census, with the result that a complete registry of the blind of New York State will soon be available. This census will not be like the United States Census figures, which are vague and incomplete, but will tell how many blind there are, where each lives, and in what circumstances, what occupation he has, what trade he has learned in school, how old he is, how long he has been blind, and from what cause he lost his sight. The New York census and the Massachusetts census will tell with scientific definiteness what has been left undone, and will enable us to deal more intelligently with the problems of the sightless.

To sum up the purport of this most interesting experiment in the treatment of the adult blind, we may say that scientific definiteness, efficiency in all branches of work, is its aim. A large part of its work is preventive; namely, such education as will help blot out the unnecessary scourge of infant ophthalmia and the encouraging of safety devices in manufactures. It

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aims, furthermore, to teach adult blind men and women, who are usually without means of support, some occupation by which they may become at least partial wage-earners, and have a larger choice in life than is offered by the State in almshouses, hospitals, prisons, or by private charity in special institutions. The association maintains a department for the distribution of literature on the prevention of infantile blindness, gives personal advice on the subject, and by a postal-card system keeps in touch with patients whose eyes are being treated at hospitals and clinics; it collects information concerning the work of institutions and associations for the blind; keeps an employment catalogue showing the provisions for and needs of the blind in the State, and a small reference library on the subjects of special interest to blind persons and to their families; and it maintains two ticket bureaus from which tickets are given to excursions, concerts, and other entertainments, which may bring brightness and happiness into the lives of the blind, and help to make them normal in their pleasures and in their attitude toward the world. It has organized self-improvement clubs for both men and women, and classes for the teaching of those who may have special aptitudes along lines which offer self-support for those who are properly trained.

Perhaps the most important result of the work of the association thus far is the joyous coöperation of the blind themselves. As soon as the adult blind became aware of this new force which had come to their aid, they immediately set to work to organize among themselves a sentiment not simply of self-support, much less a sentiment by which charity or partial charity should be substituted for efficiency of work, but one for establishing a high standard of efficiency. The dominant note at a meeting of the self-improvement clubs for men and women is such a doing of the work they purport to do as to satisfy the standard not of a handicapped class, but of the unhandicapped worker. He who should visit either of the clubs and express a mawkish pity, or indulgence of bad work, would immediately find himself out of sympathy with the club, and would probably be informed in no uncertain terms that such sentiment and such indulgence are neither sought nor desired by the self-respecting blind. As Helen Keller so beautifully intimates, kindly nature or a kindlier God has so ordered the material of which human nature is made that the other senses are stimulated to increased precision and power by the lack of sight; and the economic capital of the blind is not charitable indulgence for their defect, but the increased power of the faculties which they have. It is for that reason, and because of that kindly substitution, that they are able to set before themselves a standard without charitable indulgence.

Two concrete results are worthy of mention: First, stenography as a means of livelihood. Three blind girls are now in the employment of the New York Association for the Blind. One is Miss Winifred Holt's private secretary, and does her work with a speed and accuracy much higher than that of the average sighted stenographer. She can take about one hundred and forty words per minute on her dictation machine, and transcribe it in the form of a letter or an article, with a smaller percentage of error than is obtainable from the average sighted stenographer to whom one would pay twelve or fifteen dollars per week. The association has a phonograph into which one may dictate material, which the stenographers transcribe as if they were taking dictation from the lips. The other result mentioned above is the opportunity now open for the operation of private telephone switchboards. The reliance is upon a naturally accentuated and strengthened memory. A number of girls have been placed by the New York Association in this capacity, and have given complete satisfaction. To the executive offices of the association frequently come reports that the blind operator has distinct advantages over the sighted operator arising from the concentration with which she does her work, and her ready memory. The association is now in its new quarters at 118 East Fifty-ninth Street, and there are conducted various industries for blind girls and women, one of the most important of which is the making of electric-light shades, which promises employment for a progressively increasing number of girls and women. At the men's industrial shop in Forty-second Street brooms are made, chairs caned, and mattresses filled; and a

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number of men in that shop have become self-supporting.

This movement is fortunately extending. An association has been formed in Buffalo which is conducting workshops for men and women. It is probable that an association will soon be formed in New Jersey. In short, as a result of the fact that two American girls some years ago saw some blind boys enjoying a concert in Italy,—an incident as trivial and yet perhaps as important as the fact that the son of a Lincolnshire farmer one day saw an apple fall from a tree,—a movement which promises to redeem a class from despair into the joy of efficient self-support and service is likely to spread over our whole land.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

BY ADELINE KNAPP

Author of "The Well in the Desert"

"NO, I ain't no more use for dudes nor tenderfeet than any other proper-minded citizen o' this Territory," said Sandy Larch, foreman of the Palo Verde Rancho; "but neither I ain't so down on education an' book-teachin' as some is, too."

He rolled and lighted a fresh cigarette, threw the stub of his previous smoke into the broad, red-and-white face of a sullen long-horn, and settled himself upon the corral fence for a further elucidation of his views.

"If the folks down Tombstone way thinks they wants a library, why, then a library 's what they thinks they wants," he added, with broad philosophy. "*I* ain't sayin' they don't know. Anyway' 't won't hurt 'em to find out."

"I did n't know you held along o' that nonsense, Sandy," commented Sago Irish, in some surprise; and Sandy reflected a moment, humming the air of a favorite song.

"Well," he finally said judicially, "'T ain't that I 'd be for spoonin' book-learnin' into fools an' people of limited intellectuals naturally; but you take a feller that 's got *savez* to begin with, an' education ain't goin' to hurt him none."

He reached over and took Sago Irish's coiled rope from the head puncher's shoulder, and throwing one end of it, deftly caught the swinging feet of a cow-boy sitting some distance away on the fence. The men laughed as the captive came sheepishly to earth on the impulse of the foreman's pull, and proceeded to free himself.

"Now, you, Tim," the genial Sandy went on—"give you a' education, an' ten to one if you would n't go leavin' all the loose ends a-hangin', like so many legs fer a quicker cuss to come along 'n' ketch you by; same 's I 've seen you ride herd with loops a-danglin' from yer saddle that 'll be the death of you some day." This rebuke was administered with sober emphasis. Dangling loops about his saddle are cardinal sins to a cow-boy.

"No," Sandy resumed, "education won't hurt a feller that 's got sense enough to keep the ends tucked in, but it 's a mighty double-ended, rotorary-motion kind o' thing when a man endeavors to tackle it unaccustomed. It 's like this here Japanese kind o' fightin' they call 'Jew-gits-you.' It takes him two ways to oncet, till he don't know what 's been done to 'im."

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"What was that you named, Sandy?" asked Sago Irish, in sudden interest, and Sandy waved a large hand by way of immediate response.

"I 'll be there in due time," he said, contemplating his cigarette.

It was a fierce spring noonday. The Palo Verde outfit had been busy since dawn working out future polo ponies, part of a large consignment soon to go East, and were resting after midday "chow."

"I met up with a feller once," the foreman presently continued, "that had n't anything but book-learnin' to back up his natural *savez,* but, say, that feller could 'a' kep' school on a steer's back, an' been a hull man on the job besides. Why, he could 'a' busted broncos out'n a book, or my name ain't Sandy Larch; an' he would n't 'a' gone into the scrap with no loose ends flappin', neither."

"Gwan." Tim Larkin fended off this further aspersion of his methods with some asperity. "They ain't no books about bronco-bustin'."

"Ain't they, just?" The foreman's tone was convincing. "You take it from me," he added impressively, "that they 's books about every known thing under the sun, and lots that nobody ever heard of. An' it 's me that 's all-fired glad it ain't no job o' mine to be bustin' 'em out. I had my introduction to literachoor some years along back, same time I met up with that there 'Jew-gits-you,' an' it was sure a good an' plenty fer A. Larch, cowpunch."

He caught his heels more securely in a lower rail of the corral fence, and began after two or three puffs at his cigarette:

"It was back when I was head puncher fer the Bar Circle G outfit," he said. "Si Horner he was foreman in them days, an' the *patron* was old Don Roman Moraga. He 'd come from Mexico, an' he was all bound up in havin' an orchard. He planted him some 'cot-trees, which somehow never did seem becomin' to a cow outfit.

" 'Pears like Nature had somethin' the same opinion, too; fer the different varieties o' ticks that got into them 'cot-trees, first an' last, was somethin' scand'lous." Sandy shook his head reminiscently. "Finally," he continued, "they blossomed out into something they nominated San José scale, an' the *patron* he got a tree expert that 'u'd come from somewheres back inside—California, I guess—to look 'em over, an' the assay ran so high the expert allowed 't was up to us to do something about it sudden, or else burn them trees up. So he writes out the specifications fer what he calls a sprayin' compound—kind of a dip, you know, only squirted on.

"The *patron* he was buildin' a new chimney then, an' he 'd got a notion it oughter be laid up in cement, 'stid o' 'dobe, fer the which we 'd gotter have lime. Now, they wa'n't any lime to be had short o' Tucson; so one mornin' I hooks up an' I drives the thirty miles to town an' gits five barrels o' lime off'n the warehouse man there.

"I 'm just drivin' off when I remembers that Si Horner 'd given me them sprayin' compound specifications, an' told me to round up the ingrediencies while I 'm in town; so I looks 'em over an' tells the warehouse man I wants six pounds o' quicklime.

" 'What fer?' he asks, an' I tells him fer a sprayin' compound.

" 'Oh,' says he. 'You 'll have to go to a drug store fer that.' So off I sashays to git it.

"They ain't but two drug stores in the hull metropolis, an' they sure enjoys a monopoly o' the quicklime trade, fer one don't keep it, an' the other is just out of it. That one thinks mebby it 's to be had at the hullsale grocery store; so I goes there, an' they passes, but wonders if I can't find it over to Hank Wilson's livery-stable.

"When I asks him, Hank he has plenty o' lime, but he ain't never had no quicklime suit. Then I gits some mad, an' I asks Hank what the blame stuff is, an' Hank says I may search him. *He* ain't got no specifications on it. So there I am, clean euchered.

"Then Hank he remembers they 's a brand-new public library in the town, an' he 'lows mebby the boss book-sharp up there can put us wise about this here quicklime; so we seeks the library, me regrettin' audibly as we meander that I passes up an education when it comes my way in my young days. Hank he owns to often havin' feelin's similar to them I expresses."

Sandy paused to light still another cigarette, and took several puffs, inhaling

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blissfully, before he resumed his narrative. Then he went on:

"We goes into the book-ranch an' states our needs, an' the head puncher there is most accommodatin'. He rides into his stock an' cuts out a chunk o' literachoor that square,"—the foreman measured liberally with both hands,—"good ten pounds on the hoof it must 'a' been. He opens it careless like. He 's a little runt of a man, lookin' kind o' peeked, an' mighty quick-movin', an' when he 's glanced at the pages he rounds up a lot o' words, an' hands it out to us easy as gittin' drunk, that quicklime is something that he nominates calcium oxide, an' that it 's a-morpheus, fussin' solid, made by driving off a lot o' high jinks an' such like from what he names calcium carbonate.

"Hank he looks as wise as any ol' hen owl with the sun in 'er eyes; but me I 'm pretty near all in, but I manages to thank the kind gent, an' we sashays back to the stable, me regrettin' more 'n ever them lost opportunities o' my youth, an' not any nearer the requirements o' that there sprayin' compound. It 's too late then to think o' goin' back that night; so I unhooks, an' makes camp where Hank puts up, resolvin' to see what I can do next day. Then Hank an' me we seeks relaxation from our mental labors.

"In consequence, we sleeps some late next mornin', an' I fails to be wise to a smashin' rain that comes along about dawn. We 'd put in the horses o' course; but nobody 's any right to look fer rain at that time o' year, an' we 'd staked the wagon in front the sheds.

"Well, I hurries down; fer I 'm some dubious about that there lime. The rain 's all over; but there the stuff is a-bilin' in the barrels, squeezin' out o' the cracks, an' runnin' over the desert like suds gone mad; an' while I stands contemplatin' it, along comes that head-book-puncher chap, on his mornin' constitutional.

"'Pretty bad mess,' says he when he sees the lime, an' I explains that the blasted stuff 's gone an' slaked itsself. He listens, givin' a little nod of his head, standin' with his hands on 'is hips, lookin' fer all the world like a knowin' cocksparrer.

"'Quicklime will do that,' he says, 'if water gits to it.'

"I lets out a yell, 'Is that stuff quicklime?' says I, an' he 'lows it was till the rain got to it.

"Well, I can't express myself no ways adequate; for far 's anything I know, them library men is like ladies an' sky-pilots, an' has to be spoke to gentle; so I says nothin', but the feller he shows that education or no education, he 's got some human instincts. He gives me one look, an' he drifts, an' leaves me to myself. When I sees him fade away in the landscape, I lets out, an' plumb dries up that lime stuff with language. I ain't leavin' none fer nobody else to use that day."

"Pshaw! That was hard lines." It was Sago Irish who commented. "You 'd oughter had it out'n that warehouse man's hide, Sandy. Did n't you?"

"I seeks him out," the narrator resumed, "an' asks him what he means by sendin' me to a drug store fer quicklime when I has five barrels o' the dangnation stuff on my load. He 's clean flabbergasted when he comes to sense it, an' then he explains that dealin' in tons an' barrels o' lime as he is all the time, it throws him clean off the track to be asked fer six pounds; an' when I mentions sprayin' compounds, which is not common drinks in the desert, he thinks it 's something I must git at a drug store."

"I 'd a got *him* somethin' at a drug store," commented one of the punchers, "an' give it to 'im cold, if I 'd 'a' be'n you."

"I was sure mighty mad at the minute," Sandy replied; "but they wa'n't no use bein' obstreperous, an' as Hank joins me just then, thinkin' I ain't aware o' the state o' my load o' lime, we walks off.

"We gits quite a piece out o' town before we exchanges any idees an' you can take it when I say it that I 'm some soured on education, too, fer I 'm thinkin' that if that tree expert had known plain United States, an' writ his specifications in it, it 'u'd been all right. Or if that there booktionary volume had said quicklime was plain lime, an' not played up all that line o' college language to bluff a man with. I 'm just expressin' these sentiments to Hank when along comes a couple o' the boys from the Lazy Q outfit.

"They 'd been paid off the day before, an' they 'd been in town all night celebratin'. Also they was feelin' mighty peevish

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because early in the course o' their jubilation they 'd mistook the library-house fer a dance-hall, which it did n't no ways resemble; an' when they 'd undertook to git gay there, the head-book-puncher 'd invited 'em to leave. They was n't so jubilant then as they become subsequent, an' they has sense enough to go; but now they 're campin' on the trail o' the library sharp, aimin' to ease up what 's left o' their minds on 'im.

"We 're all met on the edge o' the town, by the pest-house, where the desert begins stretchin' round again, an' as Hank an' I listens to the boys' statement o' their feelins', along comes the little cock-sparrer back from his mornin' spin, an' the Lazy Q chaps they stops him.

"He halts, same 's he done when he sees me lookin' at the quicklime, an' stands with his hands on 'is hips, an' asks 'em what 's wanted. He don't look scared none, an' Hank an' me sorter lingers to see what 's comin'. We don't anticipate no real trouble, knowin' the boys is only peevish an' don't mean no harm, an' bein' out where we be, they ain't no one goin' to be disturbed but mebby a Papago or two with the smallpox.

"But when that little runt hears that the boys don't like his book-ranch, an' that they means he 's got to shut it up an' leave town, ding me if he don't stand there an' laugh just like it was a joke. Then he gits real polite, an' 'lows that bein' 's the library 's what he nominates a public institution, an' mighty good fer the school children, he implores 'em to think better of it an' let 'im stay.

"The boys they see he 's joshin' 'em, an' they gets all the peevisher, an' says he 's got to drift, whereupon he 'lows he 's sorry; but he really can't dance to their pipin', which is some an unfortunate remark just at this junctoor; fer out comes Budd Foxe's gun, Budd bein' always a little impetuous, an' he lets fly at the book-puncher's tidy little tan shoes, observin' as he does so that they 's only one way to find out if that 's true. His pal, Billy Dunn, he limbers his gun, too, an' fires simultaneous with Budd.

"Naturally, that library man he jumps; but he don't jump no way that 's natural for ary tenderfoot ever I see up to that date. As I was sayin', he 's mighty quick, an' he lights first on Budd, then on Billy, before either of them rightly sees the blink of 'is eye, an' their guns is flung out on the desert an' he an' the pair of 'em is mingled up in the biggest kind of a roll-over hog-tyin'.

"Hank an' I we just stares, fer it ain't no-wise legal, that scrap. The book-puncher he just naturally tosses Budd and Billy at each other, kind o' dry nursin' 'em into it, so to speak, fer a second 'er two, an' next thing we knows there they sits on the sand, an' Budd's right arm is out at the shoulder an' Billy 's got a broken collar-bone, an' the little book-sharp ain't done it, neither. They 've both done it to 'emselves.

"Then the tenderfoot comes up smilin' as chips to Hank an' me an' asks if either of us is wantin' anything, an' when we assures him it ain't our party, he 's back in a minute to Budd, an' has his coat off, an' him out in the sand quick 's I could fling a rope. Then he kicks off one o' his nice little tan shoes an' puts a pretty striped stockin' in the hollow o' Budd's shoulder an' ketches hold o' his right hand an' has that shoulder snapped back in two shakes. Lord! He 's got me, sure!"

Sandy fanned himself a moment with his broad hat.

"Then he tackles Billy," he continued, "which is fair blubberin' with his mad. He 's wearin' a soft felt hat that he does up in a wad an' sticks it under the boy's arm an' makes the hull thing snug with his little dude sash that he wears 'stid of a vest or belt, fixin' it all easy-like till Billy can git to a doctor. Then he puts on his shoe an' dusts his fingers, an' allows, soft as silk, that if they ain't nothin' more he can do fer 'em, he 'll mosey erlong to the book-ranch, because it 's time fer waterin', or whatever 't is they do to books.

"But Hank he 's chuck full o' intelligent interest about them manoovers we been witness to, an' he asks the little man the nature o' the mill we 've seen, an' where he got wise to it.

" 'Oh,' says he, calm as calm, 'that 's Jew-gits-you. It 's to be learned out o' the books. Very useful to know,' he says, an' it sure looked like it was. Hank he 's some dissatisfied besides. He 'lows he 's always understood that Jews was harder to beat 'n most folks, but that

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proposition was calculated to throw any full-sized long-horn he ever see, an' he ain't fer limitin' its glory. Then the little feller laughs an' says it 's a Japanese system o' wrastlin', an' the idee is to make the feller you 're fightin' do himself up with his own strength that he 's meanin' to spend on you. All you do 's to git 'im in the right posish, an' the pull of 'is own muscles 'll break his bones or even kill 'im, an' you ain't done a thing to him."

"Sufferin' snakes!" a cow-boy ejaculated, when the idea had had time to sink in. "Like makin' a runnin' steer fling himself fer ye when ye ride alongside an' ketch him by the tail."

"Sure," the foreman assented cheerfully; "great scheme all through.

"Well," he resumed, "the feller he invites us to come up to the book-ranch, an' he 'll show us some pictures o' the different posishes, an' Budd an' Billy they 're that interested they gits up an' comes along, too."

Sandy paused impressively, shaking his head solemnly at the memory of that introduction to the world of books.

"They was books enough there," he said slowly, "to fence in all Pima County. About everything in, an' on, an' round, an' under the footstool. They was books about this here Jew-gits-you, an' about every other kind o' fightin'; they was one book about bronco-bustin', Tim, with pictures the blamedest life-like ever you see, an' another about hens, that had almost human intelligence in its idees o' the foolness o' hens. They was books about settin' bones an' healin' diseases, an' a hull row of 'em, big books an' little, all about women. Just about women!"

"Lord!" commented Sago Irish, deeply impressed. "How 'd anybody ever find out about 'em? I should n't 'a' thought anybody could—"

"Nor I." Sandy shook his head. "They always beat me," he confessed, "but there the books was, I see 'em myself—all about women."

"Was there books about men, too?"

It was Tim Larkin who asked this question, leaning forward in open-mouthed interest. Sandy pondered it.

"I don't seem to 'a' seen any," he finally decided, "but I don't know 's it 's strange. They would n't be enough about men to put into no book. They ain't no wise special complicated like women; they would n't be no interest. But, Lord! You should 'a' seen 'em, an' that little book-puncher he handled 'em all slick 's wax—Like we 'd better be a-doin' them polo nags," the foreman suddenly added, unlocking his feet from the corral bars. And the outfit adjourned from the consideration of literature to the less strenuous task of the hour.

MAY SONG

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

A THOUSAND buds stir in the brake,
A myriad twinkling blooms
Across the dreaming valley shake
Their spears and jeweled plumes—

Oh, buds of love within my heart,
Oh, starry sprays of song,
Fling wide your clinging leaves apart
And join the kindred throng!

Redeem the winter's wilderness
With showers of silver sound;
With myriad arms of tenderness
Enfold the world around!

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF PRINCE RUPERT, THE NEW AND MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY TERMINUS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF AMERICA

THE LAST TREK TO THE LAST FRONTIER

THE AMERICAN SETTLER IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

BY AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest"

IF half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land, the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet that is virtually what has happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years. In less than six years, 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas, and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone North as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing: very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than $1000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from $3000 to $10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the $10,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the $200,000 and $300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies. Average the American new-comer's capital at $2000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four-months' tour of Canada, first by canoe 1500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent, I have no hesitation in saying that a billion-dollar average is too small by half.

THE EXACT EXTENT OF THE AMERICAN INVASION

TAKE a map of Canada and note carefully what the half-million Americans are doing north of the boundary beginning on the Pacific Coast.

Up opposite Queen Charlotte Islands, on Kaien Island, is Prince Rupert, the new western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, which cuts mountain grades in half by this Northern route and lessens the distance between New York and Yokohama by 1500 miles. The new city of Prince Rupert is virtually a national undertaking, and is being laid out with great care; but back from the rail-

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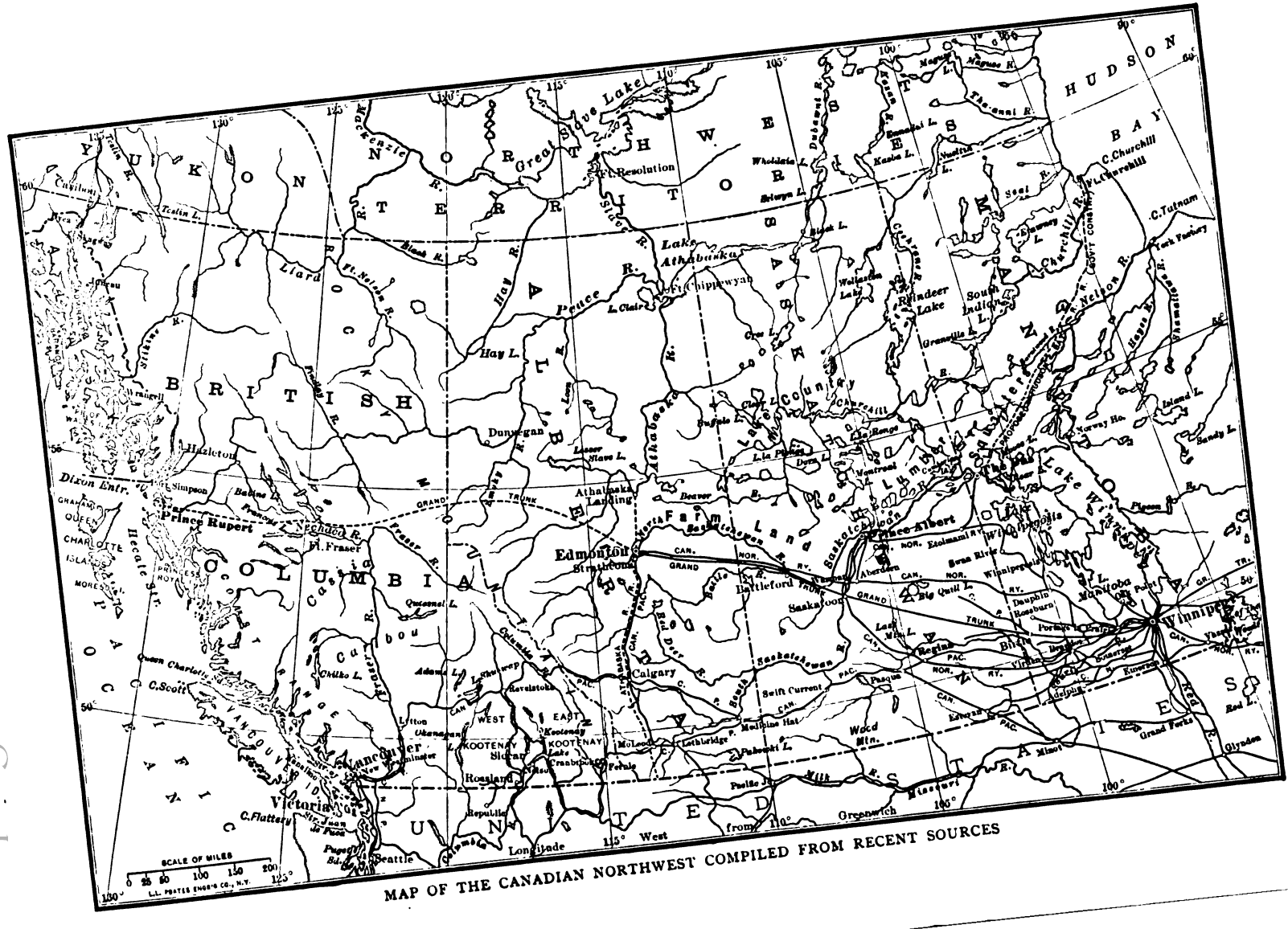

MAP OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST COMPILED FROM RECENT SOURCES

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road site big areas of land are being blocked out by private persons as suburbs, manufacturing sites, wharf frontages. The outer city is for the present chiefly a mushroom growth of tents; but of the 2000 squatters and investors, 1000 are Americans.

Come on down the coast to Vancouver City, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific. In ten years its population has jumped from 10,000 to 80,000, and though it was the "panic year" when I was there, and the "boom" had collapsed, there was still such a rush for the Northern city that one could scarcely get hotel accommodation. Where do the people come from? From Seattle and San Francisco. Listen to the voices in the hotel corridors: ten American to one English.

Now move eastward across British Columbia, and you will learn the reason for the rush. It used to be British Columbia's boast that she had timber resources to supply the whole world for a century. When one considers that British Columbia is one half larger than the German Empire, and that most of her area is timbered with a heavy growth of gigantic Douglas fir and spruce, literally shutting out the daylight and crisscrossing one's trail in a veritable cheval-de-frise, the boast seemed to have good foundation in fact. So prodigal was the Pacific province of her timber resources that the provincial government used to lease out a square mile to any applicant for a merely nominal rent of something over a hundred dollars. Then, with a shock that was electric, the province awakened to a realization of what had happened. Virtually all the best timber limits had been leased, and the leases sold at enormous profit to American lumber companies—$2000 leases in some cases for $32,000, for $90,000, for $100,000, and this up in Queen Charlotte Islands, which used to be considered inaccessible. To-day one cannot lease a single square mile of timber in British Columbia. One must buy it from the American investor. Why? The provincial government says, because they are conserving natural resources. But the timber cruisers tell a different story: because all the best limits are taken.

Between the different ranges of the Rockies are wonderfully rich valleys—ranch, fruit, and coal lands. It need scarcely be told here that in every instance, from Cariboo and Cassiar to East and West Kootenay, the mines have been prospected, developed, and operated by Americans. British and Canadian capital has come in second—I am sorry to say, as in Rossland and Slocan, sometimes to an aftermath of watered stock and wildcat schemes. What has happened with the mines is to-day repeating itself with the ranch and fruit lands. One example will suffice—that of the Nechaco Valley, up at the headwaters of the Fraser River. Canadians are notoriously conservative. They will not invest one dollar till quite sure that two dollars will come back. The American will lightly risk his two dollars on the slimmest kind of chance of getting ten back. As long as there were prairie lands, Canadians did not consider the bunch-grass and ranch lands of the Rocky Mountain valleys worth having. They were hard to reach, too far away; so the government rated such lands as second and third rate, to be obtained for merely nominal homestead duties and dues that did not total more than fifty cents and $2 an acre. As soon as two new transcontinental railways began to push westward, it became apparent that railroads would cross these valleys, and there was a rush to the far-off bunch-grass valleys of squatters whom Seattle and St. Paul and St. Louis companies had "grub-staked." By the time the government surveyors had come on the scene and the land-office had wakened, the homesteaders had proved title and sold out to American companies for a few dollars an acre lands worth $25. As far as I could learn, the operators in the Nechaco Valley were from St. Louis.

Now come on across the mountains to the prairie, a level stretch of 1500 miles. The first Canadian transcontinental railway was constructed about midway between the Saskatchewan and the boundary,—that is, zigzagging north and south, one may call it half-way, though it is nearer the south,—and settlement followed along the line of it like iron filings sticking to a magnet. The Saskatchewan is the true watershed of the North, and down its broad, roily current has swept from time immemorial ocean loads of silt, of humus, of forest covering from the Rockies, depositing such a cargo of fertility along its banks as the Nile deposits over Egypt. The Canadian settler has always stuck to

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the line of the railroad like a burr. The American settler, as if obsessed, has always struck *ahead* of the railroad to the best lands independent of where the road might be; and he has compelled it to come to him. Along the banks of the Saskatchewan for 800 miles from the Rockies is a deposit of fifteen feet of solid humus; and sure enough, though the Saskatchewan is remote from the railroad except at three points, along its banks have settled American homesteaders—the very cream of American homesteaders—from Iowa, where scientific training for thirty years has virtually revolutionized agriculture.

Peace River plays the same part for the North that the Saskatchewan does for the middle North; only, in addition to arable lands, there are vast asphalt beds—asphalt enough to pave America. Do you know who is behind the railway charters connecting that North Country with the outside world? A group of Wall Street men.

TO THE HINTERLAND OF THE OUTERMOST WILDS

WHEN we had gone 800 miles down the Saskatchewan, we came to a country of lower banks and sandier soil, but heavily timbered for a distance of about 400 miles, and I thought we had surely outstripped the American frontiersman, for all his obsession for jumping off the ends of the earth. I thought so till I happened to ask one of my guides, who had been a timber-cruiser, "Who owns all this timber?" "So-and-So owns it all from Prince Albert to Lake Winnipeg," he replied, naming one of the big lumber firms of the Middle West; and he enumerated a string of sawmills built by this firm from Lake Superior to the Saskatchewan.

Seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan is a muskeg country of swamp alternating with rocky lakes for a distance of 250 miles north and about 1000 east and west. This is the home—I was going to say the last resort—of the fished-out sturgeon and whitefish. It is the region whence comes our best New York and Chicago caviar. The lakes are literally in tens of thousands, unmapped and unexplored and very difficult of access; and it has been the custom of the government to encourage exploitation by leasing out exclusive fishing monopoly at a few dollars a year for each lake. This not only exploits the country, but gives certain employment to a large population of Indians and half-breeds. As we entered the muskeg country, I asked my Indian guide, "Who has fishing rights for these Northern lakes?" He named a great Chicago trust; and later, we traveled 300 miles in one of their tugs.

Down at the east end of the Saskatchewan River, the Dominion Government has a hundred surveyors on the field laying out a line for a railroad from the wheat-plains to Hudson Bay. The conditions are very difficult. The road must pass through 20,000 square miles of muskeg. Through this swamp country run only three ledges of rock. Along one of these ledges the new road must pass; and here surely, thought I, we are beyond the American invasion; but squatters have already settled themselves along the ridges, on the chance of preëmpting some possible railroad town. Do you know who these squatters are? They are American settlers. And this outline of American activity in Canada does not take any account of the American investor in the nickel mines of Sudbury and the silver mines of Cobalt, as these regions are Eastern, and do not come within the scope of the "Great Trek to the Last Frontier."

THE REASON FOR THE GREAT MIGRATION

THIS has been the "panic year." The "boom" in Northwest land had collapsed before the panic, and the panic witnessed the complete subsidence of fevered speculation. Yet more American settlers came into the Canadian Northwest than ever before. Of 143,754 homesteaders in the Canadian West, 58,000 were American. Other countries sent fewer colonists during the panic year. The United States sent 5000 more than in the preceding year. A migration of such proportion and persistence results from deeper causes than a hysterical stampede or a campaign of clever advertising. It results, indeed, from causes which the advertiser—immigration and railroad—does not like to hear mentioned, and denies flatly whenever mentioned, from the deepest of economic causes, which the world has not realized, or, realizing, has not faced. Let us face the facts and state them plainly, whether we like them or not.

We are within sight of the end of free

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land. Of all the migrations over America's vast area, from Plymouth Rock and James River to the mountains, from the mountains to Ohio and Tennessee, from the Bloody Ground to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, the last West has at last been reached. This is the last frontier to which the adventurous pioneer will ever trek in America. The great migration from East to West, which began with prehistoric Aryan ancestry, has at last come to an *impasse*. The West has met the East on the Pacific Coast.

Canoeing leisurely down the Saskatchewan among the very latest of the newly come homesteaders, it was a continual shock to find how little really excellent land remained for free homesteading. We have been told so often that Canada's wheat-lands extend right to the Athabasca and the Peace, that we have come to believe free homesteads, like the poor, we should always have with us. What is more, it has been proved with government statistics that Canada's unoccupied free lands extended up to the billions of acres. The proofs are all right both as to climate and latitude, only the land is n't there. Canada's free lands extend to the Pole all right; only they are not farm-lands. It is perfectly true that if you add up the long sunlight of the almost nightless Northern summer, it totals more hours than the sunlight farther south, and ripens wheat fast enough to escape early frost. Also, the farther north wheat grows, the better it is, the whiter the bread made from it, owing to the long sunlight; and a soft California or Kansas winter wheat can be transformed into a spring Number 1 Hard by growing it for a season or two in the North. Wheat grows on Peace River and on the Athabasca, and kitchen gardens flourish round the fur posts of the Mackenzie; but the point is that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan, arable land exists only in small patches. The rest of the North Country is sand, muskeg, rock—nature's great fur preserve on this continent for all time to come.

This limits the remaining wheat area of the Canadian Northwest from the boundary on the south to a strip seventy miles or thereabout north of the Saskatchewan, with a few additional patches on the Upper Fraser, sections, but only small sections, on the Peace, and Grand Prairie of Lesser Slave Lake. Coming down the Saskatchewan, what did we find? Settlers north of the Saskatchewan as far back as fifty miles. Between the Saskatchewan and the boundary the best lands have already been culled out, and are held at advance prices; and the remaining free lands were being taken up at the rate of a quarter of a million farms a person before the "panic year." As for the east end of the Saskatchewan, it is not a farming country at all.

Ten years will see the end of free lands worth having. That fact explains the great migratory movement to the Canadian Northwest. In miner's parlance, it is the last chance America offers "to get in on the ground floor" agriculturally. It explains, too, the phenomenal, almost fevered, rise in values of farm-lands in the Western States in the last ten years; for while we are reaching the limit of free land, the land-seekers from Europe are not lessening, the land hunger of the dispossessed is not lessening. I know one reads advertisements of cheap land yet in the Western States; but when you seek that land, there is always some drawback to account for the cheapness—lack of water, or alkali sediment, or irreclaimable swamp. Land in the Dakotas which was selling at from $1 to $2 an acre ten years ago, to-day cannot be bought for less than $25 fifty miles from the railroad. Back from the water-front, one may get it at $14; but good wheat-lands with water-supply will cost $50 in the Dakotas, $75 in Minnesota, from $100 to $150 in Wisconsin, and from $60 to $200 in Iowa. In 1907 I spent four months in the Western States, as in 1908 I spent four in the Western Canadian Provinces, away from the railroad, away from immigration agent, in the house of the homesteader, in contact with the land-seller and the land-seeker; and this was the average of values given after most careful thought by the agricultural experts in each State. One expert went further than to give values. He said: "The frontier is no longer in the West. The frontier will soon be in New England and the South, where values are lower than in the West to-day."

A FAMILY FROM IOWA

INDIVIDUALLY, the settlers do not explain their coming in terms of economic law,

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From a photograph by Steele & Co.

GENERAL ROUND-UP, WILLOW CREEK CATTLE RANGE
AT PINE COULEE, SOUTHERN ALBERTA

but it amounts to the same thing. We had camped in our canoe trip down the Saskatchewan one night at the great bend known as The Elbow, when we were joined round the camp-fire by a German-American from Iowa. "Yes," he volunteered, "all the people round here are from the States, the most from Dakota and Iowa and Nebraska. We came all kinds of ways, the most of the Nebraska people in a special train that brought 2000 at once; but lots of the settlers from Dakota drove all the way in the old-fashioned prairie schooner,—seen them? Yes,—old-style canvas-top wagon. You see," he reflected, "we can sell our land back home for from $65 to $200 an acre, then get free homesteads up here for our boys, and begin with a little capital. There is not the same chance any more for poor people to get good land in the States. There is no way people can pick up $3000 easier than to come up and homestead here for three years. There will be 160 acres for nothing, and if the land is any good, at the end of three years you can sell it for $20 an acre. That is the fault with all of us. It is so dead easy, that we sit still and do nothing while we are homesteading, instead of rustling to make something. By the time we have proved up, the little capital brought has been used up building house and barn. Then we have to put a plaster [mortgage] on the land to be able to go on and farm. If the crops are good, it is all right; but if the crops are hailed out or frozen out, it is all wrong, and the mortgage company gets the land. Yes, we are all Americans round here. Most of us have our houses up, though they are n't painted." He pointed to his own raw, red, windowless domicile. "It is wooded here, and by getting a little portable engine among half a dozen of us, we have been able to saw up the lumber for our houses at very little expense." (We had been hearing the little engines *puff-puff* from the wooded banks all the way down the river.) "We already have our school. Church services are held in the school, and the settlers like the laws of the country. I don't see much difference between the laws here and back home, except that you can't monkey with the law

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here. You can't grease a sheriff's fist, and get round him that way up here. The country is so big, and you are so far away from everything, you would think little things would not matter or be noticed; but that is n't the way they run things up here. Did you hear of the fellow from Montana down in Battleford last spring? No? Well, he felt pretty good, and started in to shoot up a bar-room. When he sobered up, he found himself inside the lock-up, with a constable on guard. He sent for a lawyer. 'What 's the matter with this blamed Can-a-*dáy*, anyway?' he asked. 'All I did was to tell the gang to throw up their hands; and the blamed idiots did n't know enough when I yanked out my gun. Get me out o' this blamed Can-a-*dáy*. God's own free country for mine!' Well, that fellow got free board and lodgings for three months, and I guess free transportation back to Montana. Anyway, he did n't stay." The Iowa man laughed. "You bet," he added, whatever that meant.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO BEGIN?

"How much does it cost to begin farming up here properly?" I asked that question of every settler we met coming down the river, and the answer was to the same effect, whether from old-timer or new-comer.

"It depends on the settler. Some men come in here without more than $10 over railroad fare, and they succeed; but they are men who can turn their hands to anything, and have a knack of lighting on their feet. They will work with the lumber jacks in winter, or with the railway gangs, or they will get out ties for the new trunk lines, or go about the country boring wells for the new-comers, or they will buy a portable engine on tick and go round sawing the lumber for the new settlers' houses. Then, they will put in homestead duties between times. There is no reason why a man who is a hustler cannot make $3 a day from the time he strikes the country; but you know how it is with different men. Lots of men would not see the opportunities to make the quick turn, and they would not have the ability to seize the opportunities if they did see them. If they bought a $200 portable engine on credit, they would break it the first thing, and if they went to get out railway ties, they would cut their feet or lose one of their oxen from lack of care. Ordinarily, I should say that a man should have at least $1000 to begin here properly, though don't forget that hundreds, thousands, have come without a cent and succeeded. What you don't hear about those cases is the hardship suffered at first. Lots of such settlers have lived in sod houses for the first year. You can see them along the bank of the river among the foreign settlers. It is hard lines to bring a wife to a little shack of eight by ten one-ply boards, tar-papered, when you can scrape a pail of hoar-frost from the inside of the window or the under side of the bed for the first winter. Imagine doing a family washing in that sized house when there is such hard frost every time you open the door that the air rushes in in clouds of steam! With a thousand as the lowest capital, you will use every cent to begin properly. You must have horses or oxen. With wagon, harrow, plow, and harness, this will cost at least $500. If you go in for a driving rig,—and you will need that with wife and family,—your outfit will cost you more than $500. Then you must lay by what will cover the food for a year, perhaps more than a year, if you do not come early enough to put a crop in the first year. Anyway, first-year crops are not to be counted. Do not count the first year's food at less than $250, or you may come out hungry. That leaves you $250 for your house, clothes, seed grain, and such ill luck as illness or a horse dying. You can make it on a thousand, but you will have to figure close; for when you are out every day, you need warmer clothes than back home. You pretty nearly *must* have furs —at least the women and children must.

"There is another way lots of settlers manage if they have a little money, and only a little. You can pay a regular land-breaker $5 an acre to plow and disk and seed your land for the first year. He will probably do it by steam-power. Of your 160 acres, suppose you do that with a hundred. With seed, your first-year's crop will cost you between $500 and $600. That is an average of $6 an acre, which is about what wheat costs; perhaps nearer $8, including the cost of harvest, if you do it yourself with horses."

"And what will you make out of your first crop?"

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"You may not make anything if you are hailed out or frozen out or the land has been weedy; but the chances are you may make fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre. The second year you may make twenty-five or forty from the same soil, when it has been worked; but do not count on more than fifteen or twenty. With wheat at seventy cents a bushel, and a crop of 1500 bushels, deducting all cost, you will have one or two hundred to the good, and your outlay all back, with seed, for next year."

"Meanwhile," I suggested, "you have left out all account of a house; and this is not precisely a climate where you can camp out in winter."

"Meanwhile," answered the settler, "this Saskatchewan is a wooded country, and you have fenced your land. Then if you do not want to put up a temporary shack, do as thousands of others have done: buy a big $15 or $20 miner tent: board it half-way up the walls, floor it, and partition it down the middle and cross-wise. This gives you four rooms at a cost of less than $50, which is what an outfitter would charge for a miserable little shack. If you bank up the boards with snow, that will keep out the wind. A small tin camp stove will heat that tent as warm as an oven; and, oh, I guess, with the spirit of the pioneer, you will come through the first hard years all right."

THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEER

THAT is the crux of the whole matter—the pioneer spirit. The settler with that will succeed, and the settler without it should have remained in a softer land; for the North Land is a land of rude, crude buffetings. It does not rain; it pours. It does not blow; it blizzards. It does not freeze imperceptibly, so that you have to look at a thermometer to know how cold it is. The frost giants whoop rampant, firing off pistol-shot reports all night as earth and air strain to the terrible tensity. The immigration officers do not like the subject of frost mentioned. Visitors who travel through the country in midsummer heat in a Pullman car call you fakir if you tell the true story of that cold. I lived many years in the North, and have been out in its worst blizzards, and slept in pioneer houses where you could scrape pails of hoar-frost from walls and windows; and take my word for it, spite of immigration pamphlets, the North has a climate that may be regarded as hefty cold. But the intense frost is a blessing to the country. It kills off the idle pauper, and excludes him as no alien labor law can; and it forever precludes the possibility of drought in that country. So deep does the frost penetrate, there is moisture at the roots of all growth till well on in midsummer, when the need for moisture has passed. But the new settler must have warm clothes and a warm abode, and those things mean outlay.

The seasons do not slide gently from one to another. They jump from summer to winter, and winter to summer, with such violence that all Indian legends of the seasons represent them as wrestlers in battle. It is all a battle, life up there; but the battle makes for iron in the blood and iron in the will, and that is the spirit of the pioneer.

THE HARDSHIPS IN THE LIFE OF THE WOMAN SETTLER

IT is on the woman that the hardships of pioneer life in the Northwest fall heaviest, especially on the woman who does not love the out of doors, who is afraid of a horse, and whose former life has consisted of an immured existence of village routine, house duties, friendly calls, and embroidery. At one place on the river we were sitting down to supper under the high banks with an old French ferryman as our guest when a woman looked over the top of the cliff with a little cry of surprise. She could hardly believe her eyes. She had not seen another woman for eight weeks, and, before that, for three months. There was not another woman in the settlement, and the nearest town was seventy miles. I can hear her voice of plaintive incredulity yet as she kept repeating the question: "And you are taking this trip for pleasure? For pleasure? For pleasure?" As long as our canoe was in view, she stood waving her hands from the high bank. She hated the life. She missed the village gossip. She knew her husband was prospering, but the loneliness depressed her, and she lived in constant dread of what the isolation might mean if illness came to the family. In a word, she was not a pioneer. Her neighbor on one side

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HOMESTEADERS AT THE DOOR OF A CANADIAN LAND-OFFICE

was a bachelor from Dakota, on the other side, a man from New York. At another place down the river we came across a woman who had not a woman neighbor for a hundred miles, and in still another region there were three white families whose nearest town was three hundred miles away; but these women were born pioneers and loved the life. They rode on the dog trains with their children in winter, counted hundred-mile drives nothing in summer, and carried happiness with

ON THE TREK TO THE LAST FRONTIER

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COOK-SHACK ON A SCOW AT PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN

them wherever they went in that loving comprehension of roofless nature which lets one into secret joys.

Of course duties fall to pioneer women that sound alien to the ears of older lands. I recall a night on the prairie once when all

WHEAT IN THE SHOCK ON A FARM AT CARBERRY, MANITOBA

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the men of the settlement had been called away to some convention and the spark of a passing train had set fire to the dry grass within half a mile of the standing wheat. A wind sprang up, fanning the brittle grass. There was nothing for the women to do but fight that fire or see the year's work licked up by the long tongues of flame; and they beat the fire-line out with wet bags and green brush. Another episode is well known in the Qu'Appelle Valley, when that was more of a ranch than a wheat country. A young English girl had come out to visit her brother on his ranch. He was away one day in the autumn when a blizzard sprang up, with a shift of the wind to the nipping north. Half-breeds and Indians will not go out in a blizzard. The danger of it has been bred in their blood for generations. Her brother's cattle and horses were out on the hills; and the half-breed herders would not go after them. In bad storms, the herds are apt to drive before the wind in search of shelter till they perish in some cul-de-sac or against a barbed-wire fence. If the English girl had lived long in the country, she probably would not have taken the risk; but unaware of the danger, she saddled her broncho and set out with the dogs to find the stock. I do not suppose she sang any of the rhymes which wild West stories put in the mouths of heroes and heroines on such occasions; but I should not be afraid to wager that when she got off that pony she danced an Indian war-dance to get the frost ache out of her feet and set the circulation going. Anyway, she found the herd and rounded it in from the ravines, losing not one animal. That is the sort of test your urban embroidery woman cannot meet.

Apart from the dangers of the elements, your pioneer woman is safer on the prairie one hundred miles from police and town than she would be on the streets of New York or London. "Until these South of Europe settlers came in, with their different ideas and customs as to women," said a missionary's wife to me, "I went day and night all over this Indian Reserve alone to nurse the sick. Until lately a woman could have walked from Lake Superior to the Rockies, day or night alone,

From a photograph by Steele & Co.

STEAM-PLOW AT WORK IN MANITOBA

DISKING THE FENCELESS PRAIRIE

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as safe as if in her own parlor. Whether it will remain as safe, with all these strange peoples coming in, we do not know."

THE GREAT GAMBLE OF THE WHEAT

THERE is something, too, in the very nature of wheat farming that throws a glamour over the commonplaces of daily toil, lures big hopes, and dares to the adventure of big risks.

HARVESTING

HAULING THE GRAIN TO THE ELEVATOR

This, too, is a factor in the great migration to the last of the free wheat-lands.

The man from Iowa has sold his old farm for $100 an acre. That gives him a working capital of at least $10,000. With that sum he can buy 1000 acres of wheat-land on the Canadian prairie at from $6 to $15 an acre, and, paying down all or part, still has enough left to put up his buildings and put in a first crop of 600 acres of wheat. Agricultural experts and old hands alike declaim against staking all on one crop. "The one-crop system," they call it. There is the cost in the first place of the crop at an average of $6 or $7 an acre, and in the second place the risk of hail, risk of those fateful and mysterious frosts that come just when the wheat is in the milk from August 8 to August 20. Romance can relate no more poignant tragedy than the ruin of the 600-acre wheat-field, one day, literally a field of living gold, rippling yellow in the sun, to the tread of the wind's invisible feet; the next day, touched by the hand of a black death,—frost or hail,—a thing of death not worth cutting, not worth, indeed, any thing but the match to burn it off the face of the earth. No wonder the big wheat farmer sweats blood and tribulation and cannot sleep for fear when the thermometer begins steadily to sink nearer and nearer the frost notch. But your agricultural lecturer can declaim himself black in the face, and so can the old-timer, for as long as there is a spirit of gamble in human nature, so long will the gamble of the wheat lure to big hopes and big risks. That field may yield anything up to forty bushels to the acre. Average it at only twenty-five, and the wheat gambler harvests a $10,000 crop. Deduct $4000 for cost and living, and the farmer has an income of $6000 net, which represents, at six per cent., a capital investment of $100,000.

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All this is supposition, chance, the lure of a big gamble. Does it actually happen? Journey across the wheat-plains and see. Within the space of ten years, farmers do not build brick houses and own motors and go for the winter to California or Europe on pure supposition; and these are the things the successful farmers of the West are doing to-day.

The lure of the wheat is one of the factors in the big migration. Picture the fenceless fields yellow to harvest and heavy-headed, a sea of gold! Listen to the hum of self-binders and steam-thrashers all on the same field. Then rise early some morning when the gray roll of prairie, tinged in the primrose of sunrise, is visible in the clear air for miles and miles, with the morning mist smoking up like a world-incense to a grain-god. As far as eye can see from sky-line to sky-line, above the dwarfed houses of the homesteads, stuck on the prairie like blocks spilled in sheer infinity, are the tall, red pillars of the grain elevators, the temples of this wheat world. Then, as you look, there comes over the crest of the prairie, like ships at sea, a long line, six, a dozen, a score, of huge wagons, three-tier deep, filled to the brim with loose wheat, not sacks. All day long the line of grain-wagons winds over the looped trail—the farmer's procession of triumph for his year's victory. Then, when night comes, the horizon is ablaze with the chaff piles burning—more incense to that pagan grain-god. The thing intoxicates imagination. The lure of the wheat is the world-old challenge of big hope and big risk to the world-old spirit of adventure.

DUMPING THE GOLDEN WHEAT

THE PASSING OF JOY

BY MARGARET BARBER BOWEN

I HEARD Joy trail her garments near
(My Heart, she 's seeking thee!),
So sped I forth to kiss their hem
In blithe expectancy.

Then came a sobbing through the night,
A moaning in the mist,
So knew I (Hush, my little Heart!),
It was her shroud I kissed.

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A CONVERSATION ON MUSIC WITH OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

RECORDED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

TIME: A winter Sunday afternoon. Scene: A suite of rooms in a New York hotel. Mr. Gabrilowitsch sitting at a small type-writer of peculiar model. To him enters Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason. Ah! Practising on the type-writer, I see.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Yes; I do not like to stiffen my hand by using a pen, so I have got this little machine.

Mr. Mason. I never saw a more compact one.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. And I am going to learn to write with it.

Mr. Mason. Won't that take a long time?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. [*Shrugging shoulders.*] Two weeks, perhaps.

Mr. Mason. [*Going to window.*] You have a typical New York view here, with those irregularly grouped tall buildings, those flying streamers of steam, and this tall, square chimney in the foreground.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Yes; it is characteristic and interesting. But sit down, won't you? Take this chair, and rock yourself to sleep, if I don't talk you there.

Mr. Mason. You cannot talk too much to please me. I wish you would tell me about Russian music, for I know you must have many ideas on that subject, and it is one in which we Americans are much interested.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Well, I have sometimes thought I should like to say something about Russian music, if a good opportunity ever came. It seems to me that the Russian school is the truest conservator of classicism that we have nowadays. Glazounoff, for example, with whom I myself studied orchestration, and who was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, has the true classical love for purity of writing, for finish of detail, for careful workmanship, for moderation. But let us go back a little. About 1860, a group of Russian composers, known by the somewhat ambitious name of the "New Russian School," began producing a remarkable series of works. Of this group of men the most important were, I should say, first, Balakireff, then Rimsky-Korsakoff, then Moussorgsky, then Borodine, and finally Cesar Cui. These composers were profoundly influenced by the Berlioz-Liszt innovations in music, and were themselves, by temperament, innovators, impatient of the old, impatient of schools and routine, anxious above all to be original, to find new forms, to follow their impulses and their enthusiasms.

Mr. Mason. But—excuse me—how do you relate all this to what you began with—that the Russians were the conservators of classicism? All this seems a long way from classicism.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. That is just what I am coming to. These men, full-blooded, young, enthusiastic, revolted from routine, insisted on individuality above all—just like Schumann with his *Davidsbündler,* except that this Russian *Davidsbund* was of real, not imaginary, people. But in the course of time, after some years, a reaction set in, and these very innovators began to show that even they had their conservatism. The classical ideals of clear writing and of moderation took strong hold of them, and they stopped short of the ultra-modern developments. The history of music shows other examples of the same thing. Take Felix Mottl, for instance. He is a Wagnerian of the innermost Bay-

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reuth school, yet he does not enjoy the recent compositions of Strauss and Mahler. And did you know that Rimsky-Korsakoff, when he was between thirty-five and forty, and the composer of several very popular operas and orchestral pieces, grew dissatisfied, stopped publishing, and spent two years going all over counterpoint again? That was how he became such a master of the technic of composition—today the greatest master in Russia, if not anywhere.[1]

Mr. Mason. That was splendid, indeed, and reminds one of Brahms, who did much the same thing. Then the modern Russian classicism is a natural reaction from the romanticism of 1860?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Yes. At that time the influence of Berlioz and Liszt was all-important. I don't know whether you will agree with me, but I think the influence of Liszt can be seen not only in all modern piano music, but in every important orchestral work—indeed, in every form except opera and chamber music, which he never tried. He really created a new orchestral style, which Berlioz, after all, did not do. Berlioz certainly invented many amazing effects of orchestral color, and sometimes, as in the ballet of sylphs in the "Damnation de Faust" (his finest work, I think), he writes "pure music" of high beauty. But Liszt is the father of Strauss, Mahler, and the rest of the modern Germans. His orchestral writing is always practical and idiomatic, as even Wagner's is not. Yes, in spite of his wild appearance, his "temperament," and all that, he was always practical: he knew just how to get the effect he wanted.

Mr. Mason. But surely Liszt's affectation, his pomposity, and his sentimentality, seriously mar all his work, particularly the later religious things—the masses and oratorios he wrote in Rome?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. [*Smiling.*] Liszt is bad when he wants to go up in the sky, where he does n't belong. But as to his "affectation," I should be a little careful about using that word. It has become his *label*—one of those labels that people pin to a man to save themselves the time and trouble of thinking about him for themselves, and forming an individual opinion. Such a label is a great blessing to the lazy ones; and even those who would like to be fair easily get into the way of using it. To me that is one of the most disgusting things about human life—the way walls are always being set up for us to bump our noses against. Somebody says a man's work is "funny" or "serious" or "classical," and then, poor fellow, he must go on all his life being nothing but funny or serious or classical.

Mr. Mason. Are n't people sometimes right, however? Is n't a man often mistaken in thinking he can do something else, as Sullivan, for instance, who wrote such delightful operettas, was mistaken when he made his dismal attempts at grand opera?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Oh, doubtless. But often work of real power is deprived of recognition by those wretched labels. And the thought that posterity may understand a man is not such a comfort to him as it might be; for posterity may never have the chance. Schubert's great C-major symphony might never have been heard if Schumann had n't raked the manuscript out of an old cupboard. And what a wonderful symphony it is, so full of melody, so large, and for me not a moment too long!

Mr. Mason. That reminds me of an odd error that was made by the English translator of Weingartner's book on "The Symphony Since Beethoven." Weingartner used the words "long breath" in describing the sustained quality of Bruchner's melodies. The translator turned this into "long-winded"!

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. [*Puzzled.*] "Long—"

Mr. Mason. That is a word which, in spite of your remarkable English, you perhaps have n't met. "Long-winded" means long-drawn-out, tedious.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Ah, I see. That was an amusing error. While we were speaking of the "New Russian School," I should have told you of the important part that a critic named Stassoff played in that movement. Stassoff was a man of great vitality, of splendid force both of body and mind, a commanding figure. (He died only last year, by the way, nearly eighty years old.) Well, in the sixties he was influential as an art-critic, and was a close friend of Turgenieff, Tolstoi, and other famous men. He believed that artists should follow their

[1] Rimsky-Korsakoff died June 21, 1908.

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From a photograph by Root. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

natural gifts, should be spontaneous and impulsive, should not study form too slavishly, should be "free" and "original." Feeling this way, he did all he could to help on the strong tendency toward realism in all the arts which was urging on young Russians at that time, and he also took a great interest in making known in Russia the fruits of the romantic movement in German and French music—the works of Berlioz and Liszt and Schumann, and also those of Wagner.

Mr. Mason. Do you not personally think, however, that the greatest musicians of all have been those who were not afraid to subject their "individualities" to severe technical discipline, and who were content to arrive at "freedom" through slow and patient mastery of their material? In fact, have not the despised schools

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and routines an inestimable value of their own?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Undoubtedly it is necessary to master one's medium; but the great men have done this in their own way. They have been largely self-educated. If you find out a thing for yourself, you have a firmer grasp of it than if it is told you by a teacher. Beethoven was largely self-educated, and there are many imperfections in his technic. There is much uncomfortable, awkward counterpoint in the later sonatas. The fugue in Opus 110 is masterly, but in the middle of the second movement of Opus 101 there is a passage

[*Going to the piano and playing.*]

which is hardly better than "pupil's writing." There are also harshnesses in Beethoven's orchestral writing, as in parts of the slow movement of the "Pastoral Symphony." [*Consulting the score.*] There, here. See how he makes the second violins play suspensions simultaneously with the first violins playing their resolutions.[1] I can't make out what those dissonances mean.

Mr. Mason. Is not that, however, intentional? Is it not done to blur the lines slightly with color, as Chopin does so often by means of the pedal?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Yes, that is true; and this is not so good an instance as the other. But, at any rate, speaking generally, Beethoven's writing is not entirely free from reproach as far as the technical part goes. This was because he was a sort of autodidact, if you have such a word.

Mr. Mason. I know what you mean —that he was self-taught.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. And never had sufficient systematic training. I don't mean that he did n't study enough, or that his teachers were not good. He studied with the finest masters of his day (Haydn, you remember, was one of his teachers). But being so individual, so independent, as he was, he never felt much like submitting entirely to rules and traditions. He often changed his teachers; he never stayed long enough with any of them; and so the training he got cannot be called systematic. Thus there is no so-called "school" in Beethoven's composition. But does this mar the beauty of his work? Not to any considerable extent. The supreme greatness of his musical and poetical ideas, the wonderful way in which he develops them, make us forget the few technical slips we occasionally come across. Beethoven was musically a great self-made man; and that makes his artistic personality only the stronger, the more impressive.

Mr. Mason. Do not Rimsky-Korsakoff and the other Russians, though, use dissonances more freely than Beethoven ever did?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Ah, but there is a difference between dissonances which are the result of crossing melodic lines such as you see in the opening phrase of Wagner's Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde," and dissonances arbitrarily introduced for purposes of color. Fancy Mozart writing such dissonances as these of Beethoven!

Mr. Mason. I see. The Russian attitude toward dissonance is another instance of the classical purity of feeling you were speaking of.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. [*Nodding.*] Let me speak very briefly, now, of the work of the different masters of the new school, which, by the by, is often referred to in our journalism by the slang name of "Kutschka," which one might translate—let me see—"the bundle"—no, "the bunch." This word was first used by Stassoff himself, but was quickly taken up and used ironically by the enemies and satirizers of the school. Balakireff first imported the sym-

[1] Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Litolff edition, page 27, last measure; page 28, first measure.

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phonic poem idea. He was more than influenced by Liszt; he imitated him. He and Rimsky-Korsakoff are the true originators of the school. Moussorgsky carried the idea of realistic, descriptive music to an extreme. Borodine and Cui were less original in instrumental music. Their best work was done for the stage. Most prominent among the younger generation is Glazounoff, a real master of the symphonic form and of chamber-music style. Liapounoff, a pupil of Balakireff, is, like him, inclined to be too minute in workmanship, to make charming mosaics, which, however, lack breadth and vigor. Then there are Rachmaninoff and Scriabine, the young men just coming along, and as yet hard to classify.

Mr. Mason. The name which means most of all to us Americans you have not yet mentioned.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Yes, I am coming to Tschaïkowsky. He and Rubinstein and Arensky were not of the "Kutschka," partly for purely geographic reasons. Tschaïkowsky, you remember, lived in Moscow, not in St. Petersburg. He was also, so to speak, born and reared in the conservatory, and was therefore more academic and more cosmopolitan than most of his contemporaries.

Mr. Mason. Was he not more popular than they?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Far more popular. Indeed, he was in that respect a second Mendelssohn, a general favorite among the people. This was partly, it seems to me, because of the strong profile of his melodies. Even the commonplace ones, of which there are a good many, have this strong silhouette. I was present at the first performance, in St. Petersburg, under his own direction, of his "Symphonie Pathétique," at which he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The ovation on his appearance lasted five or six minutes, the orchestra giving the *"Tusch"* three times. Poor Tschaïkowsky, who was very shy, was most uncomfortable, and wanted to begin the symphony. But now comes a curious thing. After the first movement, the applause was very slight, and as the work progressed, it became more perfunctory, until at the end every one was visibly disappointed.

Mr. Mason. And you explain that—

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. As due in part to the unaccustomed style of the work, the tragic gloom of the first and last movements, and the very somber ending, and in part to Tschaïkowsky's unsatisfactory rendering. He was a poor conductor.

Mr. Mason. You think the symphony very tragic, then. Do you not believe that people have exaggerated its pessimism and despair?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. The first and last movements are certainly most tragic, but the two middle movements by no means. The march is one of the most splendid and exciting of all orchestral pieces, and the movement in five-four measure is gracious and not sad. Tschaïkowsky was certainly not in a pessimistic frame of mind when he wrote it. He used to say that he was unhappy when he was young, because he did not understand himself, but that as he grew older, he also grew happier.

Mr. Mason. That is what one would expect in so sensitive and so noble a character as his.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. A week later he was dead of cholera, and the general love that was felt for him was shown at his funeral. It was a national pageant. Even the public schools were closed that day. I happened to be in Vienna at the time of Brahms's death, and even his funeral did not compare with Tschaïkowsky's in the amount of respect and affection shown. But that is, after all, what one would expect; for Brahms, who never made the slightest attempt to be popular, could not in the nature of things immediately receive wide appreciation. The "Symphonie Pathétique" was given again in St. Petersburg ten days after the original performance, and led this time by Napravnik, one of our greatest conductors. Here for the first time the people seemed to realize the value of this beautiful work. The enthusiasm was great. During the *Adagio lamentoso* many people wept, and from that time this swan-song of Tschaïkowsky has been considered his greatest and most representative work.

Mr. Mason. [*After a pause.*] Mr. Gabrilowitsch, from what you say of the great regard which your modern masters, like Glazounoff, have for purity of musical texture, together with what I know

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of their work, I should think they would make admirable teachers. Would you advise a foreigner who was anxious to get the best possible training in composition to study with them?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. I should without hesitation. I do not see how one could do better than study harmony with Liadow, counterpoint with Tanaieff, orchestration with Glazounoff, and finally composition with Rimsky-Korsakoff. When I was speaking of our composers just now, I should have mentioned Tanaieff. He was a pupil of Tschaïkowsky; he is a master of counterpoint, and his C-minor Symphony is a fine work.

Mr. Mason. You think that Russia compares favorably with Germany as a Mecca for students?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. At the present day I think you can get a better training there —far more thorough—than in Germany. I speak, too, from experience. In a class in a German conservatory which I once visited there were about twenty men, some just beginning counterpoint, others advanced enough to be trying their hands at symphonies. All these were jumbled together in one class. One day a man brought in a movement of a symphony. "Very well," said the professor; "play it over on the piano." And sitting at the other side of the room, without looking at the score, he made a few comments on general matters of form, development, and so on! Now, Glazounoff would never let me play anything I brought him. "You play too well, my boy," he would say; "you can make anything sound well." He would himself sit at the piano, with my score before him, and discuss in detail such points as the division of the woodwind instruments on a chord for proper sonority, the voice-leading, etc. —just those matters which the pupil most needs to understand. I have known him to work half an hour on a short passage, with as much care as if it were his own. That is the only way to teach effectively.

Mr. Mason. That is indeed splendid.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. And then his thoroughness! After I had been with him a good while, he said to me: "Are you sure you understand harmony sufficiently?" Surprised at the question, I answered that I had gone through harmony when I was a small boy, and thought I understood it. "Nevertheless, go to Liadow for a month or two," he said, " and review your harmony with him." I did so, and was astonished at the result. Up to that time I had always had to work out every modulation, the resolution of every dissonance, as a fresh problem, which I solved sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. It was too much guesswork, and the result was "messy." Liadow reduced everything to system. When I came to write this Elegy for piano and violoncello, it flowed off like—like butter; I did not hesitate or feel my way at all. It is less substantial, perhaps less individual, than the "Thème Varié" which I played at my recital, but it is far better written.

Mr. Mason. Your variations seemed to me very fine; I wish I might hear them again.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. I had a good joke with one of them. You remember this one [*playing a few measures*], which is in style of melody and harmony so curiously Brahmsish? Well, I used to tell my friends that I had discovered an intermezzo of Brahms, left among his manuscripts, and then I would play this. "Ah," they would cry, "how characteristic! What genuine Brahms!" Then I would tell them what it was, and we would have a good laugh.

Mr. Mason. One thing I wish to ask you is, What influence have the political troubles of Russia had upon its music?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Almost all the musicians of whom I have spoken have been constitutional democrats, not terrorists or bomb-throwers, you understand, but believers in legal limitation of the autocratic power. The reasons for the strikes of the conservatory students have been, I believe, much misunderstood in America. They were working not for anarchy, but for reforms which, two years ago, virtually all classes in Russia, the aristocrats as well as the peasants, felt to be necessary. As the conservatories were then under government control, the revolutionary agitations of the older students led to their expulsion, and when Rimsky-Korsakoff took their part, he, too, was expelled—a fine and much respected man, mind you, of over seventy.

Mr. Mason. And then?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Glazounoff, Liadow, and other teachers voluntarily re-

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signed, and the Petersburg Conservatory was closed for a time. Now, however, it is no longer under government control, and the musicians are reinstated.

Mr. Mason. [*Rising.*] I suppose I cannot take my departure without submitting the usual question, always asked of visiting virtuosos, What do you think of music in America?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. [*Laughing.*] That I can hardly answer intelligently, as I know very little of your native music.

Mr. Mason. But you know our audiences, if not our composers.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Your audiences are remarkably intelligent—just as intelligent, I should say, as European audiences. I have had audiences even in small towns, far out West, to whom I have not hesitated to play the sonatas, Opus 109 and Opus 110, of Beethoven, and who have picked out in my programs, without fail, what is best, and what is *not* best. Of course there is always some ignorance everywhere, but the audiences are not alone in that. How many professionals there are who think that if they only play pianissimo they play Chopin!

Mr. Mason. The tendency to judge music by its expression rather than by its intrinsic qualities is indeed wide-spread. There are always many people who like to be emotionally moved, thrilled, or startled, and very few who prefer a pure artistic delight. Is n't that the reason, for instance, of the great impression made by Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica?"

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. The "Symphonia Domestica" has perhaps been overrated, but Strauss, nevertheless, is an extraordinary musical personality. In "Salome" he displays marvelous ingenuity, technical skill, and sense for dramatic effect.

Mr. Mason. Ah, the much-talked-of "Salome"! You thoroughly enjoyed it, then?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Not altogether. The famous Dance of the Seven Veils seemed to me weak, and I failed to be impressed by the passage where the double-basses picture the prophet's pit. That seemed to me merely grotesque [*smiling*]. Indeed, it is awfully funny. I don't see anything wonderful in that sort of thing. But the dramatic effect of "Salome" as a whole is immense, and that is all you want in an opera.

Mr. Mason. You were not repelled by the pathological character of the subject?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. I was too busy listening to the music, to the instrumentation, too keenly interested to see how Strauss was going to express the various incidents of his score, to think of that. Perhaps, however, others who had not such a professional interest might feel what you speak of more. But art should have no restraints. It should be allowed to deal with any subject under heaven.

Mr. Mason. I must say that personally I sympathized with those who argued for the suppression of "Salome." Morbid psychology, it seems to me, should not be put upon the stage. I can even fancy that some unbalanced persons might be much injured by seeing such a horrid spectacle.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. It does not strike me that way. It is too far from our actual conditions to affect us. For, after all [*laughing*], we do not love dead people: we prefer those we love to be alive. To me other subjects sometimes found in operas, as, say, the love of a brother for his sister—the incestuous love of *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* in Wagner's "Walküre"—are much more repulsive.

Mr. Mason. What do you think of Strauss's polyphony, of the tangle of themes he likes to weave in such profusion and complexity?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. You cannot always call it polyphony when a man makes seven or nine voices go together that *don't* go together! There are many things in Strauss, as in Beethoven, that we may not like when we subject them to a minute scrutiny. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that his effects are immense. Just think of "Heldenleben" and "Zarathustra." By the way, Gustav Mahler is, I think, quite as impressive as Strauss, though in a very different way. He always has an idea, and he never uses a "program." His friends have tried to get him to draw up programs for his compositions, but he will not do it.

Mr. Mason. His style, too, is less chromatic than Strauss's?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Far less. But he is quite as great a virtuoso of the orchestra. His colors are more peculiar, more

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individual, than those of any other composer. Both men, of course, really derive their method from Liszt, though Mahler, who does not care for Liszt, would not admit it. Mahler is also, I think, the greatest of living conductors.

Mr. Mason. [*Hesitating.*] Your admiration for these ultra-moderns rather puzzles me. Do you not, then, care for Brahms and for what he represents in modern music?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Ah, I do indeed. I would willingly sacrifice the entire work of Strauss rather than a single symphony, or a quintet, of Brahms. One admires Strauss rather than loves him. But without Brahms one would n't like to live in this world.

Mr. Mason. I am glad to hear you say that. And Brahms's orchestration—do you, like so many, consider it thick, gray, ineffective?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. That is one of those terrible labels again. In most cases it seems to me that his orchestration is that of a master, and exactly fits the ideas. Given that type of music, that is the way it *must* be scored. It is true, nevertheless, that in writing for piano and orchestra he does not always get good contrast, or support his solo instrument sufficiently. In the first movement of the B-flat Piano Concerto, which I play next week, there is a long climax at the end of which the soloist needs firm support. If Tschaïkowsky were writing it, he would give you all the trombones there were to be had. Brahms gives you just a few strings, and you simply cannot produce enough tone-volume to satisfy the ear, no matter how you try. But in other parts of the same concerto there is most delightful scoring. That and Schumann's Concerto are the most beautiful, to me, in the entire repertoire.

Mr. Mason. What a heavenly thing the Schumann is!

Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Perfect from beginning to end, in spite of the poor orchestration.

Mr. Mason. I must really go now, or you will have no time to practise the concerto.

[*Exit.*]

PRESCIENCE

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

DANK fields no faintest glint of green hath broke
The drear of; skies' dull gray uninterspersed
With the white surprise from thunder-clouds aburst;
No hint of wimpling leafage on the oak:
And yet I see abroad the robin-folk,
Tripping with pensive interludes of pause;
And yester eve I watched 'mid icy flaws
The northward wild geese like a film of smoke.
A little space, and all that now delays
Inert in wombs of loam will come to light:
Weed ardors, and the mighty lusts of bogs,—
Feigned stagnancy but mantling fecund ways;
Brief space, and lovers loitering of a night
Will hearken, suddenly aware: "The frogs!"

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THE NEW POWER

BY W. ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof," "Oriented," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

THIS was in the times recently gone past, when the marine two-cycle, internal-combustion motor was not trustworthy.

The wave of the new power was sweeping outward over the whole continent of North America: down the Mississippi, with the shoal-draft fleet, to Memphis and on to New Orleans; down the East coast by the inside course and the open sea to the Florida Keys and into Florida bayous until it broke in foam and spray and artificial thunder at Lake Worth; up from San Francisco and Seattle, where, never being able to forget Deception Pass and Cape Flattery in a westerly gale, they built their engines heavy, through the Strait of Georgia, till it set the silence throbbing in the mountain-ringed fjords of British Columbia, and heard, a lonely sound, its own echoes from North Pacific bergs grounded on reefs in the Bering Strait; eastward and westward through the lakes and by a hundred thousand rivers, till it followed, town by town, down the St. Lawrence and into the open gulf, where it was met by itself—that had come round the other way, town by town up the Atlantic, and went on through the fog beyond, to Labrador and Hudson's Bay, where there were no towns, only men that travel by water, and not very many of these.

This being the North American continent, each man who designed an engine thought that his thought had never been thought by any man before; and in North America every new thought or thing is given to the public, whether it has any worth in the sight of heaven or not. Now, a great gasolene engine, like a great prayer, must either be crystallized out of many conventions, each of which has been formed by being broken several times,—as they build ships in England,—or else it must be made by a genius. This latter is the poorer way, but necessary when things are new and there are no conventions to go by. And as this sort of man believes in no conventions that he does not invent himself, and as the call was very great, and as geniuses are very few, most of the engines were very wonderful and very pathetic, and the enduring public were the sufferers, as ever.

Here follows one of the least of the instances. On the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and because it is at the mouth of the River Fore (which you will not be able to find on the map), is a town named Foremouth. Twelve miles up the Fore is another town which works particularly in iron and steel and coal, named Granton Place, though the people of Foremouth, who do not work particularly in anything, call it Smutville. For reasons no greater than this, in the manner of neighboring towns, Foremouth and Granton Place are not friends.

The inhabitants of both towns are mainly of Scotch descent, but Foremouth had at least one man who was true Scotch, and showed no sign of descent of any sort. He was an M. R. C. S. and an L. R. C. P., and after that he was a doctor of medicine of the University of Edinburgh, and

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his name was Campbell. He was a man of independent character of the Scotch type, only somewhat accentuated, if possible. He had taken his Edinburgh degree with great honor to himself and his native town, and with an assured and lucrative practice at home, had immediately come to Canada, where he was advised to go West. He came East. The Doctor's appearance was distinguished by a trimmed beard and powerful spectacles, and being unmarried, he lived and differed with an aunt, Miss Jane Campbell. He was a man with a quiet and awful pertinacity, and he never permitted his practice to interfere with any duty or diversion he felt he owed the public. So, if anybody had ever thought about it, the meeting between him and the mysterious two-cycle engine of even that late day was an event to be looked forward to with great joy.

The wave approached by way of Granton Place. Small, unclean boats breeding blue smoke and odors and curious sounds came out of the mouth of the Fore and disported themselves in Foremouth Harbor, where they went or refused to go, as occasion suggested. Besides, in the way of cheap two-cycle engines, they made startling noises of two sorts which Foremouth learned were called respectively explosions in the crank-base and explosions in the exhaust. During these activities Foremouth made no sign, but moved about in sail-boats and two steam-launches, and judged that the noises, though terrifying, were harmless, as, in every case while they were proceeding, the person who sat over the engine, in the midst of the thunder and the smoke, looked toward the far horizon or evinced an interest in other boats.

Then a ninety-foot twin-screw cruiser called the *Pilgrim* came to live in Foremouth. Her engine-room held two fifty-horse-power four-cycle engines that moved her with the silence and regularity of the tides. Foremouth was impressed. And then immediately came an agent from Ontario, introducing a double-opposed four-cycle obsession of the sort that has its exhaust-valve spring held up by a washer, and the washer by a split pin stuck through a hole in the valve stem. Its reputation had been founded on its irreproachable performances when mounted on the blocks at an exhibition. He explained the finest engine on earth to a patient and receptive audience. Like the gentleman with the extract of soap-tree bark and the vampire bat, he "had also" a nickel-plated two-cycle devil that an ineradicable habit of kicking back had distinguished as "the arm-breaker" over half the continent. He selected Walter Deane, Foremouth's second blacksmith, as the man best fitted by nature to deal with the latter, and sold him one. Then, with Mr. Deane's permission, he set up a specimen of each kind in the shop as an exhibit for the now thoroughly aroused public, and left them to argue for themselves. They did.

Mr. Deane was a powerful man of six feet two, and after firmly bolting down his own engine to a box that had formerly contained horseshoes, he essayed to start it. While he was connecting up its circulation to a tub of fresh water, a piece of very flexible lead pipe to an improvised gasolene tank that sat on a high stool, and a spark-coil to the cells of a dry battery, the audience was gradually assembling and finding comfortable seats on the benches and around the forge. It included a hereditary engineer and the Doctor, very quiet and unobtrusive, whose presence was noted softly as a pregnant and significant event.

In the meantime, Mr. Deane, as the Foremouth representative of the firm producing the finest gasolene engine in the country, explained obscure theoretical points to any questioner. He explained the make-and-break spark-coil and tested it. His arm jerked upward. The coil was patently in excellent condition. Some one choked. Mr. Deane regarded him with a fixed smile. He turned on the gasolene, and approached the engine with a crank.

"Now we 'll start her," he said, speaking lightly, as of an inconsiderable thing. He heaved once. There was an ear-splitting report, a flash of bluish-yellow flame, and he found himself standing empty-handed, while the odor of burnt gasolene spread on the air. One small boy slid quietly from a window: everybody else assisted in the search for the crank. They found it under the bellows.

Mr. Deane took it gingerly, while he examined his left hand with some care. He approached the engine more tentatively.

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"We got an explosion, anyway," he remarked.

"Ye did," said some one on a bench, intending only to be encouraging. Mr. Deane regarded him at some length, when some one else choked slightly again, and he shifted his gaze to this last offender.

"What are you cackling at?" he said. The cackler furnishing no reply, he fitted the crank again and heaved, but without result. After three minutes, with an old capstan for extra weight on the box, and two men to hold it, another man offered to try. He sweat freely for two minutes, to the accompaniment of obscure sounds from the interior of the machine and a faint smell of gasolene. There was no other effect. The crowd had gathered closer when Mr. Deane took the crank again. "Stand clear!" he said, and threw his weight on it.

The nickel-plated devil went. The sputter of its exhaust roared in their faces, and the box on which it stood danced with the vibration. For one critical instant it ingeniously balanced itself on one corner; then it fell over. The nebula that represented the fly-wheel, revolving a full fifteen hundred times a minute, struck the floor, and engine and box together leaped straight at Mr. Walter Deane's throat. Mr. Deane turned and fled, and the crowd dissolved away as the mist at sunrise, while the engine and box, like a motor wheelbarrow, pranced across the shop, followed precipitately by a flock of batteries, spark-coil, and gasolene tank, until it came to rest against the wall. There it continued to go for several seconds, then miraculously stopped.

Mr. Deane, who found himself in the open air with the others, went back into the great smell of gasolene, and, after righting the overturned tank, approached the recumbent engine. There came a voice from among the heads at the door:

"Don't go too near her, Wattie. She 'll get up and knock yer block off!"

"Aw, shut up!" he rejoined; then he considered the wreck. "Nothing but the igniter-rod bent. That 's lucky." The crowd ventured back. They connected her up again, and weighted down the box with castings. Mr. Deane took the crank with more confidence. Six seconds later, as a gunner would put it, his trajectory cut the surface of the water—in the tub that blacksmiths use to cool things in. Mr. Deane arrived approximately in a sitting posture, and his displacement was sufficient to remove a great deal of water from the tub, and distribute it among the nearest of the spectators. Mr. Deane rose with some struggle, but the majority of the spectators failed to rise at all, and lay about on the benches and on the floor in the position of men being strangled. Mr. Deane stood in a pool of black water, and for a full minute his language was positively frightful. Then, with a hand held tenderly on his hip, he regarded the writhing figures.

"Think ye re funny, don't ye!" he said fiercely. One man rolled over on his back, drew up his knees, and pounded his boots alternately on the floor. This was the only response. Later they recovered sufficiently to get up. They were offered the crank; there were no takers. Mr. Deane felt called upon to go home and change. This ended the experiments for the day. That evening the story, with elaborate details, could be heard on any corner of the front street, and when Mr. Deane came downtown after supper, the entire populace seemed to wish to know whether he had "got her started." His answer was invariably to the effect that he had not had time to adjust her yet, but that he would not be so busy to-morrow.

Foremouth, all innocent and uninformed, stood blind, never knowing that a sign had been given her. It was the beginning of the marvelous explanatory fluency that develops in the owner of the cheap two-cycle engine. It was the sign of the beginning of the trouble. The psychology of it is this: it is not that the owner in his secret heart admires the engine,—he has seen the heavy four-cycle running quietly all the long season through,—but the obstreperous little devil is his, to protect and justify against a gibing and jeering public; so he learns to lie incontinently, and, in the regrettable end, to believe the lies himself. Mr. Deane, at one time later in the season, so far forgot himself as to be frank about it. It was at the end of a race in which Providence had directed that his engine should go without interruption, and longer than it had ever gone before. He won. He addressed the engine tensely and just above his breath, but was overheard.

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Drawn by C. S. Chapman. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

GEORGE AND JUMPS INSPECT THE NEW POWER

"You ——," he said, "if you 'd 'a' stopped, I 'd 'a' taken ye round a bend in the river, and kicked the cylinders off ye!" The concentrated sweat of all that season's cranking was collected there; but it is to be noticed that he said he would take her around a bend in the river.

Mr. Deane's engine was apparently tamed by kindness, or at least by a child. It was on the following day, when he was out of the shop for a few minutes. Three youths had been investigating, and one experimentally rocked the fly-wheel. There was a sound of cannonading from within, and the three appeared, fleeing for the dock as for their lives. Mr. Deane entered. The engine was running in the midst of a quivering thunder-cloud, and appeared to be more or less amenable to control by small levers that showed faintly in the heart of the disturbance. She was permitted to run, and the crowd of the day before gathered again and marveled. From that moment onward the box on which that engine sat bore the marks of human blood, ever increasing in number. The season was properly opened.

The *Pilgrim* had arrived in the autumn. All this was in the winter-time and the very early spring. Then came an aberrant specimen, the before-mentioned hereditary engineer, a convert from steam. He studied Mr. Deane's engine and disliked the design, so he studied the designs in a yachting periodical. He realized the mechanical hopelessness of most of them, and he finally sent for one weighing forty pounds, for which were claimed the most astounding capabilities, and for which he paid ninety-seven cents a pound. When it arrived, he retired to a machine-shop with it, took out its vitals, and profoundly altered them. He remodeled a rowboat, put the engine in, and dropped the boat in the harbor among the ice-cakes in April, the first of the Foremouth motor-boats. For two months that engine went, forward or backward, fair weather or foul, with never a skip, until all Foremouth wondered. Then her owner, being a hereditary engineer, knew that her poor, foolish, little pump was played out, and that the time of her general dissolution was at hand, and sold her to a man who, on account of her reputation, insisted on paying two and a half times what she had cost.

This incident is unimportant in itself, but it served to bring the Doctor to a decision, and this is not unimportant. Nothing is unimportant that breeds admiration or merriment.

The Doctor explained that he purposed building a small but seaworthy boat, in which, if he wished, he could take a run

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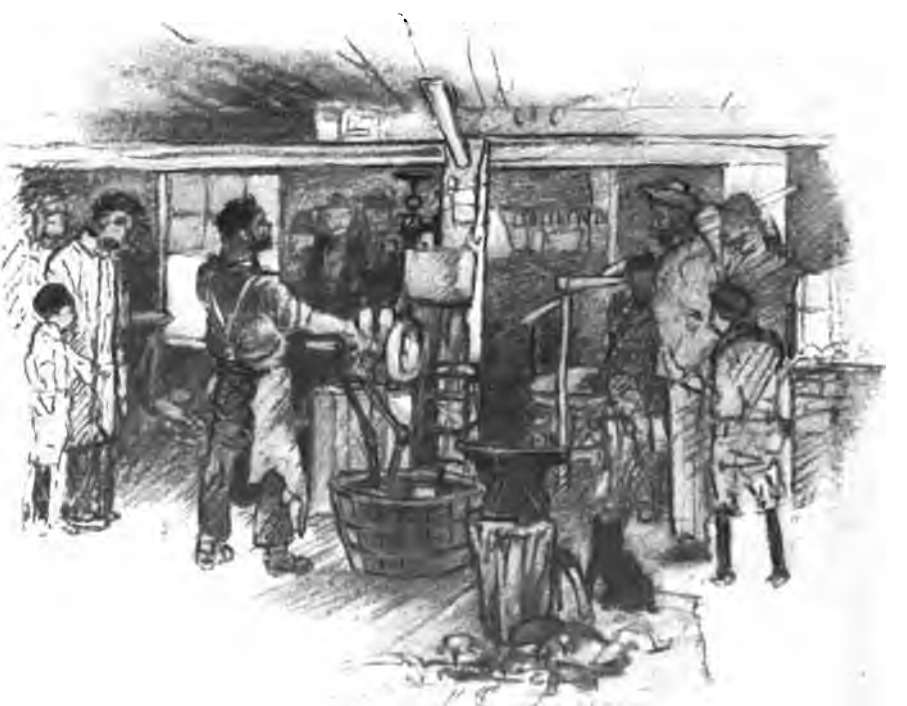
over to Prince Edward Island. "Or Newfoun'lan'," suggested a bystander. He said no; that was too far, amid murmurs of dissent. He fixed upon the dory type as suitable, and a boat-builder began making models with a jack-knife. As she grew, she developed a turtle-back over her bow that formed a tunnel into which two men might crawl, and at the forward end of which lived the gasolene tank. This her owner dignified as a "hunting cabin." He took public advice as to what type of engine he should get,—the public were consulting experts by this time,—and, disregarding it, imported an unknown, and, in the light of later events, apparently an unknowable, machine. She gave great trouble from the first instant, and so formed a suitable objective on which a Scotch character could react.

The day of the Doctor's launch elicited the most enthusiastic interest from the public. The Doctor's launches always did. Several times during her construction the dory had been altered, until, at the end, the last trace of resemblance to the original design had faded away, and she was as much of an anomaly as had been any of the Doctor's sail-boats. To enhance her already notable sea-keeping qualities, the Doctor had had both her bow and stern raised, until the earlier arrivals noted her resemblance to a Malay flying proa, and said so. The remark met with instant approval, and the *Flying Proa* she became. This was a convenience, as she was never formally named.

The first arrival was Jumps (as nearly as it could be gathered phonetically), a ubiquitous dog that partook of the characteristics of a dachshund and an Irish water spaniel, except that he was black. The only effective description of him had been given by Henry Simpson, Mr. Deane's chief rival in the blacksmithing business, who had said that he looked like a cross between an astrakhan cap and a length of stove-pipe. The second arrival was George, the owner of Jumps, a small boy of mechanical tendencies, and, later, second engineer of the *Flying Proa*. Then they came by twos and threes, and included Mr. Deane, Henry Simpson, the engineer of the *Pilgrim*, whose name was



Drawn by C. S. Chapman. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'NOW WE 'LL START HER,' HE SAID, SPEAKING LIGHTLY"

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"THE DOCTOR . . . WENT OVERBOARD, TAKING THE CAN OF GASOLENE WITH HIM"

Dennison, a plumber with two assistants, —to connect up the quarter-inch gasolene pipe,—and the Doctor's aunt, who was a lady of retiring but firm disposition, and who disapproved of the whole business. With possibly one or two exceptions, everybody at one time or another walked on Jumps, whose yells brought other dogs.

The actual launching process inadvertently included George, who, at the last moment, became involved in the *Flying Proa's* coiled new painter, and followed her, feet first, down the ways and out to sea, taking the painter with him; so that the *Proa* had to be salved and towed in with a flat, the Doctor meanwhile addressing George from the roof of the hunting cabin. Great enthusiasm. The *Flying Proa* was brought alongside the wharf, and while the plumbers connected the gasolene pipe, the engineer of the *Pilgrim* was commissioned to do the wiring. The Doctor, standing precariously on the extreme bow with a five-gallon gasolene can in one hand and a funnel in the other, prepared to fill the tank, and dilated on the advantages of the jump-spark system of ignition. He had a jerky manner, and spoke in interrupted cascades. Mr. Deane differed at once, and argued with deliberation in favor of the make-and-break. The crowd drew up in appreciation.

Now, when George came aboard he left the forward deck very wet. Also, like all real marine engines, the *Pilgrim's* engines had make-and-break ignition. It may have been professional feeling or it may only have been that the engineer of the *Pilgrim* was a humorist; there may have been collusion inside the hunting cabin. In any case, after the discussion had got to the point where the Doctor had told Mr. Deane that it was only his ignorance that made him talk like that, he bent down to put the funnel in the tank, straightened up with a horrible sound, half-groan, half-yell, struggled at an impossible angle for a visible instant, to the accompaniment of a shriek from Miss Jane, and went overboard, taking the can of gasolene with him. Evident joy on the part of George and more enthusiasm of the crowd, who insisted on rescuing the can of gasolene first. Henry Simpson, smoking, spoke to his nearest neighbor.

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"Everything 's goin' off beautiful so far."

"Beautiful!" was the reply; "and there 's likely more to come."

"Or go," added Mr. Simpson. He spoke with insight.

The three plumbers and Mr. Dennison backed, red-faced, out of the hunting cabin (it was suffocating), and evinced their surprise at the disturbance. They were in time to hoist the Doctor aboard.

"I got a shock," he coughed, running salt water.

"So did we," said Mr. Dennison.

"I mean 'n electric shock."

"An electric shock?" repeated Mr. Dennison, looking at the plumbers as a man seeking justification. "Could n't be. Is n't possible."

"Could n't be," repeated the second assistant. However, they promised to look for a leak. The Doctor's attention was called away by Miss Campbell insisting that he go home and change, but the Doctor advanced the salt-water theory. She said further that if he did n't go, she would. He said she might. She did.

It had been suggested several times that he set up his engine and test it before putting it in the boat. He explained that the engine was adjusted and tested before leaving the factory.

It was sunset when everything was prepared. The onlookers had found comfortable seats, and cheerfully stayed away from supper, trusting in further developments. An old gentleman named Didder had retired to a broken place in the wharf, had taken off his boots and socks, and was improving the occasion by soaking his feet in the sea. Aboard the *Flying Proa* there were Jumps and George, the Doctor and Mr. Dennison, Mr. Deane, the plumber, and the two assistants. An expectant silence settled down when the Doctor rocked the fly-wheel, according to instructions. There was no result. The crank was applied. There was no result. It was discovered that the engine was getting no gasolene, and the pipe was forthwith disconnected at the tank. The union was stopped with shellac. The engineer of the *Pilgrim* suggested waiting until daylight. The Doctor said no. The master plumber went down, bearing an acetylene bicycle lamp, and the assistants followed, bearing two pieces of iron wire, and looking covertly toward the door. The Doctor went also, and they probed that union. The engineer of the *Pilgrim* unostentatiously went ashore, and retired a short distance up the wharf, taking with him the *Pilgrim's* owner and a girl, who had joined the throng in the twilight.

"I don't think it 'll be very bad," he said, "but he 's hunting for gasolene, and it 's likely he 'll find it in less than a minute." Together they watched the faint white light that showed through the two small ports in the *Flying Proa's* hunting cabin. Then silently it changed to a brilliant yellow.

"They 've got it," murmured Mr. Dennison. How four men passed out through that door in the time was amazing. They came forth locked together as though welded into a mass by the heat of the explosion—and there was no explosion. In the cockpit they broke apart, and as yellow fire puffed out of the cabin, the two assistants went overboard without a whimper.

The master plumber climbed ashore, and was promptly knocked down by Mr. Didder, who had broke cover and was pattering up the wharf like a barefooted boy, leaving his boots and socks to the mercy of the rising tide. The master plumber rose to explain that a little gasolene came through and caught fire, but that he had shut it off. The Doctor stayed aboard with George and threw in water until the fire was under control, when George entered alone and pounded it out.

The plumber's assistants crawled up the wharf without help, Henry Simpson asking them if they expected to be out long, and the rest putting the traditional questions as to the state of the water, until they became irritable and went home.

Mr. Deane found himself at the back of the crowd without any distinct recollection of the details of his translation. The crowd itself was in ecstasy, the only fear being that the Doctor would feel that he had accomplished enough for one day; but the Doctor seldom disappointed. The fact that concerned him was that the plumbers with the iron wire had struck gasolene. All was accomplished. He was ready to start. During the fire, Jumps had remained unperturbed on the forward deck. George had also qualified as a hero; the

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rest were ashore. It was entirely meet that he should start with such a crew.

"Well, I think we are ready for our trial trip," he announced, addressing no one. The crowd hung in expectant festoons. The acetylene bicycle lamp had been salved. Its light was turned on the engine, which sat smiling in the cockpit, and a boy was instructed to cast off the lines. Some one hanging over the coping spoke:

"If ye 're round the Ma'dalens, an' there 's any fog, don't forget the gun on the Bird Rocks." This remark was disregarded. George held the lantern, and the Doctor knelt. Under the influence of his cranking, the *Flying Proa* moved slowly out past the end of the wharf, and, amid a breathless silence, drifted up harbor into the dark with the rising tide. For four hours the light moved slowly about within a few hundred yards of the wharf, and in all that time there came not one indication of life from the engine. Sometimes, borne over the still water, drifted in the sound of voices in conversation, and once, for a period of almost a minute, George's voice arose in blasphemy. The remnant of the crowd, who had not succeeded in finding a method of getting afloat, and straining to hear, deduced that the electrical apparatus was still intact. There were also sounds as of hammering, and at last, after midnight, when the carbide had burned out in the lamp, the Doctor accepted a tow from a rowboat, and came ashore. Evidently touched by the pertinacity of the remnant of the spectators, who still held on, he explained that he was "getting too much gas."

"Can't ye shut it off?" asked some one.

"Of course I can."

"Then why did n' ye?"

The Doctor threw a pitying glance at the questioner and strode up the wharf, while George was received into the bosom of the bystanders and plied for details. The recital went on amid whoops of merriment for half an hour, then drew to a drowsy close. "I got mad and tired of crankin' at last, an' told him his engine was no good. That made him wild, an' he says: 'Ye dern little whelp, have n't ye got sense enough to keep yer feet off o' them wires!' An' just then the light went out. I guess that 's what saved me."

At seven o'clock the next morning the Doctor was down with a bag of surgical instruments, notably bone forceps and probes. Everybody available made a point of superintending. When he removed his coat, a voice suggested that he had better not give her chloroform, as she seemed to have a weak heart. The Doctor's reply was brief and discourteous. George, being of a forgiving disposition, turned up, and assisted through the whole of that glaring day.

The Doctor's engineering methods were unique. For the most part he disregarded monkey-wrenches and spanners as requiring too much fitting, and handled nuts and cap-screws with gas-pliers, or, in stubborn cases, a stillson. Mistrusting the construction of his spark-plug, he tore it to pieces, and inserted one or two iron washers where he thought they would be useful. After this the plug miraculously refused to spark, and had to be permitted to return to its original condition. It suffered in the struggle, and from the outside was unrecognizable. The vaporizer, after a stubborn fight, gave up its internals, which were filed and replaced, but to no effect. A second sun went down on the *Flying Proa* at rest.

For four days after this the whole business life of the lower street was demoralized. No man might make an appointment with any assurance of being able to keep it without being summoned to the wharf to see the Doctor start. A dozen times the word went around, and a dozen times it was a false alarm. On the fifth morning everybody came down to find the *Flying Proa* at sea. She was lying three or four hundred yards from the shore, apparently at anchor. Whether she went out under her own power or whether she was rowed out before dawn (with a view to becoming inaccessible), was never known. George and Jumps and the Doctor were equally uncommunicative. The many who used to spend their time fishing mackerel, when there were any mackerel to fish, took bottled drinks with them, rowed out, and tied up alongside. They towed the *Proa* ashore at sunset, the Doctor explaining that there was a short circuit between the primary and secondary in his spark-coil.

There was no end in sight, and the strain was making the town nervous and irritable, and the back of the Doctor's

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"THEY ACCEPTED A TOW . . . AND RETURNED TO THE WHARF"

neck was so badly sunburned that he had to keep a heavily powdered cloth on it, when one afternoon the hereditary engineer went aboard and studied things from the top of the hunting cabin. He asked if he might try her, and the Doctor ungraciously said something to the effect that he might do whatever he saw fit. The engineer reached into one or two inaccessible places, then turned the fly-wheel. The engine broke into song, there was a roar of troubled water under the *Flying Proa's* stern, and leaving the frayed end of her painter hanging from a mooring-ring in the wharf, she careered out on the bosom of the harbor. The engine gradually slowed until the *Proa* moved at a good five miles an hour, and ran steady so until she was half a mile out in the stream; then it came to rest.

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"Trapped, by thunder!" said some one in the crowd, referring to the hereditary engineer. They could see them cranking, and at dusk they towed them ashore. After this the *Flying Proa* went at widely separated intervals, but never at more than five miles an hour. Ordinarily she drifted up with one tide and down with the next, taking advantage of favorable slants of wind for side runs, and often wayfarers would stop in the streets of Foremouth, where one could get a glimpse of the water, and watch a curious boat lying far out in the path of the sun, with a man's shoulders heaving up and down in her cockpit.

If public interest slackened at all, it was fully renewed on the day Miss Jane took her first trip. She brought several ladies for moral support. They knew nothing of gasolene boats and distrusted them as fully as did Miss Campbell, but feeling their responsibility, they kept a firm upper lip. To those on the wharf it was patent that Miss Campbell was in a highly nervous condition when she stepped, or rather fell, into her seat in the stern. Being stout, she visibly altered the trim of the *Flying Proa,* and this she noted with apprehension. For her special benefit the Doctor had erected over the cockpit a green canopy top of his own design, and apparently of his own construction. In general principle it was a great umbrella, with the exception that, instead of being round, it was square, and with only four ribs, one to each corner. It was supported on a six-foot mast, lashed to a thwart, and the corners were guyed down with four ornate green cords. Of this invention, from the first moment, Miss Jane conceived an inordinate terror. The fact that it would not have made a good sail for the *Proa* in a typhoon made no difference. However, it served one purpose: it kept her attention away from the engine. Besides, the *Proa's* engine from the first was never violent, but always mild and desultory, and, if less desultory, became milder as time went on.

On the day in question, through some trifling accident, it started without difficulty. The *Flying Proa* came around the end of the wharf with the Doctor, George, Jumps, Miss Jane, three other ladies, the engine, the mast and four guys of the canopy top, and one unclassified small boy, all in the cockpit. They had proceeded perhaps seventy-five yards, and on the wharf Henry Simpson had just remarked, referring to the exhaust, that it sounded as if some one aboard had asthma, when the coughing ceased and the *Proa* stopped. The Doctor bent down to make some adjustments, and must have fouled some of the rigging of the canopy top, for that protection instantly collapsed. The mast remained, and the top came down, as does an umbrella, and infolded the cockpit and its contents. From the sounds that proceeded from beneath it was apparent that Jumps had been stepped on again; then there was a disturbance of the tent, the *Proa* rocked violently, and scream after scream came muffled upon the air. A moment later the canopy top began to unfold itself, raising its wings aloft until it barely disclosed the *Proa's* crew, when it instantly collapsed again, Miss Jane ducking as it came. This time there was a severe silence beneath, and, after some seconds of this, while the canopy remained motionless, it gave further evidences of recovery, and finally spread itself out like a full-blown rose. Herewith Miss Jane could be heard arguing that either that top or she would go ashore. The Doctor expostulated, explaining that it could not happen again, but to no avail. When he finally gave in, neither George nor he could start the engine, and when, at the end of half an hour, it went, the *Flying Proa* had drifted far up the harbor.

In the meantime the canopy had behaved admirably, and had afforded so much shelter from the sun that Miss Jane said they might try to get along with it. But the Doctor said no: if it was a real danger, it must go ashore. They would take it back to the wharf. The day was calm, and the tide was rising. The wind was light, off shore. The engine stopped thirty-two times by count, and George and the Doctor ran sweat. Five times the *Flying Proa* was within a stone's throw of the wharf, and five times she drifted away. At slack water, about two o'clock, she made an extra struggle to reach it, and at one critical moment attained to within fifty yards. Then the tide turned, and she was swept down harbor at something between one and two knots. All the afternoon she fought up-stream, refusing all assistance. Her engine stopped

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less frequently than before because it was less frequently started. Toward six o'clock the *Proa* was visibly losing ground, and there was every evidence that George and the Doctor were gradually growing weaker, and at seventeen minutes after seven, having lost a third of a mile in twenty minutes, they accepted a tow from the hereditary engineer, and returned to the wharf. As they came alongside they formed a striking picture. The Doctor rose as an old man, and painfully coiled a heaving-line; Jumps lay in profound slumber on the extreme forward deck; George sat huddled up on a seat, as one from whom the spirit has utterly departed; Miss Campbell, gripping the cockpit coaming with both hands, sat stiff and purple with suppressed feeling; and the guests talked together of the charm of the sunset. When they had tied up, Miss Campbell climbed ashore without the assistance of the Doctor, and accompanied the ladies up the wharf; George recovered sufficiently to curse all gasolene engines; and the Doctor explained that his mixture was still a little uncertain.

However, from this time forward the *Flying Proa* seemed to improve as to steady running. The Doctor was at once encouraged to wish to navigate the byways and estuaries that made inland from Foremouth Harbor. Now, these inlets were infested with eel-grass that wound up on an ordinary propeller, and strangled it into submission in a dozen yards. With a view to circumventing this new devil, he imported a propeller of remarkable design, known as a "weedless wheel." One of the experts wished to know whether that was "its natural shape, or whether it had been run over by a train?" It was guaranteed to ignore all types of marine vegetable growth. This it unquestionably did; but it had one defect. The experts were down in a body to see it tested, and after studying the behavior of the *Flying Proa* while under its influence, they rechristened it the speedless-wheel.

Even the Doctor came to realize the limitations of the new propeller outside its own sphere, and, as a consequence, he took to carrying a small, striped bathing-suit in the hunting cabin. Then, on the least provocation on the part of the navigable waters, he would approach the nearest shore, retire to the cabin, don the bathing-suit, go overboard with a stillson and change propellers. The *Maple Leaf*, which ran between Foremouth and Granton Place, would frequently report the *Proa* with her stern aground and her owner working up to his middle in water.

The unchecked growth of this habit in the Doctor led to one of the most impressive scenes in which the *Flying Proa* ever took part. Miss Jane had gradually accustomed herself to long voyages, and on this occasion made up her mind to accompany the Doctor to Granton Place. They started early, and as things were going badly about noon, the Doctor decided to change propellers. He backed the boat in to a convenient bank until her shoe

Drawn by C. S. Chapman

"'HI! DON'T COME SO NEAR!'"

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touched, got into the bathing-suit, took the stillson and the weedless wheel, and went overboard. The propeller was held on by one set-screw, which, at the moment, happened to be underneath and not accessible. To get at it, the Doctor seized the blades of the propeller and heaved it over. Inadvertently, as was frequent, he had left the switch closed; the gasolene he left on normally. There came a sound like something clearing its throat, the propeller jerked out of his hand, there was a roar of water in his face, and the *Flying Proa* departed with Miss Jane. The Doctor rushed after her, but to no effect; she was a shade the faster. When the water was up to his chin he stopped.

"Reverse the engine!" he roared. "Shove over that lever by the fly-wheel!" Miss Jane held the engine in great dread, but she approached it, and grasped the spark-plug. She let go with a shriek of astonishment.

"Shove over the lever!" roared the Doctor, waving a hand in demonstration. Miss Jane retired to the bow.

"I can't! I can't!" she wailed. "It won't go!" At this moment it pleased the fates that around a turn in the river should come the *Maple Leaf*, bearing an assemblage of Foremouth and Granton Place passengers. These were instantly petrified with amazement, but the *Maple Leaf's* captain, struggling to take in the situation, stopped when he got opposite the Doctor and asked if he might be of assistance. The Doctor made no response, but shouted at Miss Jane, now bound toward a reef on an uninhabited island, to steer. Miss Jane had never steered, though she had frequently watched the operation. She took the wheel.

"Steer for the *Maple Leaf*, and throw them a line!" The idea of "throwing them a line" bred in the lady a condition of speechless indignation. She looked once at the Doctor's head, then turned her attention to steering. It was more difficult than it had appeared to the onlooker. After completing two half-circles she discovered the universally acknowledged fact that the boat goes as you turn the top of the wheel. She approached the *Maple Leaf* in broad, threatening arcs, and the Doctor foresaw the impending collision.

"Never mind the *Maple Leaf*," he roared. "Better not go there. Steer for me, auntie, and bring her in here." Miss Jane spun the wheel, the captain of the *Maple Leaf* rang two bells and the jingle, the *Maple Leaf* thunderously went astern, and the *Flying Proa* slid past her bow and bore down on the Doctor. The Doctor moved back a step until he could raise one arm from the water and wave it at a soft spot on the shore behind him.

"Go in there!" he yelled. Whether the prospect of running aground overcame her is not known, but, as she approached the shore, Miss Jane's steering became more erratic. The *Flying Proa* wavered between a selection of several spots on the shore, both above and below the Doctor, while that gentleman followed her every movement with anxiety. Then, as with a suddenly fixed purpose, she headed for the Doctor himself.

"Hi! Don't come so near!" he said nervously. Miss Jane became nervous, and ferociously spun the wheel in both directions, with magnificent effect. The *Proa's* high bow rode straight at the Doctor's head. The Doctor gazed for one frozen, incredible instant, then broke and fled for the shore, lashing the water like a wounded crocodile, with Miss Jane pressing him hard. A man up to his neck in the sea moves at a disadvantage.

"Seventeen to five she catches him!" said a spectator on the *Maple Leaf*. She did. The *Flying Proa's* forefoot slid up his spinal column and rode over his right shoulder, spurning him to port as she passed. The Doctor disappeared from view, and the *Proa* grated shore.

"Rammed, by ginger blue!" said the captain of the *Maple Leaf*, effusively. "The old woman got even with him for a lot of things that time." In something less than five seconds the Doctor stood up in the *Proa's* wake. He appeared as a human effigy done roughly in red mud. Miss Campbell was weeping hysterically in the cockpit. The *Maple Leaf's* passengers were dancing with sheer enthusiasm. The captain, a man of great control, repressed a tendency to sob, and leaned out the pilot-house window.

"Will I wait, Doctor?" The Doctor collected his breath for one second, then said tensely, "You can go to——!" The captain permitted himself to smile, and proceeded to Granton Place.

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IN THE NEW YORK SUBWAY.

PICTURES BY G. W. PETERS.

Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A TRAIN-DESPATCHER

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SWITCH-STATION AT BOWLING GREEN ENTRANCE TO EAST RIVER TUNNEL

The operator at the electric switchboard controls all switches connecting with the tunnel and the Battery Park loop. The illuminated tunnel indicator shows by a red light the exact position of a train after leaving either Brooklyn or New York. In case of an emergency, the operator can stop a train at any point. The telephone in the background connects with a series of others through the tunnel which are used by inspectors and track-walkers.

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A TRACK-WALKER

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A THEATER PARTY WAITING FOR A TRAIN

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NORTH WALL OF THE OLD FORT AT MOMBASA

BIG GAME IN EAST AFRICA

CONDITIONS AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE PURSUIT OF LIONS AND OTHER GREAT BEASTS

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

Author of "A Desert Sport," etc.

MR. BRONSON, the author of the following graphic paper, based on facts and incidents of his present hunting journey, has for the past year been the guest of Mr. William Northrup McMillan, the young American who is preparing to entertain ex-President Roosevelt at "Juja Farm" near Nairobi, the center of the big-game country of British East Africa. Mr. Bronson entered the African hunting-field as a sportsman of nearly thirty years' experience of all kinds of game in our great West, during which time he was associated with Clarence King, the famous geologist and mountaineer. Mr. Bronson's descriptions of the character of the African game, as well as of recent encounters with it, and of the latest preferences as to weapons, have a value to be derived only from a seasoned sportsman, writing from among daring hunters at present in the most abundant African hunting-field.—THE EDITOR.

ON April 12, 1908, I sailed from New York straightaway for Cape Town, but owing to a tropical tornado and heavy head winds south of the equator, it was May 14 before we raised the cloud-capped summit of Table Mountain. The railways carried me north to Pretoria, and then east to Lourenço Marquez, whence a steamer of the German East African line, by a tedious voyage of ten days, with stops at each of the important ports, brought me to Mombasa, the chief port of British East Africa.

From Mombasa the narrow-gage Uganda Railway climbs slowly toward the high central plateaus, reaching at Nairobi, the headquarters of British rule in the Protectorate, 327 miles from the sea, an elevation of 5450 feet; and at 484 miles, an extreme elevation of 8340 feet. From that point the descent is rapid to Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, where, 584 miles by rail from the coast, the elevation is 3650 feet.

The country on both sides of the railway from Mombasa to the lake is literally alive with wild game, although little is seen of it till the first hundred miles is

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traversed and the low bush veldt has been left behind, or until after the more thickly settled Kikuyu country north of Nairobi has been entered. But between Voi and Nairobi the passengers of a train are seldom out of sight of hundreds, and even thousands, of the tiny dik-dik antelope, as slender, delicate, and diminutive as an Italian greyhound; and frequently they see the towering giraffe and the massive lion. Indeed, only a few days before this writing a large herd of elephants crossed the railway just east of Voi, trekking from the bamboo forests of Mount Kilimanjaro to fresh pastures in the north. On my first journey up from the coast, not more than two hundred yards from the station at Kiu, a large lioness crossed the track just in front of us, walking slowly south, and being not more than thirty yards from the track as we passed. When the train came to a stop at the station, a Boer immigrant took a long-range shot at her from a car roof.

The extraordinary abundance of game both north and south of this section of the railway is due to the fact that all the vast territory extending from the Tsavo River to Escarpment, a distance of 230 miles, and from the south line of the track to the German border, is a game reserve, preserved as jealously as is the Yellowstone Park, while immediately southwest of it, in German territory, is another reserve of the same size. Unfenced, and shut in by no impassable streams or mountains, the game is free to wander out of and into these reserves at will; but, like the shrewd stags of a Scotch deer-forest, so well does the game seem to know the very boundaries that mark the sanctuary, that they seldom leave it except in periods of local drought or when they become crowded. Timid antelope, wary giraffe, and even lion and rhinoceros, often idle within a stone's throw of the track, shooting from trains being forbidden.

From the Tsavo River to Kapiti Plains, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, there is no white settlement north of the track, and westward from Kapiti settlers are few and scattering, virtually all being within a narrow belt of forty miles. Naturally, therefore, the heavy out-movement of the game is northward, while yet other thousands pour down into the central open region of Ukamba and Kenia province from north of the Guaso Nyiro River.

The region lying between the Athi and the Tana rivers is the center of this sportsman's paradise, although equally good and varied shooting is to be found southwest of the railway in Kisumu Province. Close upon fifty different varieties of big game are here to be had, each in its favorite type of country: elephant, during the dry and hotter season, in the dense bamboo thickets of the high mountain slopes, and during the rains in the bush veldt and the long grass country; hippopotamuses in the streams, or from dusk to dawn feeding along the banks; rhinoceroses at almost any place on plain or in the hills, in bush or in the open; buck and antelope preferably in the most open level plains; duiker and dik-dik in the long grass, out of which they pop from under one's feet, to be visible only for the instant of each leap; for they are artful little dodgers that most sportsmen would be more likely to get with buckshot than with bullet; reedbuck among the scrub of steep, rocky hill-slopes; leopards everywhere, but seldom seen, and rarely killed except by traps. Elephant are to be found within a week's march of almost any camp in the Protectorate, as also are most of the now rarer prizes—sable antelope, roan antelope, oryx, eland, and kudu.

By many sportsmen the African buffalo is considered a far more dangerous antagonist than the lion. Loving the shade and concealment of papyrus swamps, dense forests, and fifteen-feet-high elephant-grass, buffaloes are seldom seen until one is within a few yards, and often a few feet, of them. Herds of buffalo seldom charge a man deliberately; but when startled by the scent of the sportsman or by a shot, they stampede, and often come thundering straight upon the hunter, who is lucky indeed if rapid and close shooting turns them. The real danger with buffalo is with a wounded beast or in an encounter with a lone bull. The latter will often charge from no more provocation than the sight of a man. Recently an officer of the King's African Rifles was spooring an elephant near Mount Kenia when he sighted a lone buffalo to his right. Keen for his elephant, he made a wide detour to the left of the line of spoor, to avoid the chance of having to defend himself against the buffalo. When well past the point where he had seen the buffalo, he returned

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A BLACK-MANE LION KILLED BY CAPTAIN DUIRS (SEE PAGE 143)

to the spoor; but before he had followed it thirty yards, and before he could turn or spring aside, the buffalo, which had been stalking to intercept him, caught him on its horns and tossed him up into the flat top of a mimosa-tree, where, luckily, he lodged comparatively unhurt. And there up the tree the doughty old buffalo held him till nightfall!

A wounded buffalo is vastly more dangerous when he runs away than when he charges, for in nine cases out of ten, after a dash that may be for a few hundred yards or a mile, he will revengefully circle back to an interception of his own trail, stand hidden in grass or thicket until his pursuer comes plodding along the trail, and then charge upon him. Despite the fierce temper of a lone bull, his savage cunning, and his great charging bulk, I believe him much less dangerous than the lion; for he has far less speed, lacks the lion's poisoned claws, and is a much bigger target. This opinion is substantiated by the indisputable fact that at least ten men are killed or mauled by lion to one killed by buffalo.

While easily stalked, the rhinoceros is a dangerous customer, as most men will agree who have hunted him, especially Benjamin Eastwood, Chief Accountant of the Uganda Railway, who was nearly trampled to death by one, with the actual loss of an arm above the elbow. If the rhinoceros gets one's scent, he almost invariably charges, often, probably, from sheer curiosity; but that does not make him any the easier to dispose of. Moreover, he runs and turns at a speed inconceivable in a beast of his vast bulk. Against his massive, sloping head the heaviest bullet is a mere flea-bite, leaving no possibility of a stopping shot except with a hard-nose ball sent fairly into the heart through the chest. An alternative is to stand absolutely motionless, when, with his bad eyesight, there is a possibility he may mistake you for a tree, and veer past. Indeed, the best ruse in the crisis of any charge is to stand fast and still; for even the unwounded lion sometimes swerves in his charge and retires before a man who has the nerve to wait his coming.

Where the rhinoceros is sighted before he takes warning, and one can get the wind of him, it is perfectly easy to stalk within five or ten yards, and land a shot

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where alone one can be sure of a kill—four inches back of the eye into the brain-pan, into the spine between neck and shoulder, or midway of the body, and in line with the center of the foreleg, into the heart. But not one of these shots is possible except with a hard-nose bullet, for a soft-nose will not penetrate the thick hide to any vital part.

Doubtless the most exhausting and nerve-racking work of the African sportsman is the pursuit of elephant. They are not often found except by following their own narrow paths between walls of bamboo thicket, jungle tangle, or elephant-grass, so entirely impenetrable to the hunter that escape from the path is impossible, and if one meets an approaching, frightened herd in such a path, the chance of escape is virtually zero. Rarely does one see elephant until within a few yards of them. Often the sportsman will find himself squarely in the middle of a feeding herd, will hear them breaking limbs or tearing up roots within five or ten feet of him, on all sides, and yet be unable to see one elephant. Like any other youngsters, the baby elephants will be playing about the outer edge of the herd; at the first alarm, the mothers rush about trumpeting for their young, and it is in such a moment that the elephant-hunter's greatest danger lies. Imprisoned in bush through which elephants easily crash, the sportsman is in collision with the beast before there is time to stop him with a shot in the chest, the only vital spot in a charging African elephant, or even time for the elephant, from surprise or fear, to swerve. Otherwise safely armored against even a .450 cordite-driven ball by the massive bone structure of the head, the elephant's comparatively tiny brain is to be reached only by a side shot in the orifice of the ear, while the sure shot for the heart is midway of the body, and in line with the inner side of the foreleg. Indeed, I have known several elephants to retire leisurely, if not comfortably, with two or three balls in the temple which had failed to reach the brain, but whether to ultimate recovery or death was never learned.

The vitality of the elephant is enormous, as, in fact, is that of all African game, down to the tiniest buck. But occasionally a white man comes along with a vitality as astonishing as that of his quarry. Of this an officer of the King's African Rifles, now slowly convalescing in the Entebbo hospital, is a living proof. Out for a few weeks' sport with elephant before going on leave, he gave one a mortal chest shot at such close range that the elephant was upon him before he could deliver a second shot. The wounded brute passed one of its great tusks first transversely through the man's stomach and then through his thigh, picked him up with his trunk and tossed him far to one side into the bush, and then lurched away to die. And, miracle of miracles, though it was nine days before his men got him to Entebbo and surgical aid, he is making a safe recovery.

Still, the sport is comparatively safe for the experienced and prudent elephant-hunter. An Englishman who has been for the last five or six years shooting elephant for the ivory, as a business, and who has to his credit the probably unparalleled bag to one gun of over five hundred head, says he has never yet been charged. Only a fortnight ago he came into Entebbo from a four-months' *safari* (hunting trip) in the Kongo Country with the tusks of one hundred and eighty big fellows. Deducting the period of the journey in and out, this remarkable kill must have been made within about six weeks of actual shooting. On one day he bagged eighteen head, which was not bad business with ivory at two dollars and a half a pound, and an average pair of tusks weighing probably about one hundred and twenty pounds. Asked by a friend of mine how he had contrived so long to come off unscathed, he replied: "I never shoot until I get my big tusker right. If I find myself in the midst of a big herd, I manage to slip out and bide my time; patience will always get you a big tusker right, and then you have it your own way." Indeed, "patience" is the watchword of every notably successful big-game hunter, who must wait to "get there right."

Hippopotamuses are rarely to be seen in daylight hereabouts, although they are plentiful in the larger streams, and positively swarm in lakes less than 5000 feet above sea-level. The easiest way to find them is to cruise at dawn in a boat or canoe a few yards out from the landing-places of their favorite grazing-grounds, where a fair breast or shoulder shot to the heart may be had as they enter the

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water, or by lying in wait on land for them to come ashore of a moonlight night. At dawn or at night they often rise out of the water near one, and in such a position the only sure shot is through a yawning nostril into the brain. They are trophies well worth while, their great teeth being of finer ivory than the tusks of the elephant. They are beasts to have a care of, as they sometimes charge and sink a canoe with a crunch of the jaws, or by rising under the canoe and spilling the passengers into waters infested with crocodiles.

At the African home of my American host, William Northrup McMillan, twenty-two miles from Nairobi, and in the heart of the great Athi Plains, all East African game is abundant, except rhinoceros and elephant, sable, roan antelope, and oryx; but the last are to be had by a journey of from two to five days. Hundreds of game animals are nearly always in sight from the veranda of the house. I have lighted a cigarette in my room at daylight, gone forth and killed a big wildebeeste bull before the cigarette was consumed. In fact, the 20,000 acres of Juja Farm so swarm with game after the rains that before the dry season is half over the grass is eaten as short as on an overcrowded cattle-range, and all from the overflow of the great game reserves north and south of us. Notwithstanding their great numbers, it takes marksmanship to get game on the Athi Plains, for they are bare of cover and it is unusual to get a shot at anything except lion or hippopotamus short of from three to six hundred yards.

Heavy-bore rifles—the 4, 8, and 12 bores, and even the .577—are now virtually obsolete among African sportsmen, their chief merit lying in the fact that they sometimes kicked one out of the way of a charging beast. Few sportsmen now use anything heavier than the English double-barreled .450 cordite, while I and many others find the .405 Winchester satisfactory for all-round African work, although the 30-30 is heavy enough for anything except a few of the biggest fellows. Not a few men, like the professional elephant-hunter mentioned above, prefer to trust to the higher velocity and flat trajectory of the pencil-like .275 Mannlicher even for elephant. Such is the extraordinary vitality of all African game that the more lead you throw into them the faster and farther they run unless you reach brain, heart, or spine. I myself have, in a two-mile pursuit of a wounded hartebeeste bull weighing two hundred and seventy-two pounds, put nine big .35 Mauser bullets through him before bringing him down, and recently two English officers of a steamer on Lake Victoria Nyanza put twenty-two .303's into a hippopotamus before getting him. Even the smaller antelope, slender and delicate though they appear, must be hit in brain, heart, or spine, no matter what the caliber of the gun, or the hunter loses them.

Like most other things, sport is essentially relative, but all true sportsmen will agree that the greater the hazard of limb and life, the more fascinating is the pursuit of game. Judged by that standard, the big-game shooting of Africa towers above that of North and South America. Not only will the African rhinoceros, elephant, buffalo, and lion carry comfortably quite as much lead as the grizzly bear, and the first two much more, but they are far quicker to charge and faster of pace. One can outfoot the grizzly, if one fails to kill him, by running transversely up the slope of a steep hill; but even on a good Basuto or Somali pony, with less than forty yards' start, one is not safe against the charge of a lion, and not once in a hundred lion encounters does the sportsman have a horse beneath him or at hand.

The habitat of the lion is wherever the game he feeds on is most abundant—hereabouts on the low bush veldt near the coast and on the high veldt of the interior. As a rule he seeks no trouble with man, and usually he will do all that comports with his kingly dignity to avoid it. At a man's approach often he will retire from feasting on a fresh kill. Seldom do lions become man-eaters, deliberate predatory raiders of villages or camps for human food, until so old that they find difficulty in taking even zebra, their easiest prey, and through stress of hunger or by some happy chance have learned that man is easier and, perhaps, tenderer. But once he gets that knowledge and the taste, woe to the belated night traveler through his bailiwick; and woe to villagers or night campers unprotected by a thorn zareba too high for him to leap; for so silently does he steal upon his victim, so crushing is his

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grip upon the neck, so mighty his strength in tossing his kill across his shoulders and slipping easily away with it, that very often naught of his raid is known until those sleeping near awake to find an empty bed and blood along a spoor.

In this manner, not long ago, on the Guaso Nyiro, died young McClellan. After a good day's sport, he retired, alone, to his bed, surrounded by the tents of his escort and the sleeping forms of his porters. Twenty feet in front of the tent blazed a great camp-fire, while back and forth through the center of the camp paced a shikari sentry, rifle on shoulder. But a hungry monster was near. While unseen until too late, the facts proved that the lion must have thoroughly prospected the camp, for along the outskirts lay easy picking in the forms of sleeping natives. But, perhaps surfeited with black meat, he penetrated the camp to the white man's tent, and entered so cunningly that his presence was unsuspected until, bounding off with McClellan's limp body across his shoulder, and perhaps partly blinded by the firelight, he cannoned into and bowled over the shikari. When next day the headman of the party brought to the scene Deputy Commissioner Collyer from his near-by station of Rhummruti, McClellan's body was found near camp, unmarked save for the mangled and broken neck. Doubtless the shikari's random shots had frightened the lion away, and the cries and drum-beatings kept up all night by the frightened natives had served to prevent his return.

Only a few weeks later, Deputy Commissioner Collyer was shooting in the same neighborhood, when a lion entered his camp, slipped his paw beneath a tent, and caught a Kikuyu by the ear, tearing away the lobe and a part of his cheek. The yells of the victim stirred the camp to an amount of shooting and shrieking that caused Leo to retire; but he had gained a victim, all the same, for a few days later the Kikuyu died of shock.

While ranked, along with his third cousin, the leopard, as vermin that all-comers are free to shoot without a license, nevertheless, in his prime the lion is a foeman worthy of the best man that love of sport brings against him. Come face to face with him at from three to ten paces, at the turning of a bush, pass in the tall grass within a few feet of a hidden lioness and her tawny pups, pursue or wound him when he is temperately retiring, usually at slow and dignified pace, and it is more than an even chance that you confront a case of kill or be killed. When a lion charges, it is usually a battle to the death, with odds against the man, even though he has succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound; for the lion, with his customary tactics, has planted claws in the man's shoulder and set his white fangs in his throat. While few sportsmen are killed outright by lions in these days of high-power rifles, when once a lion has mauled one with his carrion-tearing teeth or claws, nothing can prevent death from blood-poisoning but immediate and most thorough disinfection of the wounds, or, if this is lacking, an early amputation, where a surgeon can be reached. A sportsman should always carry permanganate.

As the lion is chiefly a night-prowler, it is hunter's luck to get a chance at him. During six months in British East Africa, I have spent quite thirty days looking for lions in country where they have been thick about our camp every night, often seeking entry to our "bema," twice making kills within a few yards of where we slept, and yet without my getting sight of a single one.

I have followed the fresh spoor of lion through long grass and mimosa thickets where one could not see more than the length of a gun-barrel; have trailed them into their very caves, and stood expectant while my shikaris tried to stone them out or taunt them to action with buzzing Somali expletives; have risen before dawn, forded crocodile-infested rivers in the dark, stumbled through bush and hidden boulders, to some den marked down the day before, and there lain concealed until an hour or more after dawn in the hope of sighting one on the return from the night's foray: but all my efforts were without avail.

At first it was nerve-racking work, but soon repeated failures left me skeptical of any chance for an encounter. Indeed, I was beginning to harbor fears that, like *Tartarin of Tarascon,* my lion-slaying must ever remain a hyper-heroic figment of my dreams, until I learned that District Commissioner Humphry, at Machakes Fort, twenty-five miles from Juja Farm, a keen sportsman, who has shot

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about everything else, was in the country eight years before he saw his first lion, and that another equally keen sportsman, Chief Secretary Tomkins of Uganda, here twelve years, has never yet seen a lion except from a railway train.

And why should not a guest at Juja continue to hope for an encounter with a lion when, in the short space of eighteen months, no fewer than twenty men, sportsmen or settlers, have been killed or badly mauled by lions within a radius of thirty miles, and twelve lions have been killed within three miles of the farm in the same time?

The Lucas tragedy was characteristic. Lucas and Goldfinch were partners in a farm on the western slopes of Denya Sabouk, ten miles from Juja. One day the pair, traversing tall grass near the Athi River, jumped a lion, which retired at their approach. Being on ponies, they raced after him, Goldfinch in the lead. But Leo's retreat was only a stroke of strategy. He side-stepped into concealing grass, and leaped upon Goldfinch and his horse as they passed, sinking his right fore-claws in the pony's right flank, his left fore-claws in Goldfinch's left thigh, with his rear claws tearing at the pony's hind-quarters. The mix-up was such that Goldfinch could not bring his gun to bear on the lion, while Lucas did not dare to shoot from the saddle. Jumping from his pony, Lucas ran forward to his partner's aid, but their watchful enemy was not so easily to be taken in flank. Before Lucas got to a position where he could safely fire, the lion leaped upon him and began to rend him. No sooner was he down, however, than Goldfinch, badly torn though he was, slipped from his horse, ran in, and gave the lion a shot through the heart that laid him dead. While scarcely a minute had elapsed, Lucas was so badly mauled that, what with the delay in getting him into the Nairobi hospital and the severity of the wounds, the surgeons found that only an amputation could save his life. This he stubbornly refused, vowing that he would rather die than live as a maimed man; and die he did a few days later. The evening the surgeons told him he could not last the night out, he summoned to his bedside two of his closest friends, who kept vigil with him, bolstered on pillows, he toasting them a long life, they toasting him a Happy Hunting Ground in the next world, until, just as the first flush of the brief tropical dawn appeared, the two watchers suddenly realized that they were looking into the face of a dead friend.

Nothing connected with East African lion-shooting is more heroic than the conduct of the Somali shikaris. They have a strong strain of Arab blood, are light of complexion, wavy-haired, often with little of the negroid cast of feature, tall, and slender, scrupulously clean of dress and habits, Mohammedans all, at home nomads with their flocks and herds, abroad keen traders wandering in small bands from one tribe to another between the twentieth degree of north latitude and the fifteenth degree south. No sahib who treats them half decently is likely to find cause to complain of their fidelity. When peril threatens they are as ready to die for him as most others are ready to desert. No one can know the Somali and not be inspired with admiration for the religion which makes him absolutely temperate, and free of the fear of death.

A few days ago, with Djama Aout and Hassan Yusef, Somali shikaris, I followed the absolutely fresh spoor of a lion to the mouth of a cave into which the spoor entered—a cave high enough of roof to admit the entry of two or three men. Into it both Somalis started, and when I protested against such folly, they replied: "Inshallah [God willing], we come back." And into the cave they went as far as they could get, one carrying my second rifle, the other nothing but his skinning-knife. They tossed stones into the dark recesses beyond, and in every way invited a charge, which, luckily for them, was not made.

The experience last February on the Theika, eighteen miles north of Juja, of Geoffrey Charles Buxton typified the wonderfully fine fiber of the Somali, and incidentally his own. One morning he left camp at dawn with his Somali shikari, he himself carrying a double-barreled .577 cordite rifle, his shikari a Mauser. When out from the camp no more than half an hour, he sighted a big black-mane, about a hundred yards away, leisurely retiring. The bush was so thick and the grass so high that he could not get a fair opening for a shot. Buxton raced in pursuit until he came within fifty yards, when, being

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winded, he halted for a shot. At the same instant Leo evidently decided that he had drawn sufficiently on the reserves of his patience; he turned, with tail angrily lashing, his head up, and his eyes blazing with royal wrath. With a steady aim Buxton sent a heavy .577 ball crashing into his quarry, a shot that entered just inside the front of the shoulder, ranged through the lion, and dropped him quivering in the grass. Had Buxton left him, the lion would have been dead in ten or fifteen minutes; but notwithstanding he knew that he delivered a mortal wound, Buxton was keen not to lose his trophy, so fired again, with the effect of rousing the dying monarch, which rose and charged.

At this crisis, while hurriedly throwing a spare shell into his empty gun, Buxton observed that the stock, which shortly before had been broken off in an encounter with elephant, and had been mended with string wrappings, had become so loose as to be unserviceable, a dilemma to try the nerve of the steadiest man. Lacking time to seize his spare gun from the Somali, he held the barrel to his side and fired as the lion rose at him, and naturally missed. As they came together, Buxton rammed his rifle down the lion's throat, till the woodwork beneath the barrel close up to the trigger-guard became scarred by the lion's teeth. Then ensued a struggle, between a dying lion and a man who knew himself to be as good as dead if for an instant mind or nerve failed him. When the lion received the thrust of the rifle-barrel in his throat, he sank two of his claws into the inner right forearm that held the rifle, four and six inches above the hand, and held this hold until both went down. Thus dragging at the arm that held the gun in his throat, the lion really caused a deeper thrust. Meantime the beast went digging with his loose forepaw at the hand that held the rifle and tearing Buxton's legs with his hind claws. From the start of the struggle Buxton's Somali shikari had been trying to shoot the lion with the Mauser. The gun had been set at "safe," and this, through excitement, the Somali failed to note. In the very nick of time the Somali dropped the gun, and literally sprang upon the lion's back, so biting its ears and pounding it about the eyes with his bare hands that it whirled to reach him, and all three went to earth together, the Somali beneath the lion, and, under both, the Mauser. At last released, Buxton painfully rose, pulled the Mauser free, and with it blew the lion's brains out, all so quickly that he saved his faithful follower from fatal wounds. Dr. Hall, the resident physician of Juja Farm, got to Buxton just in time; for, despite the fact that with iron nerve he had at once cauterized his thirteen wounds with pure crystals of permanganate, and had thus saved himself from the carrion poison of the claws, some of the crystals bit into an artery, and only a tight tourniquet saved him from bleeding to death. Dr. Hall came five hours later, tied up the artery, dressed his wounds, and brought him to Juja Farm, where he lay through several weeks of slow convalescence. While his right arm was still heavily bandaged I met Captain Buxton out on another lion hunt.

One of the finest lion trophies I have seen in East Africa is a ten and a half foot black-mane skin without a visible mark of the wound that killed it. This was taken by A. B. Duirs, late of the Imperial Light Horse, one of the first nine men to gain entry into Mafeking at the time of its relief. In the summer of 1908, while out alone, stalking an impala buck not far from his home, which is six miles from Juja, when almost near enough for a sure shot, some lucky instinct prompted him to glance to his right. There he saw, not thirty yards away, another hunter stalking the same buck. His rival was a big black-mane, which instantly began the snarling and tail-lashing that preludes a charge. Realizing that it was a case of strike first and true, he fell on one knee, took careful aim, and dropped his majesty stone dead, the ball entering the nostrils and piercing the brain.

Oddly, the safest lion-shooting of all—barring unsportsmanlike shooting at night from within a thorn zareba over a donkey bait, or from a treetop commanding a water-hole—is where the sportsman is afoot on a naked plain. A pony man runs the lion to bay, while his chief approaches at another angle, afoot. Under such circumstances, the lion invariably charges, but always at the pony man, and not infrequently catches and downs man and horse when carelessness has brought them nearer than a hundred yards.

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Often one sees the fresh kill of a lion. Recently I was driving in a gharry from the farm to Ruero Falls over a stretch of short-grassed, level plain, presently entering a region of long grass, into which I had not driven more than a hundred yards before I sighted a dead zebra. Walking to it, I found a carcass still warm, the eyes not yet glazed, blood still freshly flowing from two deep claw-digs on the right shoulder, the flesh of the neck immediately behind the ears torn away, and the spine crushed at the base of the skull. Probably the zebra had not been dead three minutes; and I might have seen the attack if I had been looking that way; it was also probable that old Leo was at that moment watching me from grass or thicket. Without disturbing the kill, I drove the remaining three miles to the falls, stopped there an hour, and then drove back to within a mile of the zebra, where I left gharry and driver and proceeded to stalk the kill. Resentful of previous failures, I worked carefully forward till I had the carcass in view at about fifteen yards, only to discover that the cunning brute had not returned. Then for an hour I crawled through grass and bush in a wide circle, in the end scoring another failure.

My host, Mr. McMillan, has been more lucky, with a dozen or more lions to his credit, or, what is more probable, is a better hunter, for he seems to be able to get lion when he likes. On *safari* last spring on the Guaso Nyiro he spoored a lion into an abandoned Masai kraal, overgrown with tall grass. Slipping softly around the eight-foot inclosure, trying to locate his quarry, suddenly a line of waving grass caught his eye, and then, just as he stood alert for a chance to aim, the lion rose in a mighty leap at the fence crest; but he was a bit too slow, for a snap shot caught him aft, ranged through him, and came out of his head, adding one more to a remarkable collection of trophies.

Despite its raw appearance, Nairobi possesses good accommodation for visitors; for in season the place is crowded with *safari*, or caravan, parties, for here alone are such parties organized. Twenty such parties went out in October and November, and forty or fifty more are expected during December and January. Several Americans have had their fling at the big game hereabouts, but probably half the sportsmen are connected with the titled families of Europe and Great Britain. Not a few ladies come to Nairobi, and some of them shoot.

A *safari* for one man will consist of a white *safari* leader, usually a good shot and familiar with the country and the run and habits of its game, a headman, gun-bearer, cook, mess-boy, and tent-boy (all Somalis), and from twenty to twenty-five *shenzi* (savage) porters, each carrying on his head a sixty-pound load; tents, beds, provisions, etc., all furnished, including food, at from $350 to $500 a month. Horses, mules, liquors, etc., are of course extra. Horses are scarce and dear, thanks to the tsetse-fly. A Somali pony which would be worth not more than $30 in Texas will readily fetch $200, while Abyssinian mules, tough, wiry, and good roadsters, but little bigger than a donkey, sell at $150 each. The big-game license, which allows one to kill from two to ten head of about everything afoot or awing, costs $250.

Every one is asking how long the big game here can last. I should say certainly not more than four or five years in anything like its present abundance and easy reach. About 1,200,000 acres have already been taken up by white settlers, stock-raisers, and farmers, who find it difficult and in some places impossible to maintain fences. Buffalo, and zebra especially, go through barb-wire like thread. As a result, settlers have been actively urging changes in the game laws to permit the shooting at will of trespassing game, and recently the Governor, Colonel Sir James Hayes Sadler, said at a public dinner that public game preservation must not be permitted to impede the development of the country by white settlers, and added that changes in the game laws in this particular were under consideration. If the settler is given a free hand, a year or two will see easy shooting ended within seventy-five miles of the railway, except on big estates like Juja Farm and Kamiti, the owners of which are likely to preserve them indefinitely as shooting-boxes. At the worst, I do not believe that any one now living will see African big game exterminated.

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DIVORCE

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

THE divorce problem is still intensely alive in the United States. Casting one's eye back over the last two thousand years, there seems to have been, first, a plague of divorce in later pagan Roman days; secondly, a stamping-out of it by Christianity; and now, thirdly, a vehement outbreak recurring. To our shame and cost, it is most virulent and wide-spread in the United States, where, despite some measures already taken to check the evil, it seems still on the increase.

I SAID that there seems to have been a plague of divorce in later pagan Roman days. This one may infer from such facts of history as that a man as representative as Cicero repudiated his wife Terentia in order that he might obtain a coveted dowry with another; and he discarded the latter because she did not lament the death of his daughter by the former. Sempronius Sophus was divorced from his wife because she went once to the public games without his knowledge. Juvenal refers to a woman who had eight husbands in five years. St. Jerome declares that there dwelt in Rome a wife who had married her twenty-third husband, she being his twenty-first wife. "There is not a woman left," says Seneca, "who is ashamed of being divorced."

BUT now, turning from pagan to medieval Christian Europe, to the much misrepresented, ill-understood, so-called "Dark Ages," which were really, intensely, the Ages of Faith, one would search far and wide for examples of divorce, sanctioned by either church or state, or, indeed, even connived at by Christian men and women of those days.

And herein, it seems to me, lies the secret of the solution of the problem now staring us in the face: namely, that unless we Americans to-day have a good deal, at least, of the faith, and fear of God, and religion that held in check and directed those lately converted, half-wild Goths and Franks and Saxons and Lombards of the Ages of Faith, I do not see what else can cure the cancer of divorce that is yearly growing in our body politic.

But you say: "Are not we a Christian country?" Partly. But I recall that about two years ago a serious weekly magazine published statistics of population of various religious bodies. And totaling all who had any practical, working religion, there were only thirty-two millions, whereas the entire population of the United States is eighty millions or more. In other words, if that report of the "Literary Digest" was accurate, only four in every ten people in our country have any practical religion. Uniform legislative restriction, severity on the part of judges, social ostracism, each might, and, I believe, would, help a little, but unless people restrain themselves because of the all-seeing eye of God, or, better still, by reason of their hope for reward from Him, we shall never obtain a generally successful cure for the divorce evil.

COMING now to our own times, I think that any one who studies honestly our United States Census Bulletin 96, on Marriage and Divorce from 1887–1906, will be led to the same conclusion, that divorce can be cured only by religion. For, in that time, one marriage in every twelve was broken by divorce. And if we eliminate Catholics, who are not allowed to be divorced and to marry again, and who make one sixth of our population, the ratio of divorces to marriages is one to ten; that is, every tenth marriage ends in divorce.

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As to the increase of divorce in late years as compared with former years, we are told that while in 1880 the rate of divorce was 38 for each 100,000,—bad enough, indeed,—yet in 1900 it was 73 for each 100,000; that is, almost double for the same number of people.

Again, in 1870, the rate of divorce was 29 for each 100,000, whereas in 1905 it was 82: that is, in 1870 there was one divorce to every 3441 people, while in 1905 there was one divorce to every 1218 people.

The reason or excuse most frequently alleged for divorces from 1887–1906, was, 38.9 per cent., for desertion. The next most commonly alleged by husbands, was adultery, and, by wives, cruelty. Drunkenness, it may be worthy of note, was the ground in only 5.3 per cent.

This being something of the general state of the case, let me next turn to that newest phase of the problem, that alarming diagnosis whereby we are told that divorce is a necessity—nay, is not an unmixed evil. Even more, a writer in the "Westminster Review" for September, 1907, goes so far as to propose that marriages infertile after five years may be broken by mutual consent.

First let me state that I here speak not of *separation* only, or what is called a divorce from bed and board. This is, indeed, not an unmixed evil, and is sometimes necessary and justifiable. But I speak of an absolute divorce, with liberty to remarry. Is this a necessity? Mediæval Europe and the history of the Catholic Church in modern days both answer in the negative. But is divorce an evil? Yes; and the more dangerous because it has now champions in every state of life. Formerly divorces were awful things, to be spoken of with bated breath; but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their influence throughout the country, into law courts, Congress, aye, the pulpits of all creeds save those of the Catholic Church. Pope's lines accurately sum up the history of the growth of divorce:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Yes, the reckless facility with which divorce may be procured in every State in the Union except South Carolina is a blot on the name of the law in our land. Years ago there were twenty-two or more causes, most of them of a very trifling character. I fear I should have to blush at their number now. No wonder, then, that "more divorces are granted in the United States each year than in all the rest of the Christian world." [1]

Our neighbor Canada presents a far more creditable attitude on this subject than we do. From 1867 to 1886, inclusive, only 116 divorces were granted in the Dominion of Canada, or an average of less than six every year, in a population of four millions. During the same twenty years there were in all Ireland only eleven divorces. These two countries, the former about one half, the latter three quarters, Catholic, should furnish food for thought as to a cure for our divorce problem, showing that there is a cure that does cure, and this, I repeat, is religion.

How can we call ourselves a Christian people, if we so flagrantly, shamelessly, legally violate a fundamental law of Christianity? For if the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage does not constitute a cardinal principle of Christianity, I am at a loss to know what does. What mockery to call those homes Christian where the mother's heart is broken, the father's spirit is crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other!

Marriage is the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts ever formed. Every human compact but this may be lawfully dissolved. Nations may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other, merchants may dissolve partnerships, brothers will eventually leave the paternal roof, and, like Jacob and Esau, separate. Friends, like Abraham and Lot, may be obliged to part company; but, by the law of God, the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can sever the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied; for, "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." [2]

It is worthy of remark that three of

[1] E. Ray Stevens in "The Outlook," June 1, 1907.

[2] The reader should bear in mind that the quotations from the Bible in this article conform verbally with the Douay version.—THE EDITOR.

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the Evangelists, as well as the Apostle of the Gentiles, proclaim the indissolubility of marriage, and forbid a wedded person to engage in second wedlock during the life of his spouse. There is, indeed, scarcely a moral precept more strongly enforced in the Gospel than the indissoluble character of marriage validly contracted.

The Pharisees came to Jesus,

tempting Him, and saying unto Him: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? Who, answering, said to them: Have ye not read that He who made man from the beginning, made them male and female? And He said: For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. They say to Him: Why then did Moses command to give a bill of divorce and to put away? He said to them: Because Moses, by reason of the hardness of your heart, permitted you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery.[1]

Our Savior here emphatically declares that the nuptial bond is ratified by God Himself, and hence that no man, nor any legislation framed by men, can validly dissolve the contract.

To the Pharisees interposing this objection, if marriage is not to be dissolved, why then did Moses command to give a divorce? our Lord replies that Moses did not command, but simply *permitted* the separation, and that in tolerating this indulgence, the great lawgiver had regard to the violent passion of the Jewish people, who would fall into a greater excess if their desire to be divorced and to form a new alliance were refused. But our Savior reminded them that in the primitive times no such license was granted.

He then plainly affirms that such a privilege would not be conceded in the new dispensation; for, he adds: "I say to you: whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." Protestant commentators erroneously assert that the text justifies an injured husband in separating from his adulterous wife, and in marrying again. But the Catholic Church explains the Gospel in the sense that, while the offended consort may obtain a divorce from bed and board from his unfaithful wife, he is not allowed a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, so as to have the privilege of marrying another.

This interpretation is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of the Evangelists Mark and Luke, and by St. Paul; all of whom prohibit divorce *a vinculo*, without any qualification whatever. In St. Mark we read:

Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery.[2]

The same unqualified declaration is made by St. Luke:

Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery.[3]

Both of these Evangelists forbid either husband or wife to enter into second wedlock, however serious may be the cause of their separation. And surely, if the case of adultery authorized the aggrieved husband to marry another wife, those inspired penmen would not have failed to mention that qualifying circumstance.

Passing from the Gospels to the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, we find there also an unqualified prohibition of divorce. The Apostle is writing to a city newly converted to the Christian religion. Among other topics, he inculcates the doctrine of the Church respecting matrimony. We must suppose that as an inspired writer and a faithful minister of the word, he discharges his duty conscientiously, without suppressing or extenuating one iota of the law. He addressed the Corinthians as follows:

To them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that

[1] Matt. xix: 3–9. [2] Mark x: 11, 12. [3] Luke xvi: 18.

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she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife.[1]

Here we find the Apostle, in his Master's name, commanding the separated couple to remain unmarried, without any reference to the case of adultery. If so important an exception existed, St. Paul would not have omitted to mention it; otherwise he would have rendered the Gospel yoke more grievous than its Founder intended.

We must, therefore, admit that, according to the religion of Jesus Christ, conjugal infidelity does not warrant either party to marry again, or else we are forced to the conclusion that the vast number of Christians whose knowledge of Christianity was derived solely from the teachings of Saints Mark, Luke, and Paul, were imperfectly instructed in their faith.

Nor can we suppose that St. Matthew gave to the married Christians of Palestine a privilege which St. Paul withheld from the Corinthians; for then the early Christian Church might have witnessed the unedifying spectacle of aggrieved husbands seeking in Judea for a divorce from their adulterous wives which they could not obtain in Corinth; just as discontented spouses, in our times, sue in a neighboring State for a legal separation which is denied them in their own. Christ is not divided, nor do the Apostles contradict one another.

The Catholic Church, following the light of the Gospel, forbids a divorced man to enter into second espousals during the life of his former partner. This is the inflexible law she first proclaimed in the face of pagan emperors and people, and which she has ever upheld, in spite of the passions and voluptuousness of her own rebellious children.

Henry VIII, once an obedient son and defender of the Church, in an evil hour conceived a criminal attachment for Anne Boleyn, a lady of the queen's household, whom he desired to marry after being divorced from his lawful consort, Catharine of Aragon. But Pope Clement VII, whose sanction he solicited, sternly refused to ratify the separation, though the Pontiff could easily have foreseen that his determined action would involve the Church in persecution, and a whole nation in the unhappy schism of its ruler. Had the Pope acquiesced in the repudiation of Catharine, and in the marriage of Anne Boleyn, England would, indeed, have been spared to the Church, but the Church herself would have surrendered her peerless title of Mistress of Truth.

When Napoleon I repudiated his devoted wife, Josephine, and married Marie Louise, so well assured was he of the fruitlessness of his attempt to obtain from the Holy See the sanction of his divorce and subsequent marriage that he did not even consult the Holy Father on the subject.

A few years before, Napoleon appealed to Pius VII to annul the marriage which his brother Jerome had contracted with Miss Patterson of Baltimore. The Pope sent the following reply to the Emperor:

Your majesty will understand that upon the information thus far received by us, it is not in our power to pronounce a sentence of nullity. We cannot enter a judgment in opposition to the rules of the Church, and we could not, without laying aside those rules, decree the invalidity of a union which, according to the Word of God, no human power can sunder.

Christian wives and mothers, what gratitude you owe to the Catholic Church for the honorable position you now hold in society! If you are no longer regarded as the slave, but the equal, of your husbands; if you are no longer the toy of his caprice, and liable to be discarded at any moment; but if you are recognized as the mistress and queen of your household, you owe your emancipation to the Church. You are especially indebted for your liberty to the Popes who rose up in all the majesty of their spiritual power to vindicate the rights of injured wives against the lustful tyranny of their husbands.

This social plague calls for a radical cure, to be found only in the abolition of our mischievous legislation regarding divorce, and in an honest application of the teachings of the Gospel.

If persons contemplating marriage were persuaded that, once united, they were legally debarred from entering into a second

[1] I Cor. vii: 10, 11.

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wedlock, they would be more circumspect before marriage in the choice of a life-partner, and would be more patient afterward in bearing the yoke and in tolerating each other's infirmities.

If ministers and magistrates would take the high stand of Catholic priests, refusing to marry any but those they know never to have been married before, the solution of the difficulty would be near at hand.

For magistrates, for ministers, for people, for all, there is one Lord and Master, and one Gospel, which commandeth: "A man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh." [1]

Our Lord recalls marriage to its primitive ordinance, as it was ordained by God. (Gen. II.) Now marriage in its primitive ordinance was the union of one man with one woman, for Jehovah created but one helpmate for Adam, and the Bible says that "man shall adhere to his wife," not *wives*.

By every title, then, of patriotic love for the welfare of our native land, by our concern for the greatest good for the greatest number of our fellow-men, present and to come, by the obedience we owe to the word of God, it is our bounden duty to check by every means in our power this moral evil, this social cancer of divorce, in the United States of America.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INCREASING DIVORCE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin

TWENTY years ago an investigation by the Department of Labor showed that 328,716 divorces had been granted in the United States between 1867 and 1886, and that divorces were increasing two and one half times as fast as population. The recent census for 1887–1906 brings to light 945,625 divorces, and demonstrates that the movement constantly gains in velocity. At present probably one marriage in ten is broken, and in some States the proportion may be as high as one in four. Forty years ago the broad contrast was between North and South; but the divorce rates of North and South have been converging, whereas those of East and West have diverged. The Central States have two and one half times the rate of the Atlantic States, while for the Western States the proportion is three and one half.

Although the tide of divorce is rising the world over, nowhere is it so high, nowhere is it rising so fast, as in the United States. Our rate is twice that of Switzerland, thrice that of France, and five times that of Germany.

The census figures dissipate many false impressions. It is often assumed that many couples separate precipitately before they have given marriage a fair trial; but the average interval before separation exceeds six and one half years, and is not diminishing. Since more than half the couples lived together above four years, while in the majority of cases the duration of marriage exceeded seven years, it would be rash to surmise that people are forming risky and unstable unions in full view of their easy dissolution.

Nor is divorce usually sought in order to remarry. In Connecticut, during a period of years, the number of divorced persons married was about forty per cent. of the number divorced in the same time. In Rhode Island, from 1889 to 1896, the proportion was only twenty-eight per cent. Remarriage is one of those cases in which, as Doctor Johnson put it, "hope triumphs over experience," and it is not at all certain that the rate for divorced persons much exceeds that for widows and widowers of the same age. Certainly the re-

[1] Matt. xix: 4–6.

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strictions that many States are imposing on remarriage do not seem to affect appreciably the divorce rate.

It is doubtful if one divorce in twenty is obtained by migrating to a "liberal" State. A "divorce colony" at Sioux Falls or Cheyenne obscures the fact that divorce has descended among the plain people, few of whom can afford to seek relief outside their own State.

It is erroneous to suppose that the explanation and cure of the drift toward divorce is to be found in legislation. Twenty years ago Professor Willcox, on the basis of the most rigid investigations, declared, "The immediate, direct, and measurable influence of legislation is subsidiary, unimportant, almost imperceptible." Dr. Dike, the Secretary of the National League for the Protection of the Family, said, "The direct influence of lax laws in producing the great increase of divorce in the last forty years is relatively small." Moreover, the tendency of legislation for the last twenty years has been decidedly in the direction of greater stringency.

The failing grip of the legal institution need not entail a corresponding abandonment of the hallowed ideal of marriage as a lifelong union. If the iron clamp be loosed, it does not follow that the silken cord is weaker. Although in thirty-eight years the resort to divorce has become three times as frequent, there is little to show that couples are taking the vows of wedlock with any other desire or expectation than union till death. Nor can we conclude that wronged spouses are less faithful than formerly to this ideal. The loveless couples of the "good old times" appear to have been held together by public opinion, religious ordinance, ignorance of a remedy, the expense of divorce, or the wife's economic helplessness, rather than by a heroic fidelity to an ideal.

In nineteen cases out of twenty the marriage purports to be shattered by some flagrant wrong, such as adultery, cruelty, drunkenness, desertion, imprisonment for crime, or neglect to provide. Nevertheless, the growth of divorce cannot be taken as a sure sign of increasing depravity on the part of husbands or wives. Often the "cause" that figures in the record is a screen for some deep-seated irritant. Physicians declare that many marital troubles have their roots in the pathology of sex, and do not argue moral fault on the part of either spouse.

Some of those who speak with utmost positiveness on the divorce problem betray a strange confusion of thought. A new legal cause for divorce is stigmatized as "an assault upon the marriage compact," as if divorce ever broke up a happy home. The clergyman who characterizes a divorce law as "a statute undermining the very substructure of society" implies that nothing but coercion holds man and wife together. One divine, with unconscious cynicism, denounces divorce as "threatening the very foundations of the home!" Another, who beseeches us to "protect the poor from the evils of loose divorce statutes," evidently conceives permission to separate as a malignant entity going about rending harmonious households. One judge pictures it as "the antipodal foe of marriage," which "invades the home and defiles its sanctities," under the curious notion that there are any "sanctities" left in the home made hideous by brutality or drunkenness. Still more bizarre is the idea that by denying release to the mismated we shall "restore the purity of our homes." Evidently there is wide-spread failure to distinguish between symptom and disease.

In view of the fact that two thirds of the divorces are granted to the wife, it is safe to say that the majority of them would not be sought but for the access of women to the industrial field. Between 1870 and 1900, while population doubled, the number of working women trebled. No doubt the openings for women multiplied yet faster. More and more we live in cities, and the city gives the woman her chance. The smallness of the alimony contingent, —for only one wife in eight obtains alimony,—and the presence of fifty-five per cent. of all divorced women among the bread-winners, indicate that in most cases the wife who seeks a divorce expects to support herself. Hence, the better her prospect of solving the bread-and-butter question by her own efforts, the oftener the aggrieved wife will pluck up courage to break her fetters and face the world alone. Possibly the fact that in the North the wife takes the initiative in seventy-one per cent. of the cases, while in the South the wife seeks release in only fifty-five per cent., hinges on the difference in the indus-

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trial opportunity for women in the two regions.

It has been noticed that the communities in which early marriage is the rule are the most free from divorce. The reason is that early subjection to the marital yoke hinders the woman developing to the full stature of her personality. Said Professor Willcox: "Only sixteen to twenty years of age when she passes out of the control of her father and mother into that of a husband, with no taste of freedom intervening, with mind and character so unformed as easily to be brought into harmony with or submission to her husband's, with no way of escape open to her after marriage, whatever the law may say, what wonder that the peasant woman of Russia, Ireland, or elsewhere shows little inclination to divorce."

Now, in the United States, the age at which women marry is steadily rising. In Massachusetts the average is about twenty-five years. In Russia nearly three brides out of five are under twenty. With us, thanks to woman's chance to earn, only one ninth of the girls under twenty are married. Two fifths of the girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four are bread-winners, and after the seven years of independence which is the lot of the average young working woman, they enter upon wedlock with a high spirit that will not brook subjection.

Nor is it to be forgotten that specialized industry in a way unfits a young woman for marriage by weaning her from the domestic arts. The girl married at eighteen directly from the parental home is more likely to make and keep a home happy than the girl who marries at twenty-five after some years in factory, store, or office. Without her old housekeeping knack, and despising the crude work of the kitchen, the latter too often fails to make home comfortable, and the couple may sink into a misery which ends in domestic shipwreck. The demoralizing reaction of home slackness is brought out by studies made by Cadbury in Birmingham. There the proportion of sober and steady men is nearly twice as great in families where the wives do not work out as in homes presided over by employed women.

Incessantly the factory planes away the economic basis of the family. In the time of our grandmothers the home was the seat of a score of productive processes, and the ideal wife was the "virtuous woman" celebrated by Solomon. She might not be a "soul-mate" to her husband, but she was a prop to the prosperity of the household. Now that the machine has captured most of the domestic processes and the middle-class home is sustained by the earnings of the husband, the wife, from a helpmate, has become a luxury. If, now, there is a rift in the lute, the husband becomes aware of carrying a burden, and resents things that are overlooked when the wife is a true yokefellow.

On the other hand, the capable, unencumbered woman, who finds herself doomed by social convention to be supported in idleness by a husband who can earn, perhaps, little more than she can, is also making a sacrifice—a sacrifice which she will chafe under in case the marriage fails to satisfy her affections.

In a word, outside of the manual-laboring class, the old economic framework of the family has largely fallen away, leaving more of the strain to come on the personal tie. Husband and wife are held together by love, conscience, and convention, but very little by that profitable co-partnership which once contributed so much to the stability of the home.

The intellectual progress of women swells the demand for matrimonial surgery. To-day two ideals of the family are struggling for mastery—the old despotic family, of Roman origin and ecclesiastical sanction, based on the authority of the husband and the merging of the wife's legal personality in his, and the democratic family, of Germanic origin, based on the consenting and harmonious wills of two equals. The one goes naturally with pioneering, agriculture, and warfare, which put men to the fore; the other goes with industry, peace, and city life, which add to the consequence of women. In proportion as women escape from abject mental dependence on men and find a point of view of their own, they spurn patriarchal claims and expect marriage to be the union of equal wills. What with more girls than boys in the high schools, and half as many women as men in college, it is not surprising that women more and more enter marriage with a connubial ideal of their own. Nevertheless, the men

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they wed—many of them—cherish the conviction that the husband is the rightful "head" of the family. The resulting clash of ideals is none the less disastrous because it is only an incident of a transition process in social evolution.

The intellectual ferment of our time weakens the grasp of the social institution upon the innocent individual. The voice of authority, whether it appeals to precedent, to doctrine, or to Holy Writ, is little heeded. No longer is a harsh requirement or a rigid arrangement able to hedge itself about with a divine sanction. The question *"Cui bono?"* is in the air. Any policy that crushes the individual or blocks his pursuit of happiness is challenged and obliged to produce the best of credentials. The feeling that "marriage is for man, not man for marriage," is, along with heresy trials and contempt of the courts, an outcome of the reigning spirit of criticism. Now, as ever, law-maker and theologian stand ready to bind on hapless persons heavy burdens and grievous to be borne,—for the callousness of the well-wed to the woes of the mismated passes all belief,—but public sentiment is master today; and public sentiment, taking the promotion of happiness as the end of human institutions, flinches from keeping the unhappy locked together when no demonstrable harm will result. Those who would turn this sentiment against divorce must appeal to sociology rather than to dogma.

An inevitable by-product of the liberation of women from men, and of both from tradition, is a rank individualism which makes a lasting union impossible, and thus defeats the end for which marriage exists. No doubt much of the infidelity that purports to lie at the root of a sixth of the cases of divorce is an expression of this exaggerated self-will. Let it be remembered, however, that no emancipation ever takes place without producing evils of this kind. When independence and the assertion of rights are in the air, there are sure to be some who become acutely aware of their rights before they realize their duties. The marriage of persons of a dilated ego, unwilling to bear or sacrifice for the sake of preserving the union, cannot but result in disaster.

It has been calculated that if the movement toward divorce retains its present velocity, in forty years one marriage in four will end by divorce, and in eighty years one marriage in two. No one who understands the vital rôle of the family in a healthy society anticipates any such deplorable outcome. Already there are in sight certain influences that are likely to moderate the headlong movement. The industrial and intellectual emancipation of women will, of course, complete itself; but the old despotic ideal of the family will die out of men's minds and cease to be a breeder of conjugal discord. The distrust of institutions can hardly go much further. It is likely that the public, as it wins a deeper insight into the services of the family to society and to the race, will feel less sympathy with the wrong-doings, weaknesses, and whims that shatter it. Individualism, too, is probably at its zenith. In the discussion of human relations we are likely to hear less of the radical note and more of the ethical note. In proportion as the emancipated are led to an ethical view of life, they will cease to regard marriage simply as a fair-weather arrangement with personal happiness in constant view. They will recognize its inexorable demands for patience and self-control, for loyalty through sorrow and sickness, through misfortune and the aging years.

The fact that accelerated divorce is produced by the modern social situation rather than by moral decay does not make it any less the symptom of a great evil. That one marriage in ten openly fails, calls for vigorous effort to lessen the number of bad marriages. The school should instruct girls in the domestic arts which supply the material basis of the home. There should be systematic instruction of youth in the ethics and ideals of the family. The fact that the likelihood of divorce is in inverse proportion to the length of time the parties were acquainted before marriage suggests the wisdom of requiring a formal, but not public, declaration of intention to marry some weeks before a marriage license will be issued. Law or custom ought to devise some means of protecting pure women from marriage with men infected from vice. A way may be found to detect and punish the husbands who desert their families. Finally, the fact that intemperance figures in nearly a fifth of the divorces ought to invigorate the temperance movement.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEW SENATOR AT THE BANQUET

DURING recent years there have taken place in New York a number of dinner assemblies, with speaking, which have been of extraordinary interest and influence. The dinners we refer to have been intentionally promotive of causes —such cases as civic betterment, or, especially, arbitration and peace in the realm of industry or between nations. On several of the more recent occasions, by the way, it has been the good fortune of those present to become acquainted with the attractive personality, the reassuring candor, the right feeling, and well-trained thinking of President Taft.

One of the most significant of these speaking dinners was that given by the Peace Society of the city in honor of the new Senator from New York, the Hon. Elihu Root, at which Mr. Choate presided, and speeches were made not only by the new Senator, but by the ambassadors of Great Britain, Japan, and Brazil, by Governor Hughes and by Mr. Taft.

There was a peculiar feeling of elation at this dinner, which was not at all confined to partizan considerations, but was based upon general realization of the ability and the character of the three high officials, the Governor of the State, the junior Senator of the State, and the President-elect of the United States,—to say nothing of the ability and character of the presiding officer,—in his present important office of one of our leading private citizens.

The speech that the new Senator made that night was of the highest quality of statesmanship. It referred not only to the peace of the world in its broadest aspects, but took the form of scathing rebuke of those thoughtless or demagogic Americans who endanger the world's peace by insulting utterances and actions for which neither they nor their States can be held individually responsible, but for which the nation has to assume the anxious responsibility. His words were not only weighty with censure, but prophetic of measures for the protection of the nation from the consequences of such ill-considered and contemptuous words and proceedings. As the speaker continued, his audience felt that the Empire State had found again an adequate voice in the forum of the Senate.

It was then that the minds of many reverted to the time when, years before, seven members of the legislature of this same State had ventured to cast seven futile votes for Joseph H. Choate as Senator—this against the ambitious "boss," who imperiously marshaled every other member of his party, in that legislature, in his own interests, and for his personal advancement to a position upon which he had no honorable claims.

They remembered the degrading incident when, it was said, the successful candidate ostentatiously wrote on a piece of paper the names of "the seven," and carefully placed them in the same pocket in which he carried the collars of the majority of the members of that eminent body.

They remembered with bitterness of spirit and pious resentment the degradation to which the machinery of a great party had reduced the representation of a great State. Let us believe that they registered a vow that, so far as they could influence events, such conditions should not bring that State again to such a lamentable pass.

PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS

TO those who have not kept informed as to the advanced methods of teaching the blind, the article in this number of THE CENTURY will prove a revelation. A remarkable outgrowth of this movement, in the direction of prevention, has already been mentioned in these pages. This newest activity in the field of help for the blind, under the auspices of the New York Association, is accented by a recent highly effective pamphlet, issued by the special committee on prevention.

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This pamphlet, by a series of most pathetic pictures and well-considered statements, gives startling evidence of a condition of things that would be even more appalling were not a remedy so close at hand.

"It is an astounding fact," says the Committee, and "one not generally known, that *one quarter of all the blind children in all the Blind Schools of this country are unnecessarily blind.*" [1]

There is the condition. A remedy for the condition lies in a simple proceeding on the part of physician or midwife at the time of birth, and the necessity for this proceeding is brought out fully in the pamphlet before us.

A deeper remedy for the condition, though one not within the scope of this association, has to do with a menacing social evil, concerning which the fearless instruction of the physician and the clear warnings of the moralist may well go hand in hand.

PANDERING "TO THE VULGAREST TASTE"

RECENT events, national and international, have brought again to the minds of thinking men and women the demoralization and dangers of the ultra-sensational press: its recklessness of statement, rising to shameless mendacity; its irresponsibility; its miscultivation of taste; and its leadings toward crime through the psychological law of imitation. Nothing is sacred to that small but pervasive part of the daily and weekly press curtly described as "yellow." The invasion of private lives goes along with the cheerful endangering of the peace of nations. It trains its assistants in degrading espionage, mendacious exaggeration, and cold-blooded, —sometimes personally revengeful,—invention. The direct good the yellow press sometimes lends itself to, often for advertising purposes, is far from offsetting the evil it continually accomplishes; and the alliance of a good cause with an evil influence is misleading and damaging.

What is the remedy? The law of libel exists and should be more frequently resorted to, and possibly increased in effectiveness. Governmental censorship, in anything like the Russian sense, is of course not to be thought of; but pending the discussion of further preventive enactments and devices, every man can be his own censor, and see to it that his support is not given to those newspapers which are curses to the community.

President Taft, a little while before he assumed the duties of his high office, spoke before the University of Pennsylvania on the subject of "The Present Relations of the Learned Professions to Political Government." In his reference to the press he put thus the remedy of individual censorship: "Its power of public instruction is very great; but when it panders to the vulgarest taste for sensationalism and becomes entirely irresponsible in its influence for good, its pernicious tendency is obviated only by the power of the people to protect themselves against it by a safe discrimination and a healthy skepticism."

The possible corrective influence of the community itself has been brought out by President Hadley, who says that "the reform must begin with the readers themselves." Mr. Hart Lyman, editor of "The New York Tribune," in the Yale "Bromley Lectures" for 1909, gives the point of view of the self-respecting journalist: "There are few things less creditable than the pretentious denunciation of a bad newspaper by those whose steady patronage helps to make its existence possible. How contemptible are the men or women who love to spread scandal and give currency to defamation by word of mouth, while they smugly profess horror of the journals which they eagerly purchase to gratify a depraved taste! Criticism of newspapers ought to be free and fearless, and it ought to lead toward the suppression, not the promotion, of those which prove incorrigible."

Here is good authority for cure by "discrimination"; by reform brought about by the "readers"; by such "free and fearless criticism" as will lead to suppression. It is with the curse of yellow journalism as with the curse of yellow politics, the decent individual has got to perform an active part in creating a public opinion in which pandering "to the vulgarest taste for sensationalism" will prove as unprofitable as it is disreputable.

[1] Reference is made to infant ophthalmia only; otherwise the percentages in the pamphlet would be higher.

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OPEN LETTERS

President Roosevelt's Services to Art

THE following excellent summary, printed by permission, was written by the Secretary of the American Institute of Architects. Mr. Brown does not mention the great service of President Roosevelt to the cause of American Art in his advocacy, both personally and in a message to Congress, of the abolition of the duty on art, which is an obstacle not only to our general development of taste, but, specifically, to the progress of our manufactures in the field of decorative beauty. The country will be greatly disappointed if this duty is not wholly removed by the present Congress.—THE EDITOR.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1909

To the President of the United States,

SIR: As I have been working about twenty years for a systematic development of Washington, I appreciate, personally, and wish to express my appreciation of, the great progress under your intelligent and forceful administration. Due to you, the Park Commission's plan, which has been received with enthusiasm by the cultivated people of the world, has been presented and is in process of execution. The monstrous enlargement of the White House has been prevented, and this historic house has been restored to its former beauty and harmony under the capable management of McKim, Mead, and White. The Mall has been preserved from destruction by the proper location of the Agricultural Building in face of strenuous opposition. The erection of the office buildings for the House and Senate, and the extension of the United States Capitol without competent expert guidance, have been prevented. The improper location of the Lincoln Memorial has been checked. The Mall has been cleared for future development by the removal of the Pennsylvania Railway Station. The Grant Monument after serious resistance has been located on the proper site. The coinage has been placed on a high plane by the selection of Saint-Gaudens as sculptor. A Fine Arts Council has been appointed, the moral force of which will undoubtedly have great weight with the community. For all of this, I wish to tender you my congratulations, and express my hearty appreciation of the good you have done the people in the proper development of the National Capital, and in the advancement of the Fine Arts.

Yours most respectfully,

Glenn Brown.

Miss Ellen Emmet

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

IT is gratifying to note that the number of native-born American women painters, at the head of whom indisputably stand Miss Mary Cassatt and Miss Cecilia Beaux, is year by year receiving important accessions. The art schools are thronged with girl students, and the annual exhibitions disclose from season to season recruits who often quite frankly share interest and divide official prizes with the male contributors. It is in portraiture and figure-painting rather than in landscape that the woman artist displays her most congenial qualities, and Miss Ellen Emmet, whose "Summer Shadows" is reproduced in color (see frontispiece) offers no exception to this rule.

Miss Emmet's advantageous position is due to a propitious combination of innate capacity and exceptional technical training. After studying at the Art Students' League under Mr. Robert Reid, and in the summer classes of Mr. William M. Chase among the Shinnecock Hills, Miss Emmet went to Paris, where, on the advice of both Mr. Charles F. McKim and the late Stanford White, she placed herself in the care of Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, who was then receiving a few pupils in his studio in the rue de la Rivée. She remained with Mr. MacMonnies three years in all, returning to America in the autumn of 1900 fully equipped for her future career. The intervening period has been filled with constantly maturing accomplishment, and has been crowned with corresponding success. It is portraiture which has almost entirely claimed Miss Emmet's attention and made up several notable exhibitions of her work, including one at Copley Hall, Boston, at which some ninety canvases were placed on view. Among her most important likenesses are those of Mr. MacMonnies, the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Mr. Levi P. Morton, and Mr. Elihu Root.

Every now and then Miss Emmet seeks to vary her accustomed field of activity by undertaking certain less formal compositions, the happiest of which thus far include the full-length of Miss Susan Metcalf in the act of beginning a song, and "Summer Shadows," which was painted at the artist's country residence at Salisbury, Connecticut, in the summer of 1907. It is Miss Emmet's present intention to exhibit during the ensuing year both in London and in Paris.

Christian Brinton.

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President Monroe Wounded in Battle

IN the article on President Hayes in the March number it was stated that he was the only President of the United States who had been wounded in warfare. Our attention has been called to the fact that President James Monroe, then Lieutenant of the Third Virginia Infantry, was wounded at the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1776, being one of the advance guard of the American army in that engagement. The facts are stated in D. C. Gilman's "Life of Monroe," p. 10.

Concerning the Destruction of the Maine

COMMODORE BEEHLER, in his very interesting "Experiences of a Naval Attaché," in THE CENTURY for October, 1908, in speaking of a conversation with naval officers in Rome, concerning the destruction of the *Maine*, says: "This led me to an elaborate statement of my theory of the catastrophe."

Is the use of the personal pronoun entirely accurate in view of the detailed description, accompanied by a diagram, of the same theory, by Captain Sigsbee in his "Personal Narrative of the *Maine*," published in THE CENTURY for January, 1899?

The identity of the two explanations of the disaster extends even to the method of planting the mine by means of one of the numerous lighters that are constantly plying to and fro across Havana Harbor.

Captain Sigsbee states that he explained this theory to Captain Sampson and Commander Converse on board the *Montgomery*, the vessel on which the author of "Experiences of a Naval Attaché" appears to have been serving at the time.

In regard to the question as to who was guilty of the blowing up of the *Maine;* it might be suggested that it is usual, in tracing crime to its author, to endeavor at once to ascertain who would profit most by the successful accomplishment of that particular crime. In this case it seems certain that the greatest benefit would, and did, accrue to the Cuban revolutionists themselves; for nothing could have been more certain to lead to a war between the United States and Spain and eventually to Cuban independence than just what happened, *i.e.*, the destruction of an American war vessel in a Spanish Harbor. There were fanatical men on each side of this, as of every war. A few such men, as Commodore Beehler shows, could have committed the crime in the manner he describes.

State University of Iowa. *C. C. Nutting.*

COMMODORE BEEHLER'S COMMENT

WITH reference to Professor Nutting's comments on the views taken of the *Maine* disaster by Captain Sigsbee and myself, I may state that there were conflicting views among the officers of the United States cruiser *Montgomery*, in the investigation of the wreck of the *Maine*.

Captain Sigsbee, several of his officers, and many of the survivors of the *Maine* were quartered on board the *Montgomery*, of which I was Executive Officer. Admiral Wainwright then Executive Officer of the *Maine*, shared my room on board the *Montgomery*, and in the Ward-room Mess of the officers we had frequent discussions as to the cause of the disaster. As Executive Officer everything that occurred on board the *Montgomery* came to my notice; all important information was conveyed by me to Captain Converse, and through him to Captain Sigsbee, who was the guest of Captain Converse.

At the time of my conversation with the Italian officers in Rome I had not seen Captain Sigsbee's article, which, while it does agree in nearly all essential features, is different in some particulars that I deem necessary for a complete statement of that occurrence. My use of the personal pronoun in this case, as being my theory of the catastrophe, is, I think, justified. Different views were held by other officers and men, while abroad. The "Marine Rundschau" and "Rivista Marittima," the two best-known continental naval magazines, published at that time descriptions and theories of the disaster that claimed the destruction of the *Maine* due to an internal explosion.

At that time I did not know what Captain Sigsbee's theory was, and in the conversation at this Royal Dinner I could not give any other authority for my theory than my own self. The Court of Inquiry, of which Captain Sampson was the senior member, would not give any definite reason or theory in regard to the catastrophe, except that the *Maine* was destroyed by a mine exploded under the ship. The Court did not venture to lay the blame on any one person, and it was necessary for me in this conversation to assume full responsibility for my account of this disaster, therefore it was necessary and proper for me to use the personal pronoun "my" theory, to which Professor Nutting refers.

In foreign navies the majority of officers still believe the *Maine* to have been blown up by an internal explosion, and, inasmuch as my account of the disaster agrees essentially with that which was published by Admiral Sigsbee, it only goes to confirm the truth of the theory. I do not differ from him, nor would I wish to detract in any way from his distinguished service, or to intrude my opinion as to how his ship was destroyed. He was her commander, and his view of the cause of her destruction is the best authority.

W. H. Beehler.

U. S. Naval Station, Key West.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by J. Conacher

WEATHER-WISE

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Dear me! How fortunate it is that I had the foresight to bring my umbrella.

A Green Gossoon

AN' surely an' I am a man;
Aroon, I am twenty an' one;
But, hoo! I can't go a-courtin'
Till afther the workin' be done.

There 's plowin' an' plantin' about;
The door it be lackin' a latch;
To-morrow I 'll streak to the mill;
A week I 'll be stayin' the thatch.

Och! I 'm only a green gossoon,
Afeard of a colleen, I run;
A fool an' I 'd be an a-courtin',
Till afther the workin' be done.

I stroll at the break o' the day,
An' what do you think an' I see?
"A purty maid milkin' a cow,"
Her petticoats tucked to her knee.

Whoo! I 'm only a green gossoon,
Wid never a coat to me back,
But divel a bit do I care,
Whether workin' be steady or slack.

An' if ye 'd be wooin' o' Peggy,
'T is wise to be 'arly begun,
An' divel a bit will I work
Till afther the courtin' be done.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Epigram

(With a handful of Plymouth Mayflowers)

THE *Mayflower* once filled this shore
With seekers after truth and duty,
And now, each April, fills it o'er
With seekers after hidden beauty.

Would it had taught the Fathers why
Truth without beauty 's half a lie;
And would it might to us express
The beauty of their holiness.

Robert Haven Schauffler.

Mysteries of the Music-Dramas

THE Wagner dramas are replete
With things one can't explain
Except as "motives" of deceit
(A thought that causes pain):
Perchance the music teems with mystery
To fit with their un-natural history.

A swan, on nothingness afloat,
Transforms into a boy;
A dove propels a man and boat
With perfect ease and joy;
The ravens fly with bat-like quiver;
And dwarfs can breathe beneath a river.

A birdling with a human voice
Gives very straight advice,
But never flies straight on by choice
When it can zigzag thrice.
How queer that rainbow, brightly arching,
Whereon stout vocalists go marching!

But worse when wingless horses fly;
Or, puffing real hot air,
A dragon winks his emerald eye,
With megaphonic blare.
O Wagner, wondrous music-maker,
Thou wert the primal nature-faker!

Anna Mathewson.

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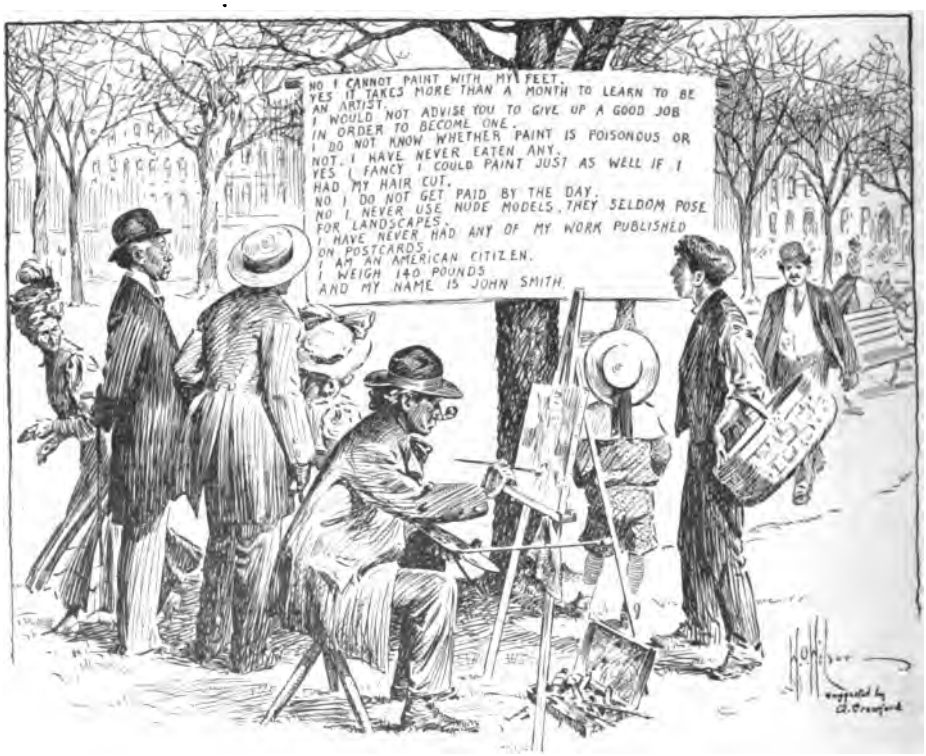
Sailing Back to Boy-Land

COME all ye grizzled, gray old men,
With life-tides ebbing low,
Let 's fare away and breathe again
The air of long ago—
The crisp and tingling atmosphere
That thrilled us to the soul
With dawn's first shout of chanticleer—
Our boyhood's martial roll!
Let 's turn from this dull land of toil
And heartache and distress,
And, packing up our worldly spoil,
Set out for happiness;
To Boy-land, our native land,
Take ship and sail away,
And anchor all our merry barks
In Boy-land's sunny bay.

Rise up and shout and whirl about,
And throw your crutches down!
Rheumatic thrills and pangs of gout
Are banned in Boyhood's town.
Play truant to old, wrinkled Care,
Bid whining Doubt good-by!
The ships are launched, the skies are fair,
No sign of storm on high;
Renew your sight in morning's light
That smiles across the sea
To lead us from the dotard night
To youth and Arcady!
To Boy-land, the favored land,
Let 's ship and sail away,
And sing and float and frolic back
To Boy-land's jocund day!

Bring on your old-time swimming holes,
Your oodle bugs and bears,
Your jack-knives and your fishing-poles,
Your haunts upon the stairs;
Your Crusoes and your Indian tales;
Your marbles, bat, and ball;
The woodsy lore that never fails,
Stone-bruise, and finger-stall;
The wild fruit's tang, the walnut's stain,
The squirrel's chattering glee—
All things that count for daily gain
In joy's democracy!
To Boy-land, the happy land,
If you would make your way,
You must return to boyhood's thoughts
Forever and a day!

Benjamin S. Parker.


NO, I CANNOT PAINT WITH MY FEET.
YES IT TAKES MORE THAN A MONTH TO LEARN TO BE AN ARTIST.
I WOULD NOT ADVISE YOU TO GIVE UP A GOOD JOB
IN ORDER TO BECOME ONE.
I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER PAINT IS POISONOUS OR NOT. I HAVE NEVER EATEN ANY.
YES, I FANCY I COULD PAINT JUST AS WELL IF I HAD MY HAIR CUT.
NO, I DO NOT GET PAID BY THE DAY.
NO, I NEVER USE NUDE MODELS, THEY SELDOM POSE FOR LANDSCAPES.
I HAVE NEVER HAD ANY OF MY WORK PUBLISHED ON POSTCARDS.
I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.
I WEIGH 140 POUNDS
AND MY NAME IS JOHN SMITH.

Drawn by W. O. Wilson

ART IS LONG, AND TIME IS FLEETING

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MCMIX

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THE RED BOX

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII JUNE, 1909 No. 2

WITH THE COIN OF HER LIFE

A STORY OF THIRTEEN AT TABLE

THE FIRST OF THREE STORIES WITH THE SAME MOTIVE, BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING WRITERS: MARGARET DELAND, S. WEIR MITCHELL, OWEN WISTER

SOME time ago when discussing the influence of a point of view on human judgments, it was suggested that in various ways it would be interesting to ask two or more writers to write separately each a short story on a chosen subject, such as a proverb. Finally it was agreed that the subject should be the still surviving superstition in regard to a dinner of thirteen at table. The stories were composed without any one of the three having knowledge of what the other two had written.—THE EDITOR.

IT must be that I am growing old; telltale memory reveals this every day. Why else, for instance, should I forget where I dined last Tuesday, yet remember as vividly as if it were yesterday the buzzing of a fly at the window upon that morning I was forty, while I sat reading Cornelia Dean's note? Birthday tokens from "grateful patients" were on my table, but I looked at the note. Short it was and spoke not of birthdays; it asked one single question,—might Cornelia see me before I began my official day?—yet the handwriting clearly betrayed agitation. I gave orders that as soon as Miss Dean came she should be admitted to my office through the "door of privilege." Outside "the door of practice" some patients were already waiting; I had caught a glimpse of them when my secretary had passed through to the front office at half-past nine with my dictated mail. The busy clicks of the type-writer now reached me clearly. Half-read beside my portfolio lay a scientific review in which Playfair, over in London, before the British Medical Association, praised my recent book; and the proofs of my more recent article upon

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certain phases of neurasthenia awaited revision. Yet, after setting my table in order and dipping a pen in ink, my eyes would still wander to Cornelia's note, and presently, two or three minutes before ten, the door of privilege opened for her.

She looked at the clock. "Don't mind that," I said. "They all can wait."

"Yes, they must," she murmured. "And you must help me." She sat down heavily, like one at the end of all resource.

I was concerned by the change in my friend's usually cheerful, apple-fresh countenance, and I asked her gravely, "What 's the matter?"

"It 's my niece."

Cornelia had several nieces, some grown up and married, yet I guessed instantly that she meant a niece of whom she never spoke, a young girl from the interior of the State, upon whom family silence and a ban had fallen: she had gone upon the stage. Even Cornelia, advanced though she was for her generation and ready to jest about her prejudices, remained old-fashioned enough to forbid her house to many a Parisian novel, also, for example, declining to countenance the play of "Camille." "With the unspeakable morals of the French," she said once, "it seems extraordinary that their verb *aimer* is n't irregular." Cornelia was good company.

"It 's my niece," she repeated, "it 's my poor Nancy," her baffled mind halting at the consciousness of all there was in it. "I have induced her to come to you at last. She 's in there now." Cornelia threw a glance at the door of practice. "She does n't know I 'm here."

Still I looked at her gravely; she made me feel grave. "Does she need me as doctor or as friend?"

"Let it be both. She 's quite likely to tell you she never was better in her life. The point is," Cornelia declared, "she does n't want to be cured."

"You don't mean that she is tired of life?"

"No. It 's different from that. It 's different from anything." Again Cornelia's mind seemed to halt. "But, at any rate, I 've got her here, and you 're going to make it all right, are n't you, my friend? There was something about her letters—something she did n't mean to put there—which frightened me, so I just took the train for Buffalo. She was boarding in the most horrible place—the sort of place where the kitchen smell clings to the very roof and the window-panes; gas on the staircase all day. She refuses to go to her mother's—do you wonder?—or to any of *them,* or to any of *us,* except me. She has come to her Aunt Cornelia. By that I am repaid for the way the rest of the family have taken my writing to her regularly all through the two years."

"But why does the child need me?"

"A sound person does n't believe that they 're—haunted. She tells me she has begun to see it."

"What has she begun to see?"

"It, the thing, whatever it is, just off to one side of where she 's looking. To the right side—almost round the corner. She does n't mind it, you understand. That is what has seemed to me so—" Cornelia did not finish, but fixed her troubled eyes on mine. "I believe that she has been *trying* to see it, you know, for some time. It 's what I seem to have felt in her letters, though it never came in definitely. Anyhow, she sees it now. She calls it her triumph."

I said lightly: "Well, these images are not uncommon. You might suppose, to read the medical books, that every next man and woman had them. Sometimes we nerve specialists cure them, sometimes we send the patient to the oculist. And sometimes, of course, no one is able to cure them. Does your niece happen to complain of headaches?"

Cornelia shook her head. "She complains of nothing. But, then, she would n't speak of it if she had them."

I thought she would, or that such headaches as I meant would make themselves known, and I had hoped to hear of headaches. Without them, "the image" took on a significance more sinister. This there was no reason to tell Cornelia to-day, and I continued: "We meet every sort of image, you know. Some patients see chairs, tables; there was a mother who saw her six children in a row, just to the right. It was so real that sometimes she put out her hand, expecting to touch them. I had an army officer who always saw a razor-back hog. He was gradually set straight by rest, good food, and but little else. What does your niece see?"

"What she sees," said Cornelia, "I am to know, she promises, on the day when

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she has made the thing come straight in front of her." For a moment the grotesque side of this touched Cornelia's wholesome Middle-States humor. "To be bringing up a ghost," she smiled, "seems more like what they might do in Boston."

I laughed myself, but it was chiefly for Cornelia's sake; her news of her niece was indeed not good. I thought it over, and hesitated. "I wonder if there 's something you 're not telling me," I ventured at last.

Her eyes dropped. "No; I do not think that she—I could n't believe—I am certain there has been nothing of that sort. Although there is a young man—but I don't believe he 's the thing she sees," she added quickly, as if to herself.

"You must n't leave me groping, Cornelia," I remonstrated. "It 's hard enough already."

"It is not easy for me," my friend pursued, and I perceived that her emotion was not growing less.

"You have become very fond of your niece," I said gently.

"Ah, I love her!" Cornelia rose precipitately; the effort to check her tears was successful; she walked to the window and stood looking out for a moment upon my garden. "He may be the cause of it," she resumed. "I had n't thought of that. He can not care for her, you know, or he would have been to see her. He knows where she is, because she has written to him. He 's very handsome. About thirty, I should fancy."

"Then you 've seen him."

"Indeed, I have not. She has his photograph, with his name signed across it in a thick, fulsome handwriting. An actor, English by birth, she says."

"Oh, she talks about him?"

"Yes; that is why I 'm not clear as to the nature of *her* feeling. What she says is, that he will be the making of her."

"Has *he* said that?"

"I don't know what he may have boasted. It seems she has acted in plays where he was the hero. What a set of brutes we have all been to abandon her!"

"Not all of you."

"All, all," Cornelia vehemently insisted. "For my letters should have been kinder. If she had ever felt she had a home with me, no matter what, she might have come to me long ago. But her running off the minute she was twenty-one was so dreadful! I could n't feel kind at first. It was the others behaving like such stones that made me write, not any sympathy with what she had done. One of us —to exhibit herself upon the public stage! And how can she have any talent? Though not even if she had genius— But she 's not famous. She admits this herself. Only, she says she knows now that she 's going to be."

"Knows now?"

"Yes; she has become sure of it lately. But ought n't she to have made a name for herself after two whole years of drudgery? That is what I wish to make her feel—that she has no talent. Don't you sometimes hypnotize—"

"Cornelia!" I cried, laughing. "I have seen some rather appalling results come of hypnotism, but nothing quite so awful as what you lightly suggest. The destruction of a talent! I should deserve a thunderbolt. But let us be serious—and avoid hypnotism as much as we can; I trust it less and less—however, never mind my medical opinions just now. This young man—you have told me all you know? When did he come into it?"

"The summer engagement, the stock company in Buffalo. He was the leading young man. She 's had four months of him, if you count the month since they closed. June 5 till October 3," Cornelia finished. This fond aunt had her niece's dates at her finger-ends!

"Then she has had him," I smiled, "much longer than needful to disturb the heart."

"But if it 's not the heart?"

"Ah, wait till I 've seen her. Perhaps she 'll tell me all the things you 've skipped."

"I 've skipped nothing."

"We have n't even mentioned appetite, digestion, sleep, exercise, habits of life when she was acting, and all the rest of the prosy physical details."

Cornelia looked puzzled while I closely questioned her upon matters less romantic than the young man. She could tell me only a part of what I needed to know; she had not been observing those things. "I supposed it was a mental or nervous disorder," she explained, "requiring—well, not pills, but the character-dosing you give."

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"There are no miracles in my medicine-chest, Cornelia—or in any one's. But you give me a bad account of your niece's body, and I hope it may be good news. Mental disorder is often secondary, following organic disturbances, and departs of itself, once we have set the body in order, without any form of influence exerted through the mind of the patient. And remember, Cornelia, science does not record one single instance of organic disease cured by such means. We 'll hope she won't even need pills."

After Cornelia had gone I sat thinking over what she had told me. Might the histrionic temperament give us some special form of disease, subspecies, so to speak, of ailments already classified in the books? Actors are a strange people, unexpectedly emotional, unexpectedly callous, their minds illumined, yet with great blind spots between, and in their fiber delicacy and coarseness stirred together to a blend. They are self-centered in a particular manner, compelled to think continually of their bodies, their voices, their faces, their total selves, in fact, as an instrument upon which they play like a violin to move and hold a mass of spectators. A mind, a will, an attention perpetually strained to such an unnatural attitude, might well in the end produce abnormalities. A special form of palsy affects the hands of writers and telegraph operators; why to the brain that is always watching its possessor should there not come— I paused here and brought my thoughts back from the great dim space that looms beyond the frontiers of knowledge, push them however far we may. No professional temptation besets the modern doctor more dangerous than to treat his patient as an object for study instead of as a brother to heal. It is because I never, even in my most ardent hours of speculation, forgot that my duty was to my patient first and to science next that I have been in some measure successful. If Cornelia was right about the headaches, then I had a disease to deal with threatening and mysterious in all instances, but additionally clouded in this case by something wholly novel. There were physical causes both plentiful and plain for any amount of nervous disorder and exhaustion—a life of bad food and bad air in perpetual trains, theaters, and hotels, with irregular hours, to which doubtless overwork and mental strain had been added.

It was not until I had seen six or seven patients that the young girl's turn arrived. Will you understand my recognizing her at once in spite of her being altogether different from what I had expected? I did do so, though she was short, fair, and vivacious. It was not by her clothes, which were quiet and good, or by her hair, which was lovely and simple in arrangement, or by any one thing in itself; and this is, I take it, what we mean by having "personality." She had this beyond question—whatever it be—and whatever else requisite to her calling she did not have. I had looked for pale cheeks; I did not immediately detect that her rosy color came not from serene health, but from its very opposite.

With her gray eyes fixed upon me she stood a moment at the door, and then stepping forward she broke into an enchanting smile. "I am going to tell you my real name, after all. I had made up my mind to say I was Miss Evelyn Shenstone, which is my stage name. I 'm Nancy, you know."

I laughed rather helplessly, but with excellent result, for she exclaimed: "Why, you 're not going to be like the others! You knew who I was, too!" she added almost instantly, with another quick, full look into my eyes. Her voice also went home with a certain force.

Again I laughed helplessly; one had to. "Well, Miss Shenstone—"

"Nancy! Nancy! That 's not a bit nice in you."

"Well, Miss Nancy (perhaps I 'll be able to drop the 'Miss' presently), who are the others, and why am I not going to be like them?"

"Because you are n't as dull as ditch-water and dead as a door nail. Even Aunt Cornelia, who 's a darling—has she been here? Of course she has."

I do not see to-day, any better than I did then, how one was to cope with such a patient, so sweet was she, so engaging, so surprising. I told myself, however, that presently my tact would dominate her, and thereafter I should soon be winding her round my little finger. Meanwhile I nodded to signify that her Aunt Cornelia had paid me a visit.

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The girl's eyes sparkled. "She loves me, she wants me to be happy, but it has all got to be in her way. I can't make her see—oh, *anything!* Because it makes her happy to do her own marketing, and just now to get awfully delicious things for me (as if I cared what I eat! She was lamenting this morning it was too early for ducks), and because it is her rule to decant her own Madeira and to call only on people who live in certain streets (and not on all of those even, and some of the other streets are much wider, cleaner, and better, anyhow) and to light the furnace on the first of November, no matter what the thermometer says, and never till then—why, what do you suppose she said this morning at breakfast, reading the paper? 'Not a respectable death to-day!' And so she put the paper down. That 's Aunt Cornelia, and she wants me to be happy like that. But you 'll not tell me what she tells me. You"—the girl's voice here sank low, yet gained in volume, and her little body might have been tall, so much presence did it give forth—"you know, you understand it, for in your own way you have it yourself—the consecration—the ideal. I knew you had before I came, and now I see you have."

The searching, melodious cadence of her final words left me silent.

"There is Scripture for it," she said.

"I suppose there is Scripture for almost everything," I replied.

"Ah, don't talk like that! That 's not yourself. You can't even imitate an old fogy well. It 's about the man who buried his talent in a napkin instead of using it and making it bear increase. He was punished for it, you remember, in the New Testament. And so should I be if I did what Aunt Cornelia wishes. Why, you, with your discoveries in a new field, and your duty never to drop it, but to go on, on,—why you 'd pay for it with the coin of your life. It 's the only coin that ever buys the star."

She took my breath away, and still I merely looked at her, waiting for some appropriate thing to say to this creature. I might have said—some doctors would have said: "Tut! tut! my dear; sit down and show me your tongue!" but this, or anything like it, would, I knew, have ended there and then any chance of helping her. Her confidence must be won, or Cornelia would have called vainly upon me.

"I am not an artist yet," Nancy now said, "but I am going to be one."

"So you shall," I exclaimed. "So you shall, if the talent is there."

"Then you do belong to us!" she cried. "I knew it."

"I think I belong to your Aunt Cornelia," I said, smiling; "and I should tell her that talent—the real thing—is forever justified of itself. That does n't mean, you know, that I have passed upon yours."

"No, no. Come and see me in something,—there 'll be something by the New Year,—that 's all I ask of you."

"Come and see you?" I replied. If this were to abet her and array myself against Cornelia, I could enter into no such pact. I had to turn it over quickly; she was watching me with all her eyes, and I had learned that those eyes could see other things besides images. "Come and see you—yes; if meanwhile you 'll come and see me a little."

She moved swiftly up to me and took both my hands. "I 'll come and see you *now,*" she laughed. "I knew you belonged to us."

We sat down then. Hitherto we had conducted the interview standing, I, where I had risen from my chair upon her entrance, behind my broad study-table, with its roses and tokens and strewn papers, she at some little distance away, with the door of practice as a mahogany background. Thus had the first part of our scene taken place (she had only moved a step or two forward) until the final impulse which brought her close to the table. If it were a battle, I had certainly won the first position: she had not come into that room prepared to run up and shake hands with me. Well, I must keep it, my first position, must follow it up, and secure a second, if possible, while she was here this morning; she must promise me to await my professional permission before she took a new engagement.

"I wish you would tell me," I began, "all about it."

"About what?" She was instantly back on the verge of suspicion.

"How you get into it,—your profession, I mean,—what the process, the mystery, is. When a man wants to become a doctor,

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he enters a medical school, and all that. I know how one becomes a lawyer, a clergyman, a merchant; but what you people do, I don't at all know."

She liked my calling her "you people"; this her extraordinary eyes showed to me even as I spoke the words: I was not treating her like a stage-struck miss, but as of "the profession."

"We do a hundred sorts of things. What I did was to go to the office of a manager, exactly as a cook goes to an intelligence-office. Only I had no references. I made very bad soup at first. It was great luck to get any job at all, with the throng of applicants he had. My eyes and hair were a value, of course,—he could see that at a glance,—and he happened to need a small woman for a very small part. So I got it, and the South liked me. The South has liked me from the first. It is my voice. Then—well, then one thing led to another; they were all little, little things. Sometimes it was awful. The men sometimes—I traveled with a musical show twice—but why go into all that? It is past, and my future is very close now." For a flashing instant her face, over this assertion, nay, proclamation of her coming fame, gleamed like resolute steel—steel ground and polished to an edge by hard stones of drudgery.

"You see, I am very strong, nothing tires me; it 's nothing to me if I sleep or not, and I am a quick study. In Buffalo I could take a new part in the morning and go on in the evening. Then my Celtic temperament is worth any looks I have n't got, always given my eyes and hair. I suit the classic or romantic. I don't do in comedy; I wish I did." She had now got herself going,—I did not have to push her,—she ran along without end—the life, the plays, the parts, the notices—she always had good notices now, in Boston, Toledo, Richmond, Atlanta; and Chicago last May had given her the best she had ever received. She named the standard parts she should like to play (*Camille* was one of them, and I wondered if Cornelia knew it), she graduated the cities according to the warmth of their audiences, she played for me, in short, a multitudinous set of variations upon the perpetual theme of self. This was the wonder of it, how, without being in one way in the least vain,—nay, evidently quite humble in some ways,—her every thought, her every throb, was merely a circumference that whirled around her as its center.

In her thus pouring it out, this jumble of fact, opinion, and ambition, she incidentally gave me plentiful ground for astonishment that she should still retain any digestion at all. One single meal a day, and coffee instead of the other two, had been with her so common an occurrence that she fairly stared at me when I interrupted her to make sure I had rightly understood her to say that such a diet had been frequent. "Oh, for economy!" she explained in answer to my question; and she hurried on to something of more interest to her.

But the unknown "thing" remained unknown. She avoided it with an art which concealed art; I should never have dreamed that, for all her talk, I was listening to a person afflicted probably with focal brain disease, who was fostering a hemiopic hallucination. If she were not going to speak of "the image," then it was for me also to be silent about it, at least upon this first day; I might lose all I had gained of her confidence; wherefore, when at length the copious flow of biography ceased, I was ready with a suggestion which I hoped might cause her mind to open and admit me as medical adviser. I threw off some opinions about coffee, adding that I had been obliged to give it up except in the morning, and intimated the likelihood that most of what she had taken had not been real coffee at all; this was the only way in which I could account for her not being a bedridden wreck. Did she ever have "sick-headaches"? I asked casually, and I know that she spoke the truth when she replied that she did not. Feeling my way according to the measure of her attention which I hoped I was winning, I talked about good food, regular hours, and the number of business men who broke down because they neglected both. I informed her that her profession probably bore on the nerves more acutely than any other save the stock gambler's, and that a great actor, like a great engine, would stop unless the boiler was full of steam. "Do you remember Matthew Arnold's remark," I continued—"that genius is largely a question of energy?"

The expression in her eyes changed. "Did he say that?" And encouraged by

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this sign that she was coming into closer touch with me, I pursued my talk. But I was misled by her eyes. I then began to perceive what later I completely learned, that she could fix on you a gaze of absorbed attention, and yet not be open to a word you uttered. I bade her reflect how much more likely to please her acting would be if she were in robust health; I gave it as my guess that she was far from well at the present moment, in spite of her opinion to the contrary, and that I could make her much fitter for work by January if she would be guided by me and obey me.

"Whatever your Aunt Cornelia thinks about the stage for you," I concluded, "it 's never anything but your welfare that she wishes. And just now she desires to be sure you are strong. I have promised her to do what I can for you."

The girl, though all the while I had been talking she had never taken her eyes from my face, now seemed in some way to waken and look at me with a new scrutiny —a look of smiling friendliness and ease, yet one in which I read my defeat.

"If I were not myself," she said, "I should like to be the sort of person you are and do the sort of thing that you do. It must be glorious"—her gaze and voice expanded upon the words—"to touch the sick and heal them! To talk with a maimed human creature, and learn through subtle art his needs, and make him whole! You deal with the mystery of pain. Yes, I could be happy so, if I were not myself. But I could not get along without myself."

This last sentence she spoke in a sort of reverie, and her voice dropped to a very low register. Did she mean these things, or while she uttered them was she merely histrionically persuaded that she meant them, a persuasion due to the exhilaration expressed in delivering her speech effectively? She meant, at any rate, that final word; she virtually repeated it yet once more: "I must keep myself."

Something I now felt, rather than heard, in her tones, something new and strange suddenly present in them, made me look at her fixedly. This notion—this unwillingness to exchange one's self for some one else—has been often enough expressed to me by others, and is what I entirely understand and share: we may very well envy our neighbor his lot, but we would not take the lot if the neighbor had to go with it. It is always the other man's luck, with *ourselves* enjoying it, that we picture. So what I heard which so sharply arrested my attention was not in the idea, but in the voice. The something strange thus imparted by her utterance was immediately heightened by a similar something which I saw in her eyes: they were no longer fixed upon mine, but shining upon—whom or what? With a thrill, cold and unaccountable in me as a physician, I observed her looking steadily out into my garden. I involuntarily followed her gaze, and, childish as this must seem, with apprehension, and the fact that of course I saw nothing through the window where she was so extraordinarily staring made the whole moment we were living in seem like a vibrant intake of breath. I knew just as well as if she had told me that she was seeing "the image." What I cannot explain, even to this day, is my own perturbation. In my fifteen years of experience I had seen three patients afflicted with the malady from which she obviously suffered—yet they had not frightened me. She began to smile as she closely watched her visitant, and suddenly she gave an exclamation of delight and clasped her hands. That this had escaped her was instantly evident by the attempt she made to cover it up, or, rather, to account to me for it. "Why, you 've got Dante there!"

A death-mask of this poet hung, it is true, between my office's two back windows that looked on the garden, and she was now contemplating it with animation. She did not want to give me time, either, to speak; she quoted quickly:

> "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
> Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura."

She repeated the lines well, and with an accent remarkably good when you remember that she came from the harsh central regions of our State.

"Do you know the whole thing?" I inquired.

She chose not to take note of the irony I could not help putting into my question. "I love it! I love it! If somebody would only turn Francesca into a play for me!"

"It has been done several times," I said coldly. "Stripped of Dante's verse and setting, it falls inevitably to a some-

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what stale intrigue. Miss Nancy,—well, Nancy, if you permit it,—you make it uncommonly hard for a poor doctor. What shall I report to your Aunt Cornelia?"

"Can't you tell her that I kept my promise, and that I 'm glad I did, and that I 'll come to see you again, if you 'll let me?"

"I cannot tell her that last part for this reason: you are not well enough to be out of her house. You should be in bed at this moment, with a trained nurse to care for you. And it is I who should be coming to see you. You are deeply fatigued, much overwrought, and if you are not willing to be advised by me, I cannot answer for the consequences. Do what I wish,—it is merely to rest and exist regularly for a while,—and it may avert a grave illness. Don't you love your aunt enough for that?"

She looked from me to Dante, from Dante to me, she gave a glance—one stolen look of comprehension—at space, and then turned upon me a face of bright bewilderment. "I would do anything for Aunt Cornelia, in reason; but what does she want? Look at me! Send *me* to bed! Why, I 'm a horse and an ox for strength!" She turned on a little more bewilderment into her expression as she continued to smile upon me with parted, incredulous lips.

I decided to let her have it straight—not alone what I knew, but also a guess I had made during the last few seconds. "You understand me perfectly. If you will press your eye, it will remain single. If it were really in the garden, it would become double. And—it will never come straight in front of you, although you thought just now that it had taken a step in that direction."

I expected to surprise a sign from her, but I had reckoned without allowing for the frightful adroitness of minds partially unhinged, as I made sure that hers must be. I could not detect a tremor or a blink of comprehension; the smile, the parted lips, the eyes, merely grew to a brighter friendliness. "That 's too much medical language for me all at once. Now, I 'm not going to promise anything to-day except that I will really take care of myself. If you will not let me come back, then I know you 'll come to Aunt Cornelia's."

She gave me her hand, which must have been freezing cold to its deepest fiber; even after she had gone I seemed to feel the lingering ice of its touch.

I assume that I attended properly to the rest of my patients that day, both those who came to consult, and those whom I drove out to visit after office hours, but of this I can recall nothing. The one thing I remember is that I sent to Cornelia's house to ascertain if the young girl were there, and received a message that she had returned in safety. To such a pitch had my anxiety risen that I was prepared to learn she had fled from our hampering solicitude. No sign seemed worse to me than the uncanny skill by which she had baffled my attempts to come to a frank understanding with her, and all the signs were bad. Her relation to "the image," wherein a progress had taken place under my very eyes—this foretold evil rapidly advancing. That my guess had been right was almost certain, and herein lay my single item of success: I had been able so to frame my remarks that her very ignoring them was proof she understood them. She understood them in sooth only too well, otherwise she would have inquired what I meant; but even her enfevered cleverness had not been able at a stroke to devise an escape from revealing this to me. Now, henceforth, she knew that I knew the fact of "the image" and its shift of position was something shared between us two, whether or not she decided this should draw us together or push us apart.

I took the skeins and shreds I had gathered of this case, and from them made out a partial pattern: she had a fixed idea; its precise nature I could not trace until I had discovered what she saw. Herein it was that her case presented to me something wholly new. Was eclipse to be her heritage—partial eclipse of sight and perhaps total eclipse of mind? Was hers a case of visual hallucination in that portion of a field over which darkness would at some future moment sweep at a stroke? Such fate would come from a lesion in one of the occipital lobes of the brain. (Let me apologize for such technical words; no others seem available.)

What did she see, and why did she wish "it" to be in front of her? I found myself repelling the absurd idea that it was in truth any phantom from the spirit

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"WITH A THRILL, COLD AND UNACCOUNTABLE . . . , I OBSERVED HER LOOKING STEADILY OUT INTO MY GARDEN"

world; but here again let me confess something that seems utterly childish: more than once I looked uncomfortably through my garden window while I sat in the gathering dusk.

In the letter which I sent Cornelia that evening I made a clean breast of my discomfiture. I confessed that after certain remarks of mine had seemed to have a happy effect, and to bring Nancy and myself into a relation of downright comradeship, my clumsiness (so I must suppose it) had spoilt all. Something too like a lecture, too paternal, in the tone that, through my anxiety, I had finally taken, had driven her off again into the deep recesses of her secret. I had not given up; it would not do for either of us to give up. "Make her go to bed and rest, if you can," I concluded. "I cannot urge this too strongly. Her state baffles me, and I am altogether alarmed about it. Get her to bed. I don't wonder that you love her, but I should humbly counsel you not to be too parental."

In the matter of getting Nancy to bed, Mother Nature stepped in to our assistance. The next day I was called to see her by a note from Cornelia; her niece had not been able to get up that morning. It was in a state of collapse that I found the young girl. The flush her cheeks had worn yesterday was deeper, her eyes searched me more brightly than ever; the appearance of energy was lasting after energy itself had disappeared. It was like a conflagration, where the house has fallen in, but the flames still leap toward the sky. Ambition was burning that fragile body up, nerve after nerve, or would, if it were not stopped. Youth was on her side against the consuming element of her fixed idea. It had to be drugs this first day, much as I disliked such resource, but sleep or torpor was immediately essential, and these the drugs duly gave us. It is curious that with all the little things I remember connected with this time, what I forget is, how long it lasted. I suppose this must be because I came every day, and the days were much alike. Trained nurses and diet are not interesting in a story, and

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I shall pass them over, together with as much of the medical treatment as can be omitted, without harm to the story. I followed a course which I find more and more safe to adopt in nervous maladies partly arising from fatigue: I began with the body, and watched to see if a return to its normal state would not be followed by a corresponding improvement in the mind. I abstained wholly from anything in the nature of what is come to be loosely and injuriously termed "suggestion." That is, I abstained at first; what I finally, and disastrously, did in that way, shall be told in due order. From one common precaution I was saved: there was no need to discourage all talk of symptoms between my patient and her masseuse and nurse; Nancy could hardly be brought to speak of symptoms even to me, and about the arch-symptom of all, "the image," I never succeeded in extracting a word from her. If she saw it, and there 's no doubt she must at times have seen it, she had profited with swift subtlety by that one slip when she revealed to me in my study that she was looking at it; she knew now how to watch it surreptitiously. Isolation I decided at once would be of no help, might be actually injurious, and here I think still to-day that I made no mistake, and that such happy progress toward cure as I did achieve resulted as much from the good, wholesome society of her Aunt Cornelia as it did from the milk and massage and all the rest of the treatment which I ordered and from time to time modified.

Stay, I have forgotten one thing. On that first visit to her room I noticed at once the photograph of the handsome actor. From his crimson velvet frame and above his flamboyant signature he seemed to gaze at me as if he could tell me "something to my advantage," as the phrase goes when queer people advertise queer things in the papers. It was not a bad face, yet as I looked at the opulent eyes (I find no other word for them), I wondered what it was that he had done —if he had done anything—to Nancy.

"Take it out," I told Cornelia, when we were alone in the sitting-room. "I want to keep from her sight any objects which might hold her obsession before her mind. You can set up her young star in his velvet frame in here."

"That I decline to do," said Cornelia. "He shall go into a drawer in the dark."

Several days passed before Cornelia had any news to give me of this. From the effect of the drugs Nancy sank away fast from the flush of cheek and brightness of eye, and lay pale enough and passive enough for a long while. "She has n't noticed it yet," Cornelia told me on a number of successive afternoons as soon as I arrived; after that it dropped out of both our minds until about a week, perhaps more, was gone, when Cornelia met me on the stairs with, "She has spoken to the nurse."

"Just now?" I asked.

"No. This morning when they opened the shutters."

"Then she spoke as soon as she noticed," I suggested.

"That seems likely," said Cornelia. "But there has not been a syllable to me about it."

We went to Nancy's room together, and no syllable about it was dropped then either, so that on the following afternoon, with Nancy lying among her pillows, I introduced the subject myself. As if with no special aim, I rose from my chair by the bedside and walked about the room, stopping before a picture here, and picking up a book there, talking the while of a dance to which some of my young people had been the night before, and of which I deplored the prematurely grown-up character. "Boys and girls," I said, "begin to play at society a deal too early for their good—Did n't you have a photograph on this table? I don't see it."

I had addressed Cornelia, but it was Nancy who from her pillows replied at once. "Yes; Mr. Richard Bellegarde, the actor. Aunt Cornelia has removed him as being hurtful to my morals." She spoke with the quietest self-possession and sweetness.

Cornelia Dean stared at me, opened her mouth, and shut it. To help her out, I exclaimed: "Oh, morals be hanged till we have got her on her feet again! Let her have it back."

Nancy was shaking her head and smiling. "You must n't interfere with Aunt Cornelia's plans for my welfare."

Still to assist Cornelia, for whom her niece was proving a good deal too much, I said to Nancy, "Your Mr. Bellegarde

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seems a handsome fellow, whether he is a good actor or not."

"Only one in the country is better," said Nancy. "Give me your hand, Auntie darling." Cornelia, reduced to obedience, did so, and the young girl began to stroke it as she talked. "New York found him out last week, and now the world is his. I am in love with his art, Auntie, but not in the least with *him*. And he shall soon be in love with mine, though not in the least—"

Suddenly my study and the garden window came into my mind, and I discerned the reason; for an instant her eyes with strange, intimate intensity, had become fixed upon a corner of the room. It was for an instant only, that this gaze and the pause between her words lasted—"not in the least in love with *me*," she finished imperturbably. "I can do without the photograph, Doctor." She followed the words with a gentle laugh.

"Come away," I said to Cornelia. "She must n't talk any more to-day."

"But is n't it good," exclaimed Cornelia, when we had reached her sitting-room, "is n't it good to hear her laugh again!"

It was not good. I had caught her once more with "the image," so to speak; but that laugh of hers boded worse than "the image," although I did not tell Cornelia this. I heard something in it that escaped an untrained hearing—the cunning of a sick mind all alert to foil us. In her words, too, I read the huddled, dodging mockery of a spirit playing hide-and-go-seek with us, its well-wishers; she could "do without the photograph." I think that this was a "false lead," as they say, I believe, on the stage; I think she meant me to suppose from it that as she had the young man's image present with her in another way, she did not need his picture. At any rate, from that day, I fully agreed with Cornelia that she saw *not* the actor but something else. Of course I questioned the nurse as to what Nancy had said to her, and she to Nancy, when the shutters were opened and the photograph discovered to be gone. The one remark, "Why they 've taken my photograph away!" had been all. With her rapid, formidable cleverness the girl had made the whole thing out for herself. I cautioned the nurse not to encourage or permit her patient to talk "theater"; in this case talking "theater" amounted to the same thing as talking "symptoms." I don't wish to exaggerate the difficulties of my problem, because I failed to solve it until it was too late; I must in all humility record merely my mistakes: one, undoubtedly, was to remove that photograph. Yet even after this, Nancy's trust was almost restored. It was only one part of her nature that was in rebellion against us, the rest—all that was wholesome and sweet and affectionate—was with us, and on that I counted, to that I directed my treatment, and as time went on it responded. Order came back to her bodily forces, sleep, appetite, and strength followed, and the new color of her cheeks, the new light in her eyes, deceived me into thinking we had won her.

One sunny December morning, I advised her to go for a short drive. That afternoon when I saw her, I knew we had slipped back. Utterly puzzled, I asked Cornelia to send for her coachman. The man could tell me nothing, evidently concealed nothing and I asked him through what streets he had driven. With this hopeless clue I then took the same drive. It was just when the futility of my proceeding had decided me to desist that I saw upon a high hoarding, which screened some excavations where a hotel was going up, a huge theatrical poster in three colors. From this the opulent eyes of Richard Bellegarde stared full at me, always as if they knew "something to my advantage." He was blazoned in company with a well-known actress, whose face also stared out of the bill, and the pair were announced as presently to visit us with a brilliant repertory. Here was the key to Nancy's change, but neither Cornelia nor I could be sure what it unlocked; would she, we asked each other, have been disturbed by the poster if Bellegarde's face had appeared upon it in solitary glory?

"She 'd have missed the photograph sooner, if it was that," Cornelia declared.

"How do you know she did n't miss it at once?" I demanded.

"Perhaps she only found herself out when she saw the other woman," suggested Cornelia. We made no advance along these lines, but I saw in two or three days that Nancy was advancing somewhere by herself. From under the

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE SAW HIS GUEST OF HONOR LIFT HER GLASS, AND WHERE THE EMPTY CHAIR HAD BEEN, PLEDGE ACROSS THE TABLE HER CONJURED CRITICAL SELF'"

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cloth of a tray which had been brought down from her room (she had begun to dine down-stairs, but her other two meals she still had carried up to her) I observed protruding the corner of a newspaper. Not a servant in the house admitted any knowledge of this newspaper—but I pass over the domestic convulsion which, thereupon, rent poor Cornelia's household; all of us have had cooks and waitresses leave us. The forbidden sheet—I had positively prohibited any journals containing theatrical news—was full of the triumphs of Bellegarde's company; it was easy to suspect this to be only one of several instances when the injurious element had been introduced into Nancy's room, even as poison is conveyed to a prisoner.

"If your sleep is going to fail you now," I said to my patient one or two days later, "you 'll never be able to return to work in January," and as I then saw coming into her eyes the look which I had learned to translate as defiance, I hastened to add, "Not that we 'll try to stop you. I 'll allow no such thing as that. I simply mean there will not be enough of you to stand the racket."

Well, she turned this over; evidently by the next afternoon the force of it, not as relating to her getting well for her doctor's sake, or her aunt's, or her own, but for the sake of her profession, had been recognized. She opened her gray eyes upon me. "What am I to do, please?"

The little talk we had upon this passed off with a smoothness quite unexpected; what I wanted her to do was to allow herself to go to sleep without the use of drugs, and as I was now concealing from her a part of my intention, I feared her keen penetration would see through my plan. I do not think that she had a suspicion of what I had in mind. I had at length decided (with Cornelia's full knowledge and consent, of course) to exert some mental influence upon my patient. The state of her body left little now to desire, but her mind, if it had begun to recover, had received a set-back from the poster, as I have already said, and needed direct-healing. Therefore I induced a light hypnosis, and to my patient while in this state I gave a peremptory order of oblivion: she was to forget the poster, the actor, and "the image." It was thus that I sought to destroy the fixed idea. I told Cornelia that perhaps one such experiment would suffice, and that perhaps any number might fail of effect, but that I could imagine no harm coming from the trial. "In your niece," I said, "the spirit is again setting fire to its house. We had the house pretty much rebuilt, and now we must keep the spirit in order, if we can."

I have spoken above of this step of mine as disastrous. We cannot tell what else of evil might have happened had I not taken it, but what did happen was assuredly its direct and amazing consequence.

My visit had been made soon after twelve. I lunched at home, and drove out again upon my rounds. When I reentered my study at about half past five, Cornelia Dean was waiting for me. "She is gone," she said; and to my bewildered question, she answered merely, "Gone. Gone away; from my house, from the town." She put into my hand a note which Nancy had left for her.

MY DARLING AUNT: Don't stop loving me. Everything is all right, and will be more all right. But I could not stay with you and *be robbed*. The doctor will understand me. Give him all sorts of messages of thanks and affection; tell him that I know how well he meant. He 'll soon see how mistaken he was. Your Nancy always and always.

(The italics were hers.)

We sat for a while in silence over this startling message, exchanging with our eyes the defeat and the foreboding that so filled us with pain. Then Cornelia told me the little else she knew, giving all blame to herself. She had allowed Nancy to go out for a drive with the nurse. At a drug shop the young girl had wanted some cologne, and the nurse went in to get it. On her return to the coupé, she found it empty. The coachman was as thunderstruck as herself. The girl must have stepped out on the street side, and got instantly into a car. The man seemed to remember that one had stopped opposite the carriage.

We were still searching for her when a telegram from New York told us of her safe arrival at a friend's, and next morning another followed to say she had found

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an engagement and should be in our town playing a small part within ten days, when she would come to see us. It was now poor Cornelia (she decided that no sort of attempt to restrain her niece should be made) who fell ill. By the time I had her somewhat mended, the company had been playing a week in town. I had written Nancy that she must not see her aunt just yet, and Nancy had written that she would come to see me as soon as she was less busy with rehearsals. I did not acquaint Cornelia with the fact that Nancy's company was Bellegarde's company. It appeared that Miss Evelyn Shenstone played, among other parts, the nurse or maid, or whatever she is, in "Camille," which they gave on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday nights. Two papers had given her one line of favorable comment, and ten or twenty lines of publicity, in obedience to their code that no matter what cruel pain such things inflict upon unoffending, helpless private people, the public "has a right" to know all about it. Nor did they stop with revealing her true name, and the respectable disapproval felt by her family at her choice of calling; they hinted at further matters of interest. Mr. Richard Bellegarde believed in a great future for Miss Shenstone, while the lady star of his company was rumored to entertain a different opinion.

I leaned my head in my hand after finishing these nauseating paragraphs, and reflected that with their daily injection of vice, violence, and sophistication into American homes, these newspapers are America's worst enemy. It seemed my duty to come in with some support and countenance for Nancy. Accordingly I did two things: I took a box for the Saturday night's performance of "Camille," to which I invited a number of friends of Cornelia and her family, and I arranged a supper after the performance at my own house. To this were bidden, beside my box party, Nancy, Bellegarde, and the star actress, with a few other friends to make up an assemblage large enough to seem marked and formal. All my guests accepted, save Cornelia.

At the play a surprise awaited us. The manager in a speech before the curtain craved our indulgence; the star had been suddenly incapacitated, her part would be taken by Miss Shenstone. The excitement of mingled curiosity and anxiety into which the news threw me was soon supplanted by interest and a dawning conviction that Nancy *had a right* to be an actress. She bore, she even profited by, the sudden strain of this demand. After the first ten minutes she began to play with an exaltation which by the end of the act captured the house, and drove from my mind all thought of Bellegarde, in whom I naturally felt a peculiar, if not a hostile, interest. His real eyes were precisely like the poster and the photograph; beyond these, and his black hair, I recall noticing nothing at the theater. My guests thought that he played very well. That scene between the heroine and the father of *Armand* called forth much enthusiasm from every one except myself; I had begun to be frightened by the appearance of Nancy and the marvelous manner of her acting, though doubtless I should never have been so but for my previous knowledge of her. She was called before the curtain several times after this act.

"How beautiful she looks!" exclaimed my neighbor.

"She looks frightfully ill," I said.

"But she ought to in this part," my neighbor reminded me.

This I had not thought of; I hoped the appearance would prove merely the result of art; I hoped that her eyes, as they so strangely gazed upon the audience, beheld nothing less corporeal. My mind now suddenly illumined, gave, so to speak, a start; into it a thought had leaped, seemingly from outside. Of course this unexpected flash was (to use a chemical simile) produced merely by the uniting of separate trains of thought which must have been for some time approaching each other. Nancy's acting depended on "the image," or she thought it did. It stood for her, whatever it was, as some guide or source. It must then be—what? On the threshold of certainty my mind halted, but its new preoccupation lost me the final act, which I stared at without in the least seeing.

Richard Bellegarde did not wait for Nancy, for whom I sent my carriage back to the theater. In this he showed tact, if not good feeling. He arrived before several of the others, full of enthusiasm for Nancy's performance. If he had other

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thoughts about her, he concealed them well. It was with real or excellently feigned freedom that he spoke of the young girl while my supper party was assembling and removing its wraps, and he had the good taste to make no reference whatever to the newspapers. Of himself, he was, of course, a little more full than he was of Nancy. "She says she owes everything to me, and I 'll not deny that she does owe a lot. She had n't an idea of pantomime till I took hold of her. You see, over in England I studied under the Bancrofts, and they—he especially—well, if you could n't suit him in your pantomime, you could n't stay. D' ye know, some of your comic actors here are better than the others? But I used to say to Nancy when we were rehearsing in Buffalo, 'My dear little girl, don't do it that way! If you could only see yourself as others see you, you 'd do it all right in no time.' "

Another flash in my mind followed these words, but my arriving guests broke, for the moment, this colloquy. *"It"* was herself she saw!—But in what presentment? Bellegarde also was disappointed at being interrupted; with a civility good but perhaps a little too lustrously august, he bowed to the various friends I brought up to him, but hovered aloof, handsome and rapt, beside my fireplace. Nancy, of course, was surrounded, which gave me no chance to watch her, even after we sat down to table; there, though sitting at my right, she was still beflowered with compliments and questions. Bellegarde I changed, placing him at my left, in order to continue our talk at the first possible moment. So sunk was I in what he had revealed to me that I forgot to order removed the empty chair intended for the actress star. From her I had found a note, excusing herself a trifle abruptly, on the score of "indisposition." I had made no reference to her absence, and I hoped that no one else would do so.

"Odd little lady," Bellegarde, on his first chance, resumed to me. "As I was saying, she got all that pantomime from me, though she did n't get it in any hurry, I can tell you! She continued awfully bad, and I said to her every day, 'Don't do it that way! If you could only be in two places at once—on the stage, and in front watching your own mistakes! She knows she owes it all to me."

"Has she told you so?" I inquired, observing him attentively.

"Dear me, yes! Queer little lady!"

"Miss Shenstone is a great friend of mine," I remarked.

He took the hint, but excused himself. "And of mine. You must n't mind us stage folk and our ways with each other. It makes for familiarity. No offense is meant."

On this point Nancy now certainly bore him out. Across me she lifted her glass to him. "Here 's how, Jack!" Then she added: "You don't yet know all."

Thus I learned that Mr. Richard Bellegarde, who now pledged Nancy in a bumper of champagne and with a glance that set me wretchedly wondering about them once more, had been baptized John, and that his true name was Bagstock.

"But," he continued, "I succeeded with her—put her on the right track. She told me she was going to see herself as others saw her. She said she should become her own best critic."

The empty chair now struck my attention for the first time, and I directed it should be removed. But even as the man placed his hand upon it, a low exclamation came from Nancy. She was looking apparently at him, and my heart sank.

"Whom was it intended for?" asked one of my guests.

"Why," exclaimed another, "you were going to ask—"

"She could n't come," I said hastily.

My guest met it with equal haste. "Oh! of course!" she murmured.

The silence it brought on us was a mere moment; talk waked up briskly again with the happy inspiration of some one down the table. "Well, it 's lucky we have n't another, for then we should be thirteen!"

Nancy leaned once more across me. "We are thirteen, Jack. Do you understand?" They did not hear her, nor see her next action. Thev were all gay again; only their host, myself, sat cold, as he saw his guest of honor lift her glass, and where the empty chair had been, pledge across the table her conjured critical self, "the image," now at last evidently in front of her. Then suddenly, still holding her glass, she rose, the triumph on her face obliterated by staring terror; there came from her a wild, long, piercing shriek, and as the glass fell shivering among the silver

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and flowers, her hands began to make a blind groping. I started to support her swaying body, but Bellegarde, as if in answer to that groping gesture, had already rushed behind me, and caught her in his arms. The eclipse had come! Darkness had covered one half her sight, engulfing "the image" in its descent.

We carried her to Cornelia's house,—Cornelia had not been well enough to accept my invitation,—and under her aunt's roof, not at once, but before spring, she died. It was a merciful aberration that possessed her mind during those last weeks; she remembered nothing of her art or her ambition, and her affectionate nature shed a sort of happiness upon herself, even if it could not upon us who watched her.

Even to this day I ask myself what was the true cause of that appalling cry which Nancy gave. I cannot feel sure; I shall never feel sure. That for a triumphant moment she saw "the image" full in front of her (as she had always been determined she should see it) I have no doubt whatever; the direction of her gaze was unmistakable. Was it swept to the center of the field by the rush of oncoming blindness? Perhaps so. But why her terror and that shriek? In those first moments the girl was not aware of her half-blind state. Was it, then, the *loss* of her precious image? Or did that one single full sight of it blast her mortal mind? Perhaps, for any of us the form of our sublimated self —never beheld by man in the flesh—would prove too portentous for reason, either by its brilliancy or by its somber gloom. These are odd thoughts for a scientific man; they shall be the last of my confessions.

It is all long ago. Cornelia is dead now, leaving in our town a great blank for me, and one less of the few with whom I am at happy ease. You may wonder about Bellegarde; I have often wondered.

SOROLLA

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

"I AM FLEET," said the joy of the sun,
Trembling then on the breast
Of the summer, white, still—
"I am fleet; I am gone."
Smiling came one
With brush and a will,
Undelaying, unpressed,
And the glancing gold of the tremulous sun
Lingers for man, inescapable, won.

"Not here, nor yet there,"
Cried the waves that fled,
"Shall ye set us a snare.
Motion is breath of us,
Stillness is death of us;
We pause and are sped,
We live as we run."
Laughing came one
With brush and a will,
And the waves never die and are nevermore still.

"I pass," said the light
On the face of the child;
But softly came one
And forever it smiled.
Here Time shall re-plight
His faith with the dawn,
And his ages, gaunt, gray,
Ever cycling, behold
Their youth never flown
In a world never old,
Though they pass and repass with their trailing decay.

"We stay," said the shadows, and hung
On the brush of the master; "take us, thine own!"
Fearless he flung
The magical chains around them, and said:
"Ye, too, shall be light, and to life bring the sun."
And Man, delayed
By the painted pain's revealing glow,
Feeleth the breathing woe,
And his vow is made:
"Ye shall pass, ye shadows; yea,
And life, as the sun, be free,
The God in me saith.
And the shadows go;
For joy is the breath
Of eternity,
And sorrow the sigh of a day."

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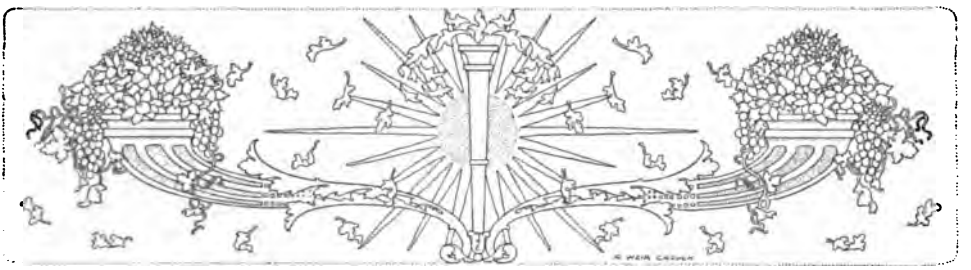

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

BY A. BARTON HEPBURN

President of the Chase National Bank, New York

DOES the pursuit of wealth cut the American man of business off from the old-fashioned relish of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be: Yes, beyond question.

America possesses comparatively few old families whose established fortunes permit the choice of vocation and a judicious division of energies, devoting perhaps the major portion to business pursuits, but reserving sufficient time and strength for the development of the higher ideals of life.

Family history in America has been pithily described as "from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations." The fortune that results from the frugality, sobriety, and intelligent application of the father may be preserved, possibly added to, by the son, but the next generation enjoys,—recklessly, perhaps,—and the next squanders, so that the third generation is forced again into the ranks of bread-winners.

This may result largely from our newness as a nation and from the ease with which fortunes are made. Age may modify somewhat, but in the absence of right of primogeniture and a law of entail, abnormal accumulations of wealth are bound to find general distribution in a limited period of time. Pinched with poverty at the inception of one's career, habits of thrift and economy become ingrained,—a second nature,—and are a controlling influence through life. Others, to whom a reasonable start in life is given, find it difficult to retire from business even when ample fortune crowns their efforts. Retiring is difficult largely because there is no inviting field for them to enter. We have no leisure class devoted to the general purposes of life, whose ranks open invitingly and furnish a proper goal to the business man's ambition. With us leisure is called loafing, and a man out of business is not only out of his element, but he is out of countenance with current events. He not only ceases to be a factor in business, but suffers depreciation in popular estimation, unless he occupies his time in some form of public service.

Commerce rules the world. Nations no longer fight for territory, but contend for markets. The virile force in the governments of the great nations is recruited largely from the ranks of commerce; its growing power tends to hold men longer in its leash. The heads of our large financial institutions and transportation and industrial corporations possess a real power in the community—power to do things,

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in comparison with which the power possessed by our public officials, with few exceptions, is trivial. The president of a large bank goes abroad; he is the recipient of marked attention on the part of his correspondents in the principal cities, and this contributes very largely to his pleasure and advantage. To some extent personal ties are formed that would survive, but largely such attentions would cease were he to retire from business.

There are many forms of entertainment open to a man of leisure in New York, but how about smaller, interior places? Travel is open to all, and is a great educator as well as a means of diversion, but the man who depends in large degree upon travel soon feels himself a nomad. Five years ago a man whom I well knew, middle-aged, of strong physique, good address, fairly educated, and seemingly well-equipped for self-entertainment, retired from business at the crest of the wave of prosperity, with a fortune of $800,000. He went around the world, bought some pictures while abroad, more upon his return, made a study of art, and study made him dissatisfied with his earlier purchases. Being able to go where he pleased and to do what he pleased, leisure became irksome; it lost the charm which contrast, with strenuous demand, had formerly given to vacations. Seemingly he longed for something that he *must* do, and uneasiness induced speculation. His purchases were what are known as "high-class rails"; but the break in the market in March, 1907, compelled the mortgaging of his home to protect his creditors. As soon as the market recovery enabled his creditors to realize their claims, they did so, the result being a broken fortune, a broken-down man, a disappointed life. Had we a serious leisure class to offer such a man a reasonable and satisfying object in life, it might have kept him out of mischief, and protected him from himself.

An active business life, in the strong competition which obtains, calls into requisition one's greatest mental energy in order to achieve success; take away such business, with its mental stimulus, and a man with highly trained energies is apt to take to speculation, or to involve himself in unwise undertakings. Had we, however, a distinct class of such men, with similar conditions and kindred ambitions, they might entertain one another. Books and philosophy are accessible to all, but it is difficult to go from an active to a sedentary life. Of course all these retired business men read, and the volume of current literature and new books that are published is phenomenal; but few of the books survive the transitory period of their production. This outpouring of ephemeral literature diverts attention from the books that have stood the test of time and criticism—the books that not only entertain, but also instruct and tend to fit one for a broader, better life.

I know of one conspicuous example of what may be done by men of inherited fortune. A young man of ample means who did not wish to engage in any business pursuit thoroughly educated himself here and abroad at the universities. He then made himself master of a technical pursuit by the study of forestry abroad. After a year or two of professional work, he relinquished it to accept a responsible position in the Government, where he is now rendering great and highly appreciated service in working out the best policy for conserving our forests and other natural resources.

Not long ago, at the time in autumn when active business men return to duty, I was asked by one of our leading captains of finance and industry, "Have you had a good vacation?" I answered with satisfaction: "Yes; ten weeks in Europe." "Now tell me, please," he said, "just what you did from the time of your landing on the other side." In brief, this was my synopsis of a business-man's vacation: "Passed through Ireland to Scotland; motored over the country of Burns and Scott, also over that region whence came my forebears; spent a week in Edinburgh; refreshed my knowledge of Scottish history, gazed at Edinburgh Castle, and recalled the stirring scenes of bloodshed, of treachery, of courage, of patriotism, of diplomacy, and of statesmanship that characterized the crucial events of history in which this stronghold formed a central figure; visited the points made famous by the former autocrats of literature; also points made almost sacred by those rugged exponents of popular education and popular rights; renewed my acquaintance with English friends by passing calls, an experience repeated on the Continent; settled

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down at an agreeable watering-place (free from Coney Island attractions), and for five weeks paid reasonable attention to the dietetic directions of my physician; took baths, rode and motored as the spirit moved, and with gold-headed cane, silk hat, and frock-coat gave myself up to the languor and relaxation of afternoon teas; rested, took on flesh, grew away from New York strenuosity; visited the art galleries and museums that came within my circuit, the treasures of which always greet me as old friends, the satisfaction of revisiting them being very much like meeting a most interesting and valuable acquaintance."

After a thoughtful pause my fellow-business man said in comment: "I could n't do that. I have stiffened the cords of my neck in all the galleries over there, and they no longer interest me. I have studied the people and their ways, and their ambitions seem to me unworthy of the highest aspirations of men. A competency for life generally satisfies them, and they show insufficient concern for the protection of their families and children. In very few instances do their lives measure up to the maximum capacity of a man. In short, the only thing I really love and can understand is the game afforded by the strenuous life right here. The stake is what you are able to make it; your rivals are foemen worthy of your steel, and the measure of your success is the measure of your ability. This 'money-making game,' if you choose to characterize it thus, puts me to my resources, strains my endeavors, and when success ensues, the exhilaration is large in proportion."

With him it did not seem to be a question of money nearly so much as the game; but too often, I think, in such contests, long-continued success requires a growing stake to insure continuing zest. Commodore Vanderbilt, an inveterate whist-player, always played for two shillings a game. The stake was trifling, but the game must possess the aroma of money to make it interesting; and that, I believe, is rather typical of business men generally. Nor is this characteristic peculiar to sex. Many good dames find an added pleasure in "bridge" through knowing that the result of the sitting will find expression in the coin of the realm. The old cardinal principle, the only safe foundation upon which to build society and the state, that a man should render an equivalent for what he gets, is made more difficult to inculcate when money hazards are permitted in the family circle. It is also harder to wean men from the money craze when women, albeit in milder form, are possessed of a kindred spirit.

In many instances the large fortunes that have been accumulated and left to those who have had little or no part in the making become a menace to the community; for large fortunes, unwisely administered, are a source of danger to the public as well as to their possessors. Many recent exemplifications of the truth of this statement will readily present themselves. If the fathers of the spoiled children of luxury had practised a dignified, sensible leisure at the right time of life, the example might have descended with their money. Badness, however, is by no means the rule. Large fortunes generally are administered fairly within the lines of public approval. The compensatory influence attending upon great wealth is the general disposition to devote a large portion to the public interest, as witness the private endowments of schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, and eleemosynary institutions generally.

In New York we have one conspicuous instance of a man of great wealth, still very much in business, who practises on a grand scale those intellectual relaxations which in some degree are obtainable by every business man. He has collected treasures of literature and art which appeal only to the highest culture. His library contains rare, rich treasures; probably no other private library in the world can compare with it. And we have many men of great wealth who are devoting their large fortunes to the public good in a manner to be of continuing service to succeeding generations. The assiduity of their labor in disposing of part of their fortunes is quite equal to the labor of accumulation. Such men are far removed from the charge of sordidness, and such a term cannot well be applied to our men of wealth, as a whole.

The chief reason, probably, why most American men continue in business until physical incapacity compels abatement may be found in the fact that men like power and consequence, and, specially in this

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country, hesitate to relinquish the prominence which comes from a hold upon commerce. I think this influence is generally stronger than the desire to accumulate money. Aristocracy contemns labor for hire. Patriotism, public service, beneficence, fame, but not fortune, may command the efforts of gentlemen. Even so late as Byron's time, to write for money was discountenanced. Prior to enfranchisement, a tendency to look down upon all who labored was prevalent in the slave States, and necessarily this feeling found varying expression in other States. Under such influences, the ambition for social advancement, which is universal, prompted retirement from business at the earliest practicable moment; the social recognition of marked success in business which now obtains has lessened such inducement. Man is sociable and gregarious, and hesitates to leave the great majority of busy men to join the ranks of the comparatively few people of leisure. No one appreciates better than business men the danger of leaving too large fortunes to their families. It tends to idleness on the part of their sons, with all the mischief that is found for idle hands to do; it exposes their daughters to the wiles of the fortune-hunter—perhaps, if the estate is large enough, some moral and financial bankrupt with a title of nobility. The game, the hazard of business, gives them a mental stimulus which long experience has made almost indispensable. Success in daily recurring transactions yields a sense of victory which appeals to self-complacency.

Public life should, and measurably does, offer an inviting sphere of usefulness—even a patriotic field—for successful men who have achieved fortune, and are thus enabled to relieve themselves of business cares. Such men have been of great service in important diplomatic positions, more in consonance with the dignity of the nation and more to its advantage than would have been possible had they been limited to the meager compensation which the Government provides. The well-to-do man of leisure should successfully rival the man who seeks office for the compensation which follows.

However, there is another side to the shield. The moment such a man seeks office he becomes, in public estimation, a "politician," and rests under the anathema that is hurled against all who seek to engage in public affairs. The continual exposure of maladministration in municipal affairs, supplemented by frequent laches on the part of persons in higher office; the fact that the onus of political campaigns seems to be reciprocal denunciation (a condition in which the "yellow press" revels), will account for the wholesale criticism pronounced against legislatures and Congress. Intelligent criticism which locates responsibility is ever helpful, but undiscriminating and indiscriminate criticism never effects reforms, and if it has any influence, serves only to lower the general standing. Most of our public servants are competent, honest, hard-working officials, and without doubt unintelligent, broadside criticism or denunciation serves to discourage men of leisure from seeking to enter public life.

All I have said simply explains existing conditions; I do not seek to justify. Our business men ought to break away from trade exactions long before they do—ought to do so as a matter of volition and ethical judgment, rather than of physical necessity. They ought to get and give more enjoyment in life; they ought to do less for self and more for others; they ought to live more in books and more in the open and less at their desks, and realize better health and longer lives as a result. More and more culture in all its forms is exercising a growing influence, which must manifest itself in lessened effort along the lines of money-getting, and the devotion of more time on the part of our business men to the pursuits which naturally accompany fortified leisure. Aristotle said "the end of labor is to gain leisure," and Aristotle was a wise man.

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OLD COLLEGE SONGS

WITH DRAWINGS
by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

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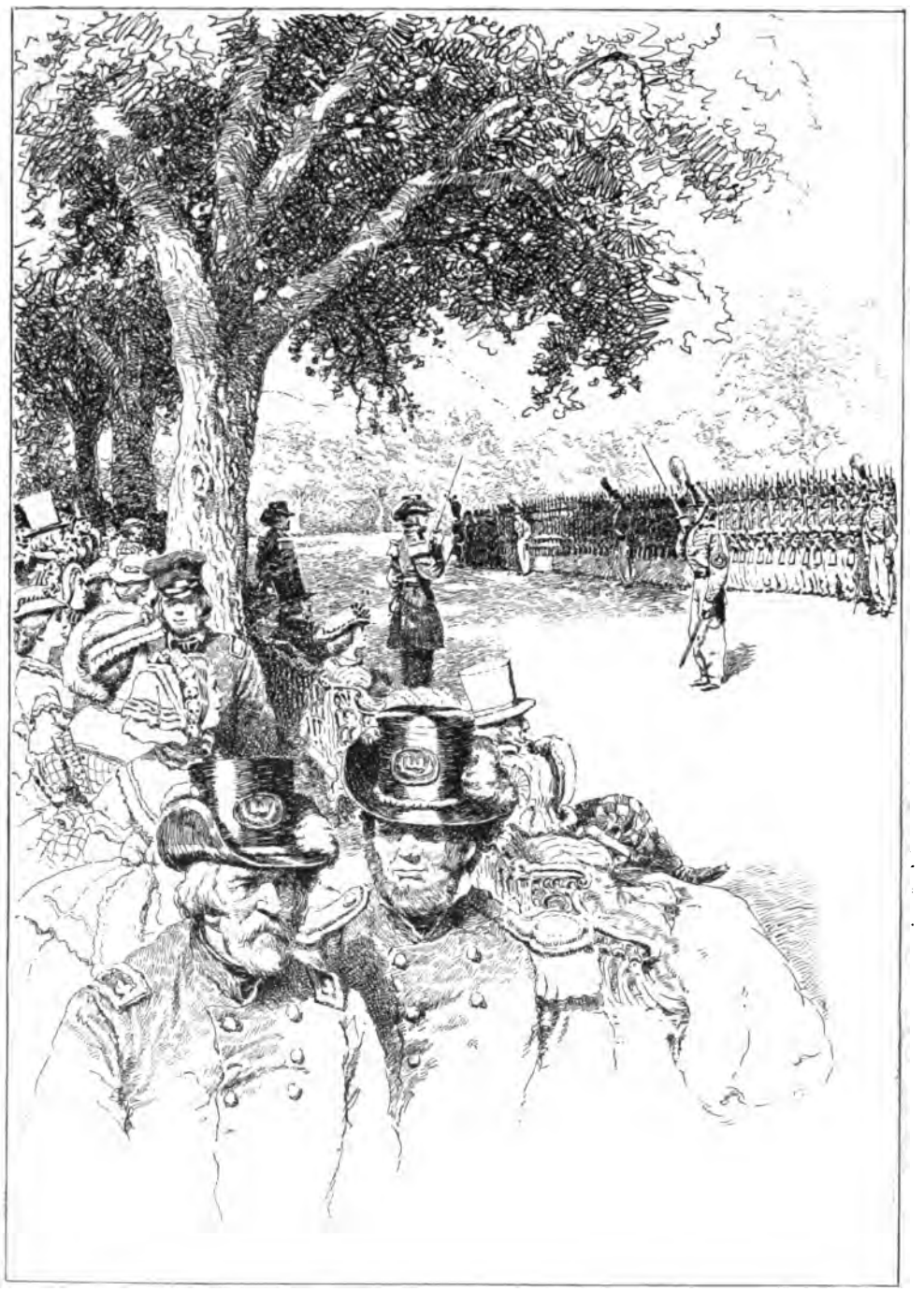
WEST POINT.



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BENNY HAVENS.

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row, To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;

In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow, So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

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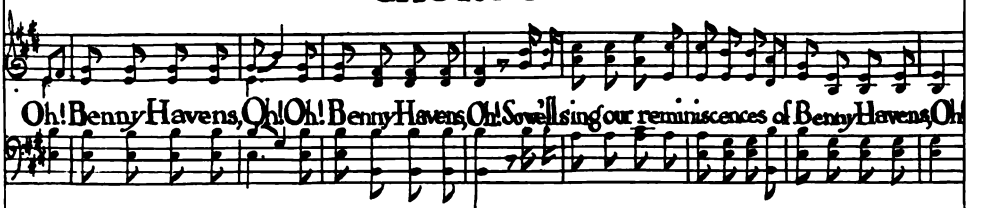
CHORUS.



II

And when in academic halls,
to summer hops we go,
And tread the mazes of the dance
on the light, fantastic toe,
We look into those sunny eyes,
where youth and pleasure glow,
And think ourselves within the walls
of Benny Havens, Oh! *cho.*

III

To our kind old Alma Mater;
our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret,
as o'er life's sea we roam,
Until on our last battlefield
the lights of Heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her
and Benny Havens, Oh!
cho.

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ANNAPOLIS.

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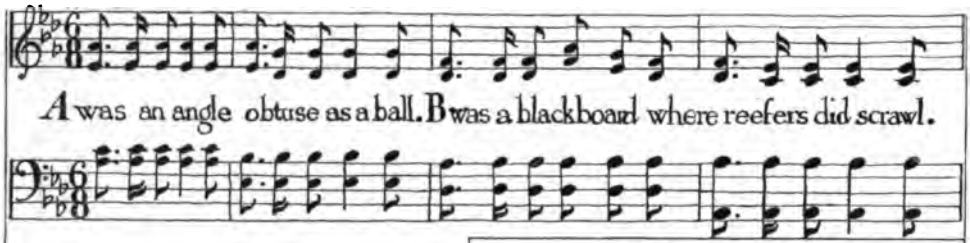
THE ALPHABET SONG



CHORUS

"Oh middy, dear middy," old Chauvenet 'd say,
"I'll give to you ten if you 'll solve this to-day."
I winked and I blinked at old Chauvenet's shoe,
And bilged like a middy when drunk ought to do.
cho.

II

E was the entrance through the fort wall.
F was the fellows that through it did crawl.
G was old Girault's permission we took.
H was the honorable liberty-book.
cho.

III

I was the irksome problem to learn.
J was a jug of gin no mid. would spurn.
K was the kalendar that kept the school run.
L was the limber to old Lockwood's gun.
cho.

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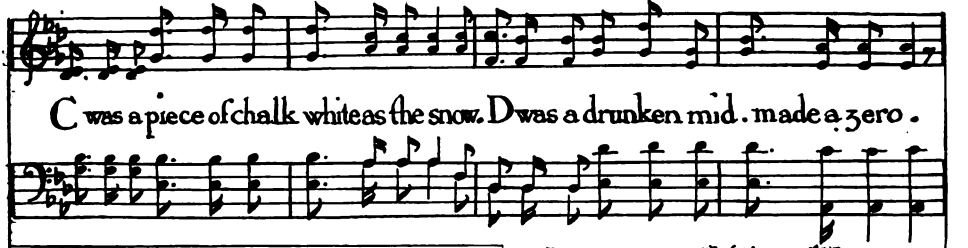
OF 'FORTY-ONE DATE



IV

M was the mayor who sold us our boots.
N was the number to extract the square roots.
O was an object from which all would run.
P was the prolonge to gun Number One.
cho.

V

Q was the question that no mid. dare touch.
R was old Roseygo stuttering Dutch.
S was a sand-fly, a very great sport.
T was the twelve that played the deuce in the fort.
cho.

VI

U was old Upshur out in the rain.
V was the vagrants he could not restrain.
W the whiskey that made a bad mess.
X was a symbol of math. to guess.
Y also helped to torture the brain.
Z is the zenith of glory to gain.

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THE CAKES OF JUDGMENT

A TRANSVAAL ELOPEMENT

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

AUNT JACOMINA paused to wipe the sticky pancake dough from her arms with fresh flour.

"You ought to have married them yourself, poor things," she said to her husband, "instead of sending them to the Dutch Reformed Church minister, who is little better than a heathen, just because her father is one of your elders. I do despise a spineless man. And they 'll be here for the wedding feast in a couple of hours, and I don't believe that donkey of a schoolmaster has learned the speeches he 's to make."

"How many are there to learn?" asked the *predikant*.

"Three," replied Aunt Jacomina. "One for the bride, one for the bridegroom, and one for the bride's father."

"But he won't be here," said her husband.

"Of course he will. Whoever heard of a bride's father not being at the wedding feast? You 're going to fetch him."

"But he 's such a man of wrath!" groaned the predikant, miserably.

"Yes; but he can't touch a clergyman, can he? The predikant's voice is God's voice. Whoever heard of any one striking a clergyman?"

"Must I go, wife?" asked her husband, feebly. "I 've talked the whole day with each of them already, and neither will give way a particle. Never have I seen such an obstinate quarrel over a trifle. It 's disrupting the Dopper Church, and it gives such unchristian joy to the Dutch Reformed congregation."

"Take the blue roan and ride over to Uncle Piet Brand's farm at once," said Aunt Jacomina, decisively. "And don't light your pipe in my kitchen; the smell gets into the cakes."

In the end the predikant yielded before his wife's firm, expansive personality, saddled the blue roan mare, and rode out of Krokodilsrust, attended by the malicious salutations of half its inhabitants, who guessed his errand.

FROM the farm the houses of the village could be seen dancing in a mirage upon the horizon. Presently a speck seemed to emerge and traverse the plain. Elder Piet Brand laid down his Bible, refilled his silver-topped pipe with some loose Transvaal tobacco, and went to the door, where he stood shading his eyes from the hot noonday sun.

"Trana," he called, "make coffee. Here comes a rider."

His wife put down her needle, filled the kettle with water from the bucket, and set it on the wood fire. Meanwhile her husband continued to watch intently the approaching horseman.

"Trana, make the best coffee," he continued, "and set out a pitcher of cream. It is that blue roan of the predikant. I know that mare. I told him weeks ago that she had a spavin, and he said it was only stiffness. She 'll go lame in a few days longer."

"It is not right to argue with the predikant, Piet," said Trana; "but you are so obstinate; you will quarrel with everybody. If our Freda had married that young Van der Merwe, as they were inclined, it would have been a fine match; but just because you chose to quarrel with

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'YOU USED TO BE SUCH GOOD FRIENDS, UNCLE'"

the field-cornet over nothing at all, after you had both been good friends since you were children together, and—"

"Allemachtig!" shouted the elder, bringing his fist down with a crash on the big Bible. "Will you never let that rest? Did he not summon me three times in a month to sit on his jury, when he knew the crops had to be gathered in?"

"That was because you would n't have him on the board of elders, and him twenty years a member—"

"Allemachtig!" shouted the elder again. "I said Freda should never marry his son, and that settles it forever. Not that she would dream of doing so against her father's wish; she 's a good girl, and knows the Lord's commandment about honoring one's parents. Ha! I 'd like to see my children disobey me, anyway. And now you want to shame me in the eyes of all the Boer folk by marrying her into the family of an atheist, a scoffer at holy things, who tells me to my face that the world is round, and outside the church door, too, when the Bible says distinctly that it is flat. 'He stretched out the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth,' says the Holy Book. How could there be any foundations if it was round? Did n't King David know what he was writing about when he made up the Psalms? Let me hear no more of this nonsense."

Trana was silent, but presently a tear fell upon the hot kettle, and spluttered there; and Piet Brand, seeing his wife's distress, ceased his denunciations of his enemy, and began pacing the floor angrily, occasionally giving vent to his feelings in short ejaculations.

"Ai! you lazy wretch," cried Trana to the yellow Hottentot maid, "what are you doing there? Run to the dairy and fetch a pitcher of cream. And take the flies out; it is for the predikant."

By the time the cream and coffee were ready, and Trana had arranged the chairs and dusted the parlor, the blue roan had reached the door. The predikant dismounted, hitched his steed to a locust-tree, and entered.

"Good-day, Uncle Piet," he said. "Good-day, Aunt Trana. How do you feel to-day, Uncle?"

"Better than that blue mare of yours, Predikant," the elder answered. "Nephew, she has the worst case of spavin I 've ever seen. She 'll be hopelessly lame in a few days longer."

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"Well, well," answered the predikant, "just as you say, Uncle."

This unexpected acquiescence took the elder aback.

"What 's the matter, Predikant?" he demanded. "Are n't you well? Last time I warned you, you got quite angry about it, though I do say it 's better to serve the Lord than to understand horses, and a man who does the Lord's will with all his power can't be expected to know anything about them: he has n't got time; it stands to reason."

"Be quiet, Piet," said Trana, pulling at her husband's arm. "You will argue, just to get up a quarrel with somebody. Sit down, Herr Predikant. Will you drink coffee?"

"Thank you, my aunt," replied the predikant, seating himself, and pulling up his black trousers at the knees.

"And a drop of schnapps, just to make it sweeter?" said the elder, producing a bottle.

"Thank you, Uncle," said the predikant, crossing his legs and clearing his throat nervously.

"Where 's your wife, Predikant?" asked Trana, pouring in the cream.

"She could n't come, Aunt; she 's baking."

"Baking on Monday?" asked Trana, in surprise. "She is n't becoming extravagant, I hope, like that cousin of her stepmother's, who put baking-powder in the leaven."

"No, Aunt."

"Aunt Jacomina 's a good woman, and does n't take up with such new-fangled, godless notions," said the elder, warmly. "There are some people who would reform the Holy Book itself, like Cornelius Van der Merwe, these days. I remember his old father: he was as godly a man as you could imagine, always dressing in black and going to church twice regularly on Sundays, and following the service from memory, without having to look at his prayer-book. And what does Cornelius do but tell me to my face that the world is round, as though the Bible could be corrected!"

"You used to be such good friends, Uncle," faltered the predikant, setting down his cup.

"Yes, before he got these atheistic, Roman Catholic notions into his thick skull," cried the elder. "Now I will have no more of him. *Machtig!* Did n't I have to send Freda to the boarding-school because his son was always hanging around after her? Never shall she marry him—never, never!"

"Uncle," began the predikant, twirling his hat nervously, "they are saying in Olifantsfontein that young Van der Merwe has got married already—"

"What?" cried the elder. "Was it Martha Smit, that girl with teeth like an Englishwoman's? Though, to be sure, her father is rich, and, after all, he need n't look at her if he does n't want to."

"No, it—it was n't Martha Smit, Uncle."

"Ha!" chuckled the elder. "Cornelius will rage like a bull; he wanted his son to marry Martha Smit when he could n't get Freda. Well, serves him right for his

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"ALONG THIS COURSE A SPIDER WAS COMING AT BREAKNECK SPEED"

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obstinacy. It is a judgment from heaven for his blaspheming."

The predikant rose, nerved for his ordeal, a light of resolution upon his face.

"Uncle Piet," he said, "your daughter has run away from the boarding-school in Olifantsfontein and married young Van der Merwe this afternoon at the Dutch Reformed Church."

"What?" shouted the elder, dropping his pipe and standing as though petrified, while Trana uttered a scream.

"I could n't help it. It was n't my fault, Uncle. Aunt Jacomina sent me up to break the news to you. They drove up to the church in Uncle Cornelius's new spider,—you know, the red one with the yellow wheels,—and Aunt Jacomina said I was to tell you what 's ended, can't be mended, and she wanted you and Aunt Trana to come to the wedding supper at once. They 're being photographed—"

"Fool!" shouted the elder. "Will you sit there by the hour and talk and talk and talk to me about rubbish while my daughter is being kidnapped? Be silent, wife! Never shall she marry into an atheist's family." He rushed out of the room; presently they could hear him harnessing up his buggy outside.

"Piet, Piet, what are you going to do?" cried his wife, hurrying after him when she had regained her composure. "Be meek. Remember you are an elder. My poor girl! And to think I did n't make the bridal dress!" she continued, weeping. "What will the dear Lord think about it all, and her having no dress or veil, and everybody laughing at us?"

While she was still lamenting, the elder harnessed up his horses and climbed into the buggy; but in his haste he had forgotten to take off the animals' halters, and he had to clamber out again. When all was ready at last, he found his wife and the predikant tightly wedged into the back seat. He was too angry to protest, but, standing up, whipped up his team and sent the buggy flying along the stretch of sandy road, flanked by dry watercourses, that stretched in the direction of Krokodilsrust.

"Remember you are an elder, Piet," cried Trana, anxiously, as the buggy bumped and jolted over stones, ruts, and boulders, now buried half-way to the axles in red sand, now sliding on two wheels, pendent on the verge of the gully that ran parallel with the track. But Piet Brand only lashed his animals, and stood there with lips compressed and frowning brows, his black coat buttoned tight around him.

Suddenly Trana uttered a cry and pointed to a small path which debouched into the main road about a mile in front of them. Along this course a spider was coming at breakneck speed, the flying horse urged on by a man who was standing up. It would evidently be a neck-and-neck race for the fork. The new-comer was the field-cornet, Cornelius Van der Merwe.

"Take care for the gully, Uncle!" cried the predikant, as the buggy reared itself upon the crumbling edge of the ravine and righted itself with an effort. But the elder heard nothing. His face was purple, and he shook his fist at his reciprocating neighbor, who was now within hailing distance.

If possible, the field-cornet appeared angrier than the elder. His hat had blown from his head, his coat was flying in the wind, and his gray hairs bristled.

"Thief! hypocrite!" he shouted, "restore to me my son that you have stolen!"

"Liar! blasphemer! atheist! schismatic! Papist!" the elder retorted, "give me my daughter!"

"Give me my son! He 's mine, you smeerlap!"

"Not one penny of mine shall come to your family, Jesuit!"

"Piet, Piet, be meek, be meek!" cried Trana. "Remember that you are an elder!"

"Sit down, Uncle!" the predikant cried, seizing the elder by his coat-tails. "Be calm! be—"

He finished his sentence amid a cloud of splintering frames and breaking axles. He had a vision of plunging hoofs and rearing heads, then all was still. He turned his head sidewise in amazement. Trana, wearing an expression of pain and resentment, was still seated beside him in the back seat of the buggy, which rested upon the road. Nothing else was visible.

"*Hemmel!*" cried Trana. "Where is my husband?"

They looked round again: they could see only the rolling veldt, backed by the iron roofs of Krokodilsrust. But presently a voice rose out of the distance:

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Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"CONCEALED TO THEIR NECKS IN SAND AND MUD"

"I say it 's round, and I mean it. It 's round, round, round."

Dislodging himself with some difficulty, the predikant went to the edge of the wash-out. Ten feet below, concealed to their necks in sand and mud, the elder and the field-cornet glared at each other amid the wreckage of their vehicles. In unheeded proximity were the hoofs of the struggling horses.

Half an hour later the two mud-crusted parents approached the predikant's house, Aunt Trana panting in the rear upon the arm of her spiritual consoler. Their advent created a sensation among the populace, who were gathered about the door. Aunt Jacomina came bustling out, and dispersed the loafers with vigorous blows.

"Come in, Uncle Cornelius," she cried. "Come in, Uncle Piet. Come in, Aunt Trana," she continued, kissing her and leading her in.

The table was set for the wedding feast. There were fresh loaves, stewed antelope, coffee, pies, and a whole pyramid of pancakes, which towered in uneasy splendor over the coffee-urn. Inside the parlor were several of the more important members of Krokodilsrust, including the schoolmaster, who was to be the speechmaker. But all eyes were focused upon a sofa at the far end of the room, where, seated side by side, hand clasping hand, sat the bridal pair. In front of them the photographer was adjusting his tripod. Young Van der Merwe was dressed in a new store suit, with a white tie and patent-leather shoes, and the bride wore a white dress with a train, the gift of Jacomina, and a veil.

"*Allemachtig,* my girl!" screamed Aunt Trana, flinging herself upon her daughter's neck, while the photographer, puzzled by the appearance of this new image upon his ground-glass plate, looked up from under his cloth and remained patiently waiting for the bride's mother to withdraw.

"O husband, forgive them!" cried Trana, clasping the blushing bride within her arms.

The elder's voice quavered slightly, but he merely advanced into the room and said:

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"Come, Freda; let us go home."

"My son! my poor stolen son!" shouted the field-cornet, who had been waiting upon his enemy's words. "Come back with me, and all shall be forgiven."

"Father," said young Van der Merwe, throwing his arms around his bride dramatically, "we are both married."

Then Aunt Jacomina came bustling forward and took each father by one arm.

"Now listen, you stupid, obstinate men," she said; "the children are married now, and what 's ended, can't be mended. Uncle Piet, are n't you ashamed of your obstinacy, and you an elder in the church?"

"Yes, shake hands," said the mild voice of the schoolmaster, who, considering this his province, had insinuated himself into the group. But nobody heard him, for at that moment the photographer bumped into the table and upset the pancakes.

"Donkeyhead!" cried Aunt Jacomina, "pick every one up immediately or you get no supper. Now, Piet Brand, what have you against this match? Have done with your nonsense. Why are you at enmity with Uncle Cornelius?"

"He told me that the world was round; yes, to my face, blasphemer."

"I said it, and I say it again. The world is round."

They glared at each other in irreconcilable anger. For the moment Aunt Jacomina seemed nonplussed.

"Aunt, let us ask the schoolmaster," said the photographer, anxious to retrieve himself. "Schoolmaster, do you teach that the world is round or flat?"

"Whichever the parents desire, Cousin," replied the schoolmaster, rubbing his hands together nervously.

"If there 's one thing above all others that I do despise," Aunt Jacomina said, "it is a spineless man." Her glance fell upon the cakes, which the photographer had deftly piled anew. She stopped, and a broad smile of comprehension came over her face.

"*Machtig!*" she exclaimed. "You foolish men! What shape are my pancakes, Uncle Piet?"

"Flat—as flat as the world," said Piet Brand, promptly.

"Round—round, like the earth," said Uncle Cornelius..

Slowly the glare faded out of their eyes, and their mouths opened.

"*Allemachtig!*" said Uncle Piet, scratching his head as some new thought came to him, and staring at the cakes.

"*Machtig!*" said Uncle Cornelius, holding out a pancake before him, and gazing at it with awe. They watched each other furtively.

"Uncle Piet," said the predikant, "you are both right and also both wrong, you see. But you are an elder. It is your privilege to be meek. Hold out your hand."

He caught hold of his wrist, and slowly, inch after inch, Uncle Piet's hand came out of his pocket.

"Uncle Cornelius," said the predikant, "give me your hand."

Uncle Cornelius's hand began to move very slowly upward. Then Aunt Jacomina, who had been everywhere at the same instant, seized the men's wrists and yanked their fingers together.

"Now they shall be photographed," she said, "and then we 'll have supper."

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer. When the shutter had snapped, Piet Brand, who had been standing thoughtfully in a corner, seized the predikant by the arm.

"Nephew," he shouted, his features convulsed with indignation, "you 'll have to put that blue roan of yours out of her misery. She has positively the worst case of spavin that I have ever seen."

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THE MOTOR THAT WENT TO COURT

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

Author of "Present-day Egypt," "East of Suez," etc.

"'THE story of an automobile that went to court!' Pardon me for being disagreeable, Judge," drawled the youngest man at the club table; "but I 'm sure I have heard it several times. It is 'ten dollars and costs,' with a sermon thrown in about being a menace to public safety." Young Travers belonged to that plutocratic and irresponsible class which feels pressing need for traveling faster than anybody else, law or no law.

"It is no police-court romance or incident of Jersey injustice," ventured the Judge, "but the unvarnished tale of how a certain car caused the mixing up of a genuine king, a prime minister, a chauffeur, and a group of sovereign American tourists. I imagine you fellows never thought of the automobile as a good mixer or medium for strengthening strained international relations, did you?"

"Spin the yarn, Judge, and remember that there is no time allowance. We hear too much of freeboard and backstay preventers," pleaded a grizzled mariner who had sailed cup-defenders. "And never mind the banter of these boys. We 're all glad to see you home again."

"Well, this motor was almost amphibious, for down in Catalonia, where the roads were so bad that only mules and peons could navigate them, we actually ran five or six miles along the half-dried bed of a river; and near the Mediterranean, where there were no bridges, we frequently forded streams so deep that the floor of the Blue Peter was washed by the water. This is gospel truth. My host, Max Randolph—he belongs here, you know,—seriously considered hoisting the burgee of the New York Yacht Club over the car, and putting the chauffeur into sailing-master's rig."

"We all know Lucky Max Randolph, and love him," came from another of the circle. "So give it to us without preamble and whereases, shipmate. You have the floor, and interruptions are out of order."

"Yes, Max is a fine fellow, and is now getting heaps of the poetry of life. When that Wall Street trust wanted his business, he fixed a price for it, got it, and then dedicated the remainder of his years to the lighter side of things than the smelting of refractory ores. Max has not only money to burn, but knowledge as well. Did you know that he never went to business without a French grammar tucked away in a side pocket?"

"That 's right enough, old chap; but we thought you were going to yarn about an automobile. Culture 's one thing, and motoring another," interrupted the youth suffering from speed mania. "We want you to come right down to the gasolene go-cart; for the hour is late, and soon we 'll be shutting up shop."

"As I was saying, Randolph gets out of life about all the fun that is to be had.

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When he cashed in after the smelter deal, he said, 'Now for sunny Spain—my wife, my daughter, and my time-tried friend and his good wife.' That 's how I was in the expedition," explained the Judge. "For the trip Max had constructed a car that was the last word for completeness and comfort, and it even carried a library, a medicine-chest, and an outfit of charts. It was probably the best seventy ever put together. Oh, no; Max did n't hesitate when advised that Spain was anti-motor

Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto

A HALT BY THE ROADSIDE

in sympathy, had no roads worthy of the name, and might be down on Uncle Sam for relieving her of her rebellious colonies that never paid their way. A man who had so improved a half-million dollar plant that it had to be taken as the keystone of a gigantic combination was n't to be discouraged by unfathered rumor from seeing dear old Spain.

"So we went to the country having the original copyright on the hemisphere discovered by Columbus. We made the dash from Carcassonne in France over the Eastern Pyrenees by way of Mont Louis, deposited with the customs officials at the frontier—who would take any other country's money but their own—the equivalent of five hundred gold dollars, and in a day's travel we seemed to set back the hands of time fully four centuries. My word, what a change it was! After the frontier bridge was crossed, the splendid Blue Peter found itself vaulting from one combing billow of solidified mud to another, in painful contrast with the ideal roads of France. Then came mountain ranges of petrified mud, the crags and peaks of which made the sturdy machine quiver with rage, as they made our hearts heavy with apprehension. At times the prospect was discouraging; but nothing fazed our glorious host.

"I 'm not going to detail the journey southward to Barcelona. That 's the booming city where the nuts are supposed to come from, but of which we hear oftener as the place doing a land-office business in infernal machines and bombs to be used on kings and queens. Like a nursemaid and children at a zoo, we zigzagged about the province of Catalonia, where the people are constantly agitating for annexation to republican France. We worked our way across the plains of Aragon to enterprising Saragossa, climbed the precipitous rocks of Montserrat, and

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frightened the trusting monks with our machine in return for their hospitality; finally going south again to the Mediterranean to visit Tarragona. Travers may be glad to know that the Chartreuse liqueur is now made there, and that the business is carried on by a rich corporation that seems to employ a solitary monk to tend door and keep tourists from entering, and who, when the evening whistle blows, doubtless dons street attire and goes home to his family.

"Then we visited Valencia and Alicante, and plucked dates and fragrant flowers in the renowned Oriental gardens of Elche. Big with interests does Valencia bulk; the redoubtable Cid ruled and died there; and one of the finest chambers in the world is its Lonja,—the produce exchange,—the spiral columns and groined roof of which are intoxicating to artistic temperaments. Valencia's beggars, many of them sickeningly deformed or crippled, are amusing specimens of humanity. With a smile that does not come off, and a manner Chesterfieldian in the extreme, they puff their cigarettes when asking a copper, and one's refusal to subscribe may even be met with the offer of a cheroot.

"One day we left the main road and went to the ruined monastery of Poblet, where, with the tombs of six or eight kings of ancient Aragon frowning disapproval upon our merriment, we managed to lunch sumptuously on the air-tights from the Blue Peter's hamper. Now and again we had to strike into the hinterland, when we might traverse entire counties of arid plains so barren of trees and other forms of vegetation that birds venturing there must of necessity carry their food with them.

"It 's true as gospel," continued the Judge; "and while the roads gradually improved, it was the expensive fact that we used up tires like cigars on a windy day at sea. But Max did n't mind. That smelter combine was good for anything when he was seeking recreation. My, how he jeered at a mob that chased us through a village with stones and sticks, down Valencia way! We all know how good he used to be to his crew when he raced the *Kedge Anchor*. Well, over in Spain, he was as tender-hearted and sympathetic as a girl with her first beau. The machine assessed a pretty heavy toll upon roadside dogs and chickens, but in every instance it was a case of suicide or the penalty for crass stupidity. A hundred times Max made his chauffeur slow down to get past herds of sheep and goats. Hens, we all know, are born without the instinct of self-preservation; and it is going to take a long time for Spanish dogs to sense the deadly speed of the motor-car. While Max was ever scary of getting the authorities after him with their *procès-verbal,* many a handful of coins did he throw to peasants whose mangy dogs or idiotic fowls had been shoved into the next world by our car of Juggernaut. And I want to state with emphasis that Max's abandonment of yacht-racing has n't hurt to any alarming extent his chances for the hereafter.

"At a village called Santa Fé we saw the spot where it is claimed Queen Isabella's courier overtook Columbus, who, having received scant encouragement at the Alhambra, was already on the way to France to solicit financial aid for his voyage of discovery. Legend has it that the relenting Isabella watched from the parapets of the palace the pursuit by her messenger, and asserted her delight when she saw that the courageous Italian was retracing his steps. When we heard the story, we wondered what our nationality might first have been if that courier had gone about his mission in the snail-like manner of American messenger-boys. We probably should have been French or Portuguese.

"I 'll wager that not one of you ever heard of Lérida. There we were quartered in a *fonda* on the banks of the Segre, where tradition has it that Salome was decapitated by the ice, in retribution for her share in causing John the Baptist to lose his head. Personally I thought the river's current too swift ever to allow ice to form; but when you warn people that a story is legendary, a tale may be as fantastic as you like.

"We took in Murcia, and viewed there the most wonderful wood-carvings in Southern Europe, and in time rolled into picturesque Granada, where we got into touch again with what passes in the Peninsula for civilization. Not caring to spend an evening in a slimy cave, Max had the Gipsies come to the hotel and give their dances in the dining-room. And what do

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

The inscription, painted on the picture by the King himself, reads:
"To the Marquis of Viana Alfonso R.H."

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From a photograph

BLUE PETER AND TENDER, IN SPAIN, AT LAST

you think? There was no garage near the hotel, so autocratic Max bribed somebody to let the automobile be quartered in the Alhambra; and there it stood for a week —actually in the place where Boabdil surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella what remained of Moorish rule in Spain after eight hundred years of conflict! Gentlemen, that 's exactly what our dear old clubmate did; and he dealt with situations over there in Spain just as he used to sail matches for the Astor Cup off Brenton's Reef.

"From Granada we pushed on by the most abominable roads to Cordova, crossing the windswept plains made immortal by the antics of *Don Quixote,* and entered the wonderful city by the bridge over the Guadalquivir originally built by Octavius Cæsar. I 'm positive that some of the roads in La Mancha had never known the tread of a rubber tire, and maybe had n't been used by anybody since the time of *Don Quixote* and his doughty squire.

"Surely you 'll laugh when I assert that there are good Gipsies, and I 'm not meaning to ring the changes on the story of the good Indian, either. We were careering along one afternoon through a region seemingly without inhabitants, on the way from Lorca to a town called Baza, on the side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. So surprisingly good had the road been that Max wanted to do all manner of punitive things to those who had given Spanish roads a bad name, when, presto! our highway terminated abruptly, and without rhyme or reason. It sloughed off into a cobblestone mule-path that wound downward tortuously, before dropping into a narrow valley, wholly unsuspected from the plateau. The descent was precipitous, and at the bottom of the gorge flowed a stream. Nowhere did the eye behold habitation or sign of life; and we were surely face to face with what might be called a 'situation.' Descend we had to. And what do you suppose we discovered? A troglodyte Gipsy town of five or six thousand people—and in two minutes most of them were surrounding our car, and as amazed over our advent and appearance as if we had dropped from Mars!"

"What language are you speaking—what is a troglodyte?"

"Cave-dweller; that 's all. In southern Europe hosts of people have no other homes. These Gipsies that I 'm telling you of had tunneled the clay cliffs of that gorge, and their houses were sometimes three-storied and had windows and chimneys. The men and women were as respectful as if we had come to pay a ceremonial visit. Extremely *chic* were the girls, and nearly all of them were tricked out with oleander blossoms in their raven

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hair. The men wore closely wound handkerchiefs under their sombreros, and with sandals fastened by strings crisscrossed up their legs, looked like singers in a brigand chorus. Well, these people, who are virtually independent of all Spanish law, were respectful to the point of punctiliousness, and the headman of the tribe showed us where to ford the stream and directed us to Baza by a safe and comfortable route. The ladies would have it that they had never seen a cutthroat crew exercise greater restraint; but I thought those Gipsies fine people.

"At Seville we waxed enthusiastic over the Alcazar, raved about the Giralda Tower,—which suggested to Stanford White the tower over Madison Square Garden,—and worked up a heap of disappointment regarding the Murillo pictures. What a gem of patriotic art they have in the Seville Cathedral, inclosing what Spanish people believe to be the corpse of Christopher Columbus! You may remember that a condition of the treaty of peace with Spain after the war was the granting of permission to remove Columbus's bones from Havana to the home country. But intelligent investigators assure us that the genuine skeleton is entombed in the cathedral of Santo Domingo City. The records prove that the hardy sea-dog died at Valladolid, but since that grim event there is much confusion as to the precise resting-place of his remains.

"No, none of us had our locks shorn or faces scraped by the *Barber of Seville*. That worthy may have been on the road with an opera company; at least, we did n't see him. We saw thousands of *Carmens* rolling cigars and cigarettes in the government tobacco factory, however.

"From Seville we took the trail to Estremadura; got stalled on the Portuguese frontier near Badajoz, through need of gasolene; slept out nearly all of one night, until Max got supplies from a village ten miles away by paying the equivalent of sixteen good American dollars for two tins of inferior Yankee oil. He had to get it from the drug stores, almost upon physician's prescription. I 'm telling you straight.

"Do you know about the mule teams in Spain? I 'll educate you, for some of you may make a cruise in that land, and I want to prepare you for what you would encounter. Virtually all the hauling is done by mules, and for that reason railroads lose money. A Spanish cart and its animals is as protracted a proposition as a continued story. The cart, on two wheels of enormous height, is very long. The shaft-mule is usually one that has outgrown its frolicsomeness, and hitched ahead of it in single file are four, five, or six lusty animals. And these perhaps are led by a pace-making donkey, picked for his short legs. This should complete the fore-and-aft dimensions of the outfit, but does n't, for sticking out behind the long cart is a pole-brake that impinges on the wheel when close-hauled by the stern tackle. This postscript adds about eight feet more of length.

"Spanish carters seem only to sleep when on the road, and slumbering with them is no perfunctory habit. Well, you come upon this meandering file of mule flesh pounding along the middle of the road, and strive to sneak past. You might as well hope to wake the dead as to rouse the muleteer merely by blowing your horn. So you decide to crawl past the best way you can, and dubiously embark on the project. The fan-like ears of the wheel-mule detect your movement, and *biff*, he jumps to the side of the road, and your motor goes into the ditch or receives an awful scratching. The whole train of mules then become panic-stricken, each seeking to go his own sweet way. Well, you know what happens. I believe the word 'mix-up' was coined to fit the situation. The *arriero* is now awake, and comes rushing to the rear, but is too stupid to do anything beyond adding to the fright of the mules. From four to ten yelping curs, snapping at the chauffeur, or diving under your wheels, complete the jumble. The literary person venturing south of the Pyrenees with an automobile who writes a book called 'The Awakening of the Arriero,' would make a hit, for the title would describe to a nicety the great feature of the trip.

"I must now get back to my muttons. We got fixed up at Badajoz, and then worked our way through the grain country to Toledo, and thence to Madrid. Once when we broke down we were drawn fifteen miles to a town by three trotting mules, who easily logged six knots an hour. Max's temper that day was not altogether

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angelic, and he saw no humor in the feeble joke having to do with the descent of his machine from seventy horse-power to 'three mule-power.' But motorists in medieval lands must not be choosers, and certainly not in the Iberian Peninsula.

"Anyway, in time, the capital was reached, and to get to a place having garages and repair-shops, and hotels possessing creature comforts unknown to *fondas* and *posadas,* was like placing a cooling draft to fever-parched lips. Mooning about southern Spain on a one-night-stand schedule, sleeping now in the coroneted bed of a palace, and again on the tiled floor of a *hacienda,* is n't all that is implied by the word 'luxury.' But not one of us would have missed the experiences of the primitive southland for millions in the stock that the other fellows were issuing on Max's smelting works. If you can live on food cooked in inferior olive-oil, and are not too particular where or when you sleep, touring in romantic Spain is all right.

"Madrid was great, and it was Mrs. Max's judgment that she liked the paintings of Murillo and Velasquez no better than she did the human pictures in the public squares, made up of swaggering soldiers, well-fed priests, and dashing hidalgos. It surely takes a good stomach to witness a Madrid bull-fight. Randolph said that Americans were too clean-strained to see anything in the sport but a display of human cowardice. We went to a star fight on Sunday, and when one of the loaferish picadors got bumped off his steed, Max gave his Comanche yell with such power that we feared there might be another Spanish-American War in consequence. The big fighter of the day was Bombita, who receives $2500 an appearance, and is a man of such agility and so clever at dodging that he has his bull incapacitated from rage at once. When I recognized his craftiness I could n't help thinking what a run-maker he would be at base-ball. We had a fine box in the row set apart for dons and donnas, and not far from the royalties, who have to go to the fights whether they approve of them or not.

"What do you suppose they do with the dead bulls? Well, an hour after they have been so disgustingly put to death, they are cut up and carried away to second-rate butcher shops, where poor people buy the meat at two thirds the price of animals slaughtered in the regular way. The bull-fight has one recommendation—it begins at the advertised time with a certainty permitting you to regulate your watch by it. In Spain nothing but the bull-fight is on time. Gentlemen, if you want to hate yourselves, and believe that you are polluted, body and soul, go and witness the killing of six splendid bulls, and the piecemeal disemboweling of fifteen or twenty old skates from the car-stables, on any Sunday in any Spanish city. Cock-fighting is an elevating pastime compared with the game where the bull and never the toreador is killed.

"Still, Madrid was just fine. We bought lottery-tickets daily, saw the Corpus Christi procession from our windows, and Max and the ladies bought virtually all the art junk in sight.

"Everything in this world comes in time to an end, even a sojourn in Madrid. The Blue Peter had been put in perfect order for roading, and had been tested by a couple of trips out to the Escorial. My, my, my, what a sight that Escorial is! If you ever want to see what art can do for us after we are dead, just have a look in at that royal mausoleum. Well, for his wife and daughter, Max had bought every valuable fan that struck their fancy, and commissions had been placed for copies of half the important paintings in the Prado; so there was nothing to do but set the time for striking the trail by way of Burgos and Vittoria for dear old France, with its excellent roads and the fluffy confections of the Rue de la Paix and the luncheons of the Tour d'Argent.

" 'T was a clinking fine morning when the luggage was piled on the Blue Peter and we took our accustomed places within. Seven-thirty had been Max's time for sailing, and we were punctual to the dot. We hated to say good-by to the Puerto del Sol, for its tangle of humanity had entertained us when other interests failed. As we rolled out of Madrid that glorious morning how perfectly the machine ran! It seemed vibrant with life and to represent the poetry of motion.

"Poor Maria Christina! thought some of us, as we passed the palace, one of the finest in all the world. What saddening news had trickled into that abode of the

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widowed queen and the kingly lad just ten years before! The messages from Manila and Santiago must have strained almost to breaking the heartstrings of that unfortunate pair; and while millions in America were jubilantly shouting that 'Dewey did n't do a thing to 'em,' there were sinking hearts in that palace, surely."

"Don't go on like that, Judge. You forget that I was an officer on a supply-ship, and that Travers likewise is a veteran of the Cuban war. Soft pedal the pathetic, say we."

"Boys, you are going to get this narrative just as you have to take a play or see a picture. So, on with the dance! We tried to make a jest at the expense of the royal stables and coach-houses as we saw the flunkies manipulating and polishing automobiles about the entrances. Frederica thought it boded well for laggard Spain when its potentates could discard their golden circus-wagons for motor-cars, and she hoped that the thirteenth Alfonso's craze for motoring was to give smoother roads and friendly treatment during the remainder of our junket in his Catholic Majesty's land.

"Did you ever hear of La Granja? I guess not. Well, La Granja is the country-seat of the King and Queen, where they love to stay as soon as hot weather and too much kinging and queening drive them from Madrid. It is gloriously situated, up in the Guadarrama Mountains, sixty miles or so from the capital. There they remain for months, and without fuss and feathers lead the existence of normal beings.

"So much had we been told of the wondrous gardens of The Grange—that 's its name in English—that Max had planned to stop at the village for luncheon, trust to luck for finding a way of getting into the royal domain, and then go to Valladolid for the night. People who have read much know that the fountains at La Granja are the most perfect in the world, better even than those at Versailles. One of them, called the Baths of Diana, was constructed for the dyspeptic Philip V when he was away once on a military enterprise. Viewing it for the first time, he remarked that it had cost three millions, and had amused him three minutes. That was his way of being agreeable and encouraging art.

"It surely was a day when it was a joy to be alive, and one had little need for drinking heavily of Valdepeñas for the sake of liking Spain. Through the suburbs of Madrid our chariot rolled, out past the church of San Antonio de la Florida, with its frescos by Goya, past the octroi barrier, and into the open country, dodging the mule teams as best we could.

"For twenty-five miles our track was over level roads, and then we found ourselves sinuously climbing the hills, with improving scenery. Far away to the left was the Escorial, with towers and domes bathed by the sun not yet many hours old. Up we went continually, with vistas increasing in grandeur, and the road becoming a zigzag. Down in the valley we could see a watercourse and a train meandering across the landscape. How curious the Guarda Civile men appeared! As we scurried past them, their attitude had a suspiciously ambiguous significance: their position by the roadside looked like the attitude of respect, but we noticed that their station was always elevated enough to permit their viewing the interior of the limousine.

" 'Artful chaps,' said lynx-eyed Max; 'I 'll bet the King is at La Granja, and these fellows have to be sure that nobody gets up the mountains with a sackful of bombs. They say that Alfonso is a good sort, but I don't imagine we 'll see him. He may disapprove of Americans because we forced those twenty millions upon him for the Philippines,' mused Max.

" 'No prejudiced political flings, dear,' remonstrated Mrs. Randolph. 'We have adopted those little brown brothers, and assimilate them we must.'

" 'Right you are,' admitted Max, with an air of resignation. 'But we are touring in Spain, and I suppose that motor talk and gush about scenery must have the call. Is n't it just great to be swinging up these grades, with everything going well and everybody happy! Why, the car has n't even made a skip or a funny noise to-day. Think of those benighted millionaires over home getting round-shouldered from pulling in the dollars. I 'm truly sorry for them. A motorist's life for me!' And happy Max Randolph employed his vision and brain in admiring the diversity of God's handiwork in those Guadarrama heights, changing in grandeur with every turning of the highway.

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"What was that? A pistol-shot? The heavy machine halted for an instant. The chauffeur muttered, *'sal bête,'* and we knew that the road had demanded extra toll.

"Slowly the car started backward, and gained momentum at a rate meaning disaster if maintained for one brief minute. Then the tires crunched in broken stone, and the flight of Max's land yacht was arrested by trap-rock piled by the roadside. Realizing that the brakes could not be employed, Léon had deftly guided the machine backward to the nearest point of safety, always shunning the side of the road overhanging the precipice. There had been no shadow of danger, but to us in the car it looked as if we were dashing backward to kingdom come, and had no stop-over privilege.

"The brake-rod had snapped, and we were high and dry on the rubble mound. That was all. The chauffeur thought the injury might be repaired in an hour or so. But we thought differently, for it was our opinion of Léon that he held the record as a bad predicter.

"Max accepted the situation philosophically, thanking his stars that the mishap had occurred at half-past nine in the morning, rather than at nightfall and with a nebulous idea of the distance to the next town, as had been our experience more than once. All hands at once got to work to free the machine from the stone heap, and every one seemed determined to make the best of the situation.

"Pretty soon the *chug-chug* of an automobile rose from the valley, and in a few minutes we saw a long, low-bodied machine swinging around the curves as if pursued by the evil one. A moment later it halted beside us. The driver and his mate, garbed in leather, had the look of submarine divers. They vaulted like acrobats from their machine, made an instantaneous study of our fracture, jabbered in French to Léon, and in a half a minute were back in their car. To Max they explained apologetically that, as they were king's messengers, they dare not stop longer, but when they returned from La Granja, if we were then in trouble, they would do what they could to help us. Then they turned on their power and fairly flew up the mountain and in the twinkling of an eye were lost to view. Max remarked that if he were in the insurance business he would not care to have a risk on those human cannon-balls.

"Under our car hopeful Léon was as busy as a beaver, but the rest of us were—well, not very cheerful. Max and I may have used language not altogether uplifting; but the ladies, bless them! pretended not to look on the dark side of things. They found a place up the bank where they said our al fresco luncheon would be served at noon, and then sat on the guard-stones of the precipice side of the highway and gazed out into the blue ether of God's glorious universe. Max told me that he believed they were weighing the chances of passing the night in a peasant's house, provided a farmer could n't be induced to let his cattle draw us to La Granja.

"Wonderfully keen are some ears. If my wife had been beleaguered at Lucknow, I 'm sure she would have heard the pipes of the Campbells hours before the Scotch lassie perceived the approach of the relieving force.

" 'I hear *chug-chugging* far down there,' insisted Phyllis, 'and it grows more distinct. It surely is a machine coming this way.'

" 'You are a marvel for noticing things,' said Mrs. Max. 'And your ears tell you true. There it is, there, at the point of the zigzag. And what a splendid auto! I believe its coming is providential, and has a meaning for us stranded mortals.'

"Five minutes later this car of destiny, with bright yellow body and red running-gear, was beside us. And what an elaborate escutcheon it bore on its panels—the arms of Spain, and no mistake! Off went the power, and a gentleman opened the door and stepped out. What manners, what grace, and what dignity! Surely the Spanish grandee is no figment of the brain, for here, stepping into life from the frame of the limousine door, was a courtier, and one of the old school. It was no apparition, for apparitions never wear solitaire pearls on faultlessly folded neck-scarfs. And what a pearl it was!

"Here was where Max got into action. You remember those language-books he used to carry about? Well, after parley-vooing for a round, he took the hidalgo on in Spanish worthy of a Castilian, while there was much doffing of hats and bow-

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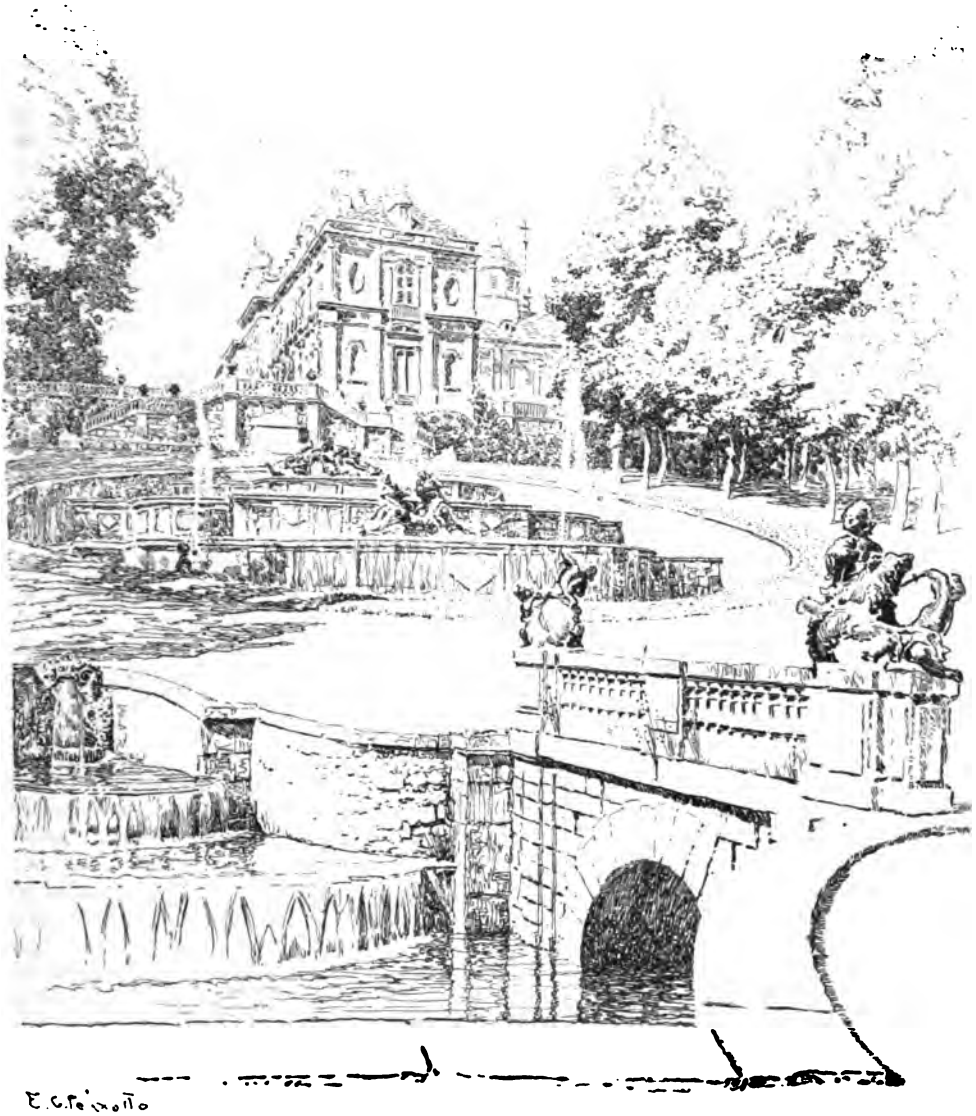

Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto

AN APPROACH TO THE PALACE, LA GRANJA

ing and scraping. The don explained that he could not place his machine at our service, for he was hurrying to La Granja for a conference with his Majesty, and the appointment was only half an hour away, while twenty stiff miles separated his destination from the scene of our mishap. Might he take us on to the royal village? No; Max and I could n't desert the ship. The ladies, then? And could his chauffeur telephone back to the capital for a relief-car that would bring duplicate parts? Too polite was he to look at his watch, but we knew he wanted to do so. Max had to think and answer quickly, and in no time a leather despatch-box was shifted from the limousine, the three ladies were given seats within, the smooth stranger took his place beside the chauffeur, said *'Adios'* to us, and the canary-colored vehicle scooted up the hills, and in less than a minute had disappeared from the landscape.

" 'That was a quick deal,' said I, catching my breath. 'I wonder who the man is who has levanted with our women-folks,

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and what arrangement did you make for ever seeing them again? I 'm fond of Phyllis, and have no wish to lose her here in these mountains.'

"Sort of nettled, Max replied: 'A name is nothing in a case like this. Could n't you see that he was patrician, and all wool and a yard wide at that? He 's to deposit the ladies at the inn near the palace gates, and they are to wait there until we come along, to-day, to-morrow, or next year. Between his chauffeur and Margaret a

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FOUNTAIN OF FAME, LA GRANJA

command for assistance is going to be 'phoned to Madrid, take my word for it. Now let 's turn to and help Léon.'

"The chauffeur thought he could fix things in an hour or two so that we might get under way. We, who had never known Léon to be right, doubted it. A long spanner handle was in time clamped to the broken rod, rove with many yards of wire, and Max and his man crept triumphantly from beneath the machine. While the tools were being gathered up, along came a couple of those Guarda Civile, hoofing it down the hills. They were very sympathetic, and seemed hurt when assured there was nothing they could do for us.

"Max thanked them for their courteous offer, and they bowed low, with hands upon their hearts.

" 'Oh, yes, *amigos;* who went up the hills an hour or so back in a splendid yellow machine with the arms of Spain on the doors?' Max asked.

"The way those friendly gendarmes pulled themselves together was a caution. They straightened instantly, brought their heels into touch, raised their right hands to the salute, and this is what the corporal said:

" 'It was his Excellency the Prime Minister of Spain.'

"And this was what dear old Max said, if I must tell the story as it happened: 'Well, I 'll be blanked!'

"I was too flabbergasted to articulate, let me tell you,

"After a bit, Léon cranked the engine and luckily found that he had made good, so we piled into the car and joyfully struck the pike for our families. We went up the grade for safety at a dog-trot. What scenery! There 's nothing grander in all Spain. Up we went over the ridge, and only a very few hundred feet above us were peaks crowned with snow which would remain in their shrouds of white until the July sun swept them away. Then we descended slightly, and for a few miles traveled a winding road guarded by sentinel pines. Now and then we saw gendarmes, but they pretended not to notice us. Doubtless they had received assurances from somebody that no peril to their Majesties lurked in our poor, limping chariot.

"When Max unlimbered, we had a good talk and laugh, and we wondered if our spouses knew by whom they had been carried off, and whose hospitality they were accepting. 'Judge,' said my host after a bit, 'I am such a muff for not knowing the man that I fear my intellect is n't what it should be. For months we 've been reading of Spain's big man, Señor Maura, whose genius is molding the country into business shape, and who is the mainstay of the King. Since we 've been in the Peninsula I 've seen his face in newspaper cartoons a hundred times; and yet I did n't know the Premier in the flesh. Somehow I got the idea that he was a kid-gloved court doctor responding to a hurry call from La Granja.'

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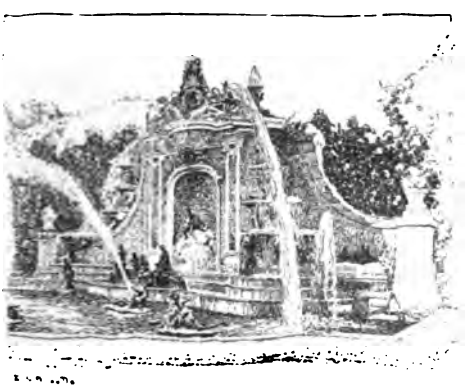
"We did a good deal of tooting as we crept into the village and pulled up before the inn, feeling maybe just a little elated over our mastery of untoward circumstances. Our families might see something heroic in what we had done, we thought.

" 'Is this a hamlet in reality, or a scene from a comic opera?' Max asked when we got down from the car. 'If a stockinged old man with mottled face ambles from one of these doorways and announces, "Here come the villagers," I shall believe we 're in a Broadway play-house.' And a funny place it surely was. There was only one street, which had in its center a tree-shaded promenade. Traffic came and went by roadways at the sides. Before archaic barracks basked soldiers of every degree, while a drill-master struggled with a very awkward squad of yokel lads, putting them through their paces almost by brute force. Across from the inn was the barracks of a theatrically attired corps of halberdiers in attendance upon his Majesty. From the open casements of another building surged the noises of a fife and drum corps slaving to add to its repertory a selection meant to delight royalty.

"Officers in jaunty dress passed up and down the avenue, and were honored with a bugle salute whenever their steps took them to the entrance of their quarters. Aides in the uniforms of the royal service, naval as well as military, came and sat at the shaded tables before the inn, and now and then one was served with a stimulating draft. These military men in the employment of the King were agreeably *en rapport* with the loitering soldiers of



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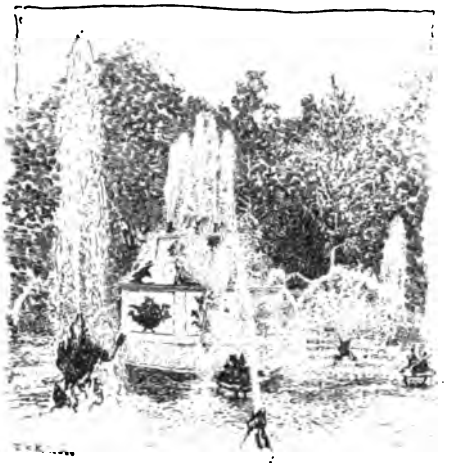
BATHS OF DIANA, LA GRANJA



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FOUNTAIN OF THE FROGS, LA GRANJA

the church; and it was beautiful to witness the *camaraderie* back and forth. Horses with smart English saddles were led up and down by grooms in spectacular livery, and at the upper end of the avenue rose the palace, with a church at its entrance; for in Spain church and state are almost one, we know.

"A landau drawn by phlegmatic horses, the driver and footman of which were heavy with braid and gold-lace, passed inconspicuously down the roadway. Clarion salutes rose from the bugles at the barracks, and every idler in uniform stood for a moment with hand raised to his cap, while civilians of every caste faced the vehicle with bared heads. It was the Queen going for an airing, the maiden who was translated from the Isle of Wight to the Spanish throne, and every soldier and every civilian who acknowledged her presence would willingly fight for her.

"Such was the village at the gates of the royal home. Every person had business, official or menial, with the proud court of Spain. We have read of similar scenes—in the romances of Anthony Hope, and in books describing life in the capitals of German grand-duchies; but they were more interesting to view through the eye than through the mind, I must tell you.

"Did these chaps evince curiosity over our broken automobile? Did they? Gentlemen, the coming of a pink elephant with three rows of legs could n't have interested them more Why, the census of the ham-

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let could have been taken right there where the machine was jacked up that the rear wheels and springs might be taken off. Everybody, from grandee to gamin, came for a look. There was such a flow of inquisitive people from the palace that we soon surmised that the Premier had not been silent as to what had happened down the road. The proffers of aid and the gratuitous advice kept Léon busy in declining them with thanks.

"Pretty soon there came down the avenue a husky young man in brass-mounted uniform, whom the secret service chief—he had buttonholed us five minutes after our arrival and told us who and what he was—informed us was his Majesty's head chauffeur.

"And a fine fellow he proved himself. He said he had been ordered by his august master to do all in his power to help us, adding that his Majesty had placed his repair-shop at our disposal, and that Señor Maura and one of the Yankee ladies had ordered a wrecking-party to come from Madrid.

"Oh, yes; about the ladies. We had not forgotten them, even if they failed to hear our tooting and witness our triumphal entry into the court town. Oh, dear, no! The secret service fellow had described their having been set down at the inn by the great man, and told us that a chamberlain from the palace had summoned them a few minutes later to the gardens. It seemed to be his opinion that the freedom of the establishment had been conferred upon them, and that they were being shown about. What a predicament, we thought, for three shrinking Americans to be in, there at a monarchical court!

"We succeeded in getting everybody together for a late luncheon at the inn, however; and what a torrent of chatter came from our wives and Frederica! You may imagine how they liked La Granja. I feared they might decide to buy building-lots and settle in the neighborhood, or that longing for an international marriage was already budding in a certain youthful heart. There were three women from a republic converted in a jiffy to court customs. And of course there was no royal seat quite equal to La Granja, whose fountains made those in the Place Concorde look like penny squirts. Best of all, they had seen the baby Prince of the Asturias in his perambulator, and playing with a toy,—not a Teddy bear, thank goodness!—and he was of course just too sweet for anything. The chamberlain told them that his Royal Highness already had the Order of the Golden Fleece, that a month before he had been made honorary member of a crack regiment, and that when he reached the mature age of two years it was expected that he would be created an admiral in the fleet.

"The afternoon wore along, and the crowd about the motor seemed to increase. Everybody from the palace grounds—ladies and gentlemen in attendance, equerries and other courtiers, maids and flunkies of every station—managed to get a pretty good line on the progress of repairs before returning to their duties. And in time, Léon and the King's man, swathed in greasy overalls, had things in readiness for the relief party's arrival.

"Toward nightfall Max and Mrs. Max and I strolled up to the royal chapel to view the tawdry tomb of Philip V, and then found a place on a park-bench to be away from the excitement down the avenue. The vesper bells had rung, and we were watching the priests going to read their offices, when the gates of the palace swung open, and two men came down the path. Bent with years was one, but the other was a lad in the early twenties, slender and erect, who walked with the springy step unmistakably proving his happiness. He was attired like a well-groomed summer youth anywhere, at Cowes, at Newport, or hurrying to catch the train for Tuxedo. The suit of striped flannel with trousers turned up, the polished russet boots, and the modish cap and plain walking-stick, suggested a London origin as distinctly as a fondness for the open air and for healthy recreations.

" 'Who in the world can that be?' said Mrs. Max. 'Surely he is somebody we have seen, or whose picture we have constantly before us. Do you suppose he is—'

" 'That 's who it is: it 's the King himself.' Max completed the sentence.

"It was his Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII, high forehead and heavy under-jaw, precisely as we had seen his face on the pesetas and postage-stamps all those weeks; we needed no Sherlock Holmes to tell us that.

"This was the King of twenty-three

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Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE LONG VISTA, LA GRANJA

years, who, when *en vacaciones,* fishes the streams and reservoirs of La Granja, plays polo nearly every day with horsemen chosen from the court circle and the army, who is a fearless motorist, and who in athletic competition permits no favor that might not fall to any competitor. As horseman, motorist, or yachtsman no one in Spain can be more popular than this youth born to wear a crown.

"With a grace at once natural and simple, the royal youth bowed and raised his cap three or four times, seeming to smile his acknowledgment at being recognized,

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THE COLLEGIATE CHAPEL, LA GRANJA

and making a point of directing the bulk of his courtliness at Mrs. Randolph. Max and I rose to the etiquette of the situation, and gave salute for salute until he was rods beyond us. If I 'm any judge of humanity, that young man would have liked to have found a place on our bench and to have discussed the merits of rival makes of automobiles, question us as to the cost of tires in different parts of Europe, and get a statement as to whether we preferred a chain-driven to a shaft-driven car. But this personage, born a king, whose titles and dignities require a page of the 'Almanach de Gotha' to recite, had an errand down the road. Was he out for a constitutional, think you?

"Hardly. We knew where he was bound; and we believed he had refrained all the afternoon like an imprisoned schoolboy from doing what he was longing to do. Of course he wanted to see that crippled Blue Peter for himself, and have a hand or voice in getting it fixed up. In reasoning and desires a juvenile king must be like any normal youth; and the motor-car is certainly bringing men of every language and degree into kinship through that form of reading and conversation that might be called 'gasolene talk.'

"Very amusing was it to watch the manœuvers of his Majesty. He turned first from the avenue and passed the halberdiers' quarters, getting a bugle salute; then his springy stride took him past the barracks of the infantry battalion, where likewise he was noisily saluted; but there was his Majesty, escorted by the elderly duke, headed straight for the Blue Peter. And the strange object entering slowly through the town gates, what could it be? It had the slate color of a battle-ship, but the body falling rearward from the machinery had the slatted construction of a kindling-wood delivery-cart. And the four chaps in blue blouses, looking like French railway porters, who could they be? Could it be a float representing a leading industry, with artisans in place, rehearsing for a fête?

"No. It was the relief expedition ordered from Madrid many hours previously. And the Johnnies in blue jumpers were the mechanics sent to assist in replacing the broken parts. Because the garage people had despatched enough traps and tools to make a new car, and apparently had sent every available man in the capital, proved nothing, save that the 'system' was at fault—we always say that when chary of criticizing people. Perhaps the message had been a bit vague, and maybe precise orders are not habitually received from a royal seat.

"However, there the perambulating life-raft was, and there also was the King directing the men, his man, our man, everybody. Gentlemen of the royal household assisted in ordering torches from the barracks, in preparation for evening work, and the monarch commanded his chauffeur to have the machine-shop prepared with power for emergencies."

"Over here," broke in Travers, "we would call that bossing the job."

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"Not so, mate. Alfonso simply directed. But in doing this he repeatedly stooped to see how matters were under the Blue Peter, and for a quarter of an hour the gulf separating his potential self and the toiling chauffeurs and the Madrid mechanics, was no more than there could be between master and men here in Uncle Sam's land. That he enjoyed the situation was plainly evident, for the solicitous duke had repeatedly to warn Spain's leading motorist that the hour for dinner at the palace had arrived.

"The royal *chef* may have had a few gastronomic creations that evening that went to the table overdone or cold. By torchlight, after the Madrid navvies had had a good tuck-in at the hotel, the six-cylindered Blue Peter was persuaded and bolted into a condition equal to new.

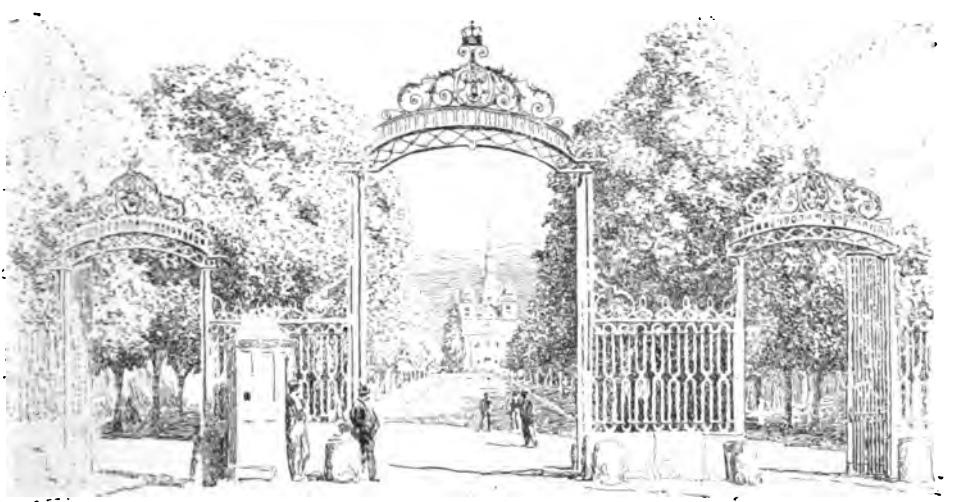
"Oh, but what a noise there was in the village that night! It was the firing of an artillery salute of twenty-one guns from a point not ten yards from our automobile, to proclaim to the world, and to the loyal people of Spain in particular, that a child had been born to the illustrious twain dwelling at La Granja.

"Of course we could not depart the next forenoon until it had been formally announced at the solemn gathering within the palace of members of the royal family and the available high officials of the court and church, that the royal infant and the girlish Queen Victoria were both doing as well as could be expected. Perhaps it was the vigor of the booming guns that told us it was a boy, for this was the fact, and it was additionally interesting that the little stranger was the first son to be born to a King of Spain at La Granja in the memory of man.

"When christened, his Royal Highness had a string of names as long as those mule teams down in Andalusia, but the name by which he will be known is Prince Jaime.

"Max took such an interest in the auspicious event that he wanted to order the finest automobile to be had in Europe for that little Jaime. But tourists falling by the wayside must n't be too forward in celebrating royal birthdays, he decided. But from a Paris jeweler's the ladies sent that chivalrous Prime Minister a splendid St. Christopher medal, which we hear is doing heroic service in protecting from mishap that yellow automobile with the Spanish arms on the panels.

"Boys, that episode over there in the Guadarrama Mountains must not be classed as an accident, but as a historical incident."



Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto

THE SEGOVIA GATE, LA GRANJA

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS ESTABLISHED

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON, HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

THE FARRAGUT UNVEILED—A NEW YORK FOOTHOLD—THE SHAW; NEGRO MODELS—DIFFICULTIES—CONFUSED YEARS—THE LINCOLN—THE CHAPIN—THE ADAMS MONUMENT—THE AMOR CARITAS—DR. McCOSH; THE GOOSEBERRY—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—GENERAL SHERMAN—FREDERICK WILLIAM MacMONNIES—JOSEPH M. WELLS—THE SUNDAY CONCERTS

"I HAD the 'Farragut' cast in Paris by a man named Gruet; but the first attempt failed, so that it needed to be done over. When it had been completed successfully, we came back to New York, where I was destined to remain for fifteen years before returning to Europe, a period virtually launched by the unveiling of my statue in Madison Square upon the afternoon of a beautiful day in May, 1881.

"The formal unveilings of monuments are impressive affairs and variations from the toughness that pervades a sculptor's life. For we constantly deal with practical problems,—with molders, contractors, derricks, stone men, ropes, builders, scaffoldings, marble assistants, studio assistants, bronze men, trucks, rubbish men, plasterers, and what not else—all this while trying to soar into the blue. But if managed intelligently, there is a swing to these unveilings, and a moment when the veil drops from the monument that certainly makes up for many of the woes that go toward the creating of the work. On this special occasion, Mr. Joseph H. Choate delivered the oration. The sailors who assisted added to the picturesqueness of the procession. The artillery placed in the park back of the statue was discharged. And when the figure in the shadow stood revealed, and the smoke rolled up into the sunlight upon the buildings behind it, the sight gave an impression of dignity and beauty that would take a rare pen to describe."

"The toughness that pervades a sculptor's life" certainly followed Saint-Gaudens through this commission, as through most of his later ones. For the task was accompanied by one long war—war for him to obtain the work in the first place, war for him to keep his own health, war to design the figure as he wished, war to obtain an appropriation for the elaborate pedestal he and Mr. White desired, war with the bronze foundry, war to gain a proper site, and war to be allowed sufficient time. I give part of one letter alone as typical of these endless contests—a letter which in dealing with the approach to the statue strangely resembles many which he wrote concerning the placing of the Sherman, one of his last big works. It is addressed to Mr. Charles H. Marshall, Secretary Farragut Monument Association, and is dated New York, August 13, 1881.

". . . To my objections, as stated in the petition, I now add that as an artist I feel satisfied that any stranger of judgment in such

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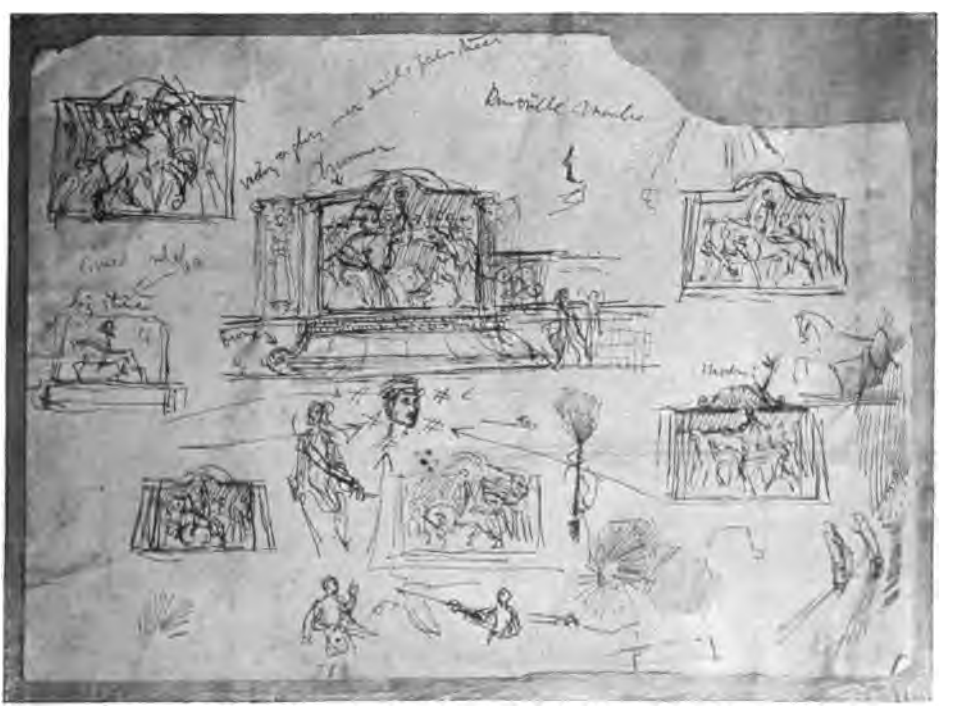
matters, on seeing the monument with the sod as it is now, cannot but think it affected and ridiculous, which it is; therefore making another object of ridicule in New York monuments, besides being positively unfair to Mr. White and myself and our judgment as artists. The work on the pedestal, embodying a great deal of the honor done to the Admiral, is now lost, the monument incomplete, the inscription, the most important part, not seen, and the figures not understood, they having been modeled to be seen at the distance the public would naturally approach a work of that character." To return to the reminiscences:

"Somewhat before this period I had taken a small studio in the Sherwood Building, on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, where I had begun enlarging the study of Robert Richard Randall from the model which I had made in Paris, and where I completed my first commissions for portrait medallions—those of Mr. S. G. Ward, the sons of Mr. Prescott Hall Butler, and Miss Sarah Redwood Lee. During the period, too, my son Homer was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Saint-Gaudens lived with her father while attending to the new young man. So I slept in a chamber adjoining the studio, with my brother Louis as my assistant.

"Louis is a lover of sleep, and wise enough to indulge in it upon every occasion, rising at times so late that I will say nothing about the hour. Therefore, one morning on returning from Boston, where I had been for several days, and after having done a lot of errands, I walked into the bedroom where he was peacefully dreaming at about eleven o'clock. Across the wall, directly opposite the foot of the bed, he had fastened an immense piece of paper five feet in height, extending the entire width of the room,—about twelve feet,—and on this he had marked in very large, black letters the words from Proverbs: *'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man.'* This stared down at him when he awoke o'mornings from his blissful repose.

"Shortly afterward I took a studio in Thirty-sixth Street, which I hired for five years, but where I was destined to remain



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VARIOUS SKETCHES FOR THE SHAW MEMORIAL BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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Copyright, 1900, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

EARLY PEN-AND-INK SKETCH FOR THE SHAW MEMORIAL
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

for fifteen. It was a low shed for painters' supplies, which I virtually filled out and rebuilt.

"About that time also, during a visit to Boston, I met Mr. H. H. Richardson, the architect. He was an extraordinary man, and it would require a Rabelais to do justice to his unusual power and character. He had an enormous girth, and a halt in his speech which made the words that followed come out like a series of explosions. The walls of his dining-room he had painted blood red. It had a low ceiling and a magnificent oval, black oak table. To dine with him, with his round-faced, expectant children sitting about the table, and charming Mrs. Richardson opposite, furnished the guest with a picture and an honor not to be forgotten. Mr. Richardson wore a brilliant yellow waistcoat, and his appetite was in full harmony with his proportions. I have been told that, although afflicted with a trouble in which he was absolutely prohibited stimulants, he once drank a quart of black coffee when on his way to Pittsburg, in order to be in good condition when he met the committee to arrange for the building of that masterpiece, the jail and court-house. At any rate, when I visited at Brookline, where he lived, he would say before dinner:

THE PURITAN AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

" 'S - S - Saint-Gaudens, ordinarily I lead a life of a-abstinence, but to-night I am going to break my rule to celebrate your visit, you come so rarely.'

"Mr. Richardson was a great friend of Messrs. Atkinson, Hooper, Lee, and Higginson, so it was at his suggestion, if my memory serves me right, that they determined

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THE ROBERT SHAW MEMORIAL IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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THE ADAMS MONUMENT IN THE ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

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to see if it was not possible to have me execute a monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, which had been proposed, but had been abandoned. They had about fifteen thousand dollars, and I was engaged to execute it for that sum, since I, like most sculptors at the beginnings of their careers, felt that by hook or crook I must do an equestrian statue, and that here I had found my opportunity. Therefore I proceeded with this theory until the Shaw family objected to it on the ground that, although Shaw was of a noble type, as noble as any, still, he had not been a great commander, and only men of the highest rank should be so honored. In fact, it seemed pretentious. Accordingly, in casting about for some manner of reconciling my desire with their ideas, I fell upon a plan of associating him directly with his troops in a bas-relief, and thereby reducing his importance. I made a sketch showing this scheme, which also was consumed in the fire, and the monument as it now stands is virtually what I indicated.[1] I began work on it at once, and soon it took up the entire width of the studio, as it stood two thirds of the way back from the street, with behind it a platform about eight feet high, on which I placed whatever statue I had to do that would ultimately be on a pedestal.

"In justice to myself, I must say here that from a low relief I proposed making when I undertook the commission,—a relief that reasonably could be finished for the limited sum at the command of the committee,—I had, through my extreme interest in it and its opportunity, increased the conception until the rider became almost a statue in the round and the negroes assumed far more importance than I originally intended. Hence the monument, developing in this way far beyond what could be paid for, became a labor of love, and lessened my hesitation in setting it aside at times to make way for more lucrative commissions—commissions that would reimburse me for the pleasure and time I was devoting to this.

"The models I used for the undertaking, a horse and countless negroes, all furnished me with the greatest amusement. The gray animal which I bought for the purpose I used to keep in an adjoining stable and at the end of the day ride in the park for exercise, therefore accomplishing a double purpose. He died ultimately of pneumonia contracted from a cast I made of him, and I finished my task with a beautiful sorrel I hired at the riding-academy. But my most singular experiences came from the negroes whom I asked to pose for the troops.

"In the beginning, when I met a colored man whom I thought well of, I would approach him politely, with evident signs of embarrassment, and, after hemming and hawing, I would explain that I was a picture-maker who wanted to take his picture, and that if he would come along with me I would do it for nothing. Any one who knows the negro of that class can readily understand what followed. They would look at me suspiciously. Some would accompany me part of the way and suddenly go off. Others would refuse altogether. A few would follow as far as the door and then leave. One I remember saying as we reached my threshold, 'You don't kotch me in dat place!' While those that I did succeed in trapping trembled and perspired in utter terror as I stood them up with a gun over shoulder and a cap on head. However, at last an intelligent chap told me that no doubt they feared I was a physician trying to lure them to their death and to cut them up for anatomical purposes, and that their terror was augmented by seeing plaster heads, painted a brown color, lying about. So, following his advice, after that, when I desired a man, I succeeded somewhat better by simply saying, 'Do you want a job?' And upon his affirmative reply, adding: 'Well, come along with me. I will give you one.' But I had little real success until I found a colored man to whom I promised twenty-five cents for every negro he would bring me that I could use. The following day the place was packed with them, and I had not only a great choice, but endless trouble in getting rid of them and stopping their besieging the studio.

"There were some amusing liars among them. Several, born since the war, who did not know how to hold a gun, described to me in detail the battle of Fort Wagner and their part in it. They ranged in char-

[1] This sketch was not burned. We found it a year ago in the cellar of the studio of Mr. François M. Tonetti, where it had been taken when Saint-Gaudens went to Europe in 1897.

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acter from the gentle Bahama Islander to the drummer boy in the foreground, who told me how he had just been released from prison, where he had gone for cutting his brother with a razor. On the whole they were very likable, with their soft voices and imaginative, though simple, minds. I modeled about forty heads from them, of which I selected the sixteen that are visible on the relief. Some heads that were very good I rejected because for one reason or another they did not look well in place."

Fourteen years the Shaw relief remained in Saint-Gaudens's studio, while other commissions came and went, and during those fourteen years he clung to his work winter and summer, with an unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him, from half past seven in the morning till the fall of dusk, high up on a ladder under the baking skylight, wearing only a bit of silk for a loin-cloth, pausing scarcely to munch an apple for luncheon as he altered, developed, and eliminated the details of his task. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer was one of his very best friends, so the portions of the two letters to her which I give are typical of his refusal to be enticed away, and of his mental concentration upon his art.

". . . Nothing would please me more than to remain longer, but I 'm in the midst of my work, in the best of spirits, and in the mood; too much vacation would demoralize me."

Again:

". . . The reason I 'm devoting to-day to writing is because I 've done nothing but model, model, model furiously for the last month. I 've been putting negroes of all types in the Shaw, and it 's been great fun, and I 'm as happy as a clam over it, and consequently beautifully negligent of every friend, no matter how much they may have passed before my vision as I was driving away at my darkies. . . ."

In the course of the work the Shaw emerged from one of Saint-Gaudens's favorite low reliefs to an extremely "high" development, as he felt sure that such a form would be more effective in the open air. And during the process he struggled with difficulty after difficulty. For one thing, he had an immense amount of trouble with the negro troops. To force the really few characteristic heads to suggest many others, and yet to blend them into a unit, he was often compelled to model each profile as many as seven times. To deal with the accoutrements and especially with the spotty effect made by the canteens, he changed and changed again until, as the story goes, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies suggested that he hide portions of them under the drapery. Whereupon Saint-Gaudens so appreciated the result that he developed it permanently into a sensitive regard for the rounding-off and breaking-up of mechanically hard lines, until the final and uninteresting became always slightly hidden and suggestive.

Again, he had a desperate time with the right sleeve of the Shaw since he never could succeed in making the folds of the model's coat fall correctly in two successive periods. Accordingly, one Sunday an assistant, Lyndon Smith, posed in the saddle without a movement on his right side from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, when they lifted him from his seat. The sleeve was modeled.

But most of all the flying figure drove Saint-Gaudens nearly frantic in his efforts to combine the ideal with the realistic. For the face he first tried the beautiful head of Miss Annie Page. But that, like the features of any model, always became much too personal. So he relied wholly upon his imagination to produce a result which his friends and pupils have said somewhat recalled his mother and somewhat an old model in Paris; though for my part I believe that every woman of beauty who was near him influenced the result. For the body and the legs of the figure, the drapery and the palms, laurels, and whatever else she carried in her right hand, he shifted the proportions, varied the relief, and arranged the folds until mentally blind to the result and to the rest of the composition, when his friends persuaded him to stop.

After he had finished the Shaw, I believe the whole satisfied him in as far as he could ever be satisfied. For even in later years he wished to make no alteration except in the flying figure. This he remodeled during the last part of his life, changing the position of the feet, and covering up the "holes," so as to take the "color" from the figure, and thus contrast it with the troops. Had he lived a year or so longer I am certain he would have asked permission to cut his old figure from the bronze and to insert his later one. My father continues:

"Then, soon after taking the Thirty-sixth Street studio, Mr. George B. Post

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commissioned me to make all the models for the great entrance hall in the residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt which the architect was just about to erect on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. The undertaking required not only the two caryatids for the monumental mantelpiece, and the mosaic that surmounted it, but as well the superintendence of the models for all the wood-carving in the hall, which was enormous, besides the creating of medallion family portraits to be introduced in certain of the panels. For some reason these were not entirely completed. Those that I did do were the portraits of young Cornelius and George Vanderbilt, Gertrude Vanderbilt, now Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, William H. Vanderbilt and Cornelius Vanderbilt, the first of the family. Besides these, I, with my brother Louis Saint-Gaudens, was associated with Mr. La Farge in composing the models for the superb ceiling that he designed for the main dining-room. Post evidently had the same confidence in me that I had in myself. Wherefore I undertook the task in the belief that here again I was going to reform things in matters of that kind in this country and worked with great earnestness at my commission, particularly at the two caryatids, despite the fact that the absolute necessity for the completion of this task within a given time, its extent and its complexity added perhaps more than anything else to the distressing confusion of my affairs that prevailed during these years.

"Here, too, before I turn to other subjects, I must make mention of how I was well repaid for the only irksome side of my labors, the superintendence of the wood-cutting, which after a while became a terrible bore. For here I noticed that one of the carvers reproduced models with an artistic felicity so vastly superior to any of the others that I asked him to come and help me in my studio. This was Philip Martiny, and the principal assistance he gave me during his stay of about a year or so, was on the figure of the Puritan.

"In the midst of this, the early part of my career in Thirty-sixth Street, a committee in Chicago wrote me, asking if I would compete for a monument to Lincoln for that city to be erected from a fund provided under the will of Mr. Eli Bates. I refused. Some time later they inquired again if I would not undertake the work directly, as well as a fountain. Of course I accepted, naming a day for finishing it, which still further decreased the chance of completing the Shaw in the time I hoped. I began the work on the platform behind the relief, and again asked Mr. White to design the surroundings. The monument was duly unveiled in 1887, but unfortunately on a rainy day and without the ceremonies that might have lent consequence to the occasion.

"Following the Lincoln on the scaffolding behind the Shaw came the statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, for Mr. Chester W. Chapin, at that time President of the Boston & Albany Railroad. The elder Mr. Chapin was the father of my friend Mr. Chester Chapin, Jr., and I assume that this work was intrusted to me at his suggestion. It formed part of a scheme some gentlemen of Springfield, Massachusetts, had in mind for erecting three statues of the three founders of that city,—Pyncheon, which was made by Mr. Jonathan Hartley; Chapin, which I developed into an embodiment, such as it is, of the Puritan; and a third which has not yet been carried out.

"Although my statue is now placed close to the Public Library, it was originally put up near the station, lower down in the city, at one end of a long square rearranged and laid out to harmonize with the statue. This design, also one of Mr. White's, was admirable in every respect. At the extreme end from the statue, and balancing it, stood a fountain, and between the two, in the center, a stone bench. Along each side we planted white birches, and the whole we inclosed by a pine hedge. If this could have remained and the buildings around the square have been carried out as Mr. Chapin expected, the result would have been unusually effective. At the time we placed it there, however, the quarter of the city was poor, and in a few weeks the boys had destroyed everything in the way of vegetation."

At this time Saint-Gaudens was much influenced by his friend Mr. Joseph M. Wells, then the leading draftsman in the office of McKim, Mead, and White. Wells had a noble, kindly, sensitive nature, filled with keen telling satire and high, uncompromising criticism.

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He stood as a purist in his art and a power in his office, where he designed the Villard house for New York. His strong taste for music eventually led to the Sunday afternoon concerts in Saint-Gaudens's studio, of which more later on. Though of Puritan blood, he took delight in satirizing Puritan character, and accordingly suggested to Saint-Gaudens that he characterize the typical Puritan in the statue of Deacon Chapin. It was only Saint-Gaudens's tolerant discernment of character and standard of art that prevented him from accentuating, even more markedly than at present, Puritan austerity and single-mindedness.

My father writes:

"Following the Chapin on the scaffolding came the figure in Rock Creek Cemetery which I modeled for Mr. Henry Adams."

On the margin of his text Saint-Gaudens placed the word "amplify," which I know he would have done had he lived, as he always looked back upon the time spent over this monument curtained off in the studio corner with much fondness.

At the date Mr. Adams gave the commission he felt in sympathy with the religious attitudes of the East. Yet he did not cast his desires for the figure in any definite mold. Rather, when he first discussed the matter with Saint-Gaudens, he explained that Mr. La Farge understood his ideas on this subject and that accordingly Saint-Gaudens, in his work, would do well to talk with the painter and to have about him such objects as photographs of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

I give portions of two letters from Saint-Gaudens to Mr. Adams, written in 1889, which bear on the subject:

". . . Do you remember setting aside some photographs of Chinese statues, Buddha, etc., for me to take away from Washington? I forgot them. I should like to have them now. Is there any book, *not long*, that you think might assist me in grasping the situation? If so, please let me know, so that I might get it. I propose soon to talk with La Farge on the subject, although I dread it a little."

And again:

". . . I have had a conversation with La Farge apropos of our work, and in an hour I got all I wished from him, as you predicted. . . "

Through his life I never heard Saint-Gaudens venture an opinion on this monument when he could escape doing so, while I have watched him elude questions about it time after time. Hence his conception of Mr. Adams's desires must always remain vague. To my mind, in the beginning, Saint-Gaudens sought to embody a philosophic calm as contrasted with shock, a peaceful acceptance of death and whatever lay in the future. So as a first step he modeled a high-relief sketch of "Socrates," a photograph of which still exists. Immediately Stanford White, and indeed all Saint-Gaudens's friends, took exception to the idea until he gave up the scheme and turned his attention to a number of large photographs and drawings of Buddhas. Of course he himself could not model a Buddha. But from the conception of "Nirvana" so produced, he attempted the present figure, which he occasionally explained as both sexless and passionless—a figure for which sometimes a male model posed, sometimes a female one. And thenceforward his thought rapidly broadened into the more inclusive and universal.

Undoubtedly Saint-Gaudens took great pleasure in creating this monument, for he often bewailed the fact that he must remain tied down to portrait work while he longed for time to model once more upon imaginative compositions, especially those for the Boston Public Library. Moreover, he constantly spoke to me of the pleasure of suggesting the half-concealed. So in this direction, too, the veiled face of the Adams figure surely gave him much delight to dwell upon. Here are parts of letters from him to Mr. Adams which explain his frame of mind during the work:

". . . You asked that in whatever was placed back of the figure, the architecture should have nothing to say and above all that it should not be classic. White and I have mulled over this a great deal, with the inclosed results . . . I don't think the small classical cornice and base can affect the figure, and to my thinking the monument would be better as a whole. . . . I 've demolished the figure several times, and now it 's all going at once."

Again:

". . . In any event, I should like to have you see the face of the figure in the clay. If it were not for that part of the work, I should

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not trouble you, but the face is an instrument on which different strains can be played, and I may have struck a key in a direction quite different from your feeling in the matter. With a word from you I could strike another tone with as much interest and fervor as I have had with the present one. . . ."

The ultimate technic in the figure expressed Saint-Gaudens's desires, I am sure. For once, only a few years ago, when standing with him before the monument, he said to my mother and to me, "I wish I could remodel that fold between the knees. It makes too strong a line." And then, after a pause, he added, "I guess that would be the only thing I should do."

As I am certain Saint-Gaudens never to his own satisfaction gave the monument that absolute definition so often asked for, I can present his nearest approach to it in no better way than through the three following quotations. The first I take from a leaf of one of his scrap-books which fortunately survived the studio fire of 1904. Here, around a faint ink sketch of the Adams figure is written:

"Adams. Buddha. Mental repose. Calm reflection in contrast with violence of forces of Nature."

The second extract comes from a letter written to me by Mrs. Barrett Wendell:

". . . On Thursday, May 5, 1904, I was in the Rock Creek Cemetery looking at the wonderful monument by Mr. Saint-Gaudens in memory of Mrs. Henry Adams, when Mr. Saint-Gaudens and Mr. John Hay entered the little inclosure. I was deeply impressed and asked Mr. Saint-Gaudens what he called the figure. He hesitated and then said, 'I call it the Mystery of the Hereafter.' Then I said, 'It is not happiness?' 'No,' he said, 'it is beyond pain, and beyond joy.' Mr. Hay turned to me and said, 'Thank you for asking. I have always wished to know.'"

The third note I have chosen from some valuable material kindly given me by my aunt, Mrs. Oliver Emerson. She writes:

"One evening in Cornish, not long after July, 1905, I asked him its meaning, to which he replied, passing his hand across his brow, 'Oh, I don't know. I suppose I had in mind as much as anything the mystery of the whole business.' Which I took to mean the mystery of existence, the underlying, hidden meaning of life."

Mr. Adams's attitude toward the figure has remained like that of Saint-Gaudens's. And, after all, this is the natural attitude, since it is the feeling produced by the monument that counts, not the perfunctory name it answers to. However, as in Saint-Gaudens's case, when asked, Mr. Adams did make attempts to explain. Here is a letter which he wrote to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, on October 14, 1896:

"The whole meaning and feeling of the figure is in its universality and anonymity. My own name for it is 'The Peace of God.' La Farge would call it 'Kwannon.' Petrarch would say: 'Siccome eterna vita è veder Dio,' and a real artist would be very careful to give it no name that the public could turn into a limitation of its nature. With the understanding that there shall be no such attempt at making it intelligible to the average mind, and no hint at ownership or personal relation, I hand it over to Saint-Gaudens."

And here is another definition written by the owner many years later:

"He supposed its meaning to be the one commonplace about it,—the oldest idea known to human thought. He knew that if he asked an Asiatic its meaning, not a man, woman, or child from Cairo to Kamschatka would have needed more than a glance to reply. From the Egyptian Sphinx to the Kamakura Daibuto; from Prometheus to Christ; from Michelangelo to Shelley, art had wrought on this eternal figure almost as though it had nothing else to say."

For the last word in regard to the connection between Saint-Gaudens and Mr. Adams at the time an anecdote still persists which leads to a definition that I fancy satisfied both men as much as did their own attempts. Upon learning that Mr. Adams and Mr. La Farge were soon to take a trip around the world together, Saint-Gaudens worked hard to complete the figure in the clay for Mr. Adams to see before his departure. Therefore, when an hour previous to the sailing of his ship, Mr. Adams called at the studio, but refused to look at the work, Saint-Gaudens naturally expressed his surprise, and Mr. Adams explained: "If I should not like it, I should carry the disappointment through my

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trip, whereas now I shall have only pleasure to anticipate." As a result, Mr. Adams wrote Saint-Gaudens the following letter, containing a quotation that Mr. Adams certainly admired and that Saint-Gaudens certainly reverenced, since many years later he rewrote part of it to his friend Mrs. Charles A. Platt, then in Europe. The letter reads:

"*Siwa, Fiji, June 23, 1891*

"MY DEAR SAINT-GAUDENS:

". . . As far as the photographs go, they are satisfactory, but I trust much more to the impression produced on John Hay, who writes me that he has been to Rock Creek to see the figure. 'The work is indescribably noble and imposing. It is to my mind Saint-Gaudens's masterpiece. It is full of poetry and suggestion, infinite wisdom, a past without beginning, and a future without end, a repose after limitless experience, a peace to which nothing matters — all are embodied in this austere and beautiful face and form.'

"Certainly I could not have expressed my own wishes so exactly, and if your work approaches Hay's description, you cannot fear criticism from me.

Ever truly yours,

Henry Adams."

The reminiscences now take up another subject:

"It was not long after this that I began the figure for the tomb of Mrs. Anna Maria Smith to go in the cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island. This, except for minor modifications, is the original of the 'Amor Caritas,' in the Museum of the Luxembourg, in Paris."

The Smith tomb in turn emanated from the angels for the tomb of Governor Morgan, which were destroyed by fire while being cut in stone. That is, though the Morgan tomb figures stood in the round, their drapery possessed much the same quality that Saint-Gaudens used in the later relief; a drapery perhaps finding its suggestion in the English Burne-Jones School, which Saint-Gaudens admired, though he developed their ideas to more conscientious limits. Later, when he produced the "Amor Caritas," Saint-Gaudens completely remodeled the Smith figure. In the process he conventionalized such portions as the wings and devoted greater care to his technic and execution, though making but few changes even in the details of the composition. The figure afterward went through still further small modifications, the chief of which developed in the memorial designed for the daughter of Dr. Weir Mitchell.

In the "Amor Caritas" again Saint-Gaudens found himself at loss as to what to name his work. The original "Smith angel" held upon its tablet a quotation from Revelation XIV: 13: "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." But when the time came for the sale to the Luxembourg, a more formal scheme had to be adopted. So for some time Saint-Gaudens tested various phrases until he chose the present result as the best compromise, and not as the perfect wording.

At this point Saint-Gaudens continues with an anecdote of his father and of Dr. McCosh. Let me say in advance that in accordance with his custom of experimenting with many designs, Saint-Gaudens made thirty-six two-foot sketches for the McCosh relief before arriving at his final form.

"About that time I was commissioned to execute a memorial tablet to the Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton, in the development of which some amusing incidents occurred. Father, then an invalid, was in the habit of coming to the studio and lying on a couch, where he generally fell asleep while watching me work. He was in the studio at the time Dr. McCosh first entered. When I introduced them to each other, the contrast was striking between the short, sturdy physique of father, and the tall figure and handsome, refined countenance of Dr. McCosh in the academic robe in which he posed. Dr. McCosh stood upon a high table a few feet from father. Shortly after I had begun modeling, the latter asked Dr. McCosh in his energetic way,

"'How old are you?'

"Dr. McCosh, with his Scotch accent, gently replied, 'Guess.'

"'Eighty-six?' was the query.

"'Ah, not quite so old as that. Guess again.'

"After a moment Dr. McCosh questioned father about his native place. Father delightedly and effusively told of the charm of the South, the blue sky, the oranges, the figs, the sea, the gentle

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weather, and all that was luscious in Southern life. Dr. McCosh listened quietly, and after a pause, as if to show that he fully grasped father's colored description, added softly:

" 'Ah, well, well, well, that 's all verrry well, verrry well, yourrr figs and yourrr grapes, and yourrr blue sky, yourrr mountains and all that, and it 's no doubt verrry delightful, verrry delightful, but I prefer the gooseberry.'

"It is singular how one will forget important things. I was about to overlook my experience with Robert Louis Stevenson, which took place in the autumn of 1887. Shortly before this time my friend Mr. Wells, a man of delicate taste and judgment, great learning and delightful conversation, as well as a keen lover and appreciator of music, drew my attention to the 'New Arabian Nights,' by a young author just making himself known. I am, unfortunately, very little of a reader, but my introduction to these stories set me aflame as have few things in literature. So when I subsequently found that my friend Mr. Low knew Stevenson quite well, I told him that if Stevenson ever crossed to this side of the water, I should consider it an honor if he would allow me to make his portrait. It was only a few weeks after this that Stevenson arrived in America on his way to the Adirondacks. He accepted my offer at once, and I began the medallion at his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh Street, not far from where I lived in Washington Place.

"All I had the time to do from him then was the head, which I modeled in five sittings of two or three hours each. These were given me in the morning, while he, as was his custom, lay in bed, propped up with pillows, and either read or was read to by Mrs. Stevenson.

Copyright, 1909, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

A CARICATURE OF FREDERICK MACMONNIES BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"I can remember some few things as to my personal impressions of him. He said that he believed 'Olala' to be his best story, or that he liked it best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English litterateur of the time. Also he told me of his pet liking for his study of Robert Burns. He gave me a complete set of his works, in some of which he placed a line or two. In 'Virginibus Puerisque,' he wrote, 'Read the essay on Burns. I think it is a good thing.' Thus the modest man!

"Again, at the end of one of the sittings, as I was about to go out, he rose from his bed, and we chatted concerning some commercial arrangement he had his mind on. He asked my advice. I gave it, such as it was, parenthetically observing, 'Oh, well, everything is right and everything is wrong.'

"While I was speaking, he had entered a little closet to wash his hands. He came out wiping them.

" 'Yes, yes, that is true, that is true,' he said, continuing to rub his fingers; 'yes, everything is right and everything is wrong.'

"I also recall his saying that 'The man who has not seen the dawn every day of his life has not lived.' And again, in speaking of crossing the ocean and traveling by sea, he referred to its charm and danger, and added, 'The man who has not taken his life in his hands at some time or other has not lived.'

"In connection with this vein in his personality I remember calling on him one evening when he lay on his bed in the half gloom, the lamp being in another room. I sat on the bed's edge, barely able to discern his figure in the dimness. He talked in the monotonous tone one frequently assumes when in the twilight, speaking of his keen admiration for Stringer Lawrence, Governor of India. Then I first realized his reverence for men of action, men of af-

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fairs, soldiers, and administrators. Moreover, he said with great feeling that his chief desire in the world was the power to knock down a man who might insult him, and that perhaps the most trying episode in his life was one in which he had a conversation with a man that, had it taken a certain direction, left no alternative but one of a personal altercation, where he could present but a pitiable figure. This impressed me as being the most feeling thing he ever said to me.

"Shortly after that he went to Saranac, and the following spring he came south and took a little house at Manasquan, New Jersey, near his friend Mr. Low.

"Here occurred a delightful episode. After having modeled the head, I had determined to make Stevenson's medallion large enough to include the hands, and for that purpose, in order not to disturb him, I had begun them from those of Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, who, I had noticed, had long, slender fingers resembling his. But the result would not come out successfully, so on his arrival at Manasquan I begged for a sitting that I might make a drawing and some casts. He assented, and a day was appointed. I took with me my son Homer, a child of eight, and on the way down on the boat I endeavored to impress on the boy the fact that he was about to see a man whom he must remember all his life. It was a lovely day, and as I entered the room about eleven o'clock in the morning, Stevenson lay as usual on rather a high, monumental bed. I presented Homer to him with mock formality as one does with a child. But since my son's interest in Stevenson, notwithstanding my injunctions, was, to say the least, far from enthusiastic, I sent him out to play.

"I then asked Stevenson to pose, but that was not successful, all the gestures being forced and affected. Therefore I suggested to him that if he would try to write, some natural attitude might result. He assented, and, taking a sheet of paper —of which he always had a lot lying around on the bed—pulled his knees up and began. Immediately his attitude was such that I was enabled to create something of use and to continue drawing as he wrote with an occasional smile. Presently I finished and told him there was no necessity for his writing any more. He did not reply, but proceeded for quite a while. Then he folded the paper with deliberation, placed it in an envelop, addressed it, and handed it to me. It was to 'Master Homer Saint-Gaudens.'

"I asked him, 'Do you wish me to give this to the boy?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'When? Now?'

" 'Oh, no; in five or ten years, or when I am dead.'

"I put it in a safe, and that delightful letter can be found in the second volume of Stevenson's 'Letters to his Family and Friends.'

"I believe I made another visit to Manasquan, for, as well as the drawing, I possess casts of Stevenson's hands which I used in modeling. But I cannot recollect the trip. He shortly after went to Samoa. There I had a little correspondence with him, as he was desirous of putting on the walls of his home there, in bronze letters, the names of his friends and visitors, and so wished me to find out at how reasonable a rate they could be cast and supplied to him. It was too expensive, and, as he wrote me, 'Another castle of Abbottsford is gone.' I also had two or three letters on the receipt of the medallion, which took an unconscionable time in reaching him. There, with the exception of an episode which I shall now tell, my relations with him ended.

"While modeling the relief of Stevenson, I worked upon a bust of General Sherman which Mr. Whitelaw Reid had been instrumental in obtaining for me. This portrait was also a labor of love, for the General had remained in my eye as the typical American soldier ever since I had formed that idea of him during the Civil War. This bust I made in about eighteen periods of two hours each. It was a memorable experience, and I regret nothing more than that I did not write down a daily record of his conversation, for he talked freely and most delightfully of the war, men, and things. I can only recall the pride with which he spoke, the force of his language, and the clear picture he presented as he described the appearance of his army in the great review at Washington when the final campaign was over. He explained how the other divisions, or armies, cleaned themselves up, so to speak, for this grand event and of replying to some one who asked him if he was not

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THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON PANEL BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

The above variation of the Stevenson relief was modeled by Saint-Gaudens in 1897-99 for St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh. The original relief, a round one, represented Stevenson in bed with a cigarette in his hand. The alterations to couch and pen were made as being more suitable to the new setting.

going to do the same. 'By no means. Let them be seen as they fought.' The General was an excellent sitter except when I passed to his side to study the profile, when he seemed uneasy. His eyes followed me alertly. And if I went too far around, his head turned, too,—as some one observed, very much as if he was watching out for his 'communications in the rear.'

"Stevenson admired General Sherman intensely and asked if I could arrange to have them meet. So the following day I said to the General:

" 'Robert Louis Stevenson, whose portrait I am making, is very desirous of seeing you, and asked if you would grant an appointment for that purpose.'

" 'Who is Robert Louis Stevenson?' questioned the General. 'Is he one of my boys?'

"The fact was the General came into such incessant contact with his old soldiers that it had become natural for him to believe, what was the truth, that the average man desirous of meeting him should be one of his 'boys' as he called them. I told him that Stevenson was the writer of the 'New Arabian Nights' and a man of great distinction. He shook his head. He did not know him. Recalling that the General loved the theater, I explained that Stevenson was the author of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' then creating a sensation in New York.

"He answered, 'The man who wrote that is no fool,' and said he would be glad to meet Stevenson.

"Accordingly it was arranged that Mrs. Stevenson should come in advance to break the way and to set a definite appointment, as Stevenson's delicate health made it difficult for him to arrange beforehand what he could do. When she called the following day, the General, as usual, sat on the platform from which I was modeling him. She said:

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" 'Mr. Stevenson is a great admirer of yours, General.'

" 'Ah, is that so? Is he one of my boys?'

" 'Oh, yes, yes, yes.'

"Meanwhile Mrs. Stevenson had seated herself on the corner of his platform, and

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS STANDING BY THE MODEL OF HIS STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, NOW IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

" 'No; but Mr. Saint-Gaudens has told you of the play Mr. Stevenson wrote which interested you.'

soon Sherman began talking to her with his delightful freedom, until at last, in describing the much greater danger of the

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insignificant-looking wound of a musket-ball than that of the ugly slash of a sabre-cut, he demonstrated the cut by a sweep of his hand in the air and the musket-shot by a thrust of his forefinger in Mrs. Stevenson's side.

"At last, however, it was agreed upon that Stevenson should visit the General on a certain afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I took the author in a cab from where he lived. We drove up to Twenty-third Street and were ushered into an anteroom of Sherman's apartment, where, probably through some misunderstanding, we were kept waiting quite a while, to the evident irritation of Stevenson, who began to pace up and down the carpet. Presently they asked us into another room, where the General entered. After the usual introduction, General Sherman, who was approaching the end of his life, repeated his former question, asking if Stevenson was one of his 'boys,' and upon being told that he was not, seemed to lose interest in the interview. The conversation remained conventional and perfunctory, and the meeting looked like a failure until Stevenson questioned Sherman about some point in his campaigns. Immediately the General brightened. He saw by the inquiry that Stevenson knew what he was talking about, and it was not many moments before they were both busily engaged fighting his battles over, with a map stretched out on the round table in the center of the room. There my recollection ceases, and I can only remember driving back in the cab with Mr. Stevenson through the mist, a real Scotch one.

THE JAMES McCOSH TABLET AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"Now I will change my subject from sitters to an assistant, for at this time, in casting around for a studio boy, some stone-cutter sent me a lad he thought would answer my purpose. As I was very busy, still taking myself seriously, although by then old enough to know better, I gave scant attention to the youth. I did notice, however, that he was pale, delicate, and attractive-looking, and that there appeared a pronounced artistic atmosphere in some little terra-cotta sketches of animals which he brought to me. This was Frederick MacMonnies. From that first moment the charm of his work began to assert itself until it became evident that I had a young man who was to make his mark.

"He remained with me five years before he went to Paris. But he returned again when I subsequently asked him to come back and help me for a year or less on the fountain which I was commissioned to do for a Chicago park at the same time as the Lincoln. I was much behind in my work, and since I needed somebody who could aid me with skill and rapidity, I could think of no one better. He modeled the boys that are in that fountain, and though he created them under my direction, whatever charm there may be in them is entirely due to his remarkable artistic ability, and whatever there is that is without charm can be laid at my door. He went to Europe immediately after that, and I did not see him again until the Chicago Exposition.

"Another great friend of the time was Joseph M. Wells, whom I have spoken of and of his passion for music. He, Francis Lathrop, another lover of music, and I were in the habit of going to a little beer saloon opposite Washington Place on Broadway, a very narrow and very long and sad spot, where the habitués, no matter how noisily and gaily they entered, would be oppressed by the gloom and take their refreshment in comparative silence. What enticed us there was that,

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besides the beer, there was, as a rule, desultory music,—on the violin by a bald-headed man who handled his instrument with feeling, on the clarionet by his son, who blew without any, and on the piano by a third colorless banging performer, with the special peculiarity that every now and then the selections became of a character distinctly above what could be appreciated in such a place. As a result, we engaged the bald head to come and perform in my studio on Sundays. At first things did not work well. But through Wells's enthusiasm we soon employed the Standard Quartet, composed of Bergner, Schwartz, Roebelen, and Brant, and organized a club or society which would defray the twenty-five dollars' expense each Sunday. Thus we began the Smoking Concerts that were held in my studio twenty-seven years ago, that were kept up subsequently in Mr. Lathrop's studio, and that now exist in Dr. Knight's.

"They were delightful affairs. We had admirable programs, under free and easy conditions, and excellent effects, the result of the sounding-board qualities of the studio."

The men who supported that first concert, beginning in the fall of 1882, after the East Side violinist had tried to wrestle with classical music, besides Wells and Lathrop, were Joseph Evans, Robert Blum, Stanford White, Charles F. McKim, Thomas W. Dewing, George Fletcher Babb, Charles O. Brewster, Richard Watson Gilder, Louis Saint-Gaudens, and others. Later, further changes came about; changes more ambitious than a keg of beer and pipes of tobacco were introduced. Besides, as time went by, however, the literary men and artists who gathered in the early days gave place to a class of millionaires. Besides, since the studio had to be cleared for the concert, Saint-Gaudens found that he spent all his six days ordering his workshop with a view to the seventh. So the weekly meetings in Thirty-sixth Street were ultimately relinquished, though until Saint-Gaudens's departure for Europe in 1897 he continued to have performed each year a memorial concert on the first of March, the date of Wells's birthday, which also was his own.

(To be concluded)

HER PATHWAY

BY CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE

SO sweet a path it is that I
And all the flowers love it:
The gracious goldenrod sways nigh,
The asters bend above it.

In ruby or in golden cup
Its name the lichen pledges,
And crimson-berried vines creep up,
Bejeweling its edges.

The bees and crickets sing its songs,
The shadows kiss it lightly,
While butterflies in golden throngs
Flit up and down it brightly.

And little pines with jealous frown
Try here and there to hide it,
Lest falling stars should hasten down
To woo it if they spied it.

And I, too, fain would keep its way
Safe hidden 'mid the grasses—
Sweet path, dear path, down which each day,
My little true love passes.

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From the original painting in the Toulouse Museum. See "Open Letters"

LA BARONNE DE CRUSSOL. BY MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—X)

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

LA BARONNE DE CRUSSOL

BY

MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN

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DR. GRENFELL'S MISSION STEAMER *STRATHCONA*

DOCTOR GRENFELL IN LABRADOR

IT was on the North Sea that Dr. Grenfell served his apprenticeship as a missionary to the deep-sea fishermen. An Oxford graduate, trained in surgery at the great London Hospital, he was "converted" by a sermon of the American revivalist Dwight L. Moody which he happened to hear one night in London, and went out to the Doggerbank on the medico-missionary ship that ministered to the physical and spiritual needs of the hardy Englishmen who reap the harvest of the sea in those perilous waters. The establishment of this service was largely due to the efforts of the famous surgeon Sir Frederick Treves, and the service itself became world-famous in 1904, when the mission ship went to the rescue of the innocent victims of Russia's armada, just starting off on the long journey that was to end in its destruction. It was after a "heart-to-heart talk" with Sir Frederick that the young surgeon, who had already determined to devote his life to helping his fellow-men, decided to throw in his lot with the deep-sea missionaries.

The work on the North Sea being in competent hands, Dr. Grenfell soon turned his attention to the urgent needs of the fisherfolk on this side of the Atlantic. Medicine and surgery were known to the dwellers in Labrador only through the visits of a doctor who came on the mail-boat at intervals of three weeks during the few summer months when navigation was possible. In the matter of religion their condition was no less benighted. In both respects the coming of Dr. Grenfell has wrought an almost miraculous change. At comparatively accessible points he has established a chain of hospitals where religious services are also held. All summer long, in his steamship *Strathcona,* he cruises up and down the coast on errands of mercy to the fishermen and their families; in winter he visits them at their snow-bound homes, and on dog-

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sledges gathers into the nearest hospital those who need to be there. He has also established a number of coöperative stores, and by so doing has relieved the crushing poverty that was driving many of them to despair. On his summer voyages he carries books about with him, and leaves them at certain stations till his return. He is, moreover, vested with magisterial authority, as most of his parishioners are beyond the reach of the courts. But he is a missionary first and last, and regards the saving of bodies as merely incidental to the saving of souls. It is for this reason that, on his

From a photograph by Maycock

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

recent winter sojourns in the United States, he has spoken chiefly in the churches, and been heard mainly by the devout.

Dr. Grenfell is a man of great physical strength and hardihood, simple and modest in all his ways, a born leader of men, invariably cheerful, and blessed with an unfailing sense of humor. Attention has been called to his work by his newspaper and magazine articles and his own book, "The Harvest of the Sea," and by his friend Mr. Norman Duncan's "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," a novel, and "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," a series of sketches. In the following paper, the surgeon-missionary gives some account of his experiences in the bleak regions where he has made his home for the last seventeen years or so.—JOSEPH B. GILDER.

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EXPERIENCES ON THE LABRADOR

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

AS a country for summer holidays, Labrador has not yet been taken seriously. Yet it attracts many scientists who visit it for its unique opportunities for special work. In the summer of 1905, Elihu Root, Secretary of State, came in search of that absolute rest which is impossible in any country where telephones and the other appurtenances of civilization have intruded.

From several points of view, also, Labrador affords attractions offered by no other country so near at hand. The scenery of the southern coast is modified by the fact that in the glacial period the ice-cap smoothed and rounded the mountain peaks, while the cliffs are seldom five hundred feet in height. In the north, however, the mountain-tops apparently always reared their heads above the ice-stream, and for its high cliffs and virgin peaks the coast-line is unrivaled anywhere in the world. The fact that the high land runs right out to the Atlantic seaboard does not prevent its affording most imposing fiords winding away among its fastnesses. For the thundering of the restless Atlantic, the grinding masses of the polar ice, which assail its bulwarks for eight months out of twelve, and the iron frost of its terrible winters, have proved to be workmen that even its adamantine rocks have been unable to withstand. Thus there have been carved out fiords such as that of Nakvak, which runs inland for thirty miles. The cliffs on each side rise direct from the narrow gorge, which is itself only a mile in width, to an average of about two thousand feet, the deep blue water affording anchorage so close in under the cliffs that one would suppose it bottomless elsewhere. Though these rocks are the basal rocks of the earth's skeleton, and are entirely barren of trees and shrubs, —or indeed of any fossil, either,—their sternness is mitigated by the abundant carpet bedding of brilliant-colored lichens and the numerous small subarctic flora to be found up to their highest peaks. To the north of this inlet are still loftier mountains, the heights of which have not yet been measured, and the summits of which have never yet yielded to the foot of man. A cluster known as the "Four Peaks" has been variously estimated up to six thousand feet in height.

There is no country in the world where the glories of the aurora borealis can so frequently be enjoyed. The weird "northern lights," called by the Eskimo "the spirits of the dead at play," are seen dancing in the sky on almost every clear night. The glorious red morning light, stealing over these rugged peaks, and steeping, in blood, as it were, the pinnacles of the loftiest icebergs in the world, forms a contrast with the deep blue of the ocean and the glistening white in a way that will hold the dullest spellbound. The endless stream of fantastic icebergs at all times enlivens the monotony of a boundless ocean.

Though cruising in north Labrador is at present made difficult by the poor survey of the coast, it is also made delightful to the amateur sailor by the countless natural harbors, never more than a few miles apart, and by the thousands of outlying islands, which permit almost one fourth of the coast to be visited in perfectly smooth water, the great swell from the Atlantic being shouldered off by the long fringe of them that runs seaward for twenty or thirty miles.

Clearly written in water-worn boulders on the mountain-sides of the now slowly rising land, and by the elevated sea-caves, with their wave-washed pillows, is the history of how the Labrador came here. These raise before the dullest mind visions of a paleocrystic sea that lapped these shores in the dim ages of the past. Hanging everywhere on almost imperceptible lodging-places on the crests and ridges of every mountain, the ice-carried erratics forever tempt one to climb up and try to dislodge them. But generally one finds they weigh many tons, and his puny strength cannot stir them the single inch

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necessary to send them crashing down into the valleys below.

Labrador has no towns, no roads, and no policemen. Scattered along its shores one meets, during the months of open water, only the venturous fishing-vessels from the far South, manned by their wholesome crews, the stout-hearted vikings of to-day, and, beside these, the native Eskimo, still almost prehistoric in their customs, and themselves alone of sufficient interest to merit a side-show at all the recent world's exhibitions. But for the fact that trade and the gospel have gone hand in hand, this "flavor of the past" would have been blotted out long ago. Only around the stations of the brethren of the Moravian Church are there left any number of this interesting people. The good Moravian brethren have acted as traders as well as preachers and teachers. By tabooing liquor and cheap gewgaws, by fair dealing, by the inculcation of simple religion, and by a paternal surveillance of morals, they have almost prevented any decrease in the number of their people in the last fifty years, during which only they have kept a census. Meanwhile the Eskimo have everywhere else virtually vanished from the coast.

This is a tribute to the value of their mission especially unimpeachable, in view of the present-day strenuous efforts to prevent loss of life among children in our crowded cities.

It has not been easy to convey to the Eskimo mind the meaning of the Oriental similes of the Bible. Thus, the Lamb of God had to be translated *kotik,* or "young seal." This animal, with its perfect whiteness as it lies in its cradle of ice, its gentle, helpless nature, and its pathetic, innocent eyes, is probably as apt a substitute, however, as nature offers. Yet not long ago an elderly lady, who at other times had almost a genius for what savored of idolatry, sent me in Labrador a box containing a stuffed lamb, "that the Eskimo," after all these years, "might learn better."

To the Eskimo mind, everything animate or inanimate possesses a soul. Thus, in their graves we found they invariably placed every cherished possession, that their spirits might serve the departed spirit in the same capacities in the life to come. There is little room for burial beneath the scanty earth in Labrador, even if the frost would permit it. So the grave consists of upright stones, with long, flat ones laid across. These not only serve to keep the wolves from the body, but wide chinks also afford the spirits free passage in and out.

I have found many graves perched upon some promontory jutting out into the sea, so that the spirit might be near its hunting-ground and again take toll from the spirits of departed seals. In a little cache at the foot of the grave are generally to be found the remnants of the man's property. Even since Christianity has come among them, I have seen a modern rifle and good steel snow-knives rusting in the grave; and I have found pipes filled with tobacco, that those who were denied the pleasures of its enjoyment while on earth should at least have a chance given them to learn its use in the regions beyond the grave. No Puritanical forecasts of the joys of heaven trouble the Eskimo mind.

The stone age is only just passing in Labrador. But already the museums of the South are hungering for these witnesses to man's humble origin, and the most easily found graves have been ruthlessly rifled. Indeed, one man came and complained to me that an energetic collector, of unmentionable nationality, had positively carried off the bones of his grandmother! I wished on one occasion to obtain some specimens of stone kettles, axes, knives, and other relics from some ancient graves known to me on a certain island. We had not time, however, to leave our steamer to hunt for them. Out of gratitude for services rendered to them in my capacity as "Aniasuit," or "the man that has to do with pain," some of my little friends readily promised to seek them for me. They explained, however, that they should put something into the grave for each thing they took out. I referred them to the Moravian station, where they could purchase, at my expense, things likely to satisfy the departed spirits, as there was nothing they would have found valuable in my floating drug store.

Now, it so happened that once, when it was the mark of an anarchist in Germany to wear a beard, the German brethren had brought out a job-lot of razors, forgetful that nature had been merciful to the Es-

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Drawn by Alfred Brennan

A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY ON HIS WINTER TRAVELS

kimo in their frigid climes, and spared them superfluous hair about their faces. So the stock was still available, and on returning in the spring I found my friends had solemnly deposited these in the caches they had robbed. The idea of the hoary spirits of their ancestors practising the noble art, in the night watches, on these awful headlands, with inferior razors, appealed to other than the religious sense in us. But the minds of all men are more or less muddled (*teste* Carlyle), and the Eskimo have a singular lack of humor.

As patients, these little people are most excellent. They have no fear of pain, and heal rapidly, a tribute, possibly, to our almost germless air. On one occasion, seated in a large Eskimo *tubik,* or tent, I was seeing the sick of a settlement which I had not visited for eight months. It came the turn of a girl of about fifteen years, who silently held up a frost-bitten toe that needed removing. As there was a dense crowd in the tent, she insisted it should be done at once. The satisfaction of being for the moment the center of attraction was all the anesthetic she wanted.

Gratitude, also, is not so uncommon in Labrador as it was in Judea. I had operated one year, in the North, on a young man with a dislocated shoulder, and had long since forgotten all about him. Some two years later a beaming Eskimo met me at the head of the companion-ladder, and produced from beneath his voluminous *kossack* a finely ornamented pair of boots. He soon made clear to me that he had been pursuing me all this time with this token of his gratitude, and kept pointing to the shoulder, which he could now freely use. I have known it otherwise at home with doctors and their fees, where the patient took no unlawful trouble to see his benefactor rewarded.

There are in Labrador settlers and half-breeds who are ever increasing in number, while their pure-blooded brethren are vanishing away. These, too, are an interesting people, retaining many bygone superstitions and customs, some of which they have in common with all fisherfolk. Among these a large part of my practice lies. I append a sample invitation to pay a visit to one of them who was sick. It is an exact copy.

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Mr. Docker Greand
Felle Battle Harbor
Labrador.

Please Docker i sen
you this to see if
you call in Sea
bight when you gose
down to see Mr. archbell
Chubbs he in nead
of you.

A letter like this, however, is a compromise with their own ideas, and to me is the emblem of a better era. For among my first patients, thirteen years ago, on a lonely island, was the father of a budding family. When I called, he was sitting up on his bed, perspiration from pain pouring down his face, and the red lines of a spreading infection running up his arm from a deep poisoned wound in the hand. I showed him that his life was at stake, and that I could painlessly open the deep wound. He absolutely refused, as he had already sent a messenger to an old lady up the bay who was given to "charming." Passing the island again before I left next morning, I found he had not slept since I went away, and the old lady had not yet arrived. He again refused the knife. I did not call again at the island till the following spring, when I was not surprised to find his "tilt" deserted and the roof fallen in. The old lady had not arrived in time, and the neighbors, in their generous way, had shared his children among them.

Having no doctors of their own, they display no small ingenuity in devising remedies from the few resources they possess. Naturally, certain persons are looked upon as specially gifted. The claims of wise women vie with those of seventh sons, but no reasonable person would dispute the priority of the seventh son of a seventh son. "Why, bless yer, worms 'll perish in their open hand." Once, in stripping a fisherman to examine his chest, I perceived that he had a string, as of a scapular, around his neck. Knowing that he was not a Catholic, I asked him the meaning of it. "Sure, 't is a toothache-string, sir," he replied. "Sure, I never had the toothache sunce I worn un." So another, who on one occasion I found to be wearing a green ribbon round his left wrist, told me, " 'T is against the bleedin', sir, if ever I be took."

There are more feet than shoes in many families in Labrador, and we are frequently called upon to amputate legs which have been frozen. Not only do the children suffer from this cause, but men and women as well. I recall a case which proves the unimportance of creed in religion. The wife of a Roman Catholic had a leg amputated, and I was called upon to supply an artificial leg. I had one in stock, and after I had given it to her I learned its history. The leg had been made for a Baptist soldier who lost a limb in the Civil War. When he died, his wife, who was a Presbyterian, kept it for a while and then gave it to an Episcopal cripple. It worked around to my mission in a devious way, and I gave it to the wife of the Roman Catholic.

On one occasion, the burly skipper of a fishing crew boarded the mission ship, his head swathed in red flannel, his cheek blistered with liniment, and his face puffed out like a blue-bag.

"Toothache, Skipper Joe?" I said; "you 'll soon be all right," and I pulled down a snaky instrument from the row in the chart-house.

"No, no, Doctor; I wants un charmed."

"But, you know, I don't charm people, Skipper. Nonsense, I tell you! Get out of the deck-house!"

But he only stood vociferating on the deck, "No, no, Doctor; 't is only charmin' her wants."

Time is precious when steam is in the boiler, so I merely replied, "Sit on that coaming, and open your mouth."

He waited to see that I had dropped the forceps, and then followed my directions. Waving my hands over his head, I touched the offending molar. His mind seemed greatly relieved, and he at once proffered twenty-five cents for the benefit of the mission. Three months later, on my way south, I saw this man again. Beaming with smiles, he volunteered, "Ne'er an ache nor a pain in 'er since you charmed her, Doctor." While he was showing me the molar, still in its place, to confirm his theory, I was wondering what faith-healing really meant.

On one of my winter journeys with dog team and *komatik*, we made a long detour to see a sick man. A snow-storm overtook us, and we arrived late at night, thoroughly tired out, at the rude tilt where

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LABRADOR "TILT," OR REFUGE, FOR USE WHEN CAUGHT IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT

our patient lay. After doing our best for the poor fellow, we stretched out our sleeping-bags on the floor preparatory to turning in, as we are in the habit of doing whenever it is desirable to have a private apartment. It was customary for our host's dogs to burrow down through the snow and sleep under the house. For there they got shelter and warmth beneath that part of the floor where the stove stood. Our dogs, having discovered their burrows, desired to share their comforts, but they could not get down to give battle except by crawling down one at a time. The result was a constant growling and barking only a few inches from our heads. Sleep seemed impossible, yet no one wished the task of digging the dogs out.

It so happened that my host's seventh son was at home, and he promptly offered to charm the dogs into quietude. This he did by standing with his back to the wall and apparently twiddling the thumbs of his clasped hands in some peculiar way. He also muttered a few words which he would not tell me. For my part, I was so tired that I went to sleep watching him, and, for me at least, the charm worked. My driver also confessed he thought that it was we who were charmed; for the seventh son had faded from sight and memory while still twiddling his thumbs.

Much more rational than these efforts are some of those in use at sea. The astringent liquor from the boiled scrapings of the hard-wood sheave of an old block is no mean remedy when swallowed in quantity; and the boiled gelatinous skin of a flatfish, covered with a piece of an oil-skin coat, forms a really rational poultice. "Why, 't will draw yous head to yous heels, if you puts her in the right place."

A salt herring, bandaged against the delicate skin of the throat, has much virtue as a counter-irritant; but, like most of these humble remedies, fails in diphtheria, nor saves in the hour of peril some loved child that skilled aid might have rescued.

It is often said that there is no law in Labrador, and I have heard men profane enough to add, "Thank God!" I do not know that the facilities for obtaining satisfactory settlements have evolved in proportion to our sense of justice and the intricacies of our methods of obtaining it. In the capacity of magistrate, I was called on once to settle the division of a property which should have left a small sum to a needy family. I found the cost of division by the usual channels would have left only a zero to divide. So we appealed to equity, and forced one another to abide by it. Only last week a dispute arose about the ownership of a certain plot of land. It had been argued unsuccessfully with high words and with pike-handles. The weaker party applied for a summons. So, appointing the plot of land as the court, and day-

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break as the hour, we settled the question between three disputants in exactly fifteen minutes. This included the making of landmarks, which I erected myself. Moreover, the court was able to be back over the hills in time for breakfast, with an excellent appetite and a satisfied mind as his only judicial fees.

There has been no law promulgated as yet in Labrador dealing with infant mortality and cruelty to children. My first case of this kind involved insistence on a stepfather's assuming the responsibility for a little girl belonging to his new wife. Returning three months later to the same place, I found the man obdurate and the little girl living in a house by herself, where he merely allowed food to be sent to her. There could be no gain to the community by our deporting the man to a prison five hundred miles away in Newfoundland, nor gain to the child by forcing so unnatural a person to allow her to live with him. So the court decided to add the little girl to the crew of his steamer, and steamed away with a new kind of fee. Good, however, came out of evil, for we have since ventured on a small orphanage near one of our hospitals, and I have had the supreme pleasure of taking to its shelter more than one delightful little derelict.

We cannot, however, always be Solomons, and the best-intentioned of decisions may sometimes be at fault. Thus, on one occasion a man's cow, feeding on the hillside, was found dead in the morning. It had obviously been killed by some one's dogs. As the owner went up to find the body, he saw two dogs coming away suspiciously licking their chops. These belonged to a poor neighbor of his, the guilt of whose team, I fear, was at no time in doubt. He expressed the greatest sorrow, and offered to shoot his dogs. But that would not bring the cow to life again. So, though he had no money, we decided that the cow should be cut in two, each man taking half, the offender to pay half the value of the cow to the owner, in money, as soon as he could. By the valuation of the coast, the cow was worth only twenty dollars. I was alarmed next day to hear that my steward had bought from the aggressor six dollars' worth of meat, and that two other men had bought four dollars' worth, so that the offender was in pocket and distinctly encouraged to kill his neighbor's cow again, especially as his disposition of his half had left him with a fine meal of fresh beef into the bargain.

The uncertainty of a fisherman's calling, and the long winter of forced inaction, when Jack Frost has our hunting-grounds in his grip, made the need of some remunerative winter work as necessary to us as a safety-valve is to a boiler. We had an excellent belt of spruce- and fir-trees at the bottom of one of our long bays, and a number of us agreed to coöperate in a lumber-mill, that thus men might be helped to help themselves, rather than be forced to accept doles of free flour and molasses, and at the same time be robbed of their self-respect. So we purchased a boiler, engine, and saw-table, and the skipper of our coöperative vessel volunteered to bring these weighty impedimenta on his deck from St. John's. I myself was away in the North, beyond the reach of mails, when it suddenly occurred to me that the boiler weighed over three tons, and we had not chosen a spot or built a wharf on which to land it. We had merely applied for an area on which to conduct operations. But the genius of the sailor saved the situation. For the skipper had found a spot where he could warp his vessel alongside the rocks. He had then cut down some trees, which he had used as skids, and improvising a derrick out of his main and mizzen halyards, he had safely slipped the boiler to the beach. Others had dragged it up on another set of skids, and had built over it a massive mill-house, kneed like a capsized schooner, and calculated at a pinch to resist a bombardment. True, we had to bring fresh water a mile and a quarter without pipes, but they had sawed wood enough for this, dammed the river, and carried the troughs on eighteen-foot stakes; and now for several years the mill has been running successfully. We had to learn our trade, and it has cost us much unevenly sawed boarding and at least four fingers, but, beyond that, no serious accidents; and a little winter village has sprung up about this source of work, with a school and a mission room, and we can afford to pay for logs enough to give a winter's diet to one hundred separate families. We have built schooners at the mill, besides other boats, and a lot of building. I am not sure in my own mind which does more to mitigate

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DR. GRENFELL TRAVELING BY SLED TO RENDER MEDICAL ASSISTANCE

the many evils that follow in the wake of semi-starvation, our pills or our mill.

The economic conditions of all places largely cut off from communication are, I presume, hampered by the fact that the supplying of the necessaries of life falls into the hands of a monopoly; so that it often happens that the poorer the people are, the higher the prices they have to pay. It is the more galling to those who wish to preach a gospel of help when they discover that these same poor people find it difficult to get market value for their produce.

Here is an illustration of the cash value of independence which I took the other day from the lips of as fine a toiler of the sea as ever trod a quarter-deck. The man has three sons grown up enough to help him in the fishery. After long years as a poor hook-and-line fisherman, living from hand to mouth, the boys made enough money to induce a kindly merchant to build them a schooner on credit. The schooner, named the *Olinda,* cost, ready for sea, with "the bit of food aboard," as she left the narrows of their harbor for the fishery, exactly eighteen hundred dollars. "And us did n't know where us was ever goin' to see it from; and us had three sharemen with us. But us come back, sir, in three months, and sold our catch for twenty-three hundred dollars; so that us had enough to pay our three sharemen, and pay for the schooner, and have one hundred dollars coming to us. Us still had time to go down North again and fetch the freighters us had carried down, and to catch another hundred quintals of fish. The second trip brought us in seven hundred and forty dollars. And now," he said triumphantly, "us is independent, and can buy our bit anywhere us likes; so it will come cheaper, you sees, Doctor." It stands to reason every man cannot shake off quite so easily the shackles which bind him to a particular trader.

It was to help others to do what this man was able to do for himself that thirteen years ago we started a series of small coöperative stores. In many cases these have had the effect that we desired.

The reality of a spiritual world is no stumbling-block to our people, and indeed all are more or less superstitious as to its

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relations to the world we now inhabit. Four winters ago an excellent trapper, Joe Michelin, living about twenty-five miles up the magnificent river on which the Grand Falls of Labrador are situated, was in much trouble. His children informed him that they had seen a weird, large, hairy man crossing the little bit of open country between the alders on the river-bank and a *drogue* of woods on the other side of his house. A practical-minded man, he put no credence in the story until one day they ran in and told him it had just crossed the open, and they had seen it waving its hands at them from the willows. Rifle in hand, he went out, and to his intense surprise found fresh, strange tracks in the direction in which the children had told him the creature had gone. These marks sank into the ground at least six inches, where the horses that work at the mill would only have sunk two inches. The mark of the hoof was distinctly cloven, and the strides were at times no less than eight feet apart. Knowing that he would not be credited if he told this story even to his nearest neighbor, who lived some miles away, he boarded over some of the tracks to preserve them from the weather. At night-time his dogs would often be growling and uneasy, and several times he found they had all been driven into the river during the night. He himself heard the monster walking around the house in the dark, and twice distinctly heard it tapping on the down-stairs shutter. He and his family were so thoroughly frightened that they always slept in the top loft of their house, with loaded revolvers and rifles beside them.

The tracks became more numerous as the spring opened, and one day his boy of fourteen told him that he, too, had seen the creature vanishing into the trees. A French-Canadian trapper, hearing of his trouble, came over to see the tracks, and was so impressed that he hauled over four bear-traps and set them in the paths. Michelin himself would sit day after day at the window, his repeating-rifle in his hand, and not leaving his position even for meals, on the off chance of a shot at his unearthly visitor. The chief wood-ranger from the big mill told me he had seen the tracks, but what to say of them he did not know. No new tracks appeared for some weeks, however, and Michelin quite recovered his equanimity.

The insistence on dogma has found little place on the program of the workers of our Labrador Mission. Our efforts to interpret the message we would convey are aimed rather in the direction of endeavoring to do for our fellow-men on this coast, in every relation of life, those things which we should like them to do for us in similar circumstances.

As I sit writing in the chart-house, I can read across the front of the little hospital off which we are anchored the words of a text thirty-six feet long. It was carved in solid wood by a boys' class in Boston. It reads: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I have most faith in unwritten sermons. Still, the essential elements of our faith are preached orally at times by all of us. And in this relation it has been my good fortune at times to have a cook or a deck-hand equally able with myself to gather a crowd on a Sunday morning to seek God's blessing on these barren rocks. We can also believe that the noble amphitheaters that these mighty cliffs afford us are as likely to prove "Bethels" as were ever the more stately erections of the genius of man. I have seen new men made out of old ones on this very coast, new hopes engendered in the wrecks of humanity. So that once, when whispering into the ear of a dying man on board a tiny schooner, and asking him if the years since the change took place in him had been testified to by his life, in the most natural way in the world he was able to answer, "I wish you 'd ask my skipper, Doctor."

We have seen in our tiny hospitals the blind made to see, the lame made to walk, and the weak and fearful strengthened to face the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But the object of the Labrador Mission is to help men to live, and not to die; and so to live as not merely to cumber this earth for a few more years, but to live as worthier sons of that great Father whose face we all expect one day to see.

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Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

HOME FROM BOARDING-SCHOOL. DRAWN BY W. L. JACOBS

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

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From the statue, now in bronze, by Louis Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE DANCE OF THE WIND-GODS"

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LOUIS POTTER

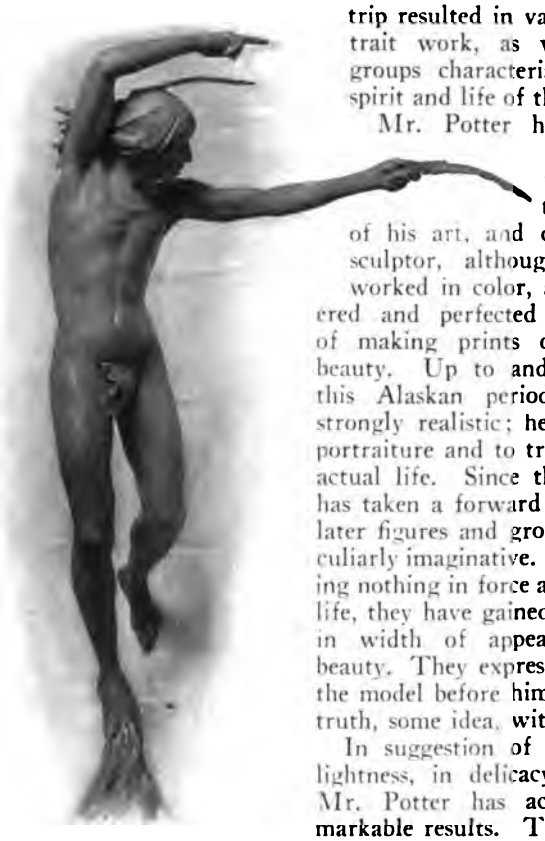
BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

IN his work and in his lineage, Mr. Louis Potter is distinctively American. He was born in Troy, New York, in 1873, and was graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1896. While in college he began the study of art under Charles Noël Flagg, painting under Montague Flagg during the summer vacations. He went to Paris in 1896, and remained there for three years. He studied painting under Luc-Olivier Merson, and modeling under Jean Dampt. After working in the clay for a year and a half, he exhibited in the Champs de Mars a bust of his friend Bernard Boutet de Monvel, son of the distinguished artist, and himself a promising painter, which the sculptor cut in stone with his own hand.

From Paris, Mr. Potter went to Tunis, where he painted and continued to model. When it was desired to represent Arab life at the Paris Exposition, it was to the American's work that the government of Tunis turned. After Mr. Potter's return to America, the Bey conferred upon him the decoration of Officier du Nicham Iftikar, or Order of Renown.

Since his return, Mr. Potter has devoted himself to distinctively American subjects. He has studied the American Indian, and has spent a portion of his time in Alaska, where he was greatly interested in the Mongolian traits of face and figure belonging to the Alaskan Indians, and in their general contrast to the true American Indian. This trip resulted in valuable portrait work, as well as in groups characteristic of the spirit and life of these people.



From the plaster model by Louis Potter

"THE HERALD OF THE STORM"

Mr. Potter had become by this time master of the technic of his art, and definitely a sculptor, although he still worked in color, and discovered and perfected a method of making prints of extreme beauty. Up to and including this Alaskan period, he was strongly realistic; he tended to portraiture and to transcripts of actual life. Since then his art has taken a forward leap. His later figures and groups are peculiarly imaginative. While losing nothing in force and truth to life, they have gained in poetry, in width of appeal, and in beauty. They express not alone the model before him, but some truth, some idea, within him.

In suggestion of motion, in lightness, in delicacy of poise, Mr. Potter has achieved remarkable results. The firmness and ease of his modeling, the subordination of detail to the main idea, and his feeling for composition, are marked. His work shows the influence of Rodin and Meunier, but it has the nervous strength, the swift vitality, of the American spirit. He is unmistakably American, and in this sincerity of expression resides perhaps his greatest promise.

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From the plaster model by Louis Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"EARTHBOUND"

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AUGSBURG

ROMANTIC GERMANY—VIII

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY KARL O'LYNCH VON TOWN

AMONG the romantic cities of southern Germany patrician Augsburg maintains a certain pride as the former host of emperors and the home of world-famous financiers. It spreads out on a level plain its monumental streets, its palaces, its municipal buildings, and its churches. Coming from the morning brilliance of modern Munich, Augsburg seems to be a place where romance and brilliance are blended as in some sunset sky.

IT was Sunday morning, and I sought the cathedral, a building too old, on the whole, to participate architecturally in Augsburg's grand manner. In the Diet of 1530, the famous Augsburg Confession was presented to the emperor in the episcopal palace opposite. And legend relates that Martin Luther, fleeing from one of these diets after dark, in fear of his life, lost his way in the St. Gallusgässchen, whereupon the devil came and pointed out a little gate in the city wall, with the words, "Da hinab." ("Down there.") The reformer went, and found a saddled ass and a servant to help along his flight. The evil one departed chuckling, feeling that he had done a deed worthy of his reputation. And the place is called *Dahinab* to this day.

The cathedral nave was crowded with rapt worshipers. I stood near the four altar-pieces painted by that famous Augsburger, the elder Holbein; and looking from them to the rows of earnest faces, I realized that these conservative people had not changed even the type of their features for over four hundred years.

Here were anachronistic costumes as well—peasant women with limp, black head-dresses, gay neckerchiefs of white and rose and yellow, flaming short skirts of blue, pleasantly overlaid with buff aprons. And there were short-jacketed Holbein men who wore old silver coins for buttons.

Orchestra, organ, and choir made sonorous music in the Gothic balcony. The officiating clergy showed splendid in their gold and silver vestments against the sculptures and the delicate pinnacles of the high altar. The priceless old stained glass of the clearstory painted the sunlight, and the great windows of the southern aisle sang a psalm of ultramarine and emerald and old gold. Despite its modest architecture, the nave took on a splendor that Sunday morning like the splendor of Amiens. It was the authentic spirit of old Augsburg making itself felt.

I paid a visit to the cloisters, with their wealth of tombs and quaint Latin. A goodly wash was spread out to dry on the lawn, tempting my companion into a pale pun about the "cathedral close." And far above them was another sight almost as homely—the north steeple, with its crude, tiny Romanesque arches.

The ancient bronze doors of the southern portal remind one of Bishop Bernward's epoch-making doors at Hildesheim, only these are more delicate and sophisticated, and have less of the elemental thrill.

The most imposing part of the cathedral architecture is the northern portal; and here the South German's *Gemütlichkeit* and love of animals are charmingly displayed. Surrounded by an attentive company of prophets and sibyls, the *Herrgott* is lolling carelessly on a throne, with a sword between his legs, listening to King David, who is playing on a harp. All

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Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LUDWIGS-PLATZ AND THE FOUNTAIN OF AUGUSTUS

seem to be getting the greatest pleasure from the music. Below, a lot of baby bears are trying to push one another off a molding above naïve reliefs of the Annunciation, the Death of the Virgin, and the Nativity, the last a scene at which little donkeys peep edified over the rim of a wicker basket. Above them all are three gargoyles which, though suffering the most violent pangs of some indeterminate complaint, are yet as lovable as the guffawing crocodile near the other portal.

In the fish market, after church, I found another commentary on Augsburg's love of animals. One side was lined with rabbits peeping out of boxes, perambulators, and baskets; two sides were taken up with birds and puppies,—the salesmen seeming really loath to part with them,—while in the middle was a host of dogs in leash. About the only creature not on sale in that fish market was the fish. But there was no snarling or fighting, for the menagerie seemed as full of *Gemütlichkeit* as its owners. Peace on earth, good-will toward man and beast, was the order of the day.

On a wall near by was a curious relief of a one-armed man. A question to a vendor of puppies drew about us a beaming circle of citizens, who listened proudly while the tale of the siege was retold. It was in 1635, when the Swedes had reduced the town to the point of starvation, that a baker took his last loaf of bread, climbed on the rampart during a charge, and threw it to the enemy, declaring that Augsburg had more bread than it could eat. The baker lost his arm up there on the walls, but the Swedes lost heart, and in disgust raised the siege.

This part of town, however, never long beguiles one away from its splendors with such homely things as puppies and bakers. Near by I discovered a stately campanile and the façade of a great Renaissance building so imposingly Italian that it seemed less natural to call it the

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Rathaus than the *municipio*. Within, I found a room, the Golden Hall, able to compare with many of Italy's most opulent interiors.

This *Rathaus* typifies the formal, splendor-loving side of Augsburg, and is the worthy center of a city three of whose daughters married princes. One is reminded of the remark of Emperor Charles V, after having seen the royal treasures of France: "I have a weaver in Augsburg named Fugger who could pay spot cash

Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE NORTH PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL

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Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE JAKOBER-STRASSE AND THE JAKOBER-THOR IN THE DISTANCE

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for all this." The building bisects that old Roman road, now, as then, the main highway through the town, formed by the Karolinen-Strasse and Maximilians-Strasse, a broad, proud way lined with stately palaces. Among them shines forth the frescoed house of the Fuggers, those Rothschilds of the Renaissance, to remind one of an age when most of Augsburg's walls were gay with color, and when many of its interiors could vie with those of Italy's royal palaces. In those days a merchant named Welser, whose daughter had married the Archduke of Austria, fitted out a squadron single-handed to take possession of Venezuela. And one of the Fuggers is said to have taken a note of hand for a large sum and burned it on a fire of cinnamon wood before the eyes of his debtor, Charles V. The old Augsburgers always did things handsomely. It is pleasant to remember that Emperor Maximilian I, on leaving his favorite city near the close of his life, turned in the saddle for a last look and exclaimed: "Now God preserve thee, thou dear Augsburg! We have had many a good time within thy walls. Now we shall behold thee nevermore."

The Maximilians-Strasse is broader than any other street in Old-World Germany, and its Italian atmosphere is intensified by the splendid fountains that punctuate it, which are surrounded by arabesques of the iron work for which Augsburg is famous.

One of these fountains, the Augustus, commemorates the Roman emperor who founded the city, and after whom it was named *Augusta Vindelicorum*. But the Fountain of Hercules, down near the Fugger House, in its eloquent power and grace and humor, has never been equaled in Germany, though its influence may be seen to-day from Dantzic all the way down to Munich.

While the imposing, public side of Augsburg is strongly Italian in quality, the intimate, romantic side is quite as German; and it was good to feel the sudden change in the Church of St. Ulrich. This church is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Roman capital, and there were excavated here those huge, stone pine-cones which became the symbols of the municipality.

A confirmation service was going on. The piers and aisles were decorated with white birch saplings that looked very friendly and human against the elegance of the large altars, and reminded one that he was in the land of the Christmas-tree and all that sort of thing. As I entered, a group of little children, in all their touching, German artlessness, was moving out in front of the congregation. The vast throng stood for some moments in a profound silence, then suddenly burst into the most beautiful congregational singing that I have ever heard.

It was a fitting introduction to romantic Augsburg, and I went away finally, to wander in a sort of day-dream among the maze of little brooks and canals that make the southeastern quarter so picturesque, where the dwellers in glamourous cottages have had to bridge a merry little river to get to their own flower-gardens. Here Augsburg's greatest son, the younger Holbein, was born, and a wall is still there, covered with the colored arabesques that he drew in his sixth year. There was the quaint little Fuggerei, a town within a town, which one of the Fuggers built to house the local poor on condition that they pay a gulden a year as rent, and daily offer up to heaven "a paternoster, an Ave Maria, and a credo, for the help and comfort" of all Fugger souls.

The best came last; for as I turned into the Jakober-Strasse, there was spread out such a vision of Old-World Germany as I had not dreamed of finding in Augsburg, the portal of Italy. An unbroken array of old houses swung down into the distance, with gables lofty and low, sharp and blunt, severe as a pyramid, or undulating like a maiden's curls, glowing with all the colors of the sunset, full of shapely windows and flowering balconies and wooden saints enshrined, set off against the richly weathered walls and ruddy tiles of a huge tanner's tower; and, with their perfect rhythm, leading the eye down to where a Gothic gate closed the prospect with the mellow masonry of its arches and the vivid green patina of its pointed tower.

The ideal place to take one's leave of Augsburg is beside the crumbling ramparts where the shattered marbles of the Roman city lie; and where beautiful old wall-towers are reflected from the surface of a stream once lapped by the wild horses of the Huns.

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A PRAYER FOR MOTHERHOOD

I

IS it a far cry to the realm of souls,
Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, who must hear?
For love stands always at the gate of prayer
With brooding heart, perchance to thank or grieve.
Lord, is it sin that I should make complaint
And fret the way of faith with this unrest?
For thou hast sent bright friendships, strung with flowers,
And happy thoughts, and sunshine through the years.

Youth blossomed, and thou gavest beauty's kiss,
That still abides, despite long discontent.
Rank and esteem are mine; and that acclaim,
Silent but sure, which woman proudly holds;
And crowning all, a holy wedded tryst,
Sealed with the golden signet, heaven-betrothed.

I have not been anhungered, oh, dear Lord,
For bread or drink; my limbs have not been cold.
I have not felt temptation's driving force
To lie or steal, to murder or to die.
In lowly mood I thank thee, Lord, for these.
But, oh, dear God, thou God of mothers still,
I asked, believing, and have been denied!

II

ON yesterday, when morn was at its glow,
And all of earth gave back its welcome smile,
A woman paused beside my open door.
Her hands were filled with fruit she begged me buy,
Then pointed to the burden on her back.
She had no shelter for that tender head
Save two strong arms, so hard and bare and brown.

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She had no name to leave, if she should die,
That sometime in his life her boy might bless;
No cot or thatch that she might call a home;
Nor resting-place save that which chance might send.
But laughing down upon the dimpling face
That seemed so pure, and guileless of its want,
She sat at ease beside my shaded step,
And nursed her ruddy baby on her breast.

I gave her food and drink, still in thy name;
Oh, God, I could not bless, and turned away—
I—I, a woman steeped in rugged faith,
To wail again the old Hebraic curse
Upon unfruitfulness and empty arms!

III

LAST of a noble sheaf of lineage,
Rich in the heritage that man calls dear,
What boots it to the hapless heir of these—
A barren limb, hung on an estopped tree!
The blood of heroes on armorial shields
Shall fade to nothingness within the dust;
While sword and cassock, 'scutcheoned high and pure,
Taunt like a hiss a lonely woman's heart.
For e'en the gaping beggar in the street
May clasp her babe, and with a pitying smile,
Hoarse whisper to her mate, "She hath no child!"
Yea, happier far, dear God, the fate of her,
A Rachael who would not be comforted,
Or some pale Niobe, bowed through the years,
For thou hadst blessed them ere they wept their loss.

If there be found within the faith to trust
The old Hebraic God,—to hear his voice
From pillared cloud, or holy burning bush,—
So would I come, as wailing Hebrews came,
Remembering faithful Sarah, laughed to scorn.
Or failing this, dear God, let thy young Christ,
Born of a woman, too, send me sweet dreams,
The while I kneel and watch his holy star
Rise in thy heaven; so I shall wake and find
This bosom healed, this heart robbed of its thorn.

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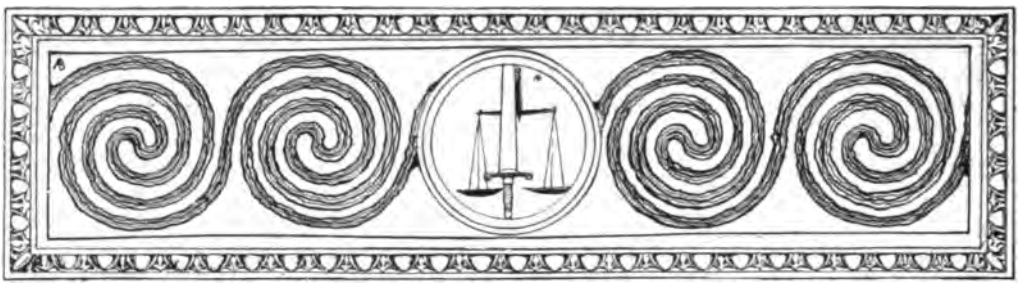

PRESIDENT TAFT'S OPPORTUNITY

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

A STRONG President's power of initiative in his own party is very great. It was the will of Cleveland that committed the Democrats to tariff reform as their main proposal in the campaign of 1888. In 1896, it is true, Cleveland failed to hold his party against the free-silver craze; but he made the outcome doubtful for months, notwithstanding that his leadership was already greatly weakened, and that the heresy, as is now apparent, had infected an overwhelming majority of the party throughout the country. Had McKinley lived, and remained steadfast in the position he took in his last public speech, the chances are that years ago we should have had some kind of revision of the tariff by the Republicans. President Roosevelt, on the other hand, devoting himself to the task of keeping within bounds the corporations and trusts, brought his party to an at least nominal concurrence in his views.

The Republican party has greater coherency than the Democratic. A Republican President has, therefore, a greater power of initiative in his party than a Democratic President has in his. The present state of both parties gives to President Taft an opportunity to exercise this power to extraordinary ends. If he has the will and the skill, it seems probable that he may alter the composition of both; and that he may also alter their geographical alinement. To make this plain, it is necessary to go inside the lines of both, and examine the actual groupings of voters as they have been revealed by the several elections since the first nomination of Mr. Bryan in 1896.

That nomination of course marked the triumph of the radicals in the Democratic party. It also opened the door to the Populists, the mass of whom have since entered, or reëntered, the Democratic ranks. With this great reinforcement, the radicals seem to be still clearly in the majority. Their greatest strength is in the West, and they have the upper hand in the South. In certain of the Eastern States also the element most in sympathy with them has got control of the party machinery. But this element, made up largely of the foreign-born, and strongest in the cities, does not fuse readily or completely with the radical faction of the West and South, which is, so to speak, country-bred; which is in fact the counterpart in all essentials of Jefferson's following and of Andrew Jackson's. What specific policies it stands for to-day is not of the first importance. In general, it stands for opposition to privilege, particularly the privilege of wealth, and it readily accepts crude devices to equalize opportunity. But Americans of this class have sincere reverences, and passionately associate venerated names with every new proposal they make. It is no injustice to call certain of their proposals a menace to free government; yet it is no more than justice to recognize the spirit behind those proposals as the true militant spirit of American democracy. That concession enables us to see also wherein this home-bred and rural radicalism differs from that of the East, or, to be

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more accurate, from that of the cities. The spirit of the latter is in fact the spirit of European democracy. Between the two wings of the radical faction there is thus, as there was between Jefferson's ideas and those of the French Revolution, more kinship than identity. But conditions of life throughout the Republic grow constantly more uniform; the local and peculiar yields to the general. Every year America comes into closer and closer touch with "abroad"; the national yields to the cosmopolitan, the universal. Discontents and aspirations concerning the social order in America will, therefore, we may feel sure, tend to ally themselves with like discontents and aspirations in older lands, and become more and more frankly socialistic. The best reason given for supporting Bryan last autumn was that his election would put off the day when a really formidable socialist party shall throw down its challenge to whichever of our two historical parties may still survive.

That argument prevailed, no doubt, with some members of the other great Democratic faction, whom it is the fashion to call "conservatives," but whom, as our party system grows more like that of Europe, we would perhaps better call "moderates." What the Rockingham Whigs were in English politics at the time of the American Revolution, these men are in our political life to-day. No other political group has so large a proportion of men of light and leading; no other holds so steadfastly to definite principles, or to principles which history and reason so well approve: yet no other, seemingly, has so little chance to come into power. Unable either to countenance the dangerous vagaries of the radicals now in control of their own party or to shut their eyes to what they regard as the long subservience of the Republican party to privilege, they have nevertheless learned from their experience in 1896 that it is useless to set up a party establishment of their own. In 1904, when the Democratic convention named a candidate they could accept, hundreds of thousands of Bryan's more devoted followers fell away from him and left him to mortifying defeat. While the radicals control, the moderates are thus thrown into a hesitation which is fast becoming their chronic state. Some, still clinging to the hope of bringing the party back to sound policies, keep themselves "regular" as best they can; some have become Republicans; the greater number, though believers in party, find themselves forced into the attitude of independents. With the true independents, they hold the balance of power in many States. This fact came out at the last election more strikingly than ever before. In twenty-four of the thirty States which elected governors last November, the Democratic candidates ran ahead of Bryan, some of them by many thousands. The aggregate vote for his party's candidates for governor in those thirty States exceeded his vote in the same States by nearly half a million. The figures also illustrate the Democratic dilemma. Outside of the Southern and two or three of the newer Western States, the dominant radicals can hope to win only by putting forward, and themselves supporting, candidates acceptable to the moderates. The moderates, on the other hand, even if they should regain control, could not reasonably expect to win outside of the South except, possibly, in a few States of the East where they are strongest. Under Cleveland, the Democratic party made great gains in New England. In 1890, an actual majority of the Congressmen elected in New England were Democrats. Were the party again united under a leadership like Cleveland's, and were the tariff the issue, Massachusetts would to-day be a doubtful State. But Cleveland is gone, and the young William E. Russell, whom the auguries of happier years had seemed to proclaim his successor, went before him to the grave. Under its present leadership, barring almost inconceivable Republican follies or sins, the party can look for nothing in the East but sporadic local triumphs, won on local issues. Its sole and none too robust hope must remain what it was in the recent campaign: to keep the South for a base, and make gains in the West.

Its chances in the West would be better if, in the recent contests of the two great Republican factions, fortune had favored the losing side. I will use the terms "conservative" and "progressive" to designate these two factions, as best corresponding to the terms "moderate" and "radicals," which I have applied to the Democratic factions. The division among the Republicans is, no doubt, somewhat less

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clearly marked than that among the Democrats, but it is not less real, and for the time being it is more important. It is roughly comparable with the division of the English Conservative party into Tories and Unionists.

The conservative Republicans stand for the rights of property—perhaps it would not be unfair to say, for wealth—with a singleness of purpose and animus hardly to be matched by the most conservative group in any one of the party systems of older countries; for we have neither an established church nor an aristocracy of blood to inspire another kind of conservatism. Like the moderate Democrats, they are strongest in the East, but they are almost equally strong in the older States of the West—the two quarters, it should be observed, where the party also is strongest.

The progressive Republicans, on the other hand, are strongest in that farther West, which, through the ascendancy of the radicals in the Democratic party, has become, with certain of the Border States —Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky— the true battle-ground in national contests. Of the four old "pivotal" States, three— Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey —are under present conditions safely Republican; only the fourth, Indiana, remains at all doubtful. The creed of the progressives is nowhere fully and clearly formulated; but they stand for a strong reaction against that complacency with private and corporate greed into which the party fell so soon after the Civil War. Like the Democratic radicals, they have felt, and still feel, the impulse of Populism; they have many former Populists in their ranks. Some of their leaders, such as Cummins and La Follette, seem really to have more in common with Bryan than with Republicans like Aldrich and Cannon. Their two most distinctive departures from the once orthodox Republican attitude are their demands for firmer control and closer regulation of corporations and for a more liberal tariff policy.

Notwithstanding President Roosevelt's avoidance of the tariff issue, he made himself the leader of the progressive faction; and he made it the dominant faction. We can hardly question any longer the immediate political expediency of his course. To his astuteness, hardly less than to the folly of the Democrats and the incompetence of their present leaders, his party owes the new grant of power which it has won, contrary to all precedents, in the midst of an industrial depression following a financial panic. I will not say that President Roosevelt should not have credit for something better than mere astuteness. His silence on the tariff, particularly in view of McKinley's remarkable last speech at Buffalo, is hard to condone; but his insistent demand that the great combinations of capital shall obey the laws, violently as he sometimes made it, crude as were some of his specific proposals, was not merely popular, it was right. Had he, on the other hand, allied himself with the conservatives, and ignored the outcry against the abuses of corporate power, his party would no doubt have had a heartier support both from ultra-conservative Republicans and from the most conservative element among the moderate Democrats; but he would have driven thousands of progressive Republicans, particularly in the doubtful States of the West, out of the party, and he would have made it well-nigh impossible for moderate Democrats to come into it.

The victory to which he led the progressives was, however, by no means complete. Cannon is still Speaker, Aldrich still leader of the Senate, Sherman is Vice-President. It is idle to fancy that the great interests against which the progressives have made war will not always have strong representation in public life. The new administration faces the same four— or, if we count the independents, the same five—political groups with which its predecessor had to deal.

Should President Taft turn to mere compromise and conciliation, he may leave them much as they are. Should he prove, notwithstanding the earlier portents, at heart a reactionary, and the conservatives, strengthened by his favor, come into their old ascendancy, the opposition will win recruits among the progressive Republicans, the moderate Democrats will again waver back toward their old party standard, and many independents will go with them. A fresh Democratic opportunity will be created, and perhaps, after so long chastening, the party will be wise enough, by turning to old tenets and new leaders, to seize it. Should the Republican reaction go far enough, it might even

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bring victory within reach of the opposition as it is.

The third course open to the administration is that which all signs have indicated that the President is minded to take. If he continues to insist, less violently than President Roosevelt, but not less firmly, that the corporations and "combinations of corporations" shall obey the laws, and goes on carefully perfecting the laws which aim to control them, he will hold the progressives of his own party; and if, in addition, he proves sincere and determined, and carries his party with him, in the effort to squeeze the sheer robbery out of the tariff schedules, even though the protection, properly so-called, remains, he will win over many moderate Democrats, and he will commend himself to the independents. Of course, he will not please the conservatives—the Aldrich-Cannon Republicans. They will fight such a policy ceaselessly and resourcefully, and the great interests they represent will support them. But they will fight inside the party lines; if defeated, there is no other party to which they can turn. In this way, granting ultimate victory to the progressives, they may become, in the actual working of the government at Washington, a sort of center, with conservatives of their own party constituting the right, and the Democrats, under radical control, the left.

But in this forecast I have purposely omitted to consider a factor which, at present, makes against it—which, indeed, makes against any conformity of our political life to the normal usage and development of representative governments. Radical democracy in America draws its inspiration from the West, but the base and stronghold of the Democratic party, whether its policy is radical or moderate, is still not the West, but the South. If, therefore, I have thought that the present administration may alter the composition of our parties, it is partly because I have thought that it may also alter their geographical alinement: because it may, if it will, bring us to the end—at any rate, to the beginning of the end—of the South's political solidarity.

This is no new hope. On the contrary, it has been so often entertained, and so often disappointed, that one must give better reasons for entertaining it again than the mere fact of Republican gains in the Border States. From 1892 to 1908, the figures do show a marked progress of the Republicans southward. West Virginia became first occasionally and then steadily Republican. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri have all gone Republican in certain elections, and must now be accounted doubtful. But the industrial development of West Virginia has so changed its population that it is no longer a Southern State. Nor can the other three stand for Southern conditions. In 1904, when Missouri went Republican, and Kentucky and Maryland divided their electoral votes, Mississippi increased her Democratic majority. We cannot attribute to this political change of heart in the Border States quite the same significance it would have in any one of the old Confederate States. It may well be argued that in the former the interests which they share with the North have simply outweighed those that they share with the South. But were Alabama and Georgia to go Republican, we should feel that the white people of those States had made up their minds that they can vote a Republican ticket without endangering that to preserve which they have so long denied themselves the privilege of full political independence.

The figures of the election last autumn in the distinctively Southern States are thus far more significant than those of recent elections in the Border States. They show an increased Republican vote in every one of the eleven States of the Confederacy, the gains varying from a few hundreds in Mississippi and South Carolina, where virtually no Republican party existed, to more than 13,000 in Tennessee, more than 16,000 in Georgia, and nearly 34,000 in North Carolina; this last being decidedly the greatest gain, absolutely as well as relatively, that the party made in any State of the Union.

The figures are really much more significant than they seem. In none of these States do more than a few thousand negroes go to the polls. As the Democratic primaries have long constituted the real elections, great numbers of whites also neglect to go to the polls on election days. These gains were made, therefore, in a total vote far less than would have been cast by the same population in the North; and they are gains of white votes. Probably fewer negroes voted for Taft in 1908

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than for Roosevelt in 1904. Some, mindful of Brownsville, voted against him. Of the 114,000 Republican votes cast in North Carolina, certainly more than 100,000 were cast by white men. Although the national committee refused to appropriate a cent to that State, a change of less than 12,000 votes would have given it to Taft. A change of 9000 votes would have given him Tennessee. In Arkansas and Georgia, also, the Republicans not only increased their own vote, but cut deep into the Democratic majorities.

Clearly, it would seem, these States are open to Republican invasion. How can the Republicans best invade them? We can approach an answer by seeking the causes of the change already come about.

There have already occurred, since the Southern people regained control of their own affairs, two secessions from the Democratic party in the South. First came the Farmers' Alliance-Populist movement, in the late eighties. An outcome of hard times, and Western in its origin, that movement took in the South the form of a rebellion against the aristocratic element which had ruled before the Civil War, and which, with the undoing of Reconstruction, had again come into power. It was also a sign of growing discontent with the methods used to keep the mass of the negroes, not then legally disfranchised, from voting. It came suddenly, and quickly developed a dangerous strength. Reuben F. Kolb, the Populist candidate for governor of Alabama in 1890, was not improbably elected, though never seated. In North Carolina, a fusion of Populists and Republicans won in 1894 and 1896, and sent J. C. Pritchard and Marion Butler to the Senate. Except in South Carolina, where Tillman and his following had at the start captured the Democratic organization, alliances of Republicans and Populists prevailed throughout the South until 1896, when the Democrats came out for free silver and the Republicans for the gold standard. After that year, the Democratic party in the South, as elsewhere, gradually reabsorbed the Populists by adopting most of their platform.

But this caused a second secession, that of the moderates, the Cleveland men, who would not support Bryan and free silver. These men returned to the party in 1904. That was one reason why Roosevelt did not make a better showing in the South. But with Bryan again leading the Democrats, and a progressive leading the Republicans, they have again, and in far larger numbers, asserted their independence. To the discontent with the Democratic candidate and platform there is now added a growing disgust with the party itself, which is regarded as unfit for power, and a growing hope in the Republican party.

It is, of course, essential, if the South is to give up its solidarity, that the Republican party shall commend itself to a majority of the voters in some Southern State or States. It cannot ask Southern men to vote for policies they disapprove merely because it is desirable to have a live Republican party in the South, nor even because, by turning Republican, they can win for the South a stronger voice in all national affairs. It cannot ask them to do more than vote as they believe. But as a matter of fact, while the progressive faction controls the Republican party, and the radical faction the Democratic, the drift of Southern opinion is clearly and strongly Republican. This drift was arrested in 1904 by the nomination of Parker and by the feeling against President Roosevelt because he had had Principal Washington to dinner, had appointed Crum Collector at Charleston, and had closed the post-office at Indianola. It would probably be again arrested if either the moderates should regain control in the Democratic party or the conservatives in the Republican. Were both these things to happen, the tide would doubtless turn the other way. If, however, present tendencies shall continue to prevail in both parties, it is only a question of time when in more than one Southern State those who in their hearts favor the Republican party will be—if, indeed, they are not already—the majority. But that, unfortunately, is not enough. It is not enough that Southerners should change their faith; they must be persuaded that it is safe for them to vote as they believe.

There is no better way to persuade them that it is safe,—I doubt, indeed, if there is any other way—than to *make* it safe. I believe that the wisest course now open to the Republican party—and the right course—is to consent, candidly and unequivocally, that it shall be safe.

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That it has substantially so consented, ever since the last Force Bill was killed, is what has made possible its recent gains. These became possible, not in spite of the laws which operate to disfranchise the mass of the negroes, but because of those laws, and because the Republicans had virtually accepted them. President Roosevelt had accepted them in a published letter, declaring that no one of consequence seriously considers punishing the South for passing them so long as they are fairly enforced. The Supreme Court had refused to declare them unconstitutional. Congress had acquiesced by inaction.

This attitude of the three departments of the government, all three being in the hands of the Republicans, has encouraged many Southern voters to disregard mere platform demands and threats. But there are still many other Southerners who feel differently; and the insincerity is in itself a thing to reprobate, not to condone. The time has come for plain speaking on this whole subject. The Southern people will not consent that their suffrage laws shall be dictated, directly or indirectly, from without; and I believe the best Northern opinion also to be that interference from without works more harm than good. If it did not succeed when the Southern people were beaten, impoverished, apparently helpless, is it likely to succeed now, when they are erect, prosperous, in full control of their own affairs? Forty-two years ago, over-riding President Johnson, and disregarding the policy of Lincoln, Congress did all that could be done to force the negroes into the electorates of the Southern States. For ten horrible years the National Government bent its vast strength to the task of keeping them there. Yet to-day there is nothing gained beyond the proposal of Lincoln in 1864, in his well-known letter to Governor Hahn of Louisiana: "I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in—as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks." One of the few things which seem to be certain about the race problem is that the rest of the country cannot control, however it may disturb, the political relations of the two races in the South.

Should the Republican party again attempt what it cannot hope to accomplish, it would merely drive the Southern white voters back into the solidarity they seem ready to abandon. If it continues to threaten in platforms what it does not mean to attempt, it will probably mislead many of both races, to the good of neither, and may in the end disgust both. By honesty and candor, it can permit the stronger, and may perhaps lead the enfranchised members of the weaker also, to divide freely, like other Americans, according to their convictions, at the polls. Since whatever of the substance of political power black men now have in the South they have by the consent of the Southern white men, they would lose little by the change; and there remains the untried hope of their wisest leader that they may gain from the unforced sense of justice of the white race what its stubborn strength would never yield to compulsion.

But there is more for the Republican party to do, if it would rise to its opportunity in the South, than merely to cease from this insincerity. It is not enough merely to induce Southern white men to vote Republican in national elections. When they do that, they are debarred, not only by party law but by a public opinion which on this point is peculiarly strong in the South, from the Democratic primaries. Yet in too many Southern States mere self-respect has hitherto been enough to keep such men out of the organizations which represent the Republican party. These must simply be reconstituted before Southern white men of the class which the party has the best chance of winning will consent to join it.

Here is perhaps the most difficult practical aspect of the situation; and here the task which most clearly devolves upon the President in his capacity of party leader. The power long possessed by small groups of office-brokers and venders of delegates in national conventions must be put into better hands, and the organization made, as the phrase is, "respectable." The new recruits, drawn largely from the higher walks of Southern life, and the men who have been Republicans in years when the term carried reproach, must be brought into some kind of fellowship. Offices and honors must be fairly distributed. Were there no Federal offices to distribute, the transformation, as Mr. Taft himself once suggested, might be easier. For the trans-

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formation will not be accomplished until victory at the polls, not recognition from Washington, shall become the goal of party activity.

To President Roosevelt, notwithstanding what I cannot help thinking the serious and costly mistakes in his Southern policy, we must give credit for blazing the way for this enterprise of revitalizing his party in the South.[1] Before he went into office, he had discussed the situation with Southerners of the best class, and had come to feel that Southern people had a real grievance in the unrepresentative character—and none too seldom the bad character—of holders of Federal offices in the South. He accordingly made up his mind to appoint Democrats freely where he could not get good Republicans. This he repeatedly did, to the improvement of the public service; and by this policy he fostered a friendlier feeling toward his party. Another resolve he made was to appoint comparatively few negroes to office, and those, if possible, of the better class; and this also was wise. Unfortunately, however, he chose Charleston—of all places—for one such appointment to a conspicuous office; and this, with his "door of hope" letter, and the other incidents I have mentioned, exasperated the whites, aroused wild expectations among the negroes, provoked an outburst of race feeling, and deprived him, for a time, of the liking of the Southern people, whom he had much attracted.

His policy required him to disregard the advice of his party's committees when he felt that he could not trust them to name good men; yet recommendations from some source he must have. He accordingly had recourse to the much-discussed "referees." He did not, as has been commonly supposed, invent the "referee system" of appointments. More than one of his predecessors, in making appointments in States that had no senators or representatives of the President's party, had resorted to advisers of their own choosing. Mark Hanna, in nominating McKinley, had built up a "machine" in the South, and the heads of this had become, under McKinley, the "referees" concerning appointments in their several States. To these men President Roosevelt also turned, and he continued the practice, although in some instances he changed the referees themselves. In Mississippi, he made a Democrat the referee; in many other instances he consulted Democrats about appointments. All this made, on the whole, for better appointments; but it had other results not so acceptable. It might have been foreseen, one would think, that to the keen-scented hunger of office-seekers the true sources of presidential favor would not remain long hidden. It did not, for instance, long remain hidden that a Democrat appointed to the Federal bench in Alabama owed his appointment to Principal Washington, or that the same adviser had actually named the referee for Mississippi; and the effect on Southern public opinion was not good. The referees found it easy, when they so desired, to make themselves the masters of the Republican organizations in their respective States; for these turned to whatever power dispensed the offices, as a sunflower turns to the sun. It has even been charged that in Mississippi the referee used his power—as he could, since many of the appointments made on his recommendation were of Democrats—to aid in a contest for control of the Democratic party. He is also blamed for the unsatisfactory outcome of the Indianola incident, because of the advice he gave the President. In general, since the referees were responsible only to the President, their setting up, however good the motive, and however the device may have improved the character of appointments, certainly did not give to the Republican party the vitality and independence which it so sadly lacked. President Roosevelt abandoned the system some time before he went out of office. It is quite possible that the standard of appointments to Federal offices will somewhat decline if the party committees are left to make the recommendations; but in the end the South will be the gainer if the change shall prove a sign of the coming to life of the party behind the committees.

[1] I wish to make this acknowledgment the more pointed because I am satisfied that in an article published during the campaign of 1908, having been somewhat misled by a certain published statement about the so-called "referee system," and by the strong feeling of certain Southern Republicans against that system, and the article itself having been written under peculiar circumstances which denied me all opportunity to verify or correct it, I did President Roosevelt some injustice in this regard.

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But the administration, if it would contribute all it can to this consummation, must go farther still. It must see to it that the men at the head of the Southern machines shall realize that their old occupation—the getting together of pliable delegations to Republican national conventions—is gone forever. So long as this practice continues, there will exist, for the leaders of the party in the South, whether referees or committeemen, and for the Northern managers in closest touch with them also, a motive to keep things as they have been.

Here, it may be thought, is too much said of the South in a survey of the entire national field. But those who know the true history of the Republican party in recent years will hardly make that criticism. Nor is it just, if the view here taken of the present state of parties throughout the nation is correct. In that view, the rise of the Republican party in the South may be compared, in its potential effects upon our national politics, to the emergence of Japan into the field of international politics. The entrance of a new power may compel realinements of the old, with new alliances, new policies; it may well mark the beginning of a new epoch in our political life.

To welcome the new is not to revile the old. If the South should to-morrow drop her guard, and throw away her shield, the act would imply no self-condemnation for the response she made to the desperate conditions which she faced forty years ago. If it be said that mere sentiment has governed her course, the answer is ready: mere sentiment is a nobler motive than mere self-interest. But sentiment has not been all: far from it. Interests more precious than are commonly debated in politics have seemed to force her into political isolation. Glorious as freedom is, it has often in history been accounted noble for men to deny themselves its fullness, and live withdrawn from power, and cabined from their fellows' emulations, when they have felt themselves custodians of some priceless heritage of principle; and this, beyond question, has been the South's own conception of her long recalcitrancy.

Yet it has cost her dear; and she, most of all, should welcome the new day—if this brightness is indeed the dawn. Her best minds have long yearned forward to it, as to the day when they might keep faith with their country without disloyalty to their homes, to their race. Nor do they of that other race, because of whom there has been this long tribulation, desire that the new day shall not dawn. Their full hope, and the full hope of their champions, is yet denied. We have not gone beyond the modest hope of Lincoln. But at least that modest and reasonable hope is accomplished; and this achievement may prove the safe foundation of a greater hope. It will at least avail to fulfil Lincoln's prophecy. It will serve—in his own deep phrase—"to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom."

"IF GOD BE GOD"

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

THOUGH vainly I should waft my prayers for light
Toward sable skies and leaden; though the mind
That sails the chartless mystery should find
No token of a haven, hid from sight;
Though life be wholly sealed and recondite,
My being with this faith is intertwined:
The Infinite Mother will not leave mankind,
Her babe, on Death's cold door-step in the night.
If God be God, what though the nightly glow
Of worlds but told of mighty sepulchers?
A blessing will burst forth on wings of snow
From every rifted chrysalis of curse;
And Spirit will outlive the stars that flow
Within the time-glass of the universe.

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AUNT AMITY'S SILVER WEDDING

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Author of "The River's Children," "Napoleon Jackson (The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker)," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR B. FROST

OF course Aunt Amity would never have thought of such a thing herself. It was the great silver wedding up at Judge Stanley's that put it into her head.

The Stanleys were the richest people along the coast, and they lived in the finest house, at the top of the highest hill,—not much of a hill, it is true; but no matter,—and when all the lights were lit in this mansion of many windows, it was a sight good to behold for miles around on a dark night.

And the Stanleys had no end of relations and friends,—all more or less rich,—and they had always entertained extensively, so that everybody was delighted to come and to make a generous showing at the silver wedding.

For a week before the time, express packages had been coming in, and a few belated even for the fortnight following; for there were family connections across-seas, and silver cannot be flashed along with congratulations with or without wires, at least not yet.

Of course there was a great banquet at the judge's silver wedding.

There were always banquets at important social functions in the old South. None of your "butter thins," your "peanut sandwiches," "cheese-straws," and "woman's exchange kisses," the most overfeminized, inane refreshment imaginable—and tea—and tea—and tea!

No, no. None of this sort of thing, but groaning mahoganies and popping corks and the whir of ice-cream freezers in action; important darkies in white linen, bearing great trays: razor-backed hams boiled in champagne; turkeys, boned and truffled; pâtés of native game; and fruits; and confectionery; and—and all the rest of it—great spirals of smoke out of the kitchen chimneys all day and half the night before; and sweet-smelly breezes down the road for half a mile on a windy day.

The Stanley silver wedding was the talk of three parishes for months afterward, and the reports that went abroad,—of the costumes of the guests, who came all the way from New Orleans, and of the presents, and presents, and presents,—well, some of them were hard to believe.

Amity was not one of the Stanleys' former slaves. Indeed, she had come into the coast community only a few years before the wedding. She lived with her little husband, Frank the fiddler, on a place some miles farther up the river, and as the affiliations of the two places were with small towns in opposite directions, there was little or no intercourse between

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them. And so when, several months after the big wedding, Amity announced that she and Frank were going to "give one," it was not as if she were imitating a home function.

Any couple may have a silver wedding, —any, that is, that is qualified,—and when Amity proclaimed their eligibility, she and Frank immediately came into a new prestige.

She was young for her age, was Amity —young for any age which might seize silver-wedding honors. She looked thirty-three, and could not have been much over forty, and while she proudly announced the telltale approaching anniversary, one could not help reflecting how few of our own skins would be willing to celebrate silver weddings at forty, if they could.

Although it was the glow of mid-life which polished her brown cheek, Amity moved with the alacrity of youth, and her ringing laughter was as care-free and fresh as a child's. She was so brown, so truly chocolate in hue, that when she smiled, displaying a streak of white, it seemed that she might really be chocolate, and all cream inside. If she was forty years old and over, she had lived every year of the forty, and she was glad of it.

She had always been a woman of initiative, of faculty, and of strong social following. Her cabin at Three Forks, surrounded on all sides by a broad, floorless veranda, otherwise "a shed," which invited friendly weather protection for chance guests without number or stint, always seemed in a sense typical of her own generous personality. And it had been so before she furnished it with rows of little pine tables upon which she served cakes and ginger-pop for a price during week-day summer afternoons, with a fish-fry every Saturday night for *grand finale*.

She was a famous cook, and her fish-fries were popular on their own account, so that a good many of the dollars paid out to the hands on Saturdays floated into the capacious pockets of her broad-checked aprons, and thence to her luxury-loving mate, Frank the fiddler.

Still, prices were absurdly low, and it was a trifling business financially, so that she had no more saved at the year's end than had her neighbors, who handled so much less than she, and who regarded her as a moneyed lady of affairs. When she said, in answer to question, "Oh, yas, cert'n'y de business pays," she meant what she said. Any enterprise which runs along without debt, pays. It pays its own expenses.

When she announced the proposed silver wedding, and began sending out invitations right and left, the entire levee-front for the space of ten miles was in a broad grin. Of course everybody wanted to come.

Amity rather intelligently made good her claim as to the date, explaining that, although the judge's lady would never remember her, she did distinctly recollect when, as Miss Bettie Peabody of St. James Parish, she had married the young lieutenant Stanley, just back wounded from the war,—all this was history,—and that a few months later she was herself married. The date of her own wedding she might have forgotten except that it was April Fool's day, and everybody had joked her and the groom, wondering which might fool the other by failing to "show up" in church. One can understand how she would never forget this.

Yes, the date seemed fairly well established; but if it had n't been, what would have been the difference?

When she trudged all the way up the road to confer with the mistress of Sugar-sweet Plantation about it,—to enlist interest, get pointers and the support of enlightened approval; she was free now, and need not ask permission,—she trod the levee summit with an air of fresh importance, and her waddle was that of a gleeful duck with a pond in sight; for Amity seemed never so truly in her element as when she was the center of social activity. Indeed, it was its social aspect more than the lure of the pennies which had inspired her business enterprise, although she herself probably did not realize it.

The winds of March were sharp and inspiriting, and when they flapped the ends of her bandana over her ears as she walked, she chuckled with the very exhilaration of life. Indeed, she even laughed, seeing the breadth of her own shadow:

"Nobody, to see dat wide shadder, would take me for de light dancer I is."

She had taken her big palmetto fan along with her,—the "chu'ch s'ciety fan,"

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bound with purple ribbon,—not that she needed a fan in the March wind, but it helped her along temperamentally. Indeed, it did really serve occasionally to ward off a too-sharp gust which threatened her ears.

If her friend and counselor, the mistress, was surprised at her announcement, or amused, or pleased, or displeased, she leniently gave no sign. She had often declared herself "used to all the surprises there were in plantation life and ways," so that nothing, no matter how novel, had power more than to throw one of her eyebrows somewhat askew, thus imparting a quizzical expression to her otherwise orderly face while she lent herself to any unusual recital.

She let Amity tell her all about it—how she was going to invite "any and all who would come with a good will, *and a good present befittin' de occasion.*"

For a second she lost control of her eyebrow, as, in reply to this, she asked:

"And do you really expect everybody to bring you a silver present, Amity? You know, silver things are expensive."

"Yas 'm, I knows dey is; an' so is fine suppers, an' I ain' gwine give no scrub ban-quet. Dey ain't nobody but can afo'd to fetch some little silver piece—"

"Such as what?"

"Well, mostly dimes an' two-bittses [quarters] an' maybe fifty-centses; an' it mought be dat a few would drap us a dollar. I done give out dat I ain' gwine stint de supper. I 'll have every kind o' cake dey is—an' fried chicken—an' chicken-pie—an' chicken fricassee—an' chicken-salad—an' chick—I mean to say, an' swimp gumbo an' beat biscuit, an'—swimps is comin' in thick in the river now."

"Oh, I see; certainly. I had n't thought of money. I was thinking of—"

"You was studyin' about white weddin's, Missy. Dat 's a white horse of another color. Eh, Lord! How many th'ough an' th'ough silver soup-ladles an' tea-sets you reckon I 'd git, ef I expected 'em? No, honey; dis here 's gwine be jes a done-over ole breakdown weddin', wid a' overdone brokedown bride an' groom. But we can't be no younger 'n we is, an' hit 's now or never, or—"

Her own laughter broke the sentence here, but in a minute she had veered, and her voice was entirely serious when she asked:

"An' so—is you got air ole bride's veil left over f'om past times—or wreath—or anything flimsy an' white, please, ma'am—to set off dis ole secon'-han' bride? An' maybe one o' Marse Honoré's white waistcoats for Frank—anything, so it 's white, for bofe of us—so 's we won't shame de ban-quet. I don't crave to disgrace de feast wid onproper weddin'-gyarmints—please, ma'am.

"An' maybe somebody mought affo'd a silver weddin'-ring for me,—I ain' nuver is had no ring,—or no silver thimble, nuther. I sho does hope dey 'll fetch in a few showy plush-box deviltries, even ef de silver on 'em 'll melt whilst you looks at it. You can't have but one silver weddin' in a lifetime, an' I wants to have it rack-lass, whilst I 'm a-havin'! Even ef you stays heah long enough to have two, dey say de silver turns to gold, an' Gord knows what a po' ole nigger resurrected bride would do for gold presents—less'n luck changes!

"But maybe, seein' it 's silver, somebody *mought* ricomember to buy me a thimble—or a breastpin. Ole Hannah, de Williamson's cook, she got a lovely brooch, a silver fryin'-pan. It makes you hongry to look at it. Ef somebody only thought enough o' me—"

"And how about Frank?" the mistress interrupted. "This is his wedding, too, you know, and I should think he might like a silver-headed walking-cane, or a match-box—"

Amity warded off this suggestion with her hand.

"No, no! Frank ain't got no title to none o' dese silver presents. Not Frank!"

"Not Frank? I don't understand. Is n't Frank your husband?"

"Oh, yas 'm; of co'se he 's my church husban' all right, *but not dat husban'!*"

The mistress's wayward eyebrow described several eccentric curves before it found itself again, and she could ask evenly:

"And do you mean to say—"

"Yas 'm, I means to *say what I say.* I ain't been married to Frank Stillwater on'y jes about five yeahs. An' I been studyin' about dat, too, an' dat 's one o' de p'ints I come to insult you about. Sence Frank is been married five yeahs, I don't

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see why he can't draw for a *wood* weddin'. Dey tell me five yeahs o' marriage is de wooden universary, an' dat 's de easiest weddin' dey could give on a plantation, a wooden one is."

"Why, yes. There are so many little wooden things which are useful and cheap."

"Yas 'm; an' jes plain *wood*. What 's de matter wid a load o' fire wood or fat pine for kindlin'? Frank would be glad to git anything, f'om a box o' matches to a hencoop; an' he gwine fiddle for 'em free, anyhow."

"A new fiddle would be a suitable wooden present for Frank, would n't it?"

"Yas 'm, or a' ole one. But, law, chile, dey won't be no sech as dat! A pair o' butter-paddles or a rollin'-pin 'll be about de top o' dat list.

"But heah I 'm gwine on an' forgittin' all about de bridal veil! Is you got any ole lace left-overs, Missy, dat I mought wear for a veil? I 'll do it up keerful an' fetch it back."

The mistress hesitated for just a moment. Then she said:

"Before I promise, Amity, tell me a little more. What became of your first husband? Where is he?"

"Dat 's a' easy one," the woman laughed; "leastways, half of it 's easy. 'What become of Solon?' A triflin' yaller gal stole 'im f'om me. Dat 's what *become* of 'im; an' I don't begrudge 'im to her. But as to whar he *is*, Gord knows, honey. Last time I heerd tell of 'im, he was waitin' on Frank's sister, down in Freetown. Livin' or dead, he 's all one to me now. He mought be my brother-in-law by now, for all I know. But you 'll gi'e me de bridal veil, won't you, Mistus?"

There was something so infantile in the face which looked into hers—something so naïve in the whole affair—maybe it was the mistress's duty to read this woman of primal instincts a sermon on morals—morals as taught in the churches and "followed afar off" by the more enlightened. Maybe she was very wrong to do it, but she promised without demur, and the bride who appeared at the silver wedding, a fortnight later, was resplendent in veil and wreath, and the ceremony was performed with the coveted ring of pure silver, sent down from the great house with best wishes and congratulations.

The silver wedding of the quarters was evidently modeled after that of the judge's mansion, as several of its salient features were repeated. It may have been that the Chinese lanterns which hung in rows from the porch rafters, within its inclosure of young pines cut from the wood, were the identical ones which had so recently done similar duty at the more important function, and, as the lesser house, with its surrounding balconies, was a humble copy of the other, albeit there were no Corinthian columns or cornice under its eaves, the general effect when the lights were lit and the function "in full blast," was much the same.

It happened that the Methodist bishop of the African circuit was in the neighborhood,—that is, he was within a day's drive,—and it was no trouble to get him to come and officiate.

Needless to say, the place was crowded. Indeed, it was jammed uncomfortably, so that the two rosetted ushers were kept busy thinning out the galleries and opening a passage for bride and groom, who were to slip out the back door separately, and, making a tour of the house on the outside, meet and join hands at the front door, and enter the inclosure together.

This parade was Amity's idea, and it was a good one in that it would afford everybody a view of bride and groom, with the charm of ceremony.

The bishop, a slender, slope-shouldered man of negative coloring, would have failed of impressiveness but for his unusual height. He must have been six feet four, certainly; and here again was his dignity jeopardized by a grotesque incongruity between the length of his person and the exceeding brevity of the ministerial robe, which struck him about the knees.

But a deep sonorous voice of authority is all-compelling and at his first words no one knew or cared anything about the length of the bishop's gown or his legs.

It was easy to understand before he had spoken three minutes why he had been made bishop. Resonant, musical, forceful, his voice seemed to select his words as if they were jewels which he prodigally threw out among his hearers, even the commonest pebble among them taking a sparkle as it left his eloquent lips. One cannot help wondering what such a one

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might achieve as an orator if his language were shorn of dialect and freed from the limitations of illiteracy. And yet there are compensations in all things.

To him who listens sympathetically, is there not sometimes a pathos in ignorance, and does not broken speech hold an appeal which is essentially its own?

It was a new ceremony, this—new to everybody, priest and people. The common expectation was that the bridal couple would step forward, that the bishop would lift his arms and bless them, and then the social evening would begin.

But not so. This was an opportunity for the orator, a chance not to be thrown away. When the pair had paraded the outer rim of the pine inclosure, met at the front door, and, joining hands, walked demurely in over the strip of carpet laid for the purpose, and taken their stand upon the rug before the small table behind which waited the bishop, all as prearranged, he lifted his arms for a moment only, and with an almost imperceptible "Sh-h-h-h-h!" commanded silence. And then, as nearly as the writer can recall, he began in this wise:

"In de mornin' of life, when de sun is in de eastern sky, de shadders is long todes de west.

"When dis yo'ng couple, no mo' 'n boy an' gal, jedgin' by dey looks to-day—when dey stood togedder in the sunrise, ef dey had looked behind 'em, dey 'd 'a' seen de long shadders of 'spe'ence, an' maybe lost courage. But dey did n't look back. Dey faced de sunlight wid shinin' faces.

"An' now, at life's midday, standin' out in de clair light of noon, so to speak, dey 's free to look bofe ways—for dey ain't no shadders in sight. Ef de pink promises of youth is faded, so is also de long shadders gone out. De oniest shadders dey is is *under dey feet.* Now is de day o' fulfilment and, by de grace o' Gord, dey stands in it, *once mo', togedder!*

"An' as it draps into de evenin', ef dey 'll still keep dey eyes faithfully turned todes de sun, de shadders 'll be bound to stay behind 'em ag'in; *an' dey 'll pass out at last in glory, th'ough de golden gate o' sunset!*"

The bishop had evidently not been coached. At each reference to the young couple of the early marriage, the sensitive spectator might have realized a slight atmospheric disturbance; but it was not serious. Manners are manners, even on a sugar plantation in the Louisiana bottomlands, and a function of high form could not be broken by failure of etiquette.

The bishop had the floor and all the company were invited guests of those whom he so unconsciously lifted into the light of question.

Certainly the wedding couple could not have been accused of deception, as the size of many of the parcels which towered over the shoulders of the impatient guests proclaimed their contents to be of wood rather than silver.

It did not really make much difference what the bishop said, so long as he spoke in figures, and while the aroma of the feast was permeating the place, so that brevity seemed the only thing to be desired.

And he was too clever to wax prolix even if he would. After the address, things moved rapidly enough. In a moment, bride and groom had knelt and received the blessing of the church; the ceremony was done and over, and all trivialities forgotten in the stir of novelty and of expectation.

Amity proved her faculty in the completeness with which everything had been arranged. In a few moments one of the ushers had announced the route of the procession, which was to pass by in single file, bestowing the gifts in order. Accommodations were even provided for extra bulky parcels in the open fireplace, with a youth waiting to convey them thither.

For the convenience of contributors of coins, a glass preserve-jar, in the metal top of which a slot had been cut, stood on the table at the side of the bride. She had tried to arrange a bell within the jar, so that every contribution should ring into place, but this was a failure, and she had been obliged to put up with the ordinary clink of the silver as it fell. The jar, or other securely covered receptacle, was really necessary in a crowd like this, in a community where passing the hat in church had had to be abolished because of the occasional peculations from it by such as professed to be "making change" during its passage. It had proved a little too easy to drop in a quarter and take out, say, thirty-five cents.

When contributions began to come in to-night, the groom, who suggested noth-

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Drawn by Arthur B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'BUT NOT DAT HUSBAN'!'"

ing so much as an animated grin, announced that he was provided with change for any who might desire it. Also, into each hand as it dropped a coin into the jar he was pleased to place a "supper ticket," for presentation at the table later. So did Amity's astute management forestall any schemes of the over-greedy to eat more than one supper, although, if the truth must be told, it was freely said afterward that there were several who did actually press themselves again into the procession and by dropping a paltry "picayune," draw a second seat at the banquet. But this may not have been true, and even if it were, perhaps, it has its counterpart for chicanery in frenzied finance in circles of higher rating.

Amity made a great picture as she stood in the place of honor. She had thrown back her veil, as it was in the way, and her happy face was good to behold while she frankly welcomed each guest with both hands extended—shaking with one and taking with the other.

While most gifts of silver were in the shape of coins, a few resplendent boxes arrived, with showy furnishings, "magnificently washed" with the required metal. The mistress had seen to it that the bride should not be put to shame through neglect.

The collection of wooden things was really surprising, and a few of them mirth-provoking in their suggestions.

The occasion was a brilliant success, ex-

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Drawn by Arthur B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'TH'OUGH DE GOLDEN GATE O' SUNSET!'"

ceeding the most ambitious hopes of its ambitious hostess, from first to last—or at least from first until nearly the last, when something happened.

The supper had been served in relays, the back porch being reserved for this purpose, one set of guests, as it was filled, giving place to another, and the last tables were nearly done when there was a sound, —or was it a sound?—footsteps coming in out of the night, footsteps strange and alien, which seemed to be felt rather than heard. The stranger, out of sympathy with the indoor spirit, although he moved noiselessly, had no need of announcement, for the people moved back, giving him right of way by a sort of intuitional avoidance.

An oldish man—dark, stocky, alert, lowering, he wore a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, so that when he looked before him he seemed to stare. In the middle of the room he stopped, and after looking about him for a moment, he said:

"Whar de bride?"

His voice was low, but incisive, and although he moved silently, there was that in his bearing which was unpleasant—a sort of surety of himself, as if he were quite conscious of power—a disagreeable thing when it is undefined.

Amity was standing with a group of her friends when they called her. Seeing her coming, the visitor advanced to meet her, his hat still low over his eyes. He did not extend his hand. He simply said, when she had come quite up to him:

"Well, Amity?"

It may seem like straining a point to say that a chocolate cheek flushes, and yet who that has witnessed the swift change from brown to blackish gray in such a face in the crisis of sudden panic can deny that it changes color? It is as definite and as effective to convey embarrassment as the most florid stain which rushes to a lady's discomfiture, painting her face with shame.

So was the smiling countenance of Amity Stillwater, the bride, suddenly suffused with trouble when she met and rec-

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ognized her guest, and the voice which answered was metallic and feelingless.

"What does you want heah?" This was all it said.

"I got a little business," was the reply, —"a little business wid de business manager of dis show, whoever he is—de bishop, I reckon."

By this time Amity had recovered herself. She was even able to feign a smile when she replied:

"I 's my own business man—an' ef you wants to see me, come dis way." And as she turned from her friends, she said playfully, over her shoulder: "Wrop up a little piece o' de weddin'-cake by de time we comes back, please. Dis gentleman 'll take a piece to dream on."

And with this she led the way out the door to a seat in the yard—her wash-bench, really—under the mulberries near the well.

She did not speak as she crossed the yard; neither did her strange guest. But when they were quite away, and she had motioned him to a seat, she said:

"Well, Solon, what is it?"

"What you reckon?" the man answered. "You don't reckon I 's jest on a pleasure-trip, does you? No, I come on business. I did n't git no invite—an' I did n't need none. A man don't have to git invited to his own silver weddin'." There was a note of malice in the chuckle with which he threw this at her; but she took no heed of half-shades.

"Please to state yo' business, Solon—an' state it quick. What you want?"

"What you reckon I want?" He had removed his slouch hat now and was blandly fanning himself with it. As she did not hurry to answer again, he added:

"I want what 's comin' to me, dat 's all."

"What 's comin' to *you?*" The woman really did not understand.

"Dat 's what I said. I come for what 's comin' to me. Dey tol' me you an' Frank Stillwater was givin' a silver weddin' down heah, an' from what I see, peepin' in whilst de procession was movin', I jedge it 's true. An' ef it is, I reckon I 'm yo' pardner in de silver-weddin' business. I come for my half o' dat till, Mis' Stillwater."

"Oh!" This was not much to say. It was little more than a gasp, but in it were intimidation—a futile flare of resentment spent even in the utterance—and surrender.

The man saw his advantage, and was quick to follow it up.

"Well, be quick, please!" he said; "I come a long ways. I don't want to make no scandalizement. I only come for what 's comin' to me—like I said. Ef Frank Stillwater is calculatin' to claim a sheer in *my silver weddin'—"*

The woman waved him silent with her arm, topping his voice with hers:

"Frank ain't claimin' nothin' but his own. Hit 's only his wooden weddin' wid me. De silver is mine—"

"Ours!" interrupted the man of the slouch hat, and then he laughed mockingly. "An' so Frank is takin' out his five years in wood, is he? I fotched him a little wood present myself—to give him in case he gimme trouble." He laid his hand upon his heavy walking-stick,—almost a club, it was,—and dropped it, chuckling again. "An' so you was keepin' my sheer o' de silver for me, Amity? Thank you kindly. An' now ef you 'll come wid me an' git it—"

Amity was an amiable creature, but Solon had gone just a little too far. As she rose, still obedient to his demand, she turned and glared at him.

"I see you ain't changed none," she said slowly; "hogs don't change."

And then motioning to him to walk before, she followed him across the moonlit yard back to the house.

"Wait," she began to say, but it was useless, as the man did not intend to let her get out of his sight. He followed her in.

Frank happened to be passing just as they entered, and Amity whispered to him, something which sounded like:

"Git de money-jar," and this was probably what it was, as it was precisely what he did, the habit of his life being to comply with his wife's demands without question.

When he had brought the jar of silver, Amity said something in his ear again, and the two men went together to the retirement of the wash-bench in the mulberry shade. A round moon sent white searchlights flitting between moving clouds across the yard, so that one could almost discern the colors of the marigolds and zinnias which bloomed along the way,

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bordering the front line of Amity's vegetable garden.

The woman stopped only a moment for a word with her guests and slipped away again to the mulberries. She had probably expected to find the men amiably dividing the silver, as Solon had had time enough to explain his demand; but they sat quietly apart, awaiting her coming. It had not even occurred to Frank who his strange guest might be. If he had been forced to an opinion, he might have guessed from the call for the money-jar, that it was somebody taking up a missionary collection, although the hour for such was late.

It was only when Amity said, "Well, Solon?" that Frank knew whom he had been entertaining.

There was power in the name, and it lifted him to his feet, seeing which, the larger man rose also—and faced him.

"He claims half o' dat money, Frank, caze he stood wid me at dat April-fool weddin' twenty-five years ago," Amity said, evenly, and then she added, "An' ef he 's needin' small change so much as to ride fifty miles for it, I reckon—"

But she did not finish. Frank did not give her a chance. He had placed the jar in her hands, pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, before she realized what he meant.

"You hold dese stakes, Amity," he said, "tell we see who 's de bes' man. Hit won't be divided, but de bes' man takes de pot." And stepping stiffly, like a little game rooster bristling for the fray, he began backing until he stood in the middle of the open behind the wash-bench—on Amity's bleaching-grass plot—an ideal clearing for a fight. Every motion had been a challenge, and of course there was nothing else for Solon to do but to follow. The magnificence of the man's insolence as he languidly did so was like fuel to the fire of Frank's wrath.

He even had the audacity to remark while he took his stand and threw off his coat:

"Of co'se, ef you wants me to kill yer—"

The man was taller than Frank, twice his heft, and no doubt he expected to give him a good beating, take the jar, and go his way. But Frank felt differently about it. He was pretty sure, too.

If Solon was strong, his opponent was lithe and wiry. Felled by a blow which threatened to send him to Kingdom-come, he was back in a flash, fairly walking all over the person of the larger man, tangling himself in his arms and legs, tripping him so that he fell, and then, before he could regain footing, tripping him again, and yet again.

Over and over they went across the grass-plot, and beyond into the dusty yard where the hens cooled themselves—the strong man wasting himself in missent blows, rising and falling, and rising again—Frank astride his neck, pommeling his face with his heels, until he succeeded in slipping down behind him, bracing back his arms with both his little legs while he caught the standing man by one foot from behind and pulled him over to the ground again.

Here he made him eat the dust, literally, for while he held him face downward, there was nothing for him to breathe but the fine poultry-flavored grit of the barnyard.

They kept veering as they fought, ever in one direction, until they were almost up to the fig-tree where the chickens roosted, and a low scolding sound from the branches showed that things were rather ticklish there, since its recent devastation for the feast—only a few of the older and tougher citizens remaining.

There were moments in this test of prowess and of skill when there seemed to be little doing in the dust-cloud, so close was the contest between agility and brute strength, and these were moments of anxiety for Amity, who had kept close all the time, even urging and coaxing the smaller man to "give it to 'im!" at intervals as she saw the need. She had agreed to "keep her hands off" before they began to fight, and only once did she break the spirit of her promise, even while she kept its letter.

Solon was a powerful fellow,—no mistaking that,—and once, after a long-drawn tussel in which Frank had worried him almost to the point of exhaustion, the man gave a sudden lurch and would have risen, turning Frank under, but for Amity. With a quick plunge, she planted herself upon Solon, and sat there; and Amity weighed two hundred and fifty, if she weighed a pound. Seeing that she had him, so that he could not help himself, flat, face downward, chest in the dust, arms

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Drawn by Arthur B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"AND WHEN THE MAN WAS REVIVED, FRANK SAID, 'IS YOU SATISFIED?'"

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and legs spread hopelessly, she said to Frank, with a nod toward the well-bucket.

"Tek a drink; I got 'im!"

And while the little man was away, she leaned over and hissed into the ear of the other: "You hog!"

But Solon could not answer. He could not even spit out the dust. And when Frank came back, running, and bade the woman get up, while he took her place, standing where she had sat and ready to be lifted for a fresh encounter, he suddenly realized how things were, and he said quickly in some alarm: "Better go fetch some water for him." When it was brought, together they lifted the man and made him drink, and it was the partner of his early wedding who wiped his face for him and helped him to a sitting posture, but the thing which she kept saying into his ear, albeit the tone was soft enough, was, "Hog! Hog!"

And when the man was revived, Frank said, "Is you satisfied?"

"Don't hurry me." The voice was that of the vanquished. "Go lead my horse in heah—an' lemme go. Ef I 'm once-t in de saddle—"

And so it was that when in a little while Amity went back to her friends, she made an excuse for Frank, who, she said, had "gone to drive a hog out o' de lot." Then she slipped in, and got her man a clean shirt and a fresh pair of trousers, and went out and helped him bathe his face and hands at the well, in the screenery of the mulberries, where no one could see, and if the wakeful fowls had listened while she mopped his face, they might have heard endearing terms, quite different from that other word which she had kept repeating in their hearing to some one who, for all they could see from their perch, might have been the same man.

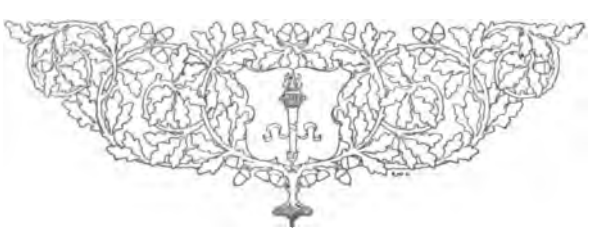
WHEN they returned to the crowd, Amity briskly to the fore and Frank tripping along behind, a bit flurried, as is often the master cock after a barn-yard victory, the woman was in high glee and, springing forward, she seized the fiddle and put it into her man's hands while she caught up her flounces and danced down the center of the room, declaring that she "had n't had so much fun since she was a baby."

It seemed a simple childish impulse of triumphant glee, but there was something so fine in it, so above the common in its reckless abandon, that the people moved back involuntarily, giving her the floor.

When she had taken a few turns, she threw her head over her shoulder and called to Frank, who had begun to tune up: "Hurry, man! Mek de fiddle talk!"

And, catching her fire, so he did. Eloquent beyond all previous record, the rustic strings fairly pitched forth dancing patterns into which the ponderous dancer fell and rose, swaying or tilting, as the magic of the fiddle compelled, as weightless, upon toes inspired, as the feathery fluffs of thistle which dance upon the breeze. Staccato high steps, slurring curves for languorous poses, sudden lapses when half-frenzied crowding of high notes threw her into hazardous poising in which she tipped to the danger-edge of falling, when a peremptory scrape of the rosined bow brought her up with a sudden turn, at which the crowd, breathless till now, burst into a storm of wild applause, and Frank, seeing the moment come, lifted his bow and called out:

"Tek yo' pardners for de weddin' march! Once-t roun' de outside o' de pines, twice-t roun' de gallery on de inside, den brek up in a Ferginia reel! *Tek yo' pardners!*"



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A SOUTHERN EDUCATOR

MRS. MARY HUMPHREYS STAMPS

BY GRACE KING

Author of "Balcony Stories," etc.

From a photograph by Washburn

MRS. MARY HUMPHREYS STAMPS

WHAT the South needed most conspicuously at the close of the war was teachers—teachers who knew the capacity of the young, and could forecast what their mental needs would be to meet the changed future before them. The great captain of the South, and after him the lesser captains, became teachers for the boys. The widows of generals, colonels, majors, captains, became teachers for the girls. It is in the memory of some of us, the children of the war, what importance our education assumed after defeat. Every other loss, it was felt, could be borne but that of the education of the children. This was a consequence of the war before which the stoutest-hearted Confederate trembled. Were the children of the South to become illiterates? Private schools sprang up, passionately, we may say, all over the South—those wonderful schools that some of us knew, filled with scholars who could not pay, provided with books picked up in old garrets, or bought (with fierce deter-

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From a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. Charles E. Bateson
Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

MRS. STAMPS

mination, on a begrudged credit), and taught by women in mourning, pale, thin, sad, gentle, but inflexible in the enforcement of an ideal of "principle," which we were taught to look upon as the Holy Grail, which would transfuse even poverty with heavenly radiance, and elevate suffering into a sacrament of sacrifice. The little girls of that day are the matrons of this, and among them we can still trace the influence of the early sight of the lifted cup of principle.

But the real want of the South was not small private, but great public, schools. Who that has ever heard it can forget the significance of the cry when it went forth, "The public schools are demoralized." The tide of to-day in favor of education is at its height; but let us not forget that it drew from out the boundless deep of that day and of that need. There were then no public meetings over it, no paid orators to preach it, no paid agents to propagate its cause. There were no banquets held to celebrate it; but each apostle of it went to work, and if you ask the professors of that time, they will tell you that they never knew children study as the pale, thin, hungry-looking children that came out of the war; that they have never since met with an enthusiasm of response at all comparable with that which rewarded their efforts when directed to the ragged youths and ill-clad girls who then crowded the benches, seeking to stuff an education into the hand-bag of time at their disposal.

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Mary Elizabeth Douglas Humphreys was the daughter of Benjamin G. Humphreys of Claiborne County, Mississippi. He was a classmate of Jefferson Davis at West Point, became a general in the Confederate army, and in 1865 was elected governor of his State. His great-grandfather was a Virginian, a delegate to the Williamsburg Convention, and a colonel in the Revolutionary army. His grandfather, also a colonel of a Virginian regiment, was stationed at Fort Mackinaw, whence, loading a flat-boat with his wife, sons, and their material possessions, he floated with them down the Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and landed at Bayou Pierre, in Mississippi.

Mary Humphreys was born in 1835. Her mother was the daughter of Dugald McLaughlin, a Scotch gentleman, one of the pioneers of the Mississippi Territory. The infant lost her mother when a few weeks old; but the mother's place was supplied four years later, by a stepmother; and a large family of brothers and sisters took their places around her in the plantation home. The only difference made in regard to her was a kind of preferential right to the devotion of her father, and precedence in the love of all as eldest daughter and eldest sister, that quaintly unique position in the old-time family tabernacle.

In looks, energy, and capacity for practical affairs she leaned toward her mother's Scotch ancestry. She was independent and firm in doing what she thought was right. Much to the merriment of her father, she taught his slaves to read. For the usual education given by the usual private and exclusive school for young ladies of that day she was sent to Natchez, then at the zenith of its brilliant little career as the residence town of the fine flower of Mississippi aristocracy and wealth, although the latter was never specified, for there was no poor aristocracy in those days. The air of ease, hospitality, pride, and refinement that still hangs in sentiment about the stately old mansions and moss-draped oaks of Natchez, as the air of royalty still clings about Hampton Court, was then a living grace.

After school there followed the inevitable period, as it seems to us to-day, of bellehood, during which she furnished to the old ladies of the present time pretty memories of her beautiful toilettes and the grace with which she wore them; and to the old gentlemen a chronicle of her beauty, charm, quickness of repartee, and solid intellectual gifts. Her family remember, in addition, a much-admired species of cleverness among women: she could fit and make any kind of dress that she saw, and, indeed, turn her hand to any kind of practical usefulness.

At nineteen she married Isaac Davis Stamps, a nephew of the eminent statesman Jefferson Davis, a prominent young lawyer of Mississippi, with whom in her honeymoon she began to read Blackstone. They came to New Orleans that he might have an opportunity to study civil law, settling afterward at Woodville, Mississippi.

Upon one of her visits to her home, after her marriage, her father profited by her presence to make a necessary trip, leaving the plantation in her charge. During his absence the overseer was accused by the negroes of an act of cruelty, and the charge was proved. Although the overseer was an old, and had been a faithful, servitor, she dismissed him at once. Her husband, remonstrating with her upon such an assumption of authority, advised waiting until the return of her father. "I know my father," was her answer, the correctness of which was proved by his instant and unhesitating indorsement of her action when he heard of it.

The work of her mature life had its preparation in sorrow. Six years after her marriage came the Confederate War. Her father led into it his regiment, the 21st Mississippi, in which her husband commanded a company. The young wife had lost her first child in infancy, and now her second one passed away during a sojourn at Vicksburg. Her home, her child's home, was Woodville. She could not or would not leave, or, as it seemed to her, abandon, the body in Vicksburg; and the news came that the Federal fleet was coming up the Mississippi. One steamboat captain, she heard, was going to risk a trip to New Orleans. She took passage on his boat, with her charge. The boat struck a snag, and as the passengers were being hastily transferred to a smaller vessel, the captain summoned her to leave the wreck. She reminded him of the little coffin. "Not without that," she said. He protested and swore, and declared it was a time to think

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of the living, not of the dead. But she shook her head and remained where she was. Finally he yielded: the little coffin was carried to the other boat, and with it she safely reached Woodville.

Captain Stamps had raised his company among his friends, neighbors, and relatives in Wilkinson County, Mississippi, and the attachment between them and him was such that he steadily refused a promotion that would separate them, saying, "I went into the war as Captain Stamps, and, God willing, I will come out of it as Captain Stamps"; and so he did. He met his death in the famous Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, while leading his company in a charge, and it is said that he fell farther within the Federal lines than any other Confederate soldier.

Two weeks later, at Richmond, where out of the absence of news she was just evoking the hope of his safety, his widow heard of his death. She went down for a moment under the sorrow that rolled over her, but like a spar to her hand came the memory of the request he had made, that if he should fall in the war, his body should not be left among strangers, but should be brought back and buried among his own people. Her energy rose and rallied her from her grief. She went to work, and hard work it was—miserable, wretched drudgery. In the effort to obtain the necessary permits, orders, official intermediation, she was turned back from one official door after another. Her relationship to the President of the Confederacy was found to be a hindrance rather than an advantage. She ignored it, and relied only on herself. When a woman will not give up, circumstances must. She at last secured that for which she had importuned God and man. Her husband's body was sent to Richmond by the Federal authorities under a flag of truce. She started home with it, but west of Montgomery, Alabama, the railroads had been destroyed by the raids of the Federal troops, and from there with an army wagon, and with a driver and guard detailed to accompany her, sitting beside the flag-covered coffin, she carried her husband's body to his family burial-ground in Woodville, Mississippi. Sometimes in that long funeral progress, when the night halt was made at house or cabin, hospitality demurred or shrank back superstitiously from the sinister-looking pine box, and on such occasions she would wrap herself in her husband's military cloak and lie beside his coffin, outside, anywhere, in any weather.

She had two little girls left, mere infants, and that was all that was left her by way of home, love, fortune; but, reversing the ordinary figure of speech, she stared ruin in the face, and unflinchingly went to work to make a living for these children. The fall of the Confederacy found her teaching school in Tuskegee, Alabama, one of the earliest of the black-gowned "Sowers of the Spirit" among the children of the desolated land. In the close connection of family life in the South, her husband's uncle, Jefferson Davis, had become to her what he was to her husband, not only the kindest of uncles, but the tenderest of representative fathers, and the relationship had been strengthened and consecrated by the death of her husband. Some family business of critical legal importance requiring a confidential communication with Mr. Davis through one capable of understanding the points of it, she was intrusted with the mission, and thus was enabled to pass two months in Fort Monroe, in attendance upon her uncle, while his wife responded to the urgent calls for her presence at the bedside of a sick child in Canada.

How well she accomplished the woman's part of her mission, and in what measure a woman's best reward for loving service was meted out to her, a few sentences taken at random from a long and faithful series of Mr. Davis's letters will perhaps show. Writing "At Sea, August, 1870," he says:

As distance is magnified between us, my thoughts draw closer to you, ever dear Molly. On shipboard one has enforced leisure, and availing of it, my memory has summoned the past, so that I seem to be living much of it over again. It is, however, the happy quality of my memory to preserve the pleasant more vividly than the painful; and among the stores it has brought, none are sweeter than those to which you have so largely contributed, conferring happiness among the horrors of prison. You excelled Nature's busy little chemist in extracting honey from the bitter leaf. My dear little Molly, I hope you may see happier days and that it may be my good fortune to bestow upon you a fractional part

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of the joys you have bestowed upon me. Think of me always as your own property, and whenever I can serve you, be assured of the pleasure it will give me to serve you in any and every way and to show you how devotedly and lovingly I am your uncle.

From France he writes in 1881:

In the garden of the Luxembourg, there is a statue, life-size, the drapery of which is so carved as to have the softness and sheen of satin; and the delicate reticulation of Brussels lace. The figure is fine and the face corresponding. It represents a Queen of Navarre; but why among so many fine monuments did this one especially command mine, and Varina's, prolonged gaze? It was because it was a striking likeness of our Mary, far away and yet ever dear. We walked away and looked back; distance did not impair, but rather increased the resemblance, particularly in the carriage, which as the details were diminished, became the more observable. With accumulated gratitude for years of loving tenderness and care, I am as ever, your uncle, Jefferson Davis.

"As you are the only rich relative I have," he writes over and over again to her, a constant pleasantry, because she would never confess her wants or ask a favor of him.

Again her father offered, and pressed upon her, a home with him for herself and her children; but notwithstanding their devotion to each other, and the loving comradeship that existed between her and her stepmother, she declined. Turning from the temptation, she came instead to New Orleans, to work for an independent support; as a relative says of her, "One of the poorest widows who ever came into that city, filled with poor people." For a while she maintained a boarding and day school the reputation of which gained it patronage, but kept it poor, a common experience of private schools at that time. But she maintained her efforts until 1877, the date that marks the end of carpet-bag rule in Louisiana, and the installation of Francis T. Nicholls as governor of the State.

It was during this period (in 1865) that her father was elected Governor of Mississippi, and, when the State was in process of reconstruction, he was ejected from the office at Jackson by military orders, and was replaced by Adelbert Ames, while his wife and family were ejected from the Executive Mansion. In a letter giving an account of the affair, Mrs. Humphreys writes:

As I have received reinforcements from New Orleans, this morning, in the person of Mary Stamps, I think I can hold the enemy in check until the Governor comes to our support.

There is another story, which is not pertinent, but of the kind that it seems can never willingly be omitted.

One day Mrs. Stamps was summoned to her drawing-room by the visit of a stranger whose name she did not know. As she entered the room, he advanced, bent his knee, took her hand and kissed it. He then related that the night after the battle of Antietam, Captain Stamps, hearing the groans of a sufferer, crept out between the lines, and found a wounded Union soldier in the agony, it seemed, of death. The Confederate captain brought him water, eased him, soothed him, made him as comfortable as possible, and was going away when the Union soldier begged for his name. It was given, with his company and regiment. It took years after the war for the Union soldier to trace his benefactor to the widow in New Orleans. He never ceased to write to her afterward, and his gratitude grew into a friendship that never faded.

With intuitive foresight Mrs. Stamps grasped the fact that the end of political reconstruction meant the beginning of educational reconstruction, and in the redemption of the State from the legitimate and illegitimate consequences of the war, she saw the work to be done by the public schools, and the work to be done by women, for women, in them. She applied for the position of principal of the Girls' High School, and easily distanced all rivals in the competitive examination for it.

The public schools of Louisiana had necessarily sunk from the same causes to the same moral depths that the other branches of the State government had sunk. In New Orleans they had become a vulgar burlesque of what they should be, and to adopt a plain statement that has been pub-

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lished, Mrs. Stamps found in the Girls' High School a condition of affairs that would have appalled any ordinary woman. The only standard to be discerned in its administration was a constantly shifting adjustment of interest to influence. In a word, it needed to be remoralized and liberated. The prestige of her name and family, her social position, her circle of distinguished friends, including the foremost men and women of the South, her own character, and her personality as a woman, began to work an "influence" in both departments, the reputation of which spread throughout the city, and the Girls' High School filled with pupils, not ordinary pupils, but, as has been suggested, extraordinary pupils of an extraordinary day. For into the rooms of the public schools then came a new element, a hitherto unknown class in the community, and on the benches, alongside of the children of the Irish, French, German, and Italian immigrants,—the daughters of mechanics, domestics, fruit-sellers,—there now sat also the daughters of the *ci-devants* of the war—children of another kind of immigrants, shipped from their fatherland of ease to a strange country of poverty, with no baggage except the clothes on their backs, and no capital except what lay literally in their heads, but provided plentifully with pride, prejudice, and the superrefined sensibilities of an exclusive hereditary caste.

If we were called upon to put, in a sentence, what Mrs. Stamps accomplished in the public schools, the answer would be: she turned this splendid material into public school-teachers. There could, of course, be no discriminations. The partial justice or injustice of the private school could not be practised here. The blunt mind here had to be sharpened, and the over-sharp blunted into usefulness; a future opened to one, and a past closed to another; evil habits, ugly manners, superciliousness, and contempt alike kept in subordination, and right discipline enforced on all alike, with maintenance of cheerfulness and good-fellowship. "Cannon-balls first, small shot afterward," was her war motto for punishment; "daughter," her term for the punished. The result was that she gained from her pupils a devotion that has become a password in New Orleans.

Mrs. Stamps not only formed what may virtually be considered the teachers of the public schools of to-day, but she organized the public school alumnæ into an efficient working body for further school progress, and for the maintenance of standard among teachers. This required not only tact and discretion, but firmness and courage; not only knowledge, but the ability to impart it; not only enthusiasm, but at the same time judgment.

Great as was her beauty, her personal magnetism, her rare charm of manner, overshadowed it. When with her, one noticed not her face or her exquisite poise of head, but only her musical voice and the originality, force, and humor of her conversation. She inspired others with the beautiful and noble in life. Although she could make others gay, she was never gay herself; and although her face was a sad one, she was never sad.

The story of her life could not have been divorced from the war between the South and the North. She was typically Southern, and yet no one could care less for or make less use of sectional terms than she. She had lived and suffered past all that. Generous and high-spirited, she was yet composed and serious enough, when need be, to correct thoughtless aspersions against her own or the other section.

She was a cruelly hard student. In every spare hour during the day, and late into the night, she devoted herself to study. Summer after summer she went to those centers North, East, or West, where educational matters were discussed, and teachers were taught. She thus came in contact with the leading educators of the country, learned to know them, and gained the friendship and confidence of many of them. The sequel of this was, upon her return, an inevitable struggle with the school board against whose wooden barriers, year after year, her fine enthusiasms dashed themselves impetuously; roused now for this improvement, now for that, but always for music, which was finally added to the course of studies as the trophy of her spear and shield.

Her place has not been filled because it exists no longer. When, in 1898, she was forced by ill health to resign her position after twenty-one years of unremitting service, so well had she done her work that there was no longer need for her.

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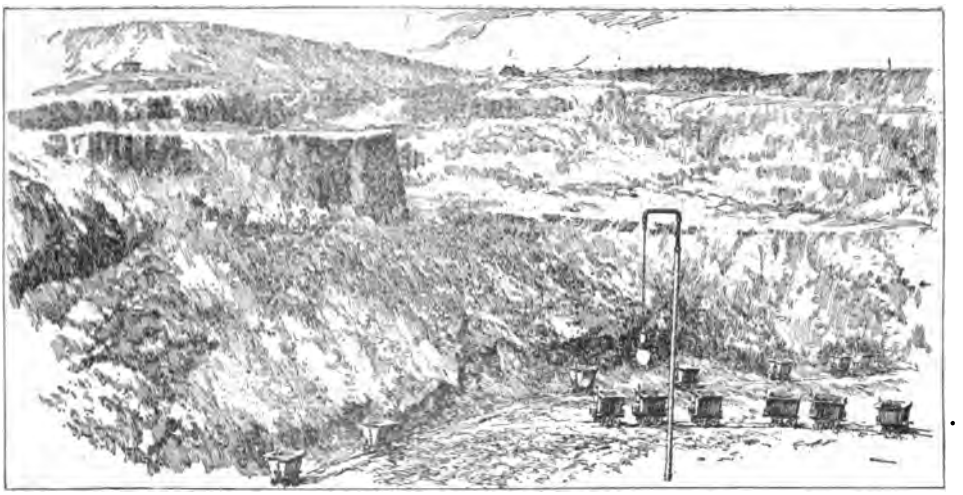

Drawn by Charles A. Vanderhoof from a picture in the "Illustrated London News," by permission

WHERE THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND WAS FOUND

The picture shows a part of one bank of the Premier Mine workings, and the figure of a man, to the left of the center, indicates the spot from which proceeded the gleam which revealed to Frederick Wells, manager of the mine, the hiding-place of the largest diamond yet found.

THE TWO LARGEST DIAMONDS

BY GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ

Author of "Gems and Precious Stones of North America"; joint author of "The Book of the Pearl"

THE two largest diamonds in the world have been brought to light within the last score of years. Great diamonds have been the objects of zealous pursuit for centuries, and even the cause of murders and wars instigated by the mad desire for their acquisition. In the case of the great historic diamonds, however, we lack the complete and authentic information regarding every stage of their history which we possess in reference to these magnificent diamonds of our own day. It is true that no important historic happening has yet been associated with either of them, but we are making history every day, and there can be little doubt that in the future the story of the Excelsior and Cullinan diamonds will be as eagerly sought for as is that of the Koh-i-nur, the Regent, and the Orloff.

The first of these crystals—until 1905, the largest ever discovered—bore the name of the Excelsior diamond, and was found in the afternoon of June 30, 1893, in the Jagersfontein Mine, situated in the Orange River Colony (formerly the Orange Free State), and controlled by the De Beers Company. This diamond was picked up by a native while loading a truck with diamond earth, and although a white overseer was standing by, the negro managed to secrete it, and kept it on his person for some time. It does not appear, however, that he intended to steal it, for he eventually delivered it to the manager, saying that he wanted "to give it to the 'boss.'" As a reward, the negro received $750 and a horse, saddle, and bridle.

This crystal weighed in the rough exactly 971 carats, or about seven and one third ounces avoirdupois. It was of a beautiful bluish-white color and of irregular form, being shaped like the broken-off end of an icicle, and measuring three inches in length, one and one half inches in thickness, two and one half inches in greatest, and one and one half inches in least, breadth.

With some hesitation, and after twelve years' delay, and waiting in vain for a rich American or an Indian nabob, the eventual owners of the Excelsior dia-

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mond decided that the wisest course would be to separate it into a number of pieces, instead of attempting to cut from it a single stone of exceptional size. Glass models were made, and many different ways of dividing the crystal were proposed; finally the work of cleavage was undertaken, and a division into ten parts was operated. A false blow at any point would have meant a loss of thousands of dollars, but such was the skill of the cleaver that not once did this occur. At one time the cleaver struck fourteen blows before the cleavages parted. The other owners were anxious as to the outcome, and some of them had drops of perspiration on their brows as large as peas. The cleaver was as cool as if he were cutting an apple, knowing that if the crystal parted, it would be only where he wished.

The three largest cleavage portions weighed respectively 158, 147, and 130 carats, a little less than half the total weight of the stone. The cutting was done in 1904, in the establishment of Messrs. Asscher Brothers in Amsterdam, and was intrusted to Henri Koe, who, as we shall see, was the chief diamond-cutter employed on the Cullinan diamonds. From the whole were produced ten cut gems of remarkable beauty, with weights and shapes as follows:

STONES CUT FROM EXCELSIOR DIAMOND

	Carats	Form
1 . . .	68	Drop (pear shape)
2 . . .	$45\frac{30}{32}$	"
3 . . .	$45\frac{26}{32}$	"
4 . . .	$39\frac{10}{32}$	Marquise (oval brilliant)
5 . . .	$34\frac{4}{32}$	Drop
6 . . .	$27\frac{30}{32}$	Marquise
7 . . .	$25\frac{22}{32}$	"
8 . . .	$23\frac{14}{32}$	"
9 . . .	$16\frac{12}{32}$	Drop
10 . . .	$13\frac{17}{32}$	"
Total	$340\frac{13}{32}$	

It will be seen from these data that the entire cut product represents a little over thirty-five per cent. of the substance of the original mass. This is about the usual proportion in the hands of even the most skilful workers. Essentially the same results were attained in the cutting of the Cullinan diamonds, the cut product being in this case something more than thirty-four per cent. Occasionally, however, a larger part of the rough stone is utilized, as in the case of the Brazilian diamond named the Star of the South, which weighed 254½ carats before cutting, and 125½ carats as a cut stone, a loss of only fifty per cent. It seems a matter of regret, at the time, that such a splendid stone as the Excelsior should have been thus divided. No single regular brilliant was cut from this great stone, but all were of the more modern artistic forms, such as the marquise and the pear shape.

With regard to the peculiar form of the Excelsior diamond, it had the aspect of a piece broken off from a larger mass. Glass models made of it were adapted for paperweights by a very slight grinding off of the flattish basal end. But this surface was a rudely crystalline face, and not a cleavage, as was determined by the writer, who examined it in London, and found that the surface was marked with minute triangular depressions, a frequent feature on the faces of diamond crystals, but never found on cleaved surfaces.

For twelve years the Excelsior diamond enjoyed its primacy, but on January 25, 1905, the greatest diamond known to the world was found in open-working No. 2 of the Premier Mine, in the Transvaal Colony, South Africa, and from the finding to the cutting of this magnificent stone and its final disposal, its history is a most romantic one.

The day's work at the mine was over, and Mr. Frederick Wells, the surface-manager, was making his usual rounds. Glancing along one side of the deep excavation, his eye suddenly caught the gleam of a brilliant object far up on the bank. He lost no time in climbing up to the spot where he had noted the glint of light. He had not been mistaken: it was really a brilliant crystal. He tried to pull it out with his fingers, and as this proved impossible, he sought to pry it out with the blade of his pen-knife. To his surprise, the knife-blade broke without causing the stone to yield. Confident now that the crystal must be a very large one, he dug out the earth about it, thinking for a moment that, contrary to all experience in the mine, the stone might be attached to a piece of the primitive rock. When he discovered that this was not the case, he began to doubt

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that the object was really a diamond. He said afterward:

"When I took a good look at the stone stuck there in the side of the pit, it suddenly flashed across me that I had gone insane —that the whole thing was imaginary. I *knew* it could not be a diamond. All at once another solution dawned upon me. The boys often play jokes on one another. Some practical joker, thought I, has planted this huge chunk of glass here for me to find it. He thinks I will make a fool of myself by bringing it into the office in a great state of excitement, and the story will be told far and wide in South Africa."

Determined to test the stone on the spot, before proceeding further, Wells rubbed off the dirt from one of its faces with his finger, and soon convinced himself that it was not a lump of glass, but a diamond crystal, apparently of exceptional whiteness and purity. With the aid of a larger blade of his knife, he finally succeeded in prying out the stone, and bore it away with him to the office of the mine. Here it was cleaned and, to the astonishment of all, was found to have a weight of 3024¾ carats, more than three times that of any other diamond that has been discovered. Before many hours had passed, the telegraph carried tidings to all parts of the world that the greatest diamond of this or any other age had been brought to light. Mr. Wells is said to have received a reward of $10,000 from the company for his discovery. Mr. T. M. Cullinan, founder and chairman of the Premier Company, and one of the great prize-winners in the lottery of South African speculation, named the diamond after himself; others have called it the Premier, and several different names have been proposed.

In 1904, Mr. Cullinan's attention had been called to the region wherein the Premier Mine is now situated, and on making a careful examination, he noted certain indications which led him to believe in the presence of diamonds in large quantity. The land was then the property of a Boer farmer, named Prinsloo, who had purchased the tract some two years before for $2500. Mr. Cullinan tried to get a three-months' option on the property, with the privilege of prospecting, offering to pay $750,000 if he eventually decided to buy. To this the Boer would not consent, but he was willing to accept $260,000, provided the land were purchased at once. These terms were accepted by Mr. Cullinan, who interested several friends in the enterprise. Altogether, the sum of $400,000 was raised to finance the undertaking, the balance left, after paying for the land, serving as a fund to defray the initial expenses of mining. The original owner of the land still continues to live in the simple mud hut he occupied before his windfall.

In a personal letter to the author, Sir William Crookes comments on the Cullinan diamond as follows:

> The diamond . . . is a fragment, probably less than half, of a distorted octahedral crystal, the other portions waiting to be discovered by some fortunate miner. I passed a beam of polarized light through it in various directions, and could see colors in all cases, the brightest being seen when the polarized light passed along the greatest diameter, about four inches. Here the colors were very fine, but no regular figure was to be seen. These observations show that the diamond is in a state of internal strain.
>
> The clearness throughout is remarkable, the stone being absolutely limpid like water, with the exception of a few flaws, dark graphitic spots, and colored patches close to the outside. At one part near the surface there is an internal crack, showing well the colors of thin plates. At another place there is a milky, opaque mass, of a brown color, with pieces of what may be iron oxide. There are four cleavage planes of great smoothness and regularity. On other parts of the surface the crystalline structure is very marked. The edges are rounded in part, and triangular markings (depressions) are to be seen. I also noticed square depressions, nearly as sharp and perfect as the triangular ones. Gigantic as it is, the Cullinan diamond represents in weight less than half the daily output of the De Beers mines, which averages about seven thousand carats.

The remarks of Dr. Crookes as to the optical evidence of a state of internal strain may give a clue to the cause of the breakage of the crystal. Similar facts have been noted in some of the Kimberley diamonds, and they have also been connected as a probable cause with the frequent occurrence of broken crystals there. The two pictures

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on page 284 show the largest of the four cleavage planes, and also the best developed octahedral face. The original weight may have exceeded 5000 carats.

As there has been some uncertainty regarding the real weight of the Cullinan diamond, we give it here according to the principal standards:

South African carat	3024½
English carat	3030½
International carat of 205 mm.	3034½
Proposed standard carat of 200 mm.	3110½
Weight in grams (metric system)	622.1
Weight in grains troy	9600.5
	20 ozs. troy
Weight in ounces avoirdupois	21.944
Weight of the same volume of water in ounces avoirdupois	6.234

The owners of the Premier Mine soon decided to forward their wonderful diamond to London, and they showed remarkable shrewdness in the plan adopted. Instead of making ostentatious preparations, which would only have served to attract public attention, they sent the stone by ordinary registered mail, like any other common package, realizing the safety of the British mails, in humiliating contrast with our own; for who would send a great diamond by our mails with any such surety? The cost of transportation from the Transvaal to London, a distance of 8000 miles, was little more than $1. However, the consignors insured the gem from risk in transit for the sum of $1,250,000.

The package containing the diamond was transported to England on the Union Castle steamer *Kenilworth*, and was immediately placed in the vaults of the Standard Bank of South Africa. As King Edward expressed a desire to inspect the great crystal, it was taken to Buckingham Palace, and for the short time it was out of the bank,—only an hour or two,—a special policy of insurance for $2,500.000 was taken out at a cost of $725. After examining the diamond minutely, holding it up to the light to note its radiance, King Edward handed it back to its guardian, remarking, "This is a great curiosity; but I should have kicked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road." The impression produced by this splendid crystal upon one familiar with fine diamonds shows us how essential is the diamond-cutter's art for the evolution of the hidden beauties of the king of gems.

Now came the problem how to dispose of this giant crystal. Experts soon determined that it would have to be broken up into several pieces, so as to secure only flawless, perfect material for cutting and polishing; but it was apparent that the largest gem eventually secured would far surpass any known diamond in size, and would therefore be valued at a virtually prohibitive price, as buyers of great diamonds are exceedingly rare. The best prospect seemed to be to find an East Indian nabob willing to make the purchase, but they are neither so keen nor so affluent as of yore. In view of this, it was suggested in some of the English newspapers that a fund of $2,500,000 should be raised in the British Empire by popular subscriptions of one shilling each, and that the Cullinan diamond should be presented to King Edward. However, as this would have required no less than 10,000,000 shilling subscriptions, it was soon admitted that the proposition was scarcely practicable. Finally, an almost ideal solution was found. The matter was brought before the legislature of the Transvaal, in August, 1907, on the initiative of General Botha, one of the foremost generals in the Boer War, and now premier of the Transvaal Colony, and on August 19 the legislature decided, by a large majority, that the diamond should be purchased by the colony and presented to King Edward on the sixty-sixth anniversary of his birth as a testimonial of the gratitude of the Transvaal people for the grant of autonomy accorded by the English Government.

The terms made with the owners of the Premier Mine have not been made public, but it is stated that the consideration was $750,000, $300,000 of which was to be paid in cash by the Transvaal Government, while the remaining $450,000 represented the sixty per cent. interest of the Government in the stone. As is well known, three fifths of the proceeds of the diamond mines must be turned over to the colonial treasury.

On November 9, 1907, the sixty-sixth anniversary of King Edward's birth, Sir Richard Solomon, the Agent-General of the Transvaal Colony in London, and Sir Francis Hapwood, Under-Secretary of

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THE EXCELSIOR DIAMOND, ACTUAL SIZE
IN THE ROUGH—LONG VIEW

State for the Colonies, delivered the Cullinan diamond to the king as the gift of the Transvaal. The same day His Majesty communicated to the Transvaal Government his acceptance, for himself and his successors, of the valuable gift, "as a token of the loyalty and attachment of the people of the Transvaal to his throne and person," adding that he would cause "this great and unique diamond to be kept and preserved among the historic jewels which form the heirlooms of the crown."

The next care was to make arrangements for the cutting of the stone. The Asscher Brothers of Amsterdam were intrusted with this task. Their representatives received the diamond at the Colonial Office on January 23, 1908. Four detectives accompanied the bearers of the treasure, one of the four being replaced by a fellow-officer at each station, so that there was a continual change of force until the arrival of the party in Amsterdam. Here the diamond was safely deposited in the factory of Messrs. Asscher, in the Tolstraat, close to the Amstel River, in the central part of the city.

THE EXCELSIOR DIAMOND, ACTUAL SIZE
IN THE ROUGH—FLAT VIEW

In order to divide the great crystal to the best advantage, it was necessary to discover the exact situation of what are known as the planes of cleavage; for there is a "grain" in the diamond crystal which may be compared with the grain in a piece of wood, and although the diamond is the hardest substance known to us, a well-directed blow, the force of which passes along one of these cleavage planes, will split the crystal with comparative care and ease. Clay models were formed and separated in various ways. Finally, it was esteemed that the best results would be attained by dividing the stone into five pieces, and the operation of cleavage was undertaken.

On February 10, 1908, this responsible task was performed by Mr. Joseph Asscher. A long, V-shaped groove, a quarter of an inch in depth having been cut across one of the sides of the crystal with a diamond-point, Mr. Asscher laid the blade of a large, well-tempered knife along the groove, and firmly holding the knife in place, delivered a tremendous blow on the back of the blade with a steel rod. Such was the resistance offered by the immense crystal that the knife broke without cleaving the stone, and another similar knife had to

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FOUR OF THE TEN CLEAVAGE PORTIONS OF THE EXCELSIOR DIAMOND, WITH THE FINISHED GEMS CUT FROM THEM, ACTUAL SIZE

be substituted. This time the operation was successfully accomplished, but the force of the impact is shown by the dent made in the knife.

The preliminary calculations were thoroughly verified, and a flaw in the center of the crystal was split exactly through the middle, enabling the cutters to remove it from the new surfaces with the least possible loss of material. The two parts weighed respectively 1040½ carats and 1977½ carats. A few days later, on February 14, the larger half,—the heart of the stone, as it were,—from which the greatest diamond was to be cut, was nicked and prepared for the operation of cleavage; but this time the shape of the piece was such that it would have been both difficult and dangerous to employ the usual methods. A two-handled knife was therefore used, each handle being held by an assistant, so that the blade was maintained firmly and steadily in the groove of the diamond. Mr. Asscher then struck a powerful blow with the steel rod, and the diamond parted at the very first stroke. The remaining cleavages of the great crystal were accomplished with less difficulty.

In every process through which the diamond passed, tools

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of exceptionally large size were used. A special table was made upon which to conduct the operations of cleaving and cutting, and a special *bak,* or box, this being four or five times the size of the bak used in ordinary diamond-cutting. In cutting the facets of a diamond, the stone is set in a *dop,* or holder, having a cup-like extremity filled with a fused lead spelter, wherein the diamond is embedded and carefully adjusted. The usual dop measures about two inches across, and weighs about half a pound; that used for the Cullinan diamond was five and one half inches across and weighed nearly eighteen pounds. Although such heavy weighting is altogether unusual at present, Tavernier tells us that the Hindu diamond-cutters in the seventeenth century placed as much as 150 pounds in weights upon a diamond which weighed 103 carats when in process of cutting. At that time the polishing-wheel was worked by man-power, one or more men pushing the spokes of a wheel ten or twelve feet in diameter, the revolutions of which were communicated to the smaller polishing-wheel by means of a rope and pulley. The horizontal wheel or mill usually employed for polishing diamonds has a diameter of nine and one half inches, and makes 2400 revolutions per minute. The mill upon which the Cullinan diamond was polished measures sixteen and one half inches in diameter, and the weights employed to hold it on the wheel, instead of weighing, as is usual, about four pounds each, two or three being applied at the same time, weighed in this instance from forty-five to fifty pounds in the aggregate. As the mill employed for cutting the Cullinan diamonds revolved more rapidly than those in common use, the number of revolutions was reduced from 2400 to 2200. Even with this reduction, the speed was much greater, reaching nearly one and three quarters miles per minute, or 105 miles per hour.

FOUR OF THE TEN CLEAVAGE PORTIONS OF THE EXCELSIOR DIAMOND, WITH THE FINISHED GEMS, ACTUAL SIZE

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PENDELOQUE, OR DROP DIAMOND
516 and one half carats

SQUARE BRILLIANT
309 and three sixteenths carats

PENDELOQUE
92 carats

SQUARE BRILLIANT
62 carats

HEART-SHAPED BRILLIANT
18 and thirteen thirty-seconds carats

MARQUISE BRILLIANT
11 and one quarter carats

MARQUISE BRILLIANT
8 and nine sixteenths carats

SQUARE BRILLIANT
6 and five eighths carats

PENDELOQUE
4 and five sixteenths carats

THE NINE LARGEST GEMS (ACTUAL SIZE) CUT FROM THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

FLORENTINE
133 and one half carats

BRILLIANT AND ROSE DIAMOND
Each one carat—top and side views

KOH-I-NUR
102 and three fourths carats

DIAMONDS FOR COMPARISON, ACTUAL SIZE

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JOSEPH ASSCHER MAKING THE FIRST CLEAVAGE OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

the collet; thirty-two above the girdle and twenty-four below; but as eight facets are first formed, both above and below, each of these being recut into three or four smaller ones, there are considerably more than fifty-six separate surfaces to be cut.

During the whole time required for the cutting of the Cullinan diamonds the chief cutter, Henri Koe,—who has been with the Messrs. Asscher for twenty years, and was born in London, although of Dutch parentage,—and his two assistants, worked every day, Sundays included, from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. Every evening when the day's work was ended, one of the partners came to the work-room with several armed guards, and accompanied Koe while he carried the diamond down to the strong room, provided with steel and concrete walls two feet thick, wherein it was kept during the night. Armed guards patrolled the building all night, and police officers were stationed outside both night and day.

Work on the largest section, an immense drop briolette, began on March 3, 1908, and the stone was completed by the end of October; so that this great task required less than eight months for its accomplishment. This unique gem weighs 516½ carats, is 2.322 inches long, and 1.791 inches broad, and has seventy-four facets. Like all the other diamonds of this remarkable series, it is flawless and of the finest blue-white water, and it so far surpasses all other existing diamonds in size that it constitutes a class by itself. Next comes a square English cut brilliant of 309$\frac{3}{16}$ carats, with sixty-six facets, and measuring 1.771 inches in length and 1.594 in breadth. The cutting of this, the second of the Cullinan diamonds, was started on May 29, 1908. Although so much inferior in size to the largest diamond, this stone is, nevertheless, larger than any other cut diamond of ancient or modern times. Its nearest rival is the gem of 239 carats, cut from a stone found at Jagersfontein in 1895, and known as the "Jubilee" or "Imperial" diamond; even the problematical Great Mogul, seen at Delhi, by Tavernier, in 1665, and which has disappeared, weighed only 280 carats.

Besides the two extraordinary gems above mentioned, the Cullinan crystal has furnished a drop diamond of 92 carats, a square brilliant of 62 carats, five other fine stones, variously cut, and ranging in weight from 18$\frac{13}{32}$ to 4$\frac{5}{16}$ carats, and, lastly, 96 smaller brilliants with an aggregate weight of 7⅜ carats—a total of 1036$\frac{7}{32}$ carats, not including nine unpolished "ends."

The difference between the methods of cutting now employed and those of an earlier time are shown by the fact that, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it took two years to cut the Pitt diamond of 136⅞ carats from a crystal weighing 410 carats. In 1852, the Koh-i-nur, weighing 102¾ carats, was recut in thirty-eight days, but as an Indian-cut stone it weighed only 186$\frac{1}{16}$ carats, so that only about 84 carats had to be removed. The cost of cutting the Pitt diamond was $30,000, and $40,000 was paid for recutting the Koh-i-nur, while the amount expended for this purpose on the Star of the South, weighing 125½ carats, was only $2500. The cost of cutting the Cullinan stones was met by the sale of several of the minor diamonds, since the crystal only was given to the king, and not the cost of cutting.

The methods of cleaving and cutting have improved to such an extent that, as with many other things we do to-day, it is no longer only a question of a special ingenuity, but the result aimed at can be mathematically calculated, so that we know just what a diamond will measure when completed, whether it be as small as

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a pea, or, as in the instance of the Cullinan diamond, as large as a man's fist. The cutting is both more rapid and surer. No such uncertainty as to the possibility of flawing, or breaking, from the overheating of the wheel, that we note in the cutting of the Regent and many other diamonds of earlier existence, is now encountered.

In view of the altogether exceptional size of the largest of King Edward's diamonds, the writer thinks it should have been cut with a much larger number of facets, as this would have greatly increased its fire and brilliancy. When we consider that the Florentine diamond in the Austrian Treasury, weighing but 133½ carats, has no less than 128 facets, it certainly seems that 74 facets are too few in the case of a diamond weighing 516½ carats.

It is extremely difficult to make any estimate of the actual money value of this splendid gem. Diamonds weighing ten carats, and having the purity and perfection of the 516½-carat stone of King Edward, have been estimated at $15,000, or $1500 per carat. A stone of 516½ carats valued in this way, would be worth $774,750, although $1,000,000 might be nearer the true figure. And yet, in spite of the great wealth of our American millionaires, it would perhaps be difficult to find a purchaser here willing to pay one fifth of a million for a single diamond, although a diamond necklace has been sold in America for a third of a million.

As the Cullinan crystal has been broken up and has thus lost its identity, appropriate names must be found for the two great diamonds derived from it. No better ones can be suggested than the "King Edward Diamond" for the larger stone, and the "Queen Alexandra Diamond" for the next in size, as in this way the names of both the king and queen of the greatest diamond-producing country in the world would be linked with these two magnificent gems, which, by the way, are now on public view in the Tower of London.

Recently a court jeweler has been setting the larger diamonds so that on state occasions they may be worn on the crown by His Majesty, but at less formal events, they may be detached and worn as on a necklace by the Queen.

By a strange coincidence, one of the world's most historic diamonds, the Koh-i-nur, was presented to Queen Victoria at the ending of an East Indian war. The diamond has been an emblem of peace since that time. History often repeats itself, and the fact that the Cullinan diamond should have been presented to King Edward VII by the very people who were conquered by British arms, but who now harbor no ill feeling toward their conquerors, is a good omen for the future.

When the Koh-i-nur came into the possession of the English Crown, it was one of the largest and finest diamonds in existence, and now, with the two large diamonds cut from the Cullinan crystal,

HENRI KOE CUTTING THE GREAT DROP DIAMOND, THE LARGEST STONE MADE FROM THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

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THE SPECIAL ROOM AND MACHINERY FOR CUTTING THE PORTIONS OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND

The cutting wheel, covered with diamond-dust, is spinning under the crystal held by an arm on which are piled weights of fifty pounds, and the power is electrical.

England owns the two greatest diamonds ever known. The supremacy of the English collection is thus assured, and it is not unlikely that other splendid stones from the African mines may find their place in the English Treasury in time to come.

Large stones may come, perhaps, from the newly discovered mines in Arkansas, also; and some day we may see the to-be-discovered Canadian diamond, of which the writer has found evidences in the few stones discovered in the glacial drift of Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana.

The largest of the historic diamonds are the Koh-i-nur of 102¾ carats, found in India, and brought to England in 1851; the Regent, or Pitt, diamond of 136⅞ carats, taken from the Parteal mines in India about 1700, and now in the Galérie d'Apollon of the Louvre Museum; the Florentine diamond, or Austrian Yellow, of 133½ carats, in the Imperial Treasury at Vienna; the Orloff of 193 carats, an Indian diamond, the finest stone in the Imperial Russian Treasury; and the two splendid diamonds of the Persian Treasury, the Darya-i-nur, of 186 carats; and the Taj-e-Mah of 146 carats.

Of diamonds found during the last century, the most noteworthy are the Star of the South, of 125½ carats, from Brazil, in the possession of the Gaikwar of Baroda; the Jubilee diamond, of 239 carats, from Jagersfontein; the Tiffany yellow diamond, of 125⅜ carats, found in the Kimberley mines; and the Victoria or Nizam diamond, of 180 carats, from South Africa, and now owned by the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Of somewhat doubtful quality are the Matan rough diamond of 367 carats, from Landak in Borneo, an heirloom of the Sultans of Matan; and another rough diamond, the so-called "Nizam," of 340 carats, said to come from the Kollur mines in India, and owned by the Nizam of Hyderabad. The mythical Braganza diamond, of 1680 carats, in the Portuguese Treasury, the writer has proved to be a topaz; but the same collection contains a Brazilian diamond of 215 carats, called the Regent of Portugal.

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THE PINK GRANITE SARCOPHAGUS OF HOREMHEB

The goddesses, Isis and Nephthys with outspread wings, are supposed to be guarding the body in the coffin.

A NEW EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY

THE TOMB OF HOREMHEB

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL

Chief Inspector of Upper Egypt, Department of Antiquities

IN the issue of THE CENTURY for September, 1907, I had the pleasure of laying before the readers of this magazine an account of the finding of the tomb of Queen Thiy in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt. The discovery was made by Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, Rhode Island, and his assistant, Mr. E. R. Ayrton, who were conducting excavations at this historic site.

The period on which this tomb shed so much light is one of great interest. It may be remembered that at the death of Amenhotep III (B.C. 1411–1375), the throne fell to Akhnaton, who, under the influence of his mother, Queen Thiy, abandoned the worship of the god Amun, built a new capital at El Amarna, and effected some radical changes in the religious and civil conditions of Egypt. In so doing, he neglected his empire to such an extent that all his Asiatic dominions were lost, and Egypt itself fell into a state bordering on anarchy. At his death he was succeeded by Smenkhkara, his son-in-law, who, after a brief reign, gave place to Tutankhamen, during whose short life the court returned to Thebes. A certain noble named Ay came next to the throne, but held it for only three years. The country was now in a chaotic condition, and was utterly upset and disorganized by the revolution of Akhnaton, and by the vacillating policy of the three weak kings who succeeded him, each reigning for only a short time. One cannot say to what depths of degradation Egypt might have sunk had it not been for the timely appearance of Horemheb, a wise and good ruler, who, though only a soldier of not particularly exalted birth, managed to raise himself to the vacant throne, and succeeded in so organizing the country once more that his successors, Rameses I, Seti I, and Rameses II, were able to regain most of the lost dominions, and to place Egypt at the head of the nations of the world.

The winter of 1907–08, Mr. Davis's

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labors were rewarded by the discovery of the tomb of this King Horemheb; and, as the "find" is one of great archæological importance, with Mr. Davis's kind permission I am permitted to give here some account of the excavation of the tomb.

Horemheb, "The Hawk in Festival," was born at Alabastron, a city of the eighteenth province of Upper Egypt, during the reign of Amenhotep III, who has rightly been named "The Magnificent," and in whose reign Egypt was at once the most powerful, the most wealthy, and the most luxurious country in the world.

Horemheb seems to have held the appointment of captain or commander in the army, and at the same time, as a "Royal Scribe," he cultivated the art of letters, and perhaps made himself acquainted with those legal matters which in later years he was destined to reform.

It is thought that he may be identified among the nobles who followed Akhnaton to El Amarna, and though this is not certain, there is little doubt that he was in high favor with the king at the time.

Like many other nobles of the period, he had constructed for himself a tomb at Sakkara, in the shadow of the pyramids of the old kings of Egypt; and fragments of this tomb, which of course was abandoned when he became Pharaoh, are now to be seen in various museums.

During the times which followed, when Smenkhkara held the throne for a year or so, and afterward, when Tutankhamen became Pharaoh, Horemheb seems to have been the leader of the reactionary movement. He did not concern himself greatly with the religious aspect of the questions: there was as much to be said in behalf of Aton as there was in behalf of Amun. But it was he who knocked at the doors of the heart of Egypt, and urged the nation to awake to the danger in the East. An expedition against the rebels was organized, and one reads that Horemheb was the "companion of his Lord upon the battle-field on that day of the slaying of the Asiatics." Akhnaton had been opposed to warfare, and had dreamed that dream of universal peace which still is a far-off light to mankind. Horemheb was a practical man, in whom such a dream would have been only weakness; and, though one knows nothing more of these early campaigns, the fact that he attempted to chastise the enemies of the empire at this juncture stands to his credit for all time.

On the death of Tutankhamen, the question of inviting Horemheb to fill the vacant throne must have been seriously considered; but there was another candidate, a certain Ay, who had been one of the most important nobles in the group of Akhnaton's favorites at El Amarna, and who had been the loudest in the praises of Aton. Religious feeling was at the time running high, for the partizans of Amun and those of Aton seem to have been waging war on each other, and Ay appears to have been regarded as the man most likely to bridge the gulf between the two parties. A favorite of Akhnaton, and once a devout worshiper of Aton, he was not averse to the cults of other gods; and by conciliating both factions he managed to obtain the throne for himself. His power, however, did not last for long; and as the priests of Amun regained the confidence of the nation at the expense of those of Aton, so the power of Ay declined. His past connections with Akhnaton told against him; and after a year or so he disappeared, leaving the throne vacant once more.

There was now no question as to who should succeed. A princess named Mutnezem, the sister of Akhnaton's queen, and probably an old friend of Horemheb, was the sole heiress to the throne, the last surviving member of the greatest Egyptian dynasty. All men turned to Horemheb in the hope that he would marry this lady, and thus reign as Pharaoh over them, perhaps leaving a son by her to succeed him when he was gathered to his fathers. He was at this time forty-five years of age, full of energy and vigor, and passionately anxious to have a free hand in the carrying out of his schemes for the reorganization of the government. It was therefore with joy that, in about the year 1350 B.C., he sailed up to Thebes in order to claim the crown.

Had he lived longer, he might have been famous as a conqueror as well as an administrator, though old age might retard and tired bones refuse their office. As it is, however, his name is written sufficiently large in the book of the world's

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, THEBES

On the left is the shed in which tourists' donkeys stand. Just below it is the entrance to the tomb of Rameses III. The group of visitors is passing, at their left, the entrance of the tomb of Amenmeses, now used for tourists to lunch in. In the right-hand corner, the large tomb-entrance is that of Rameses VI, and above it is the hut in which the watchmen sleep. Near the donkey stand and just below the tent may be seen the deep excavation leading down to the newly discovered tomb of Horemheb. Behind this is the pathway leading to the tomb of Amenhotep II.

great men; and when he died, about B.C. 1315, after a reign of some thirty-five years, he had done more for Egypt than had almost any other Pharaoh. He found the country in the wildest disorder; and he left it the master of itself, and ready to become once more the master of the empire which Akhnaton's doctrine of peace and good-will had lost. Under his direction the purged worship of the old gods, which for him meant only the maintenance of some time-proved customs, had gained the mastery over the chimerical worship of Aton. Without force or violence he substituted the practical for the visionary; and to Amun and order his grateful subjects were able to cry: "The sun of him who knew thee not has set, but he who knows thee shines; the sanctuary of him who assailed thee is overwhelmed in darkness, but the whole earth is now in light."

The tomb of this great Pharaoh was cut in the rocks on the west side of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, not far from the resting-place of Amenhotep II. In the days of the later Ramesside kings the tomb-plunderers entered the sepulcher, pulled the embalmed body of the king to pieces in the search for hidden jewels, scattered the bones of the three members of his family who were buried with him, and stole almost everything of value which they found. There must have been other robberies after this, and finally the government inspectors of about B.C. 1100 entered the tomb, and, seeing its condition, closed its mouth with a compact mass of stones. The torrents of rain which sometimes fall in winter in Egypt percolated through this filling, and left it congealed and difficult to cut through; and on top of this hard mass, tons of rubbish were tossed from other

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Drawn by A. E. P. Weigall. From a relief, in sandstone, in the King's Chapel at Gebel Silsileh

THE HEAD OF HOREMHEB

excavations, thus completely hiding the entrance.

In this condition the tomb was found by Mr. Davis in February, 1908. He had been working on the side of the valley opposite the tomb of Rameses III, where the accumulations of debris had entirely hidden the face of the rocks; and, as this was a central and likely spot for a "find," it was hoped that when the skin of rubbish had been cleared away the entrance of at least one royal tomb would be exposed. Of all the eighteenth-dynasty kings, the burial-places of only Thothmes II, Tutankhamen, and Horemheb remained undiscovered; and the hopes of the excavators concentrated on these three Pharaohs.

After a few weeks of digging, the mouth of a large shaft cut into the limestone was cleared. This proved to lead into a small chamber half-filled with rubbish, among which some fine jewelry, evidently hidden here, was found. Continuing the work, it was not long before traces of another tomb became apparent; and in a few days' time we were able to look down from the surrounding mounds of rubbish upon the beginning of a rectangular cutting in the rock. The size and style of the entrance left no doubt that the work belonged to the end of the eighteenth dynasty, and the excavators were confident that the tomb of either Tutankhamen or Horemheb lay before them. Steps leading down to the entrance were presently uncovered, and finally the doorway itself was freed from debris.

On one of the doorposts an inscription was now seen, written in black ink by one of the government inspectors of B.C. 1100. This stated that in the fourth year of an unknown king the tomb had been inspected, and had been found to be that of Horemheb.

We had hoped now to pass into the tomb without further difficulty; but in this we were disappointed, for the first corridor was quite choked with the rubbish placed there by the inspectors. This corridor led down at a steep angle through the limestone hillside; and, like all other parts of the tomb, it was carefully worked. It was not until two days later that enough clearing had been made to allow us to crawl in over the rubbish, which was still piled up so nearly to the roof that there was only just room to wriggle downward over it with our backs pressing against the stone above. At the lower end of the corridor there was a flight of steps toward which the rubbish shelved; and, sliding down the slope, we were here able to stand once more. It was obvious that the tomb did not stop here, and work, therefore, had to be begun on the rubbish which choked the stairway, in order to expose the entrance

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THE MOUTH OF THE TOMB OF HOREMHEB

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to further passages. A doorway soon became visible, and at last this was sufficiently cleared to permit of our crawling into the next corridor, though now we were even more closely squeezed between the roof and the debris than before.

The party which made the entrance consisted of Mr. Davis; his assistant, Mr. Ayrton; Mr. Harold Jones; Mr. Max Dalison, formerly of the Egypt Exploration Fund; and I. Wriggling and crawling, we pushed and pulled ourselves down the sloping rubbish, until, with a rattling avalanche of small stones, we arrived at the bottom of the passage, where we scrambled to our feet at the brink of a large rectangular well, or shaft. Holding the lamps aloft, the surrounding walls were seen to be covered with wonderfully preserved paintings executed on slightly raised plaster. Here Horemheb was seen standing before Isis, Osiris, Horus, and other gods; and his cartouches stood out boldly from amid the elaborate inscriptions. The colors were extremely rich, and, though there was so much to be seen ahead, we stood there for some minutes, looking at them with a feeling much akin to awe.

The shaft was partly filled with rubbish, and not being very deep, we were able to descend by means of a ladder, and climb up the other side to an entrance which formed a kind of window in the sheer wall. In entering a large tomb for the first time, there are one or two scenes which fix themselves upon the memory more forcefully than others, and one feels as though one might carry these impressions intact to the grave. In this tomb there was nothing so impressive as this view across the well and through the entrance in the opposite wall. At one's feet lay the dark pit; about one the gaudy paintings gleamed; and through the window-like aperture before one a dim suggestion could be obtained of a white pillared hall. The intense eagerness to know what was beyond, and, at the same time, the feeling that it was almost desecration to climb into those halls which had stood silent for thousands of years, cast a spell over the scene and made it unforgetable.

Drawn by F. F. Ogilvie, after a sketch by A. E. P. Weigall

OPENING OF THE TOMB OF HOREMHEB—MR. DAVIS ENTERING

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WONDERFULLY WELL PRESERVED AND HIGHLY COLORED PAINTINGS ON THE WALL OF A CHAMBER IN THE TOMB OF HOREMHEB

From left to right the figures represent Isis, the King, Horus, the King, Hathor, the King, Osiris, and Ptah.

This aperture had once been blocked up with stones, and the paintings had passed across it, thus hiding it from view, so that a robber, entering the tomb, might think that it ended here. But the trick was an old one, and the plunderers had easily detected the entrance, had pulled away the blocks, and had climbed through. Following in their footsteps, we went up the ladder and passed through the entrance into the pillared hall. Parts of the roof had fallen in, and other parts appeared to be likely to do so at any moment. Clambering over the debris, we descended another sloping corridor, which was entered through a cutting in the floor of the hall, originally blocked up and hidden. This brought us into a chamber covered with paintings like those around the well; and again we were brought to a standstill by the amazingly fresh colors which arrested and held the attention.

We then passed on into the large burial-hall, the roof of which was supported by crumbling pillars. Slabs of limestone had broken off here and there and had crashed down upon the floor, bringing with them portions of the ceiling, painted with a design of yellow stars on a black ground. On the walls were unfinished paintings, and it was interesting to notice that the north, south, east, and west were clearly marked upon the four walls for ceremonial purposes.

The main feature toward which our eyes were turned was the great pink granite sarcophagus which stood in the middle of the hall. Its sides were covered with well-cut inscriptions of a religious nature; and at the four corners there were figures of Isis and Nephthys, in relief, with their wings spread out, as though in protection, about the body. Looking into the sarcophagus, the lid having been thrown off by the plunderers, we found it empty except for a skull and a few bones of more than one person. The sarcophagus stood

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upon the limestone floor, and under it small holes had been cut, in each of which a little wooden statue of a god had been placed. Thus the king's body was, so to speak, carried on the heads of the gods, and held aloft by their arms. This is a unique arrangement, and has never before been found in any burial.

In all directions broken figures of the gods were lying, and two defaced wooden statues of the king were overthrown beside the sarcophagus. Dead flowers were found here and there amid the debris, these being the remnant of the masses of garlands which were always heaped about and over the coffin.

Peering into a little side chamber on the right, we saw two skulls and some broken bones lying in the corner. These appeared to be female, and one of the skulls may have been that of Mutnezem, the queen. In another small chamber on the left there was a fine painting of Osiris on the back wall; and, crouching at the foot of this, a statuette of a god with upraised hands had been placed. As we turned the corner and came upon it in the full glare of the lamps, one felt that the arms were raised in horror at sight of us, and that the god was gasping with surprise and indignation at our arrival. In the floor of another antechamber a square hole was cut, leading down to a small room. A block of stone had neatly fitted over the opening, thus hiding it from view; but the robbers had detected the crack, and had found the hiding-place. Here were a skull and a few bones, again of more than one person. Altogether there must have been four bodies buried in the tomb; and it seems that the inspectors, finding them strewn in all directions, had replaced one skull in the sarcophagus, two in the side room, and one in this hiding-place, dividing up the bones between these three places as they thought fit. It may be that the king himself was buried in the underground chamber, and that the sarcophagus was a sort of blind; for he had seen the destruction caused by robbers in the tomb of Thothmes IV, which he had restored, and he may have made this attempt to secure the safety of his own body. Whether this be so or not, however, Fate has not permitted the body of the great king to escape the hands of the destroyer; and it will now never be known with certainty whether one of these four heads wore the crown of the Pharaohs.

From a photograph by permission of Theodore M. Davis

THE BURIAL HALL OF HOREMHEB

The pink granite sarcophagus stands at the right. In the foreground at the left is the lid which had been thrown off in ancient times. Debris from the fallen roof is scattered over the floor. The doorways lead into small side chambers.

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From a photograph by J. P. Sebah

INTERIOR OF A SHRINE EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK BY HOREMHEB ON THE WEST BANK OF THE NILE AT GEBEL SILSILEH

The temperature was very great in the tomb, and the perspiration streamed down our faces as we stood contemplating the devastation. Now the electric lamps would flash upon the gods supporting the ransacked sarcophagus, lighting for a moment their grotesque forms; now the attention would concentrate upon some wooden figure of a hippopotamus-god or cow-headed deity; and now the light would bring into prominence the great overthrown statue of the king. There is something peculiarly sensational in the examination of a tomb which has not been entered for such thousands of years; but it must be left to the imaginative reader

From a photograph by J. P. Sebah

RUINED PYLONS BUILT BY HOREMHEB AT KARNAK. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE SACRED LAKE

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to infuse a touch of that feeling of the dramatic into these words. It would be hopeless to attempt to put into writing those impressions which go to make the entering of a great Egyptian sepulcher so thrilling an experience: one cannot describe the silence, the echoing steps, the dark shadows, the hot, breathless air; nor tell of the sense of vast Time and the penetrating of it which stirs one so deeply.

As we scrambled out into the brilliant sunlight and the bracing north wind, the gloomy wreck was brought before the imagination with renewed force. In some of the tombs which have been opened the freshness of the objects has caused one to exclaim at the inaction of the years; but here where vivid and well-preserved wall paintings looked down on a jumbled collection of smashed fragments of wood and bones, one felt how hardly the Powers deal with the dead. In the fourth year of the reign of Horemheb a certain harper named Neferhotep partly composed a song which was peculiarly appropriate to the tune which ran in one's head at the opening of the tomb of this Pharaoh whom the harper served:

"Behold the dwellings of the dead. Their walls fall down; their place is no more: they are as though they had never existed. That which hath come into being must pass away again. The young men and maidens go to their places; the sun riseth at dawn, and setteth again in the hills of the west. Men beget and women conceive. The children, too, go to the places which are appointed for them. Oh, then, be happy! Come, scents and perfumes are set before thee: *mahu*-flowers and lilies for the arms and neck of thy beloved. Come, songs and music are before thee. Set behind thee all cares; think only upon gladness, until that day cometh whereon thou shalt go down to the land which loveth silence."

Horemheb must often have heard this song sung in his palace at Thebes by its composer; but did he think, one wonders, that it would be the walls of his own tomb which would fall down, and his own bones which would be almost as though they had never existed?

From a photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

HOREMHEB'S SOLDIERS AT THE FESTIVAL OF AMUN AT LUXOR, FROM A RELIEF IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

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AN ODE OF BATTLES

GETTYSBURG—SANTIAGO

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

LONG ages past
The slow ice sledges bore
These alien rocks from some far other shore;
Gray witnesses of power
In some prophetic hour
Dropped on the glacier's bed,
Strange burial stones, to find at last
Their long-awaited dead.

Here, as if to mock regret,
Has careless nature set
The wild rose and the violet;
For what to her is battle's iron lot?
She has no memory of a day
When man had ceased to slay,
And by her strife his war is infant play;
Yet here the frail forget-me-not
Entreats remembrance of what death may gain.

For not in vain
Upon this lone hillside
Uncounted hopes have died;
And not in vain
The lordship of the soul
In that wild strife
Asked an heroic dole,
The tribute gift of life,
While homes long held in bondage of their fears
Heard what they too had spent and wailed in tears,—
The loss of youth's young love and manhood's remnant years.

Weep for thy many dead
O Northland, weep!
Even for thy triumph weep!
Here too our brothers sleep;
Not we alone have bled.
Tears! tears for those who lost!
For bitter was the cost
When that ripe manhood at its flood
Ebbed away in blood.

Yet who beneath the shrouded sun
Upon yon battle-wearied plain
Could know they too had won,
And had not died in vain?

Gone the days of lingering hate!
Came at last a happier fate
That welded state to state,
When along the island shore
We together stood once more,
And the levin blight and thunder
Were strange echoes of a day
When Spain's galleons went under,
Or, death-hunted, fled away,
While the sturdy gales that keep
Guard o'er England, beach and steep,
Sped the billows from afar,
Leaping hounds of the sea's wild war
And set them on the track
Where, o'er ruin and o'er wrack,
Shrouding all
Fell the fog's gray funeral pall,
And the sea-greed took its toll
Of the pride of Philip's soul.

Hark and hear, ye admirals dead!
Comrades of the burly deep,
Whatsoever decks ye tread,
Wheresoever watch ye keep,—
Hark! the channel surges still
Roll o'er wrecks ye left to bide
The master might of the sea's stern will,
Scourge of storm and stress of tide,—
When upon the Spaniard's flight
Closed in shame the northern night,
Not yours alone the count of sorrow
Ye left to some avenging morrow:
Far-sown islands west and east,
Thro' one long revel of misrule,
Reign of tyrant, knave or fool,—
Cursed too the bigot and the priest.
From their days of bitter need,
From the sea-lords of our breed,
To the patience of the strong

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Fell that heritage of wrong.
Rest in peace, ye captains bold:
When the tide of battle rolled
Thunderous on the island shore
To thy children's hand the Lord
Gave for judgment doom the sword.
And at last forever more,
On those haunted Cuban coasts
That long-gathering debt was paid
And the sad and silent ghosts
Of unnumbered wrongs were laid.

Awake, sad Island Sister! Wake to be
The glad young child of liberty.
The storm of battle wholesomely
Has swept thy borders free.
Ringed with the azure of the Carib sea
No more the joy of thy abounding waves
Shall mock a land of slaves.
And lo! the matchless prize
Great kingdoms craved with eager eyes,
Was ours blood-bought.
With no base after-thought
We left unransomed and complete
Earth's richest jewel at fair Freedom's feet;
Her dream of hope a glad reality;
Our share a memory!
Ah, never since the lightning of gray war
In other lands afar
Dismembered nations smote and justice slept
While greed her plunder kept,
Has conquest left no shame
Upon the victor's name;
But here at last from war's sad field
Proud honor bore a stainless shield,
And o'er our silent dead the air
Throbbed with Freedom's answered prayer.

THE DARWIN CENTENARY

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH

THE centenary of Darwin's birth has been the occasion of many estimates of his work. In one particular, at least, the attempt to pronounce the final judgment is premature. The precise causes by which he explained the evolution of organisms, and which constitute the essence of what is distinctively "Darwinian," are still a subject of debate. And naturally so, for it is to be remembered that the centenary of Darwin's birth is only the semi-centenary of the publication of the "Origin of Species," and that the full understanding of that wonderful book is younger still. Until his death Darwin complained, with justice, that many even of his scientific critics failed to grasp the elementary meaning of his theory of selection, and it is not unlikely that if he were still alive the complaint would be repeated. Some Darwinians, as well as "anti-Darwinians," continue to interpret him in ways that would certainly make him stare and gasp. And even where full comprehension of his theory of the causes of organic evolution has been reached, the precise determination of the degree of its adequacy—for adequate in great measure it surely is—has not yet been attained. The generalization which underlies it is so broad, the facts by which it must be verified or limited are so constantly accumulating, and the problems interrelated with it are so intricate, that finality with regard to it must be indefinitely postponed. That must be left for the biology of the future. Darwinism, in this narrow, technical sense, is still one of the great problems of the day.

From a more general point of view, however, there need be little hesitation in expressing an estimate of the great naturalist and his thought. They are obviously the greatest intellectual forces of the opening twentieth century as they were of the nineteenth, and they will doubtless assume more and more colossal proportions with the passing of the years. It is idle to imagine, as do some who are still in the pre-Darwinian epoch, that about either have in any measure been drawn the shadows of the century which has antiquated his

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birth. As a man, his vast intellectual power, his single-minded love of truth, and the simplicity and dignity of his character must gain for him increasing appreciation and reverence. Notwithstanding certain limitations, which he himself unduly emphasized, he was one of the greatest of men intellectually, and, without any qualification, one of the most attractive of personalities; and this must always remain true, whatever may be the ultimate verdict of science upon details of his hypotheses. Men thus grandly molded have nothing to fear from the perspective of time.

There can, also, be little doubt that the scientific value of his thought will increasingly be recognized. The principle of natural selection as a true cause of organic evolution which, without lessening the fame of Wallace, he made his own, may need to be limited and supplemented. Darwin himself insisted that it is only one of the causes of the evolution of species, "the main, but not the exclusive means of modification," and he was also profoundly aware of the evolutionary importance of the underlying problems of variability, heredity, and isolation which have occupied so absorbingly the attention of the Post-Darwinians. But naturalists, almost without exception, no longer doubt that natural selection, as expounded by him, is a cause of the evolution of species, and a most important one—that his labors, as Romanes has said, have revealed "a general law whereby the causation of organic evolution admits of being in large part, if not altogether, explained." If this view is supported by the biology of the future, Darwin's place in the history of science cannot be far below that of Newton. To this should be added his enormous and almost revolutionary influence upon the methods and aims of biological work. The endurance of this, at least, is certain.

It is, however, upon his relation to the doctrine of organic evolution itself—of "descent with modification," of the continuous transmutation of species, with man as the highest product—and to the extraordinary revolution in ideas to which its acceptance by the scientific world has led, that his fame will doubtless most securely rest. It has of course often been pointed out that the conception of "evolution," even in the restricted sense of the evolution of species (as distinguished from their "special creation" or immutability), was not the product of Darwin's brain alone. It is not a little curious that there are still "anti-Darwinians," of a non-scientific and now almost prehistoric type, who, in attacking "evolution," seem to imagine that they are attacking what is peculiar to him. As a thought, a theory, a postulate, a possibility, evolution had long held the attention of many minds. Astronomers, geologists, paleontologists, embryologists, zoölogists, botanists (to say nothing of philosophers), had accumulated, before Darwin or independently of him, a vast store of facts and ideas which, as now understood in their cumulative value as evidence, form an overwhelming proof of the *fact* of evolution entirely distinct from his theory of the *method* of evolution in the organic world. Great as were his contributions to this proof of the fact, it is only his explanation of the method that is distinctively his. It was, however, almost solely through the masterly way in which the evidence for organic evolution was marshaled by him, and the manner in which he worked out the problem of its causation, that the cumulative force of the evidence came to be universally understood and admitted, and the general fact of evolution became a commonplace of scientific knowledge. It was he, and almost he alone, who transformed the theory, the postulate, the possibility, into an intelligible reality. It is accordingly not unjust, though it is historically erroneous, to regard Darwin as the creator of the general doctrine of evolution and the father of evolutionary thought. Upon the significance of the revolution which has thus been brought about—a revolution almost coextensive with human thought—it would be idle to enlarge. It constitutes the greatest readjustment of man's ideas to his actual surroundings which has ever taken place—greater even than that which, in much the same way, has immortalized the name of Copernicus.

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THE BLUE-CALICO LADY

BY FLORENCE MOLOSO RIIS

THE town in this generation did not know much about her. She lived two miles down the river from the red mill,—in that town all distances are reckoned from the mill,—and in a house so old that the unhewn logs were quite gray with moss. It was the children who gave her the name, "the Blue-Calico Lady." They saw her only when she came to town with a big market-basket.

She always wore a dress of "Dutch blue" calico, with little white flowers. The skirt was short and very full; the gathers were not all huddled together in the back, as is the wont of gathers in these days: they were evenly distributed all around. The skirt bulged a little on one side where her pocket was.

Sometimes the young clerk in the comp'ny store—the one who was the first in town to sing "Sweet Marie," and also the first to wear a ring on his neck-scarf—sometimes he laughed and made funny speeches when the Blue-Calico Lady left the store with her basket of groceries.

"Well," he would say, "if that don't beat the Dutch! Where in the dickens does she stow them things away? Two packages of coffee, three dozen eggs, quarter's worth of sugar, and a can of baking powder. Say, that young clothes-basket she lugs around is plumb full. Lives all alone somewhere down the river, they say; not even a cat to help eat up them victuals. And, by Jiminy! she 's back every Friday for another lay-out."

He smoothed his hair with one hand and took the pound-weight off the scale with the other. No one seemed to be paying any attention to him, so he finished to himself: "And I bet a ten-cent bill she don't weigh over seventy pounds, and she 's on the shady side of sixty, if she 's a day old. Where in Sam Hill does she stow away all that grub?"

But the Blue-Calico Lady did n't care a mite what he said. She was walking slowly home with the basket on her arm. It was heavy. Often she set it down and rested. Sometimes she picked a wild rose that hung over the fence, and tucked it in the front of her dress, and seemed much pleased. Sometimes she talked to herself—a rambling sort of talk that no one could possibly understand; but it seemed to please her mightily. She would smile and bow in answer to her own remarks.

She had not always been called the Blue-Calico Lady. Once some one had called her "dear Mary." That was in another saw-mill town like this; only that one was in Wisconsin. The some one was John.

John had the saw-mill blood. His grandfather was head sawyer in the first mill in the Green Bay Country. John's father stuck by the same mill until the timber was all cut in the surrounding country and the mill shut down; then they had gone north into the heavier woods up toward the Canadian border.

The saw-mill day is ten hours long, and after John's head-sawyer grandfather, the skill seemed to die out of the family. John and his brothers piled thick, green boards, soggy with sap, at ten shillings a day. A shilling in the vernacular of the mill town is twelve and a half cents.

After a short time John and she were married. About the time the second baby came there was a strike at the mill. John did not understand just what it was all about, but the yard foreman, who was his boss, told him to quit work; so he did. It is the instinct of blind obedience that one whose fathers and grandfathers before him worked in the saw-mill or in the lumber yard always obeys.

They migrated farther west, leaving Wisconsin behind them, and settling in

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another saw-mill town west of Duluth. The "Gopher State Banner," published weekly at the county seat, showed in its fearless illustrated editorials the members of the company that owned this particular mill bedecked with horns and tails. But the "Banner" man had his eye on the legislature, and was apt to exaggerate a bit. In reality the stock of the heartless corporation belonged chiefly to an Irishman who had no more education than John, who worshiped his one child as John did his three, and who ate boiled cabbage with a knife. When he found himself rich, the heartless one moved back with a happy sigh to the Connemara patch in St. Paul's back yard. He dragged his son into an expensive college by the hair of the head, and snorted with disgust when that young man bolted to take the medical course at the State university. The rich man in the Connemara patch wanted his son to be a gentleman, not a doctor.

Although they never met, although the mill-owner had never heard of the Blue-Calico Lady, the lines of their lives were strangely tangled together.

MARY'S eldest boy stood with a cant-hook at the bottom of the skid and pushed the logs from the jam in the water at his feet on to the sharp-toothed climbing-chain. One day a log became loosened when halfway up to the saw, and Mary's eldest boy was killed. Some women give up their sons to die for their country; Mary gave up her sons to the mill.

The next Monday at seven the whistle blew just the same. Out of the high, black funnel came the smoke, filling the earth and the sky. It was one of the summer days when Nature with a million voices lures her children to green fields; but more potent than Nature's call was the low buzz, buzz of the saws. Even John, whose father and grandfather had worked in mills, rubbed his eyes and stared in stupid wonder at the lumber yard and the squat, live, red thing in the midst of it. He did not resent it. It just seemed strange to him that the mill should be running on that particular day. He wished there might be some other way to the cemetery: this going right by was pretty hard on Mary. He reached over to hold her hand.

In the buggy behind, Marie the daughter rode with her lover. It was Mary herself who changed the name to Marie. She had hugged John till he nearly choked for insisting that the baby be called after her. She wanted the children to be different from her and John. She wanted them to be stylish. To that end she set the fashion in the house on the river of calling the little girl Marie.

In a logging town the destinies of all the young girls are the same: they marry men who work in the mill and bear sons to succeed their fathers in the work.

Marie married a sturdy young fellow who made four dollars a day filing the saws. Just before her baby was born they brought her husband home horribly mangled.

The baby was born dead. It is a common thing in mill towns. After a year or so, Marie left them all to go and find her little baby; and her husband, a fragment of a man, plunged deeper into the timber-belt, and they lost track of him.

All this time John went to work when the six o'clock whistle blew in the evening, and came back home through the meadow, his empty dinner pail on his arm, when the larks were singing in the morning. For John was one of the unfortunate mill-hands who work on the night shift.

There was still one son, Rob. He was Mary's baby. Rob, too, had a night shift. With all the trouble, Mary was a very happy little woman in those days, singing at her work and proud to the verge of conceit of her "men folks."

Other women sent with their men cold dinners; not so Mary. No dinner can went with John or Rob of an evening. She carried the good things hot and steaming to them every night just in time for the half-hour rest at midnight.

Every evening when they kissed her and trudged off together at the call of the first whistle, she trimmed the lamp, and sat in the big chair where she had rocked her three to sleep when they were babies; and she read novels. I should be ashamed to tell you what awfully trashy yellow novels she read.

At eleven she put the book away and went out into the "lean-to" they used for a summer kitchen. From a shelf she took two shining dinner pails. Preparing dinners in pails was a science with Mary.

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Into the bottom of the can she poured coffee, very strong and very black. John liked it that way; it kept him awake when the heat and the song of the saws would lull one into dangerous stupor. Then she put in the top can, and filled it with slices of hot roast swimming in brown gravy, and potatoes bursting their jackets, and bread and butter, and a quarter of a lemon pie. Around in the chinks she stuffed pickles and a pinch of salt in a scrap of paper, and three hard-boiled eggs. Then she put the upper story of the pail in its place.

On the top of every half-dollar dinner can is a tin cup that fastens down tight; the theory is that it is from this the owner drinks his coffee. No mill-hand ever did such an absurd thing. He lifts the can high up over his head and drinks from that. It is into this cup that the "sauce" goes. Mary was very particular about John's "sauces." On Monday she gave him stewed prunes. When the children were little they always had prune sauce on Sunday as a special treat, and she would save out a dish. On Tuesday it was dried peaches. On Wednesday, dried apples, then for the remaining three days she repeated the program.

Up the pleasant meadow road she trudged every night, sniffing with the pure enjoyment of a country woman the breeze from the peppermint and the wild peas that tangled about the timothy stalks.

Out of the sweet, still dark of the summer night she went into the heat and glare of the thousand electric lights about the mill.

Then she spread the lunches on a broad pine stump and waited for the midnight whistle and her men folks.

It was very clean all around that stump. In a lumber pile near by she had hidden a frazzled broom; after she picked up every crumb left over from the lunches and packed the remnants into the two pails to take home to her hens, she would sometimes brush over the sawdust with the broom.

Rob always made fun of that broom, and said mother was playing "keep house," and then he would pull out little curls from under her bonnet-rim and kiss her and tease her, so she would have to call for help to John, who all the time would be leaning back against the stump and smoking his pipe in solid comfort.

It was the time of the trouble in the Cœur d'Alêne district. Men in Minnesota who sawed up trees talked hot and fast of men in Idaho who dug up gold. The "Banner" came out with graphic word-pictures of the Bull Pens. The air was charged with the electricity that one feels before a storm.

When the storm finally broke, men and women waiting about the comp'ny store danced and shouted and tossed little children into the air. A few dull women like Mary cried when no one was looking because the mill had "shut doawn" and her men folks would be worried.

For of all the misfortunes that can come to the mill town, that is the worst. When they are sane, men with families will blanche with fear if even the word goes round, "The mill 's goin' to shut doawn." Through the mill comes to them life—and death.

When the strike was formally declared "on," long-haired men with dirty collars who popped up from no one knew where harangued the crowd with the greasy eloquence of patent-medicine fakirs.

A few men went back to work. The mob taught the children to call "Scab! Scab!" at these few when they appeared in town.

Then there came from St. Paul, via the "Banner," rumors that the militia was to be called out. That night the strikers held a secret meeting.

It is true that the strike had been called by the local union officials, serious-faced men in whose hearts the inherent reverence for the law was constantly at war with their oaths to do the will of the men who worked day by day at their sides in the mill. But in twenty-four hours the power was swept from them into the hands of the demagogues by a tidal wave of public feeling.

So the long-haired ones took matters entirely into their own hands, and before the meeting adjourned six men were appointed to blow up the mill.

That night they made a dismal failure of it, blowing off several of their own fingers and killing outright two scabs. The dead men were Mary's John and her

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Rob—John who had called her "dear Mary" and Rob who was her baby.

During the years after that Mary lived alone. It was during those years that they called her the Blue-Calico Lady. It was during those years that the neighbors wondered what she did with the provisions she bought. Sometimes they met her alone on the meadow road at night. One man went even so far as to say she had been carrying a dinner pail when he saw her. But that was plainly quite ridiculous. Now she had no one left to carry dinners to. Then some one else said her head was not right, and they came to carry her away to the hospital. The hospital is only a polite name for a big building with barred windows and high walls; it was there they meant to take the Blue-Calico Lady. For her own good, of course. That was what the wise ones said: it was only for her own good.

Everywhere you go in the logging town, even if it is to church to be married or buried, you must pass the mill. Mary passed it this time in a carriage with a handsome young doctor at her side.

She called him John sometimes, and then again she called him Rob. She patted his hands and said to him things that the old Irish woman in the Connemara patch would never dream of saying to her fine gentleman son.

All the way she sat very quiet—all along the way up the meadow road where the timothy grew as high as a man's head; but when they crossed the bridge and rode into the shadow of the big smoke-stack, the crazy woman in the carriage sprang to her feet. The doctor tried to hold her, but she was out and dashing back down the road they had come before he could draw a thoughtful breath.

Through the tall grass the old woman ran, sometimes crouching down breathless for a minute at some sound on the road, until finally she reached her home. It was as one might run who had forgotten for a time and suddenly remembered. She had put up those dinners for fifty years; she could have done it in her sleep.

She took the two cans down from the shelf and divided each into the three compartments. These she laid on the kitchen table. From the smoky pot on the stove she poured the coffee. When the sugar was stirred in she tasted it, wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully, and put in another spoonful.

Then with her withered, old, brown hands she laid in the same good things she had put in on the other days. She did not forget even the pinch of salt. She put in the spoon, too; it made John awfully cross for her to forget the spoon. She went to the boiler, and from its depths brought up a chocolate cake. She cut three slices, and put them in the pail. She pinned her shawl down tight under her chin, and took a dinner pail on each arm. She was taking dinner to her men folks.

It was night now. In the long, waving grass a mother bird woke and twittered foolishly, but mostly it was quiet, except for the mill. It was nearly two miles away, but even here it filled the night. It seemed as though one could not get away from it.

At the bridge the old woman laid down the dinner pails. She took from her pocket a bit of looking-glass and a comb. She moistened her fingers and curled the stray locks about her face. The little damp curls were very white, but they were also very fine—almost as fine as the silk on the corn. She rubbed her face with her Sunday handkerchief; with the second best one she dusted her shoes. She had always stopped at the bridge to tidy up a bit for her men folks.

It was her collection of toilet-articles that made her pocket bulge.

All the time she smiled and nodded pleasantly at the face in the glass. Then the moon went behind a cloud, and it was all black except where the mill furnace threw out into the dark little spurts of blood-red flame.

She went right to the foot of the skidway. The skid does not run at night. No one saw her at first.

On the familiar pine stump that had served the three—once the four—as a table for their midnight feasts during the years, she laid the napkin and spread out the lunch.

Of course in time they found her. She had fallen asleep waiting for her men folks. She sat down on the saw-dusty ground, her face, brown and weather-stained, outlined in the moonlight against the white of the napkin. She did not look

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like a crazy woman. She looked like a child who had said early in the evening, "I will stay awake till they come"; and who had fallen asleep as she said it.

The clerk at the comp'ny's store had wondered what became of the groceries the little lady bought.

His curiosity might have been satisfied had he been at hand then when there sallied forth from the green water-soaked timbers of the mill foundation, a family of half a dozen "pack rats," all surprisingly plump. For everybody knows it is better to be even the proverbial church mouse than the Minnesota mill rat.

The exact moment of their venturing forth marked the bobbing upon a blue-calico breast of a tired old white head. The experience of many nights had taught the rats that this was the proper instant.

It was one of the night watchmen who found her. He did not wake her, but hurried away and brought back the foreman. The two men bent over the old woman.

"Why, it 's the Blue-Calico Lady!" the foreman whispered. "Ain't that queer? Why, my wife she said they took her—"

The watchman nodded understandingly.

"Think 's best we send 'em word?"

Half an hour later, and the Blue-Calico Lady still slept on. Into the crowd of half-frightened men gathered about her a buggy dashed, and the driver sprang out. He looked important. He was the village constable.

Just as he was about to wake the old woman, the crowd broke again. This time it was the handsome young doctor. He had run all the way from town.

Now he laid one hand in a protecting fashion on the arm of the poor little old woman who had given her all in his father's mill. And he lied like a gentleman as he did it. And the delightful part was that they all knew he lied.

"It 's my mother," he said, "it was such a fine night, we were going to have a little picnic. She brought the lunch. She was waiting for me."

The constable stamped his foot. It was such a tremendous foot, one thought the earth must shake when he stamped it.

"No, siree, Bob; you don't work any such con game as that on yours truly. That party 's wanted right now by two fellows up at the hotel. They come from Rochester to fetch her."

Some one whispered into his ear: "Say, you—you 're a fool, you are. You 've bit off your own head. You just better shut up; she ain't never done you dirt like you 're trying to do her. Anyway, that 's the old man's son. He can fix you good and plenty 'f you get gay 'round him."

Just then the subject of the discussion awoke and took matters into her own hands. She seemed to notice none of them but the doctor.

She smiled very prettily just as though she expected him.

"Rob," she said, "there wa' n't no pie, but I baked a layer cake. Ye made me wait a long time to-night, Rob," she scolded him lovingly.

Right before them all he said it,—they tell about it even now,—right out loud so they all could hear:

"Little sweet-heart mother," he said.

One by one the men, with puzzled faces, went away, taking with them the important one with the big feet, and leaving the young man and the old woman alone.

The doctor spread his coat for her to sit on; then he began with the appetite of a country boy on the biggest slice of bread and butter.

It was midnight, and for half an hour the mill would be quiet while the men ate. Across the river, in the swamps, frogs took advantage of the silence; from the lumber piles came odors of pitch pine; sometimes from the meadow there blew in a sweet breath of growing things. The river ran with gold in the moonlight.

And on the bank in the shadow of the mill the little Blue-Calico Lady urged her son to eat the third piece of chocolate cake, just as she had done during uncounted happy nights before.

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THE POWER OF THE SPEAKER

IS HE AN AUTOCRAT OR A SERVANT?

BY THE HONORABLE JOSEPH G. CANNON

Speaker of the House of Representatives

THOMAS B. REED, a former Speaker of the House of Representatives, in an article entitled "The Rules of the House of Representatives," published in THE CENTURY for March, 1889, said: "It so happens that the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God." Mr. Reed here demonstrated that brevity is the soul of truth as well as the soul of wit. Since the days of Jeremiah, the lamentations of a minority have touched the hearts of the people more than the hosannas of the majority. Sympathy the minority always has, and always will have; but the plan of a people's government is that the majority shall rule. The history of this country has been written by the majority. The minority has helped to create the incidents of history, but it has not written the final chapters. So, in discussing the House of Representatives, its organization, and the methods under which it does business, it should always be borne in mind that it is the voice of the majority that there makes itself potent. The minority has every facility for delaying action, but when the action is taken, it must be by the majority.

The Speaker is the servant of the House. The Speaker is elected by a majority of the members, and he can be deposed and another man elected any hour of any day that he fails to fulfil the duties of the office as the majority would have them fulfilled. And yet there are men who profess to be well-informed on public affairs who tell the people that the Speaker is a power in himself without regard to the majority. These people are not entirely disingenuous; they have method in their misrepresentation.

A Western Representative who glories in the title of "Insurgent" denounces in a magazine the Frankenstein in the Speaker's chair who "places a gag on the tongue and clamps upon the brain" of the members of the House. At the same time he writes to his political friends at home that his war on the Speaker has produced results, and, as proof of this, he cites the fact that the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, presumably in terror lest he should turn his batteries against it, has given him one of the largest appropriations carried in the bill from that committee.

A New York publisher conducts a campaign against the Speaker and the House rules, and at the same time sends his confidential agent to the Speaker's friends with a demand for an appropriation of $50,000 from the Federal treasury for his own pet project. Another publisher, childlike in his frankness, comes direct to the Speaker's room in person, with a proposition to turn the whole newspaper press of the country over to support any ambition the Speaker may have if he will secure just one desired piece of legislation, and the threat that he will turn this terrible engine of publicity against the Speaker if he refuses. The egotism of the one who appeared to the Master and offered the kingdoms of the world for acknowledgment of his power was as nothing to this.

These things, if done in the commercial world, or by avowed politicians, would be confirmation of the worst suspicions that exist in the hysterical mind against our social fabric. When used by the self-

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anointed purifiers of legislative halls, the "Augean stables" which they picture to the ignorant, they are tolerated as excusable.

The rules of the House of Representatives are the development of more than a hundred years of effort to provide an orderly way of handling the business, or, as Mr. Reed said in THE CENTURY article, "a mere systemization of labor" instead of "a charter of privileges for those whose arguments were too weak to convince the House." I do not know of a more simple and direct definition of the rules of the House. The one and only purpose of rules in the House of Representatives is to furnish a method for the legal expression of the will of the majority. There is no rule or combination of rules in the House that can stifle the will of the majority. The rules have been developed through many years to the end that the minority shall be protected in every right, but that a loud, determined, and belligerent minority shall not be able to overturn the will of the majority.

But as men become experienced in parliamentary practice, they learn to take every advantage of every rule that can be made to prevent the harsh and hasty expression of the majority will. This became so pronounced twenty years ago that it was possible for the minority to employ dilatory tactics to bring the House to a standstill, to a position where the legislative machinery turned without producing any results in forwarding the expressed will of the people. In the 50th Congress five men prevented for days legislation which two thirds of the House desired to enact, and they boldly asserted that they intended to block legislation by misusing every rule made for the protection of the minority.

Just before the 51st Congress convened, Mr. Mills of Texas was reported in the New York "Sun" of October 7, 1889, as saying: "We do not propose that the Republican majority shall pass a single measure without our consent; in other words, we propose to exercise the control of the House just as much as though we were still in the majority, because we know our minority is strong enough to make us the virtual rulers."

It was the determined effort made by the minority to carry out this declaration of Mr. Mills that brought into existence the "Reed Rules," which were no more than proper changes to prevent dilatory tactics that would enable the minority to prevent the expression of the majority's will. For these rules and their enforcement Mr. Reed was denounced as a "Czar." His action became the inspiration for Democratic political platforms in 1890, 1891, and 1892, and the Denver platform last July in denouncing the rules of the House used language that had been employed by the same party twenty years before, when, after a considerable lease of power, the Democrats found themselves in the minority, but still insisted that they should be the "virtual rulers." Had it not been for Thomas B. Reed, who had the courage to meet the responsibility placed upon him as Speaker to have the will of the majority expressed in legislation, the minority might have triumphed.

The Supreme Court sustained the action of Speaker Reed, and the Democratic House which followed, after a humiliating experience in trying to turn back the stream of progress, adopted the same rules and the same practice even before the echoes of Democratic conventions, with their denunciations of "one-man rule," and their demands for a return to the practice that would "enable a majority of its members to dictate its deliberations and control legislation," had died away. The changes made in the rules then were to prevent "dilatory motions," for "counting a quorum," "making 100 a quorum in Committee of the Whole," besides a daily order of business under Rule XXIV. Except for these changes, and a few adopted at the present session, the rules of the House are as they have been since 1880.

Critics of the Committee on Rules complain that this committee controls legislation. They mean to complain that the committee does not promote the legislation they particularly desire. The Committee on Rules has no power either to promote or prevent legislation. It can only recommend a rule by which the majority of the House can take up a bill, consider it, and vote upon it. It can in no way interfere with the action of the House under the rules where the great body of legislation must lie.

There are times when emergency legislation cannot be reached expeditiously

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under the rules; as, for instance, that which Mr. Taft desired to enable him to take Senator Knox into his Cabinet as Secretary of State. It developed that during his term as Senator, Mr. Knox had voted to increase the salary of Cabinet officers, and this was held to make him ineligible under the Constitutional prohibition:

> No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time.

The proposition was to make Senator Knox eligible by restoring the salary of Secretary of State to $8000. The bill was passed by unanimous consent in the Senate. Neither unanimous consent nor the necessary two thirds vote to suspend the rules could be had in the House; but a clear majority of the House desired to enact the legislation which the President-elect wanted. Under the rules, the joint resolution would have had to take its place at the foot of the calendar, with hundreds of bills ahead of it, where it could not be reached during the life of that Congress, except by a process which might take two or three hours. The Committee on Rules, therefore, recommended a special rule to take up the joint resolution at once and allow the House to act upon it. The recommendation of the committee was vitalized by a majority of the House, and the resolution was adopted by a majority. This process required little more than an hour. Thus the Committee on Rules saved much time and effort. When the Committee on Rules first began to report special orders, the House under its rules had no other way of getting at certain bills. In the later practice the rules have furnished a way to get at any bill on the calendar by majority vote; but the Committee on Rules can always furnish a shorter way. This resolution, another to place the item covering the salary of the Secretary of State in the appropriation bill in conference, and a rule for the Brownsville Relief Bill, were the only legislation under special rules in the last session of the 60th Congress.

There were only two other reports from the Committee on Rules in the last session of Congress. One was an amendment to the rules of the House, providing for a calendar day every Wednesday, which could be set aside only by a two thirds vote of the House. Such a rule had been urged by those who were the severest critics of the old rules, but they voted against it when it was adopted. The other report from the Committee on Rules was a special order to provide that the rules might be suspended by a majority vote instead of two thirds during the last six days of the session. Under this special order, when adopted by the House, many important bills, including the Copyright Bill, were passed in the closing days of the session.

Those who complain against the Committee on Rules are the minority, who wish to prevent the majority from legislating, or those who desire to adopt this short cut to legislation and have the committee recommend special rules for their bills, each member naturally assuming that the legislation desired by his constituents should be regarded as emergency legislation. It is not a crime or a fault for any member to desire to secure action on his bill and seek the easiest and most direct way to that end; but it would not be expeditious to have the Committee on Rules report and the House consider special rules for a great number of bills, for the reason that it requires from one to two hours to vitalize such a rule, which is more time than the average bill would require for its consideration, and that much time would be taken in each instance where a bill should be so favored over other bills on the calendar. The House has used this emergency method of forwarding legislation very sparingly, and only when it was clearly apparent that the majority considered it an emergency.

The majority behind such emergency propositions is not always a partizan majority. In the 59th Congress, the Hon. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, had a bill amending the quarantine laws. In the face of a yellow-fever epidemic in New Orleans, there seemed to be necessity for prompt action on the bill, and Mr. Williams requested the Committee on Rules, of which he was a member, to report a special rule for its consideration. The other members of the committee

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agreed with him, and unanimously authorized him to report the rule to the House. It was a novel and somewhat embarrassing situation for Mr. Williams, who, as minority leader, had denounced the "outrage about to be forced upon the minority" every time a special rule had been reported in two Congresses, to stand up as the defender of a special rule. His embarrassment was magnified when Mr. Dalzell, the majority leader on the Committee on Rules, rose and solemnly began the recitation of Mr. Williams's stereotyped speech for such occasions. The House quickly saw the joke, and broke into uproarious laughter, in which Mr. Williams joined. Then Mr. Dalzell urged the adoption of the rule. That rule was necessary to reach the bill, because, while the trouble to be remedied was in the South and Southern men were urging the vital importance of the legislation, other Southern men were opposed to it on the theory that it invaded the rights of the States.

The Railroad Rate Bill, the Pure Food Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, the Philippine Tariff Bill, the Statehood Bill, the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty, and other bills demanded by the people and urgently recommended by President Roosevelt, could not have been considered, without considerable waste of time, except by special rules, because they were all so low on the calendar as to make it difficult to reach them during the session. The complaint is not that these bills were promptly handled under special rules, but that other legislation demanded by a few or by a class of people was not also considered in that way.

Members of Congress are human, and have the same weaknesses that are possessed by men who are not clothed with the responsibility of representing a large constituency in legislation. The most difficult word in the English language is the little word "No." We all dislike to use it, especially to our friends. It is not unusual for several hundred or several thousand of the constituents of a member of the House to demand one kind of legislation and for as many more to oppose it. He finds it difficult to say "No" to either side. Therefore, like other men, he sometimes promises to be for the bill and hopes it will not come up.

Mr. Littlefield had some experience with such promises, when, in the 59th Congress, he secured a favorable report from the Judiciary Committee on the Littlefield bill to restrict interstate commerce in alcoholic liquors. He had a majority of members on both sides of the House committed to the support of his bill, but when he wished them to support his demand for the regular order, set aside an appropriation bill, and go to the call of the committees that his bill might be brought forward under that order, his majority melted away. They had promised to vote for the bill if put in a position of having to vote, but they would not aid him in bringing the bill to a vote.

The chairman of one of the most important committees of the House had before his committee a bill which was considered of vital importance to a large number of railway employees. They were insistent in their demands on the committee, but the bill was not considered there and reported to the House. The Speaker had no knowledge as to the bill or its status. Late in the session he received an appeal and protest from the railway-men. They claimed to have been informed by the chairman of the committee that their bill could not pass because the Speaker was hostile and would not grant recognition for calling it up before the House. The Speaker at once notified the chairman that he should have recognition to move to suspend the rules and pass the bill, and he so telegraphed the head of the railway organization. The chairman of the committee failed either to report the bill or to make any effort to bring it before the House. He ignored the Speaker's letter. Another member of the committee, who was really interested in the bill, polled the committee, made a favorable report, and the bill was passed. The gentleman who was chairman of the committee had ignored the bill, and when unable to meet the criticisms of the railway-men, had laid the whole responsibility on the Speaker. He has been for many years an insurgent against the rules of the House because they place too much responsibility in the Speaker's hands. The rules do not, however, make the Speaker responsible for the failure of a member to do his work in committee or to prevent him from bringing that work before the House.

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Another instance shows how even great leaders in Congress, in moments of careless letter-writing, shift responsibility from their own shoulders to the most convenient piece of furniture in view. A Missouri member, on the first day of the first session of the 60th Congress, introduced a bill to give a pensionable status to the members of the Missouri militia who had been loyal in the Civil War. The Speaker referred the bill to the Committee on Military Affairs, which had eleven Republican and seven Democratic members. The bill was never considered either in the full committee or in the sub-committee, and I am informed that no one ever made any effort to have it considered. The Speaker's attention was first called to this bill in January, 1909, by a constituent of one of the most distinguished and influential Democrats in the House, who inclosed the following letter he had received from that gentleman:

> Mr. Russell will do the best he can, and the Democrats on the Committee would all vote for the bill, as would all the Democrats in the House, I am sure, on my request; but the trouble is that the Republicans have a majority of the Committee and they will not vote to report it to the House. Even if they did so vote, the Speaker would not allow it to come up in the House for a vote.

These two incidents show how members in their communications with their constituents and others interested in legislation concede much greater power to the Speaker than do the rules or the majority of the House. There are many cases of this kind, for it is natural for every man to profess to be interested in what any of his constituents want, and quite as natural for him to make the excuse that some one else is responsible for the failure to have it done.

When Mr. Reed was Speaker, a petition was signed by more than a majority of the House, asking him to bring in a special rule for the consideration of the Nicaragua Canal Bill. Mr. Reed kept that petition on his desk, and made the bill the subject of conversation as members came into the Speaker's room. He found many who had signed the petition were absolutely opposed to having the bill brought before the House. They had found it easier to sign the petition than to give their reasons for refusal; but they requested the Speaker to pay no attention to their petition, and he did not, after he had checked off more than enough to make the document the voice of the minority instead of the majority.

There was a like petition presented to the Speaker in the last session of the 58th Congress. It was for a public-building bill. The Committee on Appropriations opposed the bill, which authorized an appropriation of about $20,000,000 for a large number of Government buildings for post-offices in small towns. That committee presented to the Speaker an analysis of the bill which showed that the cost of maintenance for the proposed buildings would be from fifty to one hundred per cent. greater than the cost for rent, fuel, light, and janitor service under existing conditions. The Speaker refused to vote for a special rule to place such a bill before the House, and told the petitioners that as they had a majority of the House on their petition, they could, under the rules, set aside the appropriation bills and place their bill on its passage, if they were willing to accept the responsibility. He would not assume the responsibility for such legislation by helping to report a special rule. The petitioners did not follow his suggestion. After considering the question, the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds did not even report the bill. The Speaker declined to be a Czar in both these instances, though a good many uninformed people believed that both Speaker Reed and Speaker Cannon killed the bills which were petitioned for.

A good many people complain because the Speaker has the power of recognition. It is easy to complain that this is an arbitrary power, which, in fact, it is not in most cases, but no one has suggested a more practical method by which four hundred men, all desirous of speaking or making motions, or objecting to what is being said or done, can determine on the moment as to which one of them shall be favored above all the others. Some years ago Speaker Reed prepared and published a little book called "Reed's Rules." He presented a copy of the little book to the wife of a distinguished member of the House, and facetiously wrote this dedication on the fly-leaf:

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Presented with the compliments of the author. It may prove entertaining, for what could be more absurd, and therefore more entertaining, to a woman than a rule that two people could not talk at the same time and that only one subject could be under consideration?

The woman who received that little book enjoyed the joke, but there seem to be many, some of them professed leaders of public opinion and some of them legislators, who fail to see the point of the joke.

There is not a legislative body in the world, nor even a church convention, where the right of recognition is not vested in the presiding officer, whatever may be the theory about an all-seeing eye in the chair which can take in the most minute movements of several hundred people, and even interpret their desires to be heard on the question at issue. The Speaker of the House of Commons in England has the absolute right of recognition, and exercises that right, much of the time his eye resting on the government bench, so that none but the ministers of the crown can interfere with the progress of the government's business.

The critics of the House rules who object to the power of the Speaker to appoint committees are also critics of the Senate method of a Committee on Committees when that committee is constituted by others than themselves. Senator La Follette is in hearty sympathy with the members of the House who desire to have a Committee on Committees, but he has expressed his dissatisfaction, even his disgust, with such a committee in the Senate. The Wisconsin Senator and the Wisconsin Representatives are not, however, as wide apart as might seem from the criticisms of the two methods, when one looks at them in detail. Both methods are bad because the critics are not in control. Both would no doubt be acceptable if the critics were in control. But the critics represent the majority in neither the House nor the Senate, and the criticisms are like other complaints of the rules from the minority.

In theory every member of the House has the right to discuss any bill, but with 39,000 bills and resolutions pending, and 391 members of the House, a little calculation will show that allowing each member to have one minute on each bill introduced would consume 260,000 hours, or nearly 26,000 days of ten hours each, which would make the life of the Congress ninety years instead of two years, as provided by the Constitution. As President Cleveland remarked, we have a condition, and not a theory, confronting us.

The passage of a bill by unanimous consent means by the consent of 391 members of the House, and the man who occupies the Speaker's chair is one of those members. I fail to see how it can be more autocratic for the Speaker to agree to unanimous-consent legislation than it is for some other member to object; and yet there has been much discussion of this simple proposition, as though the Speaker exercised some power above that of the other members. Only a very careless use or understanding of the English language could lead to such a suggestion.

Some Speakers have recognized members for unanimous-consent requests as a favor, and left the objection to the majority floor leader. The present Speaker has held that this most expeditious way of legislation could be used in handling many bills, and, without favor, he has, as opportunity offered, recognized members on both sides of the House to make that request. His only restriction has been that the bills for which unanimous consent was requested should be such that no serious objection could be presented to them, such as bridge bills and other more or less *pro forma* legislation recommended by the executive departments and unanimously reported from the committees. The one embarrassment in this procedure was to the Speaker, for he was compelled to read all such bills and the reports on them to determine in his own mind whether he would give his consent as a member.

The majority of the members left the responsibility with the Speaker and the minority leader, who gave notice that he would object to any bill coming before the House by unanimous consent unless it was brought to his attention beforehand, in order that he might examine it to see whether he would be justified in giving such consent for the minority. Both the Speaker and the minority leader acted as members of the House; but even should both agree that a bill ought to be passed by unanimous consent, any other member

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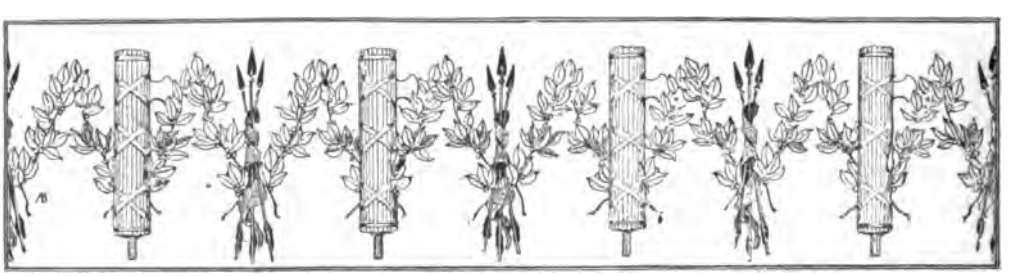
could stop the proceedings by the two words, "I object," without giving any reason therefor. The objecting member need not read the bill or report, need not care even to know its title or purpose. He could object because the member who made the request had red hair, or a mole on his cheek, or a harsh voice, or for no reason whatever. His "I object" calls for no explanation. It is his right as one member of the House to give consent or to object to that method of legislation.

The amendment to the rules recently proposed by Representative Fitzgerald, and adopted, creates a unanimous-consent calendar, on which any member may have his bills placed, after they have been on the other calendar for a certain time; but no bill on that calendar can be passed by unanimous consent if any one of the 391 members, including the Speaker, objects. No rule can be devised to pass a bill by unanimous consent unless every member of the House is willing to have the bill passed without debate and a roll-call. The present Speaker welcomes the Fitzgerald amendment as a relief from much drudgery in reading hundreds of bills, and also from the sham autocracy of his position in having the other members ask his consent to the passage of such bills. More particularly does he welcome the amendment because it disposes of the old, threadbare excuse of members who write to their constituents: "I have tried to get your bill passed, but the Speaker would not recognize me." The members who have been writing such letters for years will now have to change the phraseology of their excuses and write: "I am willing to pass your bill, but I am only one. There are 390 other members, and they would not give me unanimous consent to act for the whole House." In other words, the Fitzgerald amendment will compel members to tell the truth to their constituents or invent another fiction to take the place of that regarding the autocratic objection of the Speaker which has done service for so many years.

The present rules of the House do not retard business; they expedite business. The 59th Congress enacted more important legislation than any dozen Congresses that preceded it. There was a real sentiment for that legislation, not a manufactured sentiment, and it was not difficult to have it enacted. That Congress was in session 300 days, and it passed 774 public and 6249 private acts, and the debates filled 14,490 pages of "The Congressional Record."

The 50th Congress, the last preceding the Reed rules, sitting 412 days, passed 570 public and 1257 private acts, and the debates filled 13,205 pages of the "Record." In work accomplished, and in the freedom of debate, the advantage was clearly with the 59th Congress.

The real trouble in Congress is the great volume of business laid before it at every session, much of it clearly out of place there. No body of men can consider 40,000 bills in the present life of Congress. It is physically impossible; and yet there is an increase rather than a diminution in the number of bills introduced year after year. The members feel compelled to introduce every bill offered by their constituents, and these bills burden the committees and fill the calendars to the embarrassment of the really important legislation.



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TOPICS OF THE TIME

ROOSEVELT AND THE SOUTH

IN summarizing in the April CENTURY certain of Mr. Roosevelt's accomplishments, we spoke of his having, in his public and personal relations with the people of the South, "rendered important service in the interests of permanent national harmony." The subject is revived by Mr. William Garrott Brown's paper in the present number. In this connection we should like to emphasize the good feeling and right intention of Mr. Roosevelt's general conduct toward our Southern fellow-countrymen.

It has been intimated that Mr. Roosevelt lost much of the hold upon their sympathy that he had gained early in his Presidency; and there certainly was, at times, and in special localities, bitter criticism. But is it not a fact that the figures of his election in 1904 show that the vote against him in the South was almost the same as the vote against McKinley in his second election? The Republicans again carried four Congressmen, and in the ex-Confederate States he cut down the majorities in three cases, and raised them, in some cases very slightly, in eight States, and, in addition, gained the great State of Missouri, which is, however, a Western, rather than a Southern State. The last election may be said to give some indication of the Southern attitude toward the "Roosevelt policies," represented by Taft, and the Republicans made further gains in both Congressmen and the popular vote.

As to the character of Mr. Roosevelt's appointments in the South, it is a fact that he made a special point of seeking for good men, getting advice, when not satisfied with the recommendation of the Republican party organizations, from disinterested persons outside of the scramble and jealousies of partizan politics,—often from high-minded ex-Confederates. The writer happens to know who some of these unpartizan advisers were, and they were men frequently of party affiliations opposite to those of the President—men to whom a patriotic Executive would naturally turn for sincere and unselfish assistance.

Mr. Roosevelt's own feeling on the subject is forcibly expressed in a letter to a friend, from which we are permitted to quote. This letter was written toward the close of his second administration, and in it he said:

"For years and years, . . . one of the loudest complaints of Southerners and of independent and Democratic Northerners, has been that the Federal appointees in the South were of a very low type, this being caused largely by the fact that we paid improper heed to the local Republican recommendations, which it was alleged in no way represented the people of the States. I have felt that there was a great deal in this attack, and when I took office I made up my mind that I should strive to appoint as high a grade of men to office in the South as in the North, and that though I would appoint but a limited number of colored men, yet that they should represent the very best type, the Booker Washington type; . . . and I therefore made up my mind that when I could not get a really good man who was a Republican I would unhesitatingly take a Democrat. . . . This is the course I have carried out to the letter, with the result that my appointees in the South, taken as a whole, stand if anything even higher than the corresponding appointees in the North, because I have been able to act without having to pay anything like the same heed to political considerations as in dealing with States having Republican Senators; . . . Absolutely the only reason why I have ever disregarded any local party organization has been because I have become convinced that that organization was not recommending to me thoroughly good men."

Again, in his visits to the South; in his speeches, thrilling with patriotic cordiality; in the heartiness of his attitude toward surviving Confederate soldiers, and sons

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of soldiers; and in such an act as the order, just before his retirement, for the restoration of the name of the Confederate President, in his capacity as Secretary of War of the United States, to the bridge near Washington from which it had been removed—in all these ways Mr. Roosevelt carried far on the good work of reconciliation. This work his successor seems determined still farther to advance.

JUSTICE TO CONTINENTAL AUTHORS

WHATEVER may be thought of the new copyright law, unexpectedly adopted in the closing hours of a congressional session, as was the bill of 1891, there should be but one opinion of the provision exempting from restrictions of manufacture or importation the original text of books in languages other than English. The security offered in good faith to Continental authors in the earlier statute proved to be illusory. It could not be availed of practically for several reasons: first, the inherent obstacle of the difference of language; second, the fact that non-English countries were, so to speak, out of the "runway" of trade which exists between England and America; and third, the inability of foreign authors to adapt their procedure of publication to our conditions: they could not hold back the foreign issue of their books until they had worked up laboriously the slender chances of a simultaneous publication here. Indeed, American copyright is chiefly of use to them in enabling them to secure a promising market for works that have proved successful abroad. This they have now the opportunity of doing. In other words, so far as these authors are concerned, International Copyright—the full measure of just security—was not established until the law of 1909. This tardy but unanimous action on our part,—like our return of the Chinese indemnity and our retirement from the control of Cuba,—is a contribution to the "idealism" which, as a rule of governmental conduct, is often thought to be impracticable before it is placed in operation, and afterward becomes a source of pride to all right-thinking people.

As the situation had naturally created much irritation abroad, and not a little shamefaced embarrassment to Americans visiting the Continent, this provision,—coupled as it is with the extension of the total limit of copyright from forty-two to fifty-six years,—is naturally greeted with general approval. The good-will of other nations is a precious possession, and in this instance it is heightened by our performance of an obvious duty, which places the United States on a higher plane of civilization than it has ever before occupied.

MR. HEPBURN TO BUSINESS MEN

EXHORTATIONS to "the American business man" from purely literary sources as to his duties or opportunities are likely to fall upon deaf ears, the writing classes, justly or unjustly, having been set down as unpractical; but no one will dispute the right to speak on this topic of Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, president of one of the great banks of New York, whose suggestive article in the present number of THE CENTURY may be commended to those who are engaged in "business," and who, by the way, are as five to one to those who are classed among the professions.

It is easy for writers to overrate the influence of professional men. After all, the staple of American life is the commercial element, and its reflex action upon the professions is immense. Its traits and tendencies are therefore matter of much concern. The generosity and imagination of our "business men" are proverbial, and it is to them we look with confidence for the execution of those enterprises of an educational or benevolent character which in these days of big horizons must be undertaken on a large scale. In such matters New York is typical of the whole country. In this city alone it is to commercial resources that we are indebted not merely for large schemes of usefulness in the every-day conduct of life—tunnels, transportation, housing, etc.,—but for many higher institutions: museums of art and of natural history, botanical and zoölogical gardens, hospitals, a great library system, university departments, institutions for scientific research, choral and orchestral music in great profusion, one of our great opera-houses, the New Theater, model tenements, etc. There is hardly a day in the year when some wise and far-seeing endowment on a large scale is not set afoot

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by one or more of our merchant princes who see their opportunity thus to contribute substantially to the great future of their country. And yet much remains to be done.

Mr. Hepburn's comments on the failure of men of wealth to realize the most that life offers to them has a fine vein of sympathy, and suggests the pathos that attends so much material success. A fortune which one has difficulty in reducing, even by extraordinary personal expenditures, and which wise men often hesitate to leave for the undoing of a succeeding generation, is indeed a doubtful blessing, unless its possessor is in the currents of a larger life than that in which great resources are usually acquired. Mr. Hepburn's plea is both *to* the man of business and, incidentally, *for* him. Often, as in conspicuous instances, he has snatched from the slender chances of his daily life rich opportunities of personal culture. He has been educated chiefly by his fads and his clubs into a larger comprehension of the invaluable things that money will not buy, and—late in life, perhaps—he starts upon a course of enlightened and devoted citizenship which many men of small means have been happily pursuing for a generation. Then, with a prudent man's traditional desire not to waste what he has acquired, he begins to consider what is best in life and how to promote it.

We have space to consider only one of the many excellent suggestions which Mr. Hepburn makes. It is indeed much to be desired that men of means should be more largely represented in our public life. Being above the temptation to corruption, and having a wide experience of national housekeeping, they should be welcomed to official counsels, in which their judgment and patriotism would be of great service whether as legislators or executives. There is no danger that they will outnumber the men of little means, and as our problems become larger, it is the men of great affairs to whom we must look for constructive action. It will be well for the influence of such men if they can also bring to the public service some of the ripe leisure and the enjoyment of life which Mr. Hepburn wisely recommends.

OPEN LETTERS

Mme. Vigée Lebrun, 1755-1842

TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

THIS portrait (see page 229) in the museum of Toulouse, France, was presented to that city in 1863 by Mme. Clémence Faudoas, Marquise de Villeneuve-Péguilhan. It is life-size, and its signature is accompanied by the date 1785, at which time the artist was thirty years of age and a member of the French Academy of ten years' standing.

The painting is somewhat harsh in coloring—a black hat trimmed with scarlet silk; a scarlet silk dress trimmed with black fur; a black cape about the shoulders, over which flow the brown tresses; white muslin about the throat; a dark-green sofa; and a gray background. The face is rosy in coloring, and is gaily set off by its framing of black and white and gray. In its pose it is reminiscent of Guido Reni's so-called "Beatrice Cenci."

In her counsels on portrait-painting, the artist said concerning women: "You must flatter them, tell them that they are beautiful, that they have a fresh color, a rose-like complexion, etc., and that their pose is marvelous. This," she added, "will stimulate them to sit without expressing fatigue for perhaps an hour and a half or two hours." During her long and remarkably active career of eighty-eight years, she executed six hundred portraits, two hundred landscapes, and fifteen compositions.

No museum or other public institution possessed any of her canvases while she was alive, but, after her death, her niece Mme. Gripier le Franc, presented to the Louvre two of her canvases, one showing the artist and her daughter (reproduced in a former number of THE CENTURY), the other rep-

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resenting her with a muff. Both are spirited and original.

The indifference to fortune that Mme. Lebrun showed was taken advantage of by her husband, who habitually appropriated the whole of her earnings, alleging that he had need of them in his business. Once only while he was alive (he died twenty-nine years before her), did she enjoy the full fruit of her labor. This was the sum of four hundred dollars, the price of a portrait she painted at Crussol, which the bailiff of Crussol forwarded to her at a time when happily her husband was absent. With this sum she forthwith set out for Rome, which had been a cherished desire with her for years.

Timothy Cole.

How Lincoln Received the News of His Second Nomination

I HAVE read with interest the article in the April number of THE CENTURY entitled "Lincoln's Interest in the Theater," by Leonard Grover. His memory that Mr. Lincoln's first information of his renomination by the Baltimore Convention was conveyed to him through a telegram delivered at the theater about nine o'clock P.M., June 8, 1864, is, however, an error, for it is a historical fact that he received the news in person at the War Department.

I was at that time employed as one of the cipher-operators in the War Department Telegraph Office. I quote from an entry in my journal of that date: "We received the message announcing his [Lincoln's] nomination at 2 P.M. At 3:15 P.M. Mr. Lincoln came into the office to read despatches. Just then I had in my hand a message announcing Johnson's nomination [as Vice-President]. I read it to Mr. Lincoln, and he remarked, 'But they have not nominated a President yet.' I then told him of the former message announcing his nomination [which it appears had been mislaid, instead of being sent over to him, and he had not seen or heard of it]. . . . Mr. Sec'y Stanton came into the office and laughed with the President over his tardiness in getting the news."

Nicolay and Hay in their "Life" briefly confirm the above.

Charles A. Tinker.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Alonzo Meakins's Silver Wedding[1]

ALONZO ROMANZO SEBASTIAN MEAKINS
MARRIED
1879 1904

THIS card, embossed with half a dozen silver bells tied in the corner by a bow-knot of white ribbon which trailed aimlessly in and out through the inscription, roused the inhabitants of Meakinstown to curious wonder. By birth and disposition the Meakinses were the leaders in the village. They were of that sandy complexion that ill brooks a second place, and they had inherited their red hair, with the old Meakins farm, from their grandfather, plain John Meakins, who had wandered West in the forties and obtained a grant of land from the Indians on the territorial road that later ran to Mifflin.

John was a bachelor then, and he built his house in a simple and unpretentious fashion, long and low, and with just one room, which he divided according to his pleasure with chalk marks, an arrangement which obviously possessed many advantages; for if he was dissatisfied with the location of his parlor, he had only to rub out the line and draw in a new one. This simplicity was all very well for a bachelor, but when John married, his wife's first request was for a carpenter "to fix the place decent and fit for a white woman."

The old house had changed since then, sending out additions to suit the growing family, but the Meakins's characteristics never altered. They were all as queer as Dick's hatband, inheriting their peculiarities from old John, who kept his chickens in the cellar so that he would be sure to be wakened early in the morning. His eldest son refused to marry Jane Gummings, after keeping company with her for eleven years, when he learned that she always read the New

[1]The reader will remark a certain resemblance between this story and "Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding," by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, on page 260. It is because of that resemblance that both stories are published in the same number of the magazine. Miss Sterrett's was the first to be accepted by us, and the coincidence is not to be construed to the disadvantage of either writer.—THE EDITOR.

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Testament before the Old, and so he died a bachelor.

It was two Meakins who quarreled as to whether the apple in the Garden of Eden was a Bellflower or a Spitzenberg, and after twenty years they were reconciled because they both used worms instead of minnows for fish-bait.

Alonzo Meakins was not an ordinary child, and he raised himself in an extraordinary fashion which kept the villagers in a state of expectation. When he finally married Mary Green his relatives were relieved. It was such an eminently sensible thing for him to do, for the two farms dovetailed and supplemented each other, that no one would have dared suggest it. But their congratulations were short-lived, for Mary died in less than a year.

It was ten years before Alonzo told his friends that he had found another bride.

"I hope you 'll all come and see her," he said anxiously. "She 's a stranger and don't know the folks around here. If Mary had lived, she 'd have introduced her; but I doubt she 'll have to do the best she can for herself."

Which she did, and instituted tidy, saving ways in the careless household and made Alonzo appear twice the man he was.

"She 's jes like an iron to him," mused old Mr. Otter, "a-pressin' out first one crochet an' then another."

MRS. MEAKINS sat by the window in the kitchen, cleaning her butter money with silver polish, when the door closed with a bang, and Mr. Meakins pulled a chair to the stove and sat down to mend his harness. He cleared his throat several times, and then said thoughtfully:

"I had a thought while I was feedin' the chickens this mornin', mother. It came to me all of a minute that it 's jes twenty-five years since I began my married life, I built that chicken coop the spring I married Mary. I 've most decided"—he shot a quick glance from under his heavy eyebrows before he continued—"to hev a silver weddin'."

Mrs. Meakins rose in astonishment, and the silver coins in her lap jangled to the floor.

"Why, Alonzo Meakins," she gasped, "we hain't been married but fifteen years this June!"

"I know that," he said testily; "I al'ys get married in June. That 's you. But I had ten years the start, an' it 'll be twenty-five years next month, an' I 'm goin' to celebrate."

"Folks 'll think you 're crazy," she remonstrated feebly.

"Let 'em think. If thinkin' put people in the insane 'sylums, they 'd be so cram-jam full by now there would n't be room for me."

"An' what am I to do?" She dropped back into her chair and waved her polishing rag weakly.

Mr. Meakins considered for a moment.

"You can help get the supper an' sech things," he said kindly. "Of course it ain't as if you were d'rectly in it. I expect we can manage to have somethin' of a time. Got any fried cakes? I do like a doughnut about this time of the mornin'."

IT was useless for Mrs. Meakins to object, for her husband was fascinated with his plan of celebrating his silver wedding by himself. He wrote to the correspondence column of the "Weekly Planet" in regard to details, but received so little encouragement that he stopped his subscription. He was more fortunate in his interview with the Meakinstown printer, and he looked with pride at the big box filled with invitations, which he delivered himself.

Mrs. Meakins, as he had suggested, busied herself with the supper. The plan had at first seemed ridiculous to her, but the strangeness wore away and left only a feeling of dull pride in the grandeur of the preparations, which rivaled anything that had ever been known in Meakinstown. The children seeded raisins and cut citron until their stomachs ached; for their father generously gave permission for them to eat all they wanted; for, "you won't have sech another chance until your ma's, and that is n't for ten years yet."

He watched with ill-concealed anxiety the gradual growth of the groom's cake, which was to have a layer for every year, and be topped with his initials in red frosting. The bride's cake was dispensed with, as there was no bride.

IT was the day of the silver wedding.

The grass-plot in front of the house had been swept until it lay smooth and green. The front door stood hospitably open, and above it hung a piece of white calico bearing the word "Welcome" in ferns.

In the parlor the decorations were even more elaborate. On one wall "A. R. S. Meakins, 1879–1904," was written in asparagus tops, while on the opposite side was a portrait of the first Mrs. Meakins, with an enormous wreath of immortelles hanging over the corner of the frame. Tall crocks of wild flowers stood stiffly about, and the churn held a handful of dyed pampas-plumes near the open organ.

Mr. Meakins, in his best clothes and a white tie, which he had bought as particularly appropriate to the occasion, stood be-

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neath the inscription with the father and mother of his first wife. Mrs. Meakins hovered restlessly behind them. She began to realize that she had no part in the celebration. It was Mr. Meakins and the Greens who held the center of the stage.

A string of neighbors, all in their rustling best, shook hands with Mr. Meakins and then stood awkwardly about the room. Mr. Meakins remained smilingly in his place, with an eye on the small table at his side on which were placed such offerings as the guests brought. A silver-plated butter-knife, a syrup pitcher, a pair of spectacles, and quite a pile of silver coins already lay there, and warmed the heart of the recipient.

In spite of the lavish preparations an air of constraint hung over the company, and when Mrs. Meakins opened the door into the dining-room there was a sigh of relief. Mr. Meakins led the way with Mary's mother, and her father would have offered his arm to Mrs. Meakins with old-fashioned courtesy; but she shook her head and murmured something about waiting on the table.

There was little conversation during supper, and Mrs. Meakins and the half dozen women who assisted her were kept busy. There was a hush as Mr. Moore, the minister, rose at the close of the feast and held high a glass of lemonade.

"Friends," he said, with a benevolent smile that fell on the young and old alike, "let us drink a long life and many celebrations to Brother Meakins."

There was a loud response, and then Mr. Meakins struggled to his feet to express thanks.

"Neighbors," he said in a choked voice, and he wiped his eyes before he could continue, "you overpower me. I-I-I thank you for your kind thoughts and gifts. It is especially affectin' to me to have Brother Moore with us, for he has always married me. He has been with me in my joys an' in my sorrows. You remember, brother, how you came to me when Mary died, and said I was n't to be discouraged; and I said I was n't, an' I ain't ever been.

"An', neighbors, don't you believe all the stories the editor of the 'Gazette' 's been printin' 'bout marriage bein' a failure. He don't know what he 's talkin' about,—he 's a bachelor,—but I do. I 've tried it, an' I *know*.

"Come here, mother." He beckoned to Mrs. Meakins with his long, bony finger.

She came slowly forward, her thin face tremulous with feeling, her hands moving restlessly beneath the white apron she wore over her best black silk. He put his arm around her waist and filled another glass with lemonade.

"I 've felt kind of selfish," he said slowly, looking into her face, "a-havin' this celebration an' leavin' mother out, for she 's taken as much int'rest in it as if it had been her own. So we 'll drink a long life an' a silver weddin' to her, too, neighbors, an' may I live to celebrate it with her!"

Frances R. Sterrett.

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

"BLESS my Soul! There goes my collar-button down the back of my shell!"

Life

SONG TO OLD PRINCETON AIR: "THE BOWLING GREEN"

OH, a pipe is good, and a glass together,
And a fire on the hearth when it 's wintry weather;
But best of all, to banish care,
Is a cheersome song to a cheersome air.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.
Life is a very queer affair,
So we 'll sing a song to a cheersome air.

Life is a nut; you never can tell
Just what 's inside till you crack the shell.
The meat may be fresh or it may be dry;
Whichever it is, it is worth the try.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.

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Life is a purée, life is a pie;
From soup to sweet it is worth the try.

Life is a jewel, life is paste;
It 's all a matter of personal taste.
Life is a problem, life is a joke,
A grand, sweet song, or a pig in a poke.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.
Life is a garland, life is a yoke;
Only one man in a boat rows stroke.

Life is gloomy, life is glad;
Life is a mixture, good and bad;
And whether you scold or whether you sing
Depends on the way you take the thing.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.
It 's a whole lot better to smile and sing
Than to have it in for everything.

It 's long been commonly understood
That the good die young, and the young die good;
But life 's worth living, clay or gold:
Let 's live just to prove that the good die old.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.
Fate, of course, has the strangle-hold,
But we 'll try to prove that the good die old.

Life has many and varied ends,
But the best that it brings is the love of friends.
Love is the pulse of heart and brain;
No man with friends has lived in vain.

Oh, the bad may be good, and the good may be bad,
And the worst as good as the best.
'T is like the sunshine after rain,
When old-time comrades meet again.

And so together we 'll laugh and quaff;
For the sake of the wheat we 'll take the chaff.
Yesterday 's gone, to-morrow 's not here;
To-day is the middle of the whole round year.

Oh, the bad is good, and the good is better,
And the best is the best of all.
The past and the future are nowhere near;
To-day 's all right, let 's give it a cheer!

Edwin Asa Dix.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

BASE-BALL NEWS—BY WIRELESS

From the Range

In correction of the report, "The cow-boy and his gun have passed."

UP at four an' yawnin' out,
While the wrangler gets the hosses;
Answerin' the cook's shrill shout
(Appetites don't show no losses);
Trailin' rope to the corral—
Will he buck or not, we wonder.
Say, you 'd better change yore tell—
We 're not all dead; no, by thunder!

Joggin' off while yet the sun 's
Scarcely shinin' o'er the mesa;
P'raps we *ain't* a packin' guns,
But we 're still a-drawin' pay, suh.
Joggin', joggin', stiff a mite
From that last long ride, an' soakin'
When we lay out wet all night;
We 're alive, though, sure; no jokin'.

Joggin', joggin' on an' on,
While the sage gets hot an' hotter.
Spy a mav'rick over yon;
Chase her, rope her, Circle Dot her.
Joggin', joggin' through the brush;
Where a cow can go we foller.
Ain't yuh playin' a four flush?
We 're not dead, you Eastern scholar.

Joggin', joggin'; gallop, trot;
Shiftin' in the polished saddle;
Settin' sideways, like as not,
Kinder tired o' bein' straddle.
Joggin', joggin', hoss an' man,
Back again, an' got to do it;
Thinner than when day began.
Ain't dead yet—but blame close *to* it!

Edwin L. Sabin.

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By Aëroplane

(AFTER SAXE)

SAILING through the ether,
  Soaring 'neath the skies,
Dodging wingèd cruisers
  Of enormous size,
Skimming over mountains,
  Like a giant crane—
Bless me! riding 's pleasant
  By aëroplane!

Men at every station
  Shouting angrily,
Women crowding forward
  Crying, "Mercy me!"
On our starboard quarter,
  Solar-system cars;
Operants exclaiming,
"All aboard for Mars!"

Foreign-looking schooner
  Just astern of us,
Letters on its pennant
  Spelling *Sirius*.
Asked our pilot whither
  It was going. Boggs,
He the pilot, answered,
"Going to the dogs."

Heavy freighter moving
  With a load of hay
To the dairy section
  Of the *Milky Way;*
Rather funny title
  Flying at the stern
On a silken banner,
"Water-wagon-churn."

Gentleman in goggles
  Looking very blue;
Lost his round-trip ticket,
  His position, too.
Woman dressed in yellow
  Looking very glum,
Chewing penny package
  Anti-dizzy gum.

Dame in purple raiment
  Begging to get off;
Says she has a very
  Trying ether-cough;
Aviator laughing
  Inwardly, I guess,
Answers, with a chuckle,
"This is an express."

With an exclamation,
"Mercy sakes alive!"
Lady under notice
  Makes a graceful dive.
Passengers astounded,
  Consternation reigns;
Reckless woman surely
  Dashing out her brains.

To the rail the people
  Rush with bated breath,
Thinking purple lady
  Speeding to her death;
Fair high diver laughing
  On her downward route
As her skirts, expanding,
  Form a parachute.

Harrold Skinner.

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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE SOCIETY OF THE GUILLOTINE

A Novelette

By S. Weir Mitchell

THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

By its Founder

Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D.

MCMIX

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE-NEW YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY.

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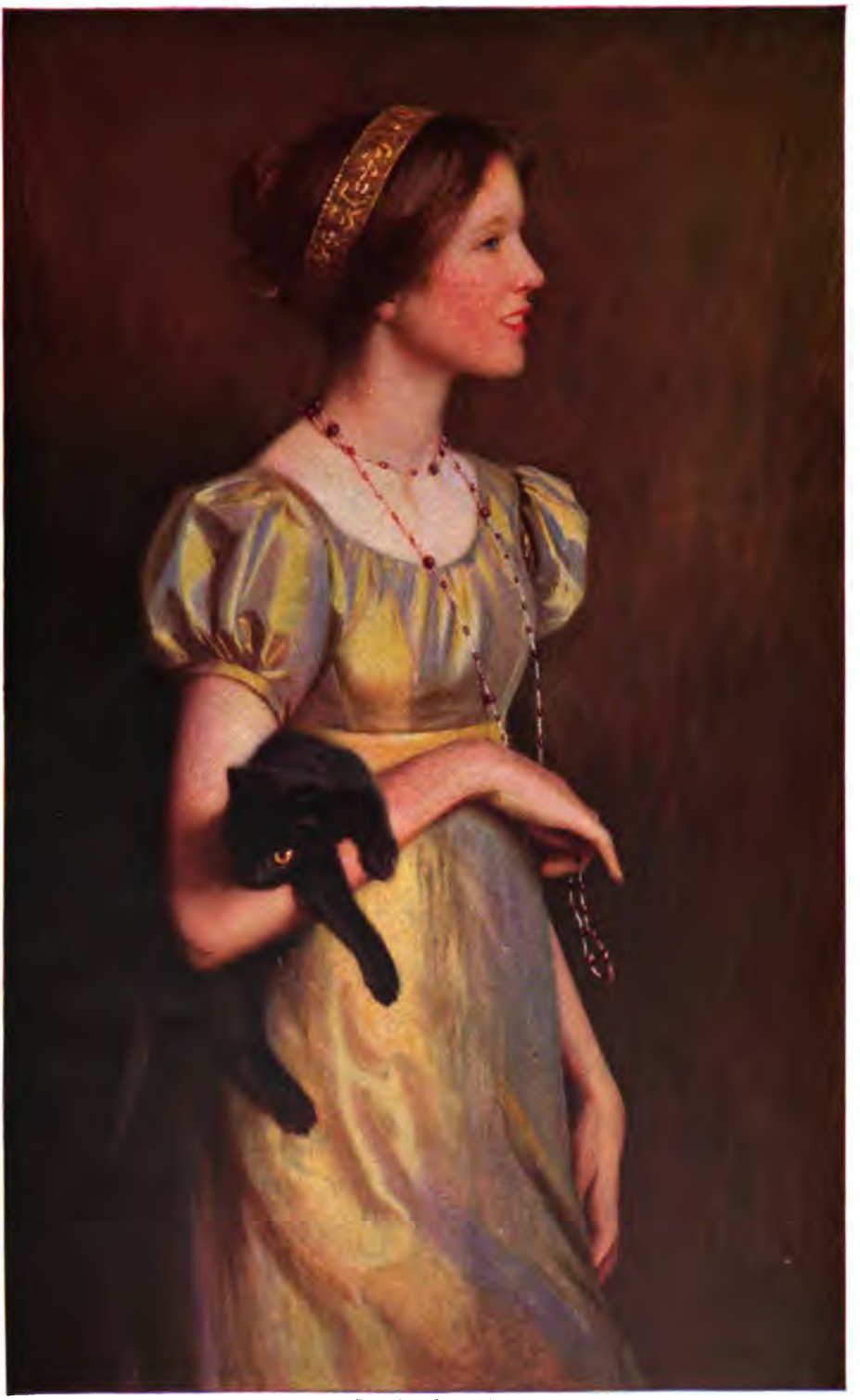

See "Open Letters"

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM J. WHITTEMORE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII JULY, 1909 No. 3

THE SOCIETY OF THE GUILLOTINE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "The Adventures of François," "The Red City," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THOSE who have read "A Diplomatic Adventure" [1] are aware that the valet Alphonse, who effectually aided in the historic burglary, was, perhaps with reason, uneasy as to the consequences. He finally decided to emigrate to America, where, he said, his conscience would be more at rest, a moral inference with which my friend and fellow-burglar, Captain Merton, was much pleased, remarking "that conscience was a name for several things."

It was, however, some months before Alphonse could persuade Mlle. Marie to promise to marry and go among a people who were just then industriously killing one another. The captain's wound was long since well. Certain other matters in which he was interested were prospering, but it was not until later that they agreeably matured. After our brilliant success in baffling the police of Paris, I felt no desire to go in search of other adventures, and hoped none would come in search of me. I was sadly mistaken.

One morning while taking breakfast in my little salon, I said to Alphonse: "There must be in Paris some curious things strangers do not see. You have been on the police—you must know. I hear that there are thieves' clubs, or rather a thief club."

"I believe," said Alphonse, "that there is a club of thieves; but it is very exclusive, and unless monsieur should qualify—"

"Qualify?"

"No one can enter who has not been in the chain-gang or committed some well-known crime."

"Such as our burglary, Alphonse?"

"Not mine, *mon Dieu!* It may please monsieur to speak of it, but as for my humble self, even when I go to confession I reserve certain sins until I am in America. I never knew any one who had seen this club, but—" and he hesitated. "Shall I bring some more toast?"

I said no.

"Monsieur is neglecting the omelet. I made it myself." He was as usual enjoy-

[1] Printed in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, March, and April, 1906, and issued in book form

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ing the importance a half-told story gives.

"I asked you a question. The omelet may wait."

"Pardon, Monsieur, an omelet is one of the things which cannot wait. I was about to be imprudent."

"Since we stole those papers you are absurdly cautious. Go on."

"There are other clubs—other strange clubs—more interesting."

"Such as?"

"Has monsieur ever heard of the Société des Ancêtres?"

"Of Ancestors? No. What is there curious about that? It sounds commonplace."

Alphonse smiled. "For the members it is the Society of the Guillotine. No one belongs to it who is not of the family of some one who was guillotined."

I questioned him eagerly.

"It is," he said, "of course registered,—all societies must be,—but as it is quiet and meets rarely, the police, when I was on the active force, did not disturb it."

"I should like to see it," I said.

"Perhaps some of the gentlemen who dine here to-day may be able further to inform monsieur. There is another club more closely watched."

"Ah, and what is that?"

"It is the Club of Jacobins."

"What! Here to-day in France! Hardly."

"Yes, Monsieur. It is more of a secret society."

"Then it is serious. Political, I presume."

"Probably. But it was a matter of rumor when I was of the police that it contained persons no one would suspect of being in such company."

"And so," I said, "it is let alone to avoid scandal."

"We did so conclude. But of course there is gossip among the police. Monsieur may give up all idea of seeing it."

I did not, and resolved to speak of both clubs at dinner, which on this occasion was to be in my own rooms.

I was on intimate terms with two of my dinner guests, and especially with M. Blanchelande, a manufacturer, the owner of great cloth mills near Lyons. Our United States legation had secured for him certain contracts with our government which had proved satisfactory to the war-office and profitable to him. He was known to me as a quiet, cautious, middle-aged man, who had married in the royalist class, but who avoided politics, and collected Palissy ware, snuff-boxes, and chatelaines. He liked my dinners because of their freedom and on account of my father's Madeira and certain American luxuries.

He arrived early and said: "I have here, for the future Mme. Greville, a gold chatelaine said to have belonged to Mme. de Sévigné."

While I was admiring it and saying, "Mme. Possible will adore it," Alphonse announced the Count André-Joseph de la Motte and my friend Captain Arthur Merton, U. S. Army. Both men being army-officers,—the count of the Imperial Guard,—as they entered they were eagerly discussing the value of cavalry in war. The count, a man of twenty-six, owed his attractiveness to perfect manners, a certain sweetness of disposition, constant gaiety, and an amiability rarely equaled. He was intelligent rather than intellectual, but not a person of much force. I liked him.

"I asked your uncle M. Granson to dine," I said to the count, "but he would not come."

The officer shrugged his shoulders and smiling returned: "I am not sorry. He is fast breaking in mind and body and talks dangerously much about republics and the desirability of a return in France to Jacobin methods. It is rather sad. What a charming chatelaine!" he added, turning to Blanchelande.

As we stood admiring the gift, my last guest, M. Varin, *sous-préfet* of the Seine, joined us. The prefect was one of the adventurous few who come up out of the peasant class to forage successfully in the capital. He looked about him, seeing at a glance who were present, and turned on me a rosy face, strong of feature, but without distinction. An *avocat* of note, a gay liver, a pronounced imperialist, and now a man of wealth, he was too apt to speak of having owed everything to himself, and had the double pride of former poverty and achieved riches. Nevertheless, he was interesting because of a successful career and because of the type he represented.

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Alphonse announced, "Monsieur is served," and we went into the little salon, chatting gaily. There were no politics; a word about our war and Mexico, and by common consent we passed to safer ground and talked theaters, actors, the races, with at last a discussion of French dialects, a favorite study of mine. My Burgundy was good, my father's Madeira highly approved, and the imported cigar of the legation such as Paris knew not. I had no least idea that I was about to put a disturbing question, what Captain Merton called a "queery." I said lightly, during a pause in the talk, that I was curious about the Parisian things strangers rarely see or never see.

"Such as?" asked the prefect, carelessly. "I may be of service. There are odd fish and unfathomed depths in this great turbulent sea of Paris. What are you curious about?"

"The queer clubs," I replied. "I have heard of two—no, three."

"What are they?" asked the count.

"Oh, one I have heard about is, I am told, the Society of Ancestors."

I was filling my glass as I spoke and, looking up, saw that I had variously surprised my guests. The count was glancing at Blanchelande, who had lifted his eyes from a lighted match just long enough to entitle him to be justified by surprise at my question or by a burned finger in exclaiming, "*Sacré!*" and then: "Some one has been amusing you, *mon cher* Greville, with Parisian fables. The Club of Ancestors! Everybody has ancestors."

Captain Merton glanced from one to another and, as he said later, felt the social temperature fall. He became at once a partner in my curiosity.

Drawn by André Castaigne

ALPHONSE, THE VALET

The prefect seemed to be unconcerned and somewhat amused.

"It sounds very Chinese," he remarked. "Ancestor-worship! Any folly is possible in Paris."

"But," asked the count, "who told you of the club, Greville?"

I shook my head, and, smiling, declined to answer.

Blanchelande laughed. "Tell us ignorant Parisians about this club. Come, now, Captain Merton, are you, too, in the secret?"

The captain shook his head, and smoked.

"Well," I said, not quite liking this unexpected appearance of satirical desire to be enlightened—"well, I know nothing more except that in private this body is fairly well known as the Society of the Guillotine."

"Cheerful, that!" remarked Merton. "Must some man or his ancestor have been guillotined as a condition of membership?"

"Delightful!" cried Blanchelande. "Ask the prefect."

That official said gravely: "I am not in the way of knowing personally anything about it; I was never guillotined. There is such a society, as some of you very well know"—

"Oh, really, Prefect!" cried Blanchelande, laughing.

Either M. Varin did not see that the subject was unwelcome or more likely had some malicious enjoyment in the discussion, for he returned:

"Yes, although I am not what I may label ancestral, I have heard of the club. For my part, if I am anything, I am rather an ascendant than a descendant."

The young count looked at him with an expression of grave surprise, but said nothing, while the prefect continued, his

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Drawn by André Castaigne

"M. BLANCHELANDE"

face growing sterner, "My people were still digging the earth when our betters acquired title to this society by the accolade of the guillotine." Merton looked up from the nut he was cracking.

"Accolade of the guillotine! I like that."

Blanchelande was evidently annoyed. "How absurd, Prefect! Why not a society of the hanged, or, rather, to be accurate, of their descendants?"

"Why not ascendants? It seems a rise in life," laughed Merton.

"I might possibly have a claim," returned the prefect, coolly. "The old *noblesse* took that liberty at times with their peasants. The guillotine was the answer of the ages to the gallows of the noble."

For a moment no one spoke. It was a stanch Bonapartist who sat by me, well dressed, prim, and decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. It was a Jacobin in revolt who thus broke out. De la Motte's constant smile fell off like a dropped mask. Blanchelande's well-governed, middle-aged face expressed some faint disgust, for the intonation of the prefect was, of a sudden, as that of a peasant, rough, aggressive, and his manner like a challenge.

To my relief, Merton broke into the moment's emphasis of silence. "Thank heaven that we in America have no claim to either honor!"

"You will not continue so fortunate," said the prefect. "You have not as yet history enough. Just now you are doing fairly well, but when you fail, as you of the North will, some heads may tumble—or even if Europe permits you to win, which is unlikely."

Perhaps my Madeira had been too often honored, for certainly the prefect had made himself unpleasant to every one. I saw Merton frown, and then, catching my warning look, resume his cigar as I said:

"Ah, Monsieur le Préfet, how little you understand us!"

"Let us drop politics," said Blanchelande.

"As you like," murmured the official. "Excuse me, M. Greville."

"Oh, the future will answer you," I returned, laughing. The talk had come so near to perils of insult that I was glad to move on and away. By mishap I got at once upon still thinner ice, for I said: "I seem at least with my curiosity to have excited curiosity. I must rest unsatisfied, I fear. But what of the other society I have heard about?"

"What is that?" said De la Motte.

"The Jacobin Club."

"Delightful!" laughed the prefect. "Better and better. I must tell the minister of police."

"A Jacobin Club to-day in Paris!" said Blanchelande. "Well! well! Did ever you hear of it, Prefect?"

"Never."

I seemed unlucky, and made haste again to shift the talk, quite sure that both clubs were known to one or another of my guests, and aware that my dinner had not been a complete success.

"Try this other Madeira," I said; "you may like it."

"None of us, it seems, appear to know much of your clubs," said the prefect, with

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a queer, cynic smile; "but there certainly is a famous club of thieves."

"Political, Prefect?" queried Merton in his languid after-dinner way of saying dubious things, pleased that social justice, kind to those who wait, had given him the chance of retort.

The prefect smiled. "Merci, Monsieur —*Touché.*"

"Do they make ballads?" said De la Motte.

"They may."

"This club is said to be as old as François Villon," said Varin. "Whether or not they still have poet thieves, I cannot say."

"Or thieving poets," added Merton. "They all steal from one another."

I gladly welcomed this diversion of the talk, and, soon after, all except Blanchelande went away, gaily chaffing me about those wonderful clubs.

The count detained me a moment in the antechamber, and said, as we stood aside: "My uncle would not dine with Blanchelande, Greville He is, as you know, a wild republican, and of late has been in a condition of senile irritability and, I think I said so, imprudent to the last degree."

Drawn by André Castaigne
"CAPTAIN MERTON"

"And so that was it. How strange! Good night," and I went back to Blanchelande.

As I sat down, he said: "Greville, do you really want to hear more about those clubs? Of course, as you must have gathered, we are all cautious in our talk. In these days of suspicion and espionage we rarely refer elsewhere than in royalist circles to the Club of Ancestors, and never except among members to the Guillotine Club. You could not know that, and your curiosity was quite natural."

"Then all of you know of these organizations?"

"Oh, yes. There is a Club of Jacobins. I should not be surprised to learn that Varin was a member. We are less disposed to be secret. You heard his denial."

"Yes; and I was annoyed at the man's talk. One does sometimes make a mistake in mixing one's salad-dressing. That is Alphonse's wisdom. M. Varin will not be in my next salad."

Blanchelande laughed.

"The vinegar was certainly in excess."

"I may venture to ask if you are not of that Guillotine Club?"

"Oh, yes; as are many French gentlemen. While little is said of it, there is no nonsense, no Freemason business. It is merely a very exclusive society, designed to keep fresh certain memories."

"I should like to see these clubs."

"That may be possible for ours, impossible for the Jacobin. We now and then admit strangers not Frenchmen, and we once purposely invited the chief of police. We have every reason to be thought of as non-political; but nevertheless—However, leave it with me, and I will see what I can do to gratify your curiosity. It might interest you."

I thanked him, and we began to speak of other matters.

This was in October, and I heard no more until January 15, when Blanchelande called on me.

He said: "I have here an invitation for you to be present at the annual meeting of the Guillotine Club. Pray read it."

The President and Council of the Society of Ancestors will be honoured by the

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Drawn by André Castaigne

"'I AM RATHER AN ASCENDANT THAN A DESCENDANT'"

presence of Monsieur Greville on the 21st of January at half-after nine A.M. punctually.

"An unusual hour," said I.

"Yes; but there is a reason for it. I shall call for you in time. I ought to say that you will be so good as to wear evening dress, all black, with black necktie."

Somewhat surprised at these directions, I thanked him. As he was leaving, he said: "You know, my friend, how much I owe to you, and I like, therefore, to say that this special invitation is unusual. It has been twice asked for in vain by—but no matter. You will learn at the meeting why I was able to secure it for you. I am sure that you will be interested."

At nine, on January 21, I was dressed

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as my friend had desired me to be. When Alphonse knew the evening before what I required, to my astonishment he said: "It is for the Royalist club. Monsieur should also have black shirt-studs and black gloves. I ventured to buy them this morning."

"Very good," I said. "Much obliged." He evidently knew what was my errand, although of this I had said nothing. I had given up being amazed at my valet. I now supposed him to have known of the club through his police affiliations.

"Monsieur will not want me until evening?"

"No."

"I have left the clothes for change, and the dinner dress as usual."

"Thanks," said I. "You may go."

Presently I was with Blanchelande, and we drove a long distance through the Rue Lafayette. We turned at last under an archway into the courtyard of what seemed to have been a large, two-story château. The street front was occupied by shops. The courtyard space seemed neglected, and there was a ruined fountain, long out of business. Two or more carriages came in behind us. We went up the steps under a crumbling scutcheon and through the doorway. A servant in black received our cards on a silver salver. As I looked up from the plate I saw that the attendant was my own valet, Alphonse. I was, of course, surprised, but neither he nor I gave any sign of recognition, and followed by several gentlemen in full mourning, we went up a wide stairway, past a second servant, to whom again we gave our cards.

Then we entered a large room where heavy curtains excluded the daylight. Numerous wax candles set in sconces afforded a scarce sufficient illumination, so that it was some time before I saw clearly enough to decide from the cupids and roses of the ceiling that I was in the ball-room of what had been a suburban château of the time of the regency. There was on one side a dais with tables and chairs for the presiding officers, well lighted with large candelabra. Behind the dais two crossed flags draped with black bore the arms and lilies of the Bourbons.

As we moved into view, all present rose and bowed to Blanchelande, who, returning the salute, said to me, "Sit here," and went on to the dais, where he took the chair as presiding officer. Several minutes passed in silence, and then he said: "Close the doors. It is ten o'clock. There will be no more admissions."

During the interval of quiet, I had begun to use my eyes, and saw in the first row of chairs several whom I knew, and, not to my surprise, the Count de la Motte. As I leaned forward to look, I was sure that the recognition was mutual.

The absolute silence, the air of gravity, and the dark figures of, as I guessed, threescore gentlemen, set me to marveling. At this moment Blanchelande rose. He said: "I hereby declare open upon this 21st day of January, 1864, the fiftieth annual meeting of the society of gentlemen members of whose families died by the guillotine. I have the honor to present as a guest M. Greville of the American Legation, invited for reasons satisfactory to the council. Gentlemen, M. Greville."

The entire assembly rose, bowed, and remained standing. I returned the courtesy. Blanchelande laid his watch on the table and waited. The stillness was complete.

In a low but distinct voice the president said: "As the grandson of Victor-André Blanchelande, sometime governor of St. Domingo, the first victim of the guillotine, on this 21st day of January I announce to you the approach of the hour of the murder of Louis XVI, King of France." He spoke slowly as he added, glancing at his watch: "Now the King ascends the scaffold." He paused. "Now the King kneels. Now"—and again he paused—"it is twenty minutes after ten o'clock. The King is dead."

There was a faint stir as of controlled emotion, and I heard from all present the words, "God rest his soul!" For a moment there was silence and all resumed their seats.

Then Blanchelande said: "It is our custom to call next the roll of members, who will respond for those of their family who died by the guillotine.

"They will come forward in turn, and commemorate by their presence and their answers the unfailing remembrance by the gentlemen of France of those of their order who died for the cause of their rightful monarch. His Grace the secre-

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Drawn by André Castaigne

"AN ARCHBISHOP IN HIS FULL EPISCOPAL ATTIRE'

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tary will now honor us by calling the roll."

What I next saw and heard impressed me as few scenes in my life have done. On the right of the president rose an archbishop in his full episcopal attire. In a clear voice he read from a roll in his hand, "M. Victor-André Blanchelande."

The president stood up. "I answer for my ancestor, the first victim of the guillotine, April 9, 1793."

As the roll went on with name after name of the French *noblesse,* at each summons a man came forward and gave the date of the death and the name of some relative. I listened with intense interest and something like awe to this impressive ceremony so remote from the every-day life of gay Paris.

One old man murmured: "Le Marquis, la Marquise, et Mlle. de Beauchastel," and I heard, "Father, mother, sister, guillotined on the 3d, 5th, and 9th of May, 1793." Then with bent head he tottered away to his chair. And the list went on, with titles old in story, with names famous in history.

I heard De la Motte reply for his ancestor, and then another and another, while in the hush of the dimly lighted room the summoning voice of the prelate rose, or fell to low notes as something in the answers left him emotionally disturbed.

At the last he read, "M. le Vicomte de Laisné." An aged gentleman, very feeble and evidently blind, came forward, leaning on the arm of a younger man. His voice was scarce audible as he said, "I appear for Mlle. de Marsan, dead—" he hesitated—"dead on—" he seemed to have forgotten; it was painful—"dead on—on the 9th of the month Floréal, 1794."

I understood the low murmur of pity and surprise. In this terrible recall of a day of sorrow he had stumbled in his failing memory upon the Revolutionary name of the month of May. A gentleman beside me said in a whisper: "He was to have married her. He is nearly a century old." It seemed to bring very near to me this tragic history.

As I sat and now and again caught sound of the roar of traffic without, the complex note of the great city, my thoughts were disturbed by Blanchelande's voice. "It is now time," he said, "that we hold our private meeting and receive the report of the council. I must ask, therefore, that the guest who honors us with his presence will withdraw." On this, again, all present stood up, and bowing to the chair and to the assembly, I left the room. At the foot of the stair I received from Alphonse my hat and coat, and returned home to change my dress.

At breakfast next day I said: "I am much obliged, Alphonse, by what you said to me in regard to these clubs. It was well worth while to see that ceremony; but how do you chance to serve there?"

"It was not chance, Monsieur. My grandfather was the servant of the Baron de Lorme, and because he aided his master to escape was guillotined. The meetings are rare, and while I remain in France they will not interfere with my service."

I reassured him, and then said: "But what of the Jacobin Club? I should like to see it also."

Alphonse seemed disturbed. "They are not of monsieur's class. They would not interest him. It is not quite safe."

"I am not at all sure that it will not interest me. As to safety, nonsense! Come, now, how can I manage it?"

"But they admit no strangers."

"You seem to know their ways."

"Yes. With some years of police service, one learns many things; but this is impossible to be done."

I was intent to learn something of this other club, and when I rode in the Bois that afternoon with De la Motte, I said: "What is known of this Club of Jacobins? I mentioned it the other day at dinner, and all of you shut up, as we say, like clams. There is such a club," I persisted.

"Then you know, *mon ami,* as much of it as I do. What a charming mees! How well she rides!"

"Yes; an American," I said as I bowed to her. As we rode on I said, "Why were you all so silent about your Royalist club?"

"My dear Greville, we could not discuss it before Varin. He would not understand, or might have made himself, in fact did make himself, unpleasant. The club is rather a private association than an

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ordinary society, and the memories it consecrates and revives are just such as we do not talk of lightly even thus far away from their realities. You must have seen how solemn a thing it was."

"I did indeed. I shall never forget it. But about the Jacobin Club?"

"Oh, about that. There is such a club, but of it I know nothing except that it exists and that there is an old and serious feud between our society and this nest of Jacobins. You may be sure you will never see the inside of the Jacobins."

"Indeed, I will bet you a dinner at Magny's that I shall be present at a meeting of the Jacobin Club."

"Done," he said. "You are a very obstinate man. Well, the Corton Vieux is good at Magny's. Shall we gallop?"

Two days later I said to Alphonse, "Is that Jacobin Club active?"

"Yes, of late, or so my cousin of the police tells me. It is an old society, and when I was on the force there was at the central bureau a list of its members. I was once ordered to shadow two of whom little was known. Why, under the empire, it is allowed at all, some one in power knows. If monsieur is set on a difficult matter, I might mention that any very violent republican might assist."

I did not know any one to whom I could or would apply.

I had that day to see M. Blanchelande, who, like me, was boldly buying our government bonds, much to his future profit. After a word about a recent contract and mode of shipment, I said how profoundly impressed I had been by the tragic roll-call I had heard. Then I added, "About that Jacobin Club, I should like to see it. I have a bet with M. de la Motte that I shall visit that club."

"You may as well pay. If you are in earnest, ask M. Granson, La Motte's uncle. He is a silly, old, maundering republican. He is just as like as not to be a member; but keep me out of the matter, and stay out yourself, my friend."

Drawn by André Castaigne

"M. LE VICOMTE DE LAISNÉ"

"Of course I shall not use your name; and as for myself, I do not see what risk I run."

"Only such risks as a diplomatist ought not to run. None of your legation is altogether *persona grata*. A word from the police, and you may be sent home, to my regret."

He was quite right, but curiosity is with me an appetite which is not very respectful of advice. I resolved to see M. Granson.

When I found the old gentleman in question at his apartments, I saw at once that, as his nephew, the count, had told me, he was approaching his dotage. I lost no time, but said, "M. Granson, you are, I believe, a prominent member of the Club of Jacobins." I supposed that he would deny it.

"I am," he said; "I am proud to say I am. Some day it will make itself felt."

"I should like to see this club."

"See it, Monsieur—see it? You never can, unless you are a Jacobin." He cackled thin, aged laughter.

Then I said, seeing a way open, "I am not a Jacobin, but my grandfather was."

"What! How can that be?" He laid down the paper-cutter with which he had been toying, and sat up in his chair, attentive.

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"Yes," said I; "in 1792 there were twenty Jacobin Clubs in America. One, in Charleston, South Carolina, was affiliated with the Jacobin Club of Paris. My grandfather lived for a time in Charleston, and was a member of this club." I did not say that his Federalist sons were by no means proud of it. "I have at home in America his certificate of membership."

He was at once enthusiastic. "Then, *mon ami,* it may be done. The case, your case is unique. Leave it with me. I shall fail, I fear, but I have influence, great influence. I gladly do much to sustain the club; and to feel that we have allies in America is most helpful. We must correspond with that club."

I said, with all the gravity I could command, that just now, in this year 1864, it would be difficult; that we had found it as yet hard to get our own mail into Charleston, on account of certain prejudices.

This seemed to revive his mind, for he returned: "Oh, yes. Now I remember—a good joke that. Prejudices! You shall hear soon."

I went away, leaving him to consider the joke with his meek smile of aging mirth. The red eyes, the uncertainly balanced head, the look of senile, complacent satisfaction, I carried away as a momentary memory, and, too, some unpleasant doubt concerning the propriety of using the weakness of a man in his condition in order to satisfy mere curiosity.

I heard no further until, in February, I received this letter:

Pluviose 9.

DEAR CITIZEN:

I have succeeded. Your claim to be of us is admitted, and excited great interest. I vouched with pleasure for your Jacobin descent. I regret that you were not with us at our annual meeting on the second of the month of Pluviose,being January 21st. We celebrate that as the day when justice was done upon Louis Capet, the enemy of the republic. On the 11th of March I shall call for you at eleven in the morning.

Yours, etc.,

Eugène Granson.

There was in this letter enough cause for reflection. Had I known at the time that this club was attracting the closer attention of the police, I might have taken Blanchelande's advice, and hesitated in regard to attending a meeting. I did accept, however, and out of this arose some unlooked-for consequences.

An omnibus took M. Granson and me far into the Quartier St. Denis. Alighting, we passed through a small tobacco shop into a walled space behind it. Thence we entered an unused factory, where, at the foot of the stairs, stood two persons in ordinary dress. One, to my surprise, was an *avocat* used at times by our own legation. He made no sign of recognition. My companion said: "This is M. Greville. Permit him to pass." They made way in silence. The second man gave us each a tricolored cockade, which, imitating Granson, I set on my coat.

With other generally well-dressed persons we went up-stairs, Granson saying to me, "The password is Robespierre." I heard it with a sudden sense of the quality of the club. At a door on the second floor a plainly clad man stopped us. "The word," he said.

"Robespierre," replied Granson. I repeated it.

"Couthon," returned the guard. "Pass on."

I remembered to have read of Couthon as one of the most atrociously cruel of the Revolutionists.

At once we were in a large, plain, well-lighted room with many windows. Here were seated quite a hundred men, not any, I thought, of the mechanic class. One or two faces I had seen before. It was plain, however, that it was neither a simple bourgeois assembly nor made up of such as I expected to see.

Over the seat of the president was the tricolor and the red cap of the old republic. I sat down with Granson and looked about me. The president took his chair, and I knew him at once as a noted republican. He said, "Call the roll." A secretary did so, and as one after another responded I recognized some as opponents of the empire and wondered that they were thus allowed to meet. In fact, it was a registered club, as it had to be, but under the name of the Historical Society. That it had ulterior purposes I was sure.

My next surprise followed upon the announcement of my presence and of my election as an honorary member by the council, the name of my voucher, and of

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my claim to be a Jacobin. It excited much attention, as evidently unusual.

"Citizen Greville," said the president, "is therefore a non-resident honorary member." A member, indeed! I was anything but pleased. It was vain to remonstrate. I kept my seat, and no more seemed to be expected of me. There were no such courtesies as in the Royalist club.

"Very gratifying," murmured Granson. "All here, or nearly all, are descendants of the men of the Revolution. I congratulate you."

The president, still standing, said: "The latest newly elected member, Citizen Joseph, will now rise. Citizen Joseph. His sponsor is Citizen Granson."

Granson looked a little bewildered as he stood up and said: "I have paid his dues for him, but, to his regret, he is not able to attend to-day. He will come to the next meeting, this Citizen Joseph." He chuckled feebly as he sat down.

"Citizen Joseph, the last elected member, is excused," said the president. "He must be present at the next meeting."

"Oh, he will come," said Granson.

The president then went on at some length to say there was other business, and that he had learned with concern that the police were giving too much attention to the club. He therefore warned all present to be cautious, and said that the council would as usual conduct such affairs as needed immediate attention. The club would not meet for some time, and would then be called by trusty messengers to reassemble in another place. Men near me whispered to one another, and seemed disturbed by this announcement. An adjournment was moved and there was evidently a desire to get away.

Granson went with me to the courtyard, where he detained me while he talked loudly of matters concerning which prudent people in those days did not talk at all. At last, while trying to release myself on the plea of an engagement, he said to me, "Did you hear about Citizen Joseph? I thought you would know."

"How should I?"

"Ask him, Citizen; ask him." I had no least idea of what he meant, but concluding that the excitement of the meeting had entirely upset an ill-balanced mind, I said, "Adieu, Monsieur."

"*A bas les Messieurs!*" he cried after me. "Citizen, congratulate Citizen Joseph."

Looking back, I saw the old man shaking with rhythmic giggling, an unwholesome parody of healthy laughter.

As the Jacobins passed out, he went on talking. One or two smiled, but others, ill pleased, looked at him gravely. As for myself, I felt that I had paid too much for the gratification of a curiosity without reasonable cause.

Some days went by before there were any sequels to my recently acquired knowledge of clubs. Meanwhile my valet was in an unusual condition of rather melancholy silence.

One day, while I was eating my breakfast, Alphonse said, "Monsieur will excuse me, but he has seen the Club of Jacobins."

"How do you know that?"

"Because monsieur has ceased to talk of it, and because, also, he was seen by the police to enter with M. Granson."

I did not like it. "Here," thought I, "is consequence number one." "Oh, is that all?" I remarked lightly.

"No, Monsieur. My cousin of the police, who was to report on the meeting, has lost his memory, and monsieur has unfortunately mislaid three napoleons."

"Take them out of my porte-monnaie there on the desk."

"Thanks, sare." He now and then ventured upon English. "May I beg monsieur to be satisfied and go no more to such clubs? Monsieur is aware that I am soon to marry and go to America. The coming of marriage does sober a man, and I know not who will care for monsieur when I leave him to the Captain Merton, who is a boy for mischief."

When Alphonse was serious, he stayed behind my chair; when he became humorous, he moved into view.

I said that he might be at ease; that for a time at least I had had enough of clubs, and not even a marriage club would tempt me.

"Ah," he laughed, "the Two Club—the marriage club." And now he came around the table with some manual excuse of his perfect service. "I have given up the police, Monsieur. Of course I reported monsieur's visit at the Society of Ancestors. It was of no moment. Now I give up. I have resigned. Marriage is

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quite police enough for me. The dear women, are they not all spies?" And then in his odd English he added, "It gives to think, Monsieur."

"Certainly," I said. "Circumstances?"

"Ah, since I had the honor to rob a house with monsieur, I use not any more that good word which so much explains. I use it no more. I am become exact."

"There is the bell," I said.

"*Dame!* It is the Captain Merton. First he skirmishes with the bell, then it is war, and the apartment resounds. I go."

The American entered with M. de la Motte, Merton with his queer look of latent joy at having found something worthy of attention in the life he called dull. The French officer's face had lost its constant smile.

"You are late if you want breakfast," I said.

"No," said Merton, as he stood rolling a cigarette; "our friend De la Motte is in trouble. I could dispose of it easily, but for him, as he sees it, it is more than grave, and I have brought him here that we might consider the matter from his point of view."

"Very good," I said; "sit down. I am due at the legation at noon. Until then I am yours."

"Go on and tell him," said Merton.

De la Motte, declining a cigar, said: "You who are my friend know of my engagement to Mlle. Granson, my cousin. You know, too, her father, who we think is becoming insane and giving quite too much money to some low kind of democratic club."

"Possibly Jacobin," I said gaily.

"Ah, my bet."

"Yes, I went there with M. Granson."

"Did you? Indeed!" Then he paused.

"At your service," I said. "Go on."

"My uncle told me to-day with the delight of a child that he had had me elected a member of his *sacré* Jacobin Club, had generously paid my dues, and expected me to attend their next meeting."

"Good heavens!" I said.

"Yes; if it is known, I am ruined. I, an officer of the Emperor's Guard, and my aunt the marquise, whose heir I am! When I said these obvious things to this old fool, he said of course he could n't think of making trouble: I was quite safe: he had nominated me by my baptismal name."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, *mon ami* Greville, behold me as Citizen Joseph, a Jacobin."

Then I remembered. This club business was to be lasting; my own case was bad enough.

"I am domiciled, it seems. He was cunning, and gave my address as No. 9, rue de Beaulière, his own hôtel. It is atrocious, hideous!—this crazy old man and his Jacobin Club."

"Yes, I was there," I returned.

"You really saw this den of animals?"

"Yes, I did. I won my bet, and I am sorry I did. I heard this feeble old man, your uncle, say M. Joseph could not be present, but at another meeting would have the honor."

"*Nom de chien,* honor! I told him I never would go, that it is a fraud. He was furious. Good-by to everything. It is adieu to my income and to my aunt's estate and my cousin."

The note of despair in the voice of a young, handsome, gallant man was too much for Merton's social charity. "Confound it, man," he cried, as he rose to give emphasis to his advice, "what kind of people are you in France? Run away with the girl. Give up this Bonaparte service. Go to America. Make a fortune." It was impossible not to laugh, and we did, but Merton said indignantly: "I am in earnest. I don't jest about women. It seems to me all very simple."

"Simple!" said De la Motte. "*Ma foi,* is it, indeed. The old man will talk. A single careless word, my real name, and no one will believe that M. Joseph is not a safe cover willingly assumed. It is ruin —ruin."

I said to Merton: "Our friend is right. He is in a false position and, as a member of the Guillotine Club, he is in a doubly false situation. I may as well tell you that the police are just now uneasy about this Jacobin Club, or so I hear."

"Alphonse?" queried Merton.

"Yes, Alphonse."

"I wish they might be more attentive," returned Merton. "That would burst the whole circus. We came to consult you, Greville; but really I see nothing to do except to wait."

"No; you are right. There will be no

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meeting for months, and before that the police may 'call them,' as we say at home."

"It is blissfully funny," laughed Merton.

There was no fun in it for the young count. He loved the cavalry, the girl, and his aunt's estate. All three were in peril. "I wish some one would shoot me," he said.

"Come over and join our cavalry. You will have a fair chance of being shot."

"I may," said the count, and went away despondent, leaving us alone.

"He is a trifle disgusting, that young man," said the captain. "He comes to see me every day or two and wants advice. I like him, but one can't vary the dose of advice, and so, to have a consulting doctor, I brought him to you, and now you also tell him to wait."

"What else is there? It is rather hard."

"Oh, worse than hard. The old man actually told him that he, De la Motte, had authorized him to nominate him as M. Joseph. It is of course a delusory belief on the part of an insane, cunning old man with an inventive memory—"

"Inventive memory is good," I said. "What our friend dreads, what most Frenchmen would fear, is the laughter of Paris, and Paris would laugh."

For two days I was busy at the legation; then came a note.

I must see you to-night. Will call with the count at ten. There is a delightful tangle.

Yours,

Arthur Merton.

At the time named, my two friends appeared. The count sat down, saying, "Be so good as to tell M. Greville the new and hopeless situation in which my uncle's insane folly has placed me."

I fancied that the captain rather enjoyed the task thus assigned. "I can make it short."

"Not too short," I said.

"Well, it 's ancient history. Somewhere about 1814 the Royalists founded this Society of Ancestors. How could there be a Society of Ancestors? Ghosts of the guillotine it seems. Well, soon afterward, the descendants of Jacobins must have a club. The Royalists met on the day of the death of Louis XVI. Messieurs the Jacobins chose that day to rejoice. This got out. There was a challenge, and some one killed, which did not make for peace. Then other duels resulted. Somehow without being accepted as part of the societies' duties, there grew up the lovely custom of limiting this permanent row to one encounter annually. Then for years this beautiful custom lapsed, or the two clubs at times fell away, and then again became lively, when, as of late, some outside social difference or some word of Jacobin insult revived the custom. Interesting, is n't it?"

"How amazing," I said, "and how well guarded!"

"Yes, with extreme care. Now for a year or two there have been these singular duels; but as neither club desires to be much *en évidence,* they are formally managed and arranged, but have been of late serious pistol affairs. Is n't it splendid?"

"It is stupid nonsense," I replied.

"Wait a little. There is more and better."

"*Mon Dieu,* better!" groaned the count. "He said better! This morning my Uncle Granson forwarded to me this official letter, addressed to M. Joseph. I presume, as it was not open, that he does not know of its contents. Now, read that."

"It is immense," murmured my captain. "No adjective describes it."

His unconcealed joy over the situation evidently annoyed the man most concerned. "Oh, read it! Read it!" he exclaimed. I did.

The Council of the Club of the Jacobins informs Citizen Joseph that, in accordance with custom, as the last-elected Jacobin, he will arrange a non-political occasion of insult to enable him, as our representative, to meet the citizen named in the sealed inclosure from the challenging Society of the Guillotine. Citizen Joseph will without delay contribute whatever is needed to bring about a hostile meeting. His name and address have as a matter of form been sent to the secretary of the Society of the Guillotine.

"It 's great," cried Merton; "but wait till you hear the rest. It is complete. Nothing like it ever happened since Chance the banker first dealt the fate cards to man."

I laughed. "Elaborate description that, a little mixed—chance and fate."

"Tried it on De la Motte. He was not in an appreciative mood. But how

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neat it is, how civilized—the situation, not my poetry! Great Scott! Greville, think of it! You see De la Motte—I beg your pardon, M. Joseph—is to call on the Royalist challenger, somehow insult him, and get up a mock appetite for killing a man with whom he has no quarrel. That 's bad enough, but the sequel! Good heavens! Count, don't look so confoundedly done for! How can I help laughing, Greville? Now read this other note."

I did. It ran thus:

The gentlemen of the Society of the Guillotine learn that the persons who constitute your club continue to insult the memory of His Sacred Majesty, Louis XVI, foully murdered, by persistently rejoicing on the anniversary of his death. They have accordingly appointed by lot a gentleman who will represent the honor of the gentlemen of France, and so arrange as to secure the needed opportunity of meeting the representative named in your inclosure. This, our note we trust, will be forwarded by you to the person who acts for you. The gentleman who acts for the Society of the Guillotine is the Count Louis Joseph de la Motte, Captain of Cavalry in the Imperial Guard, No. 7, rue d'Alger, who is duly instructed as to meeting M. Joseph.

The captain checked my cry of amazement. "Just wait a little. Let 's have all the documents. Here is the direct personal letter—our friend received to-day from this other society, indorsed, *'Note carefully, and burn this'*—

The President and Council of the Society of the Guillotine confide to you, the Count de la Motte, the honor determined by lot of arranging a hostile meeting with the person named in the letter of the Club of Jacobins. As it is desired that, except in the councils, this matter should not be known as other than of personal origin, you will so arrange within a month as to avoid the appearance of bringing into the matter either of the clubs. As usual, both parties will choose their seconds outside of the members.

Louis de La Tour,
Secretary.

For God and the King.

For a moment I was confused by the complexity of the thing, and could only contribute exclamations, while De la Motte sat looking from one to the other of his friends, and Merton gave way to such laughter as few men laugh. At last I checked him, seeing how serious it all was for the young count.

"Oh, don't, Greville!" exclaimed the American. "De la Motte and I have talked this thing dead. He will tell you I never so much as smiled. But now—now I must have my laugh out, man, if I am to be of any use. It is like suppressed gout, fatal."

"I find it," I said, "too strange for laughter."

"Yes, yes. But, heavens! De la Motte, don't look as if your mother-in-law was dead. It is comic-opera, melodrama—ripe mellow, indeed. Have you quite taken it in, Greville? Here is one man whom the Puck called Chance makes two men. These two men, who are one man, are each to insult and kill one man, who is two men. Come, who shall begin? It is tragic. You are to have a duel with yourself. You have not even the privilege of suicide; a duel implies two."

"I shall end with killing myself."

"Nonsense!" said I. "But now let us seriously consider how to get you out of this affair. Let me hear, De la Motte, how it looks to you. Of course, it is sure so far that neither club knows who M. Joseph is."

"Yes, as yet—as yet. The only ray of comfort is that my uncle, who did not know of these last challenges when he nominated me, is now wild with terror lest I shall be killed, and has gone out of town to his vineyards in the South. Of course the two councils are prudently silent, as is their custom." The count seemed relieved at being taken seriously.

"Go on," said Merton. "Get Greville inside this maze, and see how he can find a way out. I can't. I end by laughing. I should laugh if I were to be married. Go on."

The count made a weak attempt to smile. "My aunt would not leave me a penny if she knew I were—ah, *mon Dieu!*—a Jacobin. My uncle is appalled into silence. I cannot resign from either club without disgrace. I cannot explain without both clubs feeling insulted. I should have a dozen affairs on my hands. I can't—I can't—Diable! How can M. Joseph insult the Count de la Motte? Or I in-

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sult me? It is like some maddening dream." He laughed and seemed to me a trifle hysterical.

"Where now is the advice?" said Merton to me.

"Upon my word, it is nowhere."

De la Motte sat still, regarding with a kind of malignant satisfaction the obvious fact that I had, like Merton himself, been beaten by the remorseless logic of the situation. I considered how it would answer to do this or that. To each suggestion there was a sufficing negative. At last I said: "Suppose you do nothing, and your month goes by. What then?"

"Both clubs would seek explanations. I—what can I—what could I say?"

"It is bewildering," I said. "Is it permitted to speak of this to M. Blanchelande?"

"Oh, never. That is not to be thought of." As we talked over this amazing situation, Captain Merton sat silent at my desk, smoking, and seemed to me to be stating the case in equations. In fact he was merely yielding to one of the habits into which thinking men fall while deeply cogitating, and was idly writing numbers here and there on the page of a blotter. At last he threw down the pencil and swinging round said with decision, "If I were in this trap, I should tell the whole pack of fools to go to—well, Hades."

"Heroic American commonplace," said I. "We are in France."

"So it seems. It is as interesting as a charade. These societies have no relation that is not hostile, Count?"

"None, of course. Absolutely none."

"Very good. Let M. Joseph report to the Jacobins that having personally insulted his chosen antagonist, that is you, he cannot get a fight out of him. You see, De la Motte, you have only to call yourself a fool, or worse, which you at least may feel at liberty to do. You can also write to the other fellows, the Royalists, that so far you have been quite unable to find the person whose name as respondent has been sent to you by the Jacobin Club, with a false address. All this is true. Anything," said Merton, "to gain time."

I laughed great laughter at the new, doubly comic situation this would create, while the captain insisted that it would let our man out, and fill both clubs with joy at the humiliation presumably inflicted on their hereditary foes. "There, that is all of my wisdom," said the American. "A cigar, please."

The count's look of puzzled earnestness evidently amused my captain, for whom it was all a gigantic joke, and of course also a matter which might at any time become grave—without which possibility even the humor would for him have lacked something.

We talked it over endlessly, my own advice being to confess to both councils in confidence. To this neither De la Motte nor Merton would listen. Finally we decided to send the two letters. They were composed with care and duly delivered. Any replies for the count were to be sent by the council of the Society of Ancestors to my care as his second, and letters to M. Joseph from the Jacobins were to be called for at M. Granson's. The American captain continuously enjoyed the new situations, and so having played our cards, we waited.

The captain said to me one night,—it was late, I remember,—"I have found Paris pretty slow since we closed out that diplomatic adventure, and really I have seen until now nothing to equal our Porthos and Aramis. Will they answer one another or the count?"

As we talked, De la Motte came in. He was always coming in just now. Overhearing us, he said: "I can gratify your curiosity. Read that."

THE CLUB OF THE JACOBINS

Citizen Joseph is informed that this is not the only occasion when the Royalists have shown cowardice. The citizen will be further advised. Caution is needful, as the police are troubling the Jacobin Club.

"So I, the Count de la Motte, am a coward! *Mon Dieu!*" said he.

"On your own evidence," laughed Merton. "It gets funnier every minute. To-day it does appear to have reached the earthly maximum of the droll. To-morrow it will be somewhere in the fourth dimension of the comic. If you could only just laugh at it, Count, you would feel better."

"I find it anything but laughable," said the count.

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"Well," I said, "you are right; it is not altogether a mere jest of fate. To-day it is comic enough, to-morrow we may find it anything but amusing."

"What of the other club?" asked Merton.

"I have here," I replied, "the letter from the Ancestors sent to my care. Let us hear it."

De la Motte opened it, and read it aloud:

"The Secretary of the Society of Ancestors has received the letter of the Count de la Motte. The council has sent to the Jacobin Club a statement of the contents with, as usual, no mention of names. Their council state in a note that you, Monsieur, have been grossly insulted, and will not fight, of course a lie which you will deal with to your satisfaction when you are able to discover this man."

"What a delicious tangle!" said Merton. "What next? If I am correct, the Jacobins are a bit uneasy because of the police. Yes. That was plain. Just wait a little." Merton reflected in silence, the count studying him with some confidence that he would find an exit from this maze. At last the American officer said decisively, "We want time, but how to get it?"

"Why time?" I asked.

"Because—well, something may cause this Jacobin Club to be rounded up. Nothing is more likely or—by Jove! De la Motte, here 's a priceless idea: you could get smallpox or typhoid fever—be in bed a month."

"What, I? Back out? Avoid a fight—"

"What, with yourself, De la Motte? You ought to, you must, in some decent way, disappear for a few weeks."

"I ought to disappear forever or kill somebody. Here is my own club thinking me—oh—me, M. Joseph, afraid, and that club of vermin believes that I, the Count de la Motte, am a coward, and—I—I—I think I shall go mad."

"That would, perhaps, answer," said Merton, "if well managed, but the fun would be at an end. And there would have to be an explanation, the thing of all others to avoid. Disappear, my dear friend."

The count fell back in his chair, the figure of despair. "How can I? Is it I, M. Joseph, or De la Motte, who is to disappear? *Mon Dieu!*"

We continued our talk after he left us. "You are right, Merton, about the police," I said. "Blanchelande was here to-day, and tells me the Guillotine Society has been warned, whatever that may mean."

"Humph!" said Merton, "is that so? By Jove! I mean to see this game played out."

"Of course; and we must somehow get our friend out of his scrape. But why, Merton, are you so incautious? Alphonse has been in and out, and you go on talking as if we were discussing a play at the theater."

"My dear Greville, you may be sure that fellow knows all about it. The other business was far more serious, and you know how useful Alphonse was. I want to talk to him. Oh, not now. Send him to me at ten to-morrow."

"Yes, if you wish it." I had my doubts concerning this consultation. The captain's methods were, as I knew, somewhat radical. Before we parted, he asked in a casual way if there had been any personal pledges exacted of those present at either club. I said no.

"I—see. The police will, I trust, relieve us; but time is what is needed. Don't forget Alphonse. I wonder what the next act will be—'How to become Twins'? Good-by."

After breakfast the next day I saw nothing of my valet until evening. He came in, arranged my clothes, and disappeared. At breakfast the following day I thought it well to investigate.

"So you saw the captain, Alphonse? He kept you busy all day, I presume."

"Yes, Monsieur. He is in a very good humor, as he was that night in the rain. Well, he told me that I knew all about this affair of M. the Count de la Motte. I could but say the captain has an open-air voice, very good for cavalry orders, easy to hear."

"Well?"

"He said he would tell me the whole business, if it was not clear to me. I said it was not needed. Then he said the Jacobin Club was objectionable; he was informed it would have to meet elsewhere. If the police knew that— You see, Mon-

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Drawn by André Castaigne

"THE COLONEL"

sieur, the captain is an innocent person. If he had known that I had a cousin on the police, he would not have said such things. But, you see, he has a confidence in human nature, and is of a liberal nature, a thing most agreeable to my cousin."

The valet's face was as a mask. What else passed between the captain and this delightful, trustworthy scamp I desired not to know.

After a brief silence he added, "It may be weeks."

"What else?"

"Oh, nothing, Monsieur."

As the days of the next week went by, De la Motte uneasily shuttlecocked, as Merton said, between our rooms until I, believing the thing at an end, was rather bored.

On Saturday I heard Merton's matchless laughter as returning from the Odéon I entered my rooms. He was alone.

"Well," I said, "what now?" Few men laugh outright when alone. "What 's up now?"

"Oh, it is becoming sweetly simple. The Jacobins desire M. Joseph to make the necessary insult physically such as he may find agreeably productive of a row. I like the way they put it. The Royalists do not report except to say they have again written, denying the slander concerning their man. Both clubs consider some abrupt and specific action desirable. It is a sort of mutual hornet's nest, both swarms furious. This young fellow is in a state of panic. He will presently do something rash. I see a rather carefully worded article in 'Le Temps' about clubs and secret societies."

"Well," I said, "I am getting rather

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bored with these societies and our hopeless young count. Not the ingenuity of Dumas could answer these last notes. He is at his wit's end."

"There is more end to mine," said Merton, "and, to tell you the truth, in this slow town I am enjoying the position of counselor in this mess. Are you going to Baron St. Pierre's this afternoon?"

"Yes," said I. "I will call for you."

"Do," he returned. "All of the best fencers in Paris will be there. We are to play our club against the army men." Since his duel with Porthos, a passionate lover of the foil, he had become of unusual competence.

"Will De la Motte be there?" he added.

"Yes; he is sure to be."

A prettier scene than the garden back of the baron's château on this sunny afternoon could not be found. Welcomed by the host in the house, we passed out into and through the garden. Beyond it, within a semicircle of tall box, was a grassy space, and about it were chairs and little tables with refreshments. The scene was gay with undress uniforms and well-clad men, devotees of the foil.

De la Motte and others spoke to us as we strolled about and watched the pairs of fencers on the green. About four, we sat down and saw with interest the prearranged matches. Before five o'clock the army had lost the match. Bets were paid and gay challenges given and accepted, the temporary judges, of whom De la Motte was one, deciding as to the winners in these manly games.

Then, to my amusement, I saw the American captain's athletic figure matched against our old acquaintance the colonel—Aramis, as we called him. He was well known to me as one of the best blades in France, but the American was younger and of amazing quickness. I saw the couple engage and saw, too, very soon that on the part of Aramis there was some vexed remembrance of an unpleasant past. The button on the foil does not insure good temper, and presently I observed, as did other experts, that both men were too much in earnest. As they fell back after a bout, the French gentleman a little flushed, the captain smiling, something which I did not hear was said by De la Motte about the match. I understood him to have decided a disputed point in favor of the French colonel.

To the amazement of all within earshot, Captain Merton said abruptly in a loud voice, "That is not true." Had we been alone, a word about hasty speech and an apology would have settled the matter; but here, overheard by a group of brother-officers, the reply was unavoidable. De la Motte went up to Merton and said with quiet courtesy, "I may, indeed, I surely have misunderstood your words. An apology—the simplest will answer, a word—"

"I do not make apologies."

There was a murmur of disapprobation, while the captain, entirely undisturbed, stood still. When the unfortunate reply to De la Motte's appeal was made, I hurriedly left a group, seeing Merton as it were without the support he certainly did not deserve. "This way," I said to him, drawing him aside. "Cannot this be helped? It is easy to end it; a word will answer. You have both given such proofs of courage as will quiet criticism."

"My dear Greville, it is going to be helped. I shall have no occasion to have made my will. Droll, is n't it? Fourth act."

I neither liked nor understood it. I made no rejoinder, for now the reasonable counsel of postponement having failed, and the younger men and the count insisting on immediate action, his seconds, Major Leuret and the baron, asked who were Captain Merton's friends. The American captain turned to me at once, and then, to my astonishment, to Aramis, who accepted. Amid the ominous silence which fell on this gay crowd, I had a word with my principal, asking for instructions.

"No apology," said he to me sternly, "and swords, as of course we have the choice of weapons."

With the other seconds I went into the château. No attempt at a peaceable ending was even hinted. My proposal of swords was accepted, and weapons were selected from Baron St. Pierre's armory. I was distressed beyond measure, because not only were both men my friends, but I felt ashamed of the behavior of Merton, whose courteous ways had everywhere made him a favorite.

As I came out with the dueling-swords

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under my arm, every one drew back, and the voices fell away. The two men stripped to the waist turned toward us. The American was quiet and smiled faintly as he received his blade. I thought De la Motte looked uneasy and a little flushed. It seemed to me a most outrageous affair.

Then Major Leuret and I took each a sword and stepped aside. The baron, turning, said to his guests, "Now, gentlemen, I need not ask for absolute silence."

The major said: "En garde, messieurs. Allez!"

De la Motte attacked with instant fury and the extreme of imprudence. Merton was cool, careful, and watchful. I had become expert with the foil, and knew very quickly that he was not using his advantages. He was in splendid condition, and the other man was clearly not so, and began at the close of the second bout to show signs of fatigue.

The captain parried in tierce, and, riposting, to speak technically, thrust quickly, his sword passing through the outside of the count's right arm below the shoulder. The count's sword dropped, hanging from his limp hand, the blood running freely down his bare arm as he stood awaiting our decision, flushed, panting, and looking from one to the other.

The silence was unbroken as De Leuret called a regimental surgeon, who put on a temporary dressing and said, as he turned to us, a few words which forced us as the seconds to conclude the affair at an end.

Drawn by André Castaigne

"'EN GARDE, MESSIEURS'".

De la Motte went away with the surgeon and his major. I said to Merton, "We had better go."

"Of course I only waited for you to give the signal." With this he said in passing a word of thanks to the colonel we called Aramis, and, taking my arm, walked across the garden through groups of gentlemen who ceased to speak as we

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approached, and were evidently by no means pleased with my principal. He went with me quietly, not the least disturbed. At the door he shook hands with the baron, saying to me as we passed out: "Your rooms, Greville. I want to talk to you." I saw that he did not wish to speak for a time, and although I was indignant at his loss of temper and what it had cost, I held my tongue until we were seated in my salon. Then I said, "Why did you of all men lose your temper and insult that good fellow?"

"Well, now, Greville, for an American I did expect something better of you."

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday these cursed Jacobins sent M. Joseph a statement to the effect that his report of having insulted his Royalist was denied, and he must at once proceed to extremities or explain to the council. This morning the Guillotine Club informed him that he was invited to state to M. Blanchelande what further had passed between him and the lying Jacobin. We were thus invited to explode comic fireworks for Paris."

"Well," I said, "what has all this got to do with your very unpleasant and needless quarrel?"

"Unpleasant, certainly. Needless? No. The man is half-crazy. He can't kick himself. These two fool clubs have 'called him,' and he holds no hand. Oh, I beg your pardon; he has two of a kind, after a fashion, much of a kind. Jolly idea. You are not usually slow. For a little sword-wound this gentleman is out of a ruinous scrape."

"But, Merton, it was outrageous."

"Oh, perhaps; but now a note to Blanchelande from you as second will satisfy the Ancestors that the Count de la Motte is off the list of possible duelists for a good while to come. As for the Jacobins, I do not know. My hope lies with Alphonse and the police. You were rather full in your revelations to me."

"But you did not—"

"Yes, I did. Where the deuce are your cigarettes? I must see De la Motte, and soon."

"See him! He will never forgive you."

"Then he will be a fool and an ungrateful fool. But see him yourself and set his mind at ease. Now, don't look at me that way. Was n't it delightful? Could n't negotiate smallpox; had to take next best."

I fell back in my chair. He was right, of course. The audacity of the thing, the cool adjustment of a dreadful difficulty by means like these, the risks, the opprobrium caused by seeming ill temper and insult, I do not think troubled the captain for a moment.

He said, "You think it abominable."

"Frankly, yes. I do."

"Well, put it the other way. You were at the end of your resources, I almost, and this man half-crazed. I do a minor surgical operation, and presto! the patient is cured. At all events, we gain time. The fact is, Greville, you are cross on account of my apparent behavior. Now I must go; but if any one—"

"Oh, by George! no more duels."

"Well, let them rage. Good-by."

I inquired next day for De la Motte, and learned that he was doing well, but declined to see me. Two days later I called, and was so persistent that he sent me word that I might come up to his room. His apartments were in a small hotel in the rue d'Alger and were very modest and simple. As I approached his bedside, he said: "You have forced me to see you, but why, Monsieur, I cannot comprehend. I beg of you to be brief. Pray be seated."

"I came," said I, "because as your friend and Captain Merton's some explanation—"

He broke in angrily. "Some explanation, Monsieur? A man insults me as if with intention, and presents me, besides, with this *sacré* wound. I had no idea the thing hurt so much." There was a good deal of the boy about this very pleasant young soldier. *"Dame!"* and he groaned.

"But, my dear Count, did it never occur to you that what you desired, that some one would shoot you, has virtually come about? I mean that you are literally *hors de combat* for months, and that a note to M. Blanchelande from me will relieve you of the necessity of kicking M. Joseph or explaining what you can't explain."

"Mon Dieu, that is so. I thought of that last night."

"Might you not also have realized that for a trivial wound—"

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"Trivial! I wish you had it. I can't turn over on that side, and I always sleep on my right side." Then I laughed, and so did he.

"Trivial, I insist. For a slight wound, you have escaped being the jest of every club and gazette in Paris as the man who was two men and was expected to kick himself. Some clever brute would make a neat little *lever de rideau* for the Odéon—"

"I would kill him."

"You can't kill all Paris when it laughs unanimously."

He groaned. "Excuse me, that shoulder!"

"Why," said I, "do you suppose a courteous, honorable man doubted your word, your decision, so—well, so brutally and with no reason to do so."

"Lost his temper, I presume."

"What, this man? Oh, no. And he might have ended your duel easily three or four times. You are no match for him. He played with you."

"*Sacré!* But why?"

"Perhaps he meant to do you the friendly service of presenting you with three weeks in bed."

"Incredible."

"But true. That man is your friend."

"*Mon Dieu!* Is this really so? What a man! Has he said so? Come, honestly?"

"Yes."

"You Americans are singular people."

"You have a slight wound. He has more or less accepted in your service the consequences of what he said to you in the garden. He neither can nor will explain to these gentlemen. To do so would be impossible. Now, who is the worse wounded, you, his friend, or he?"

The count was silent. "Any arrangement with you for a mock duel would have been for gentlemen out of the question. He took the risks for himself and you. No, do not answer me, but read this letter from Merton."

"Have the kindness to open it for me."

I did so, and gave it to him. I had already seen it. There were two notes:

MY DEAR FRIEND: We were at a crisis, and I took the one way to get you over it. You could not sham sick or explain or, in fact, do anything. You must forgive me, and use as seems best the inclosed letter.

Yours truly,

Arthur Merton.

The other note ran thus:

MY DEAR COUNT: I beg of you to receive my most humble apology for my display of bad temper and to express my regret at the consequences. You are at liberty to show this to any of the gentlemen who were present. I have already apologized to the baron our host. I have the honor to be

Yours, etc.

"St. Denis! but your captain is a gentleman of the best. Ask him to come and see me."

"I will, and you must not get well too soon. Your uncle is anxious, and is both silent and scared, no bad thing. Mlle. Rosalie is in tears; altogether you ought not to be an unhappy young man."

"Well, you have brought me some sunshine, but I am what you call bored. My aunt calls, but cannot mount the stairs. Do come soon again—and Merton."

"I think you want better care. I will let you have Alphonse for a week or so."

"Delightful. He is most amusing, and at the Guillotine Club is our servant, as you saw."

"Yes; he will enliven you. By the way, he knows pretty much all there is to know about this embroglio."

"Indeed."

"Yes; but you may trust him. He was in and through a very perilous adventure with Merton and me some time ago, and showed courage and discretion. No one will hear of the duel of M. Joseph and Count de la Motte from Alphonse."

"Thank you, and do send him soon."

A note from me to M. Blanchelande, speaking casually of this unfortunate duel, terminated the count's hostile relation to M. Joseph the Jacobin. I, as a Jacobin, also visited M. Granson, the too busy uncle, now again in Paris, and so alarmed him that he reported to the Jacobin Club that his friend M. Joseph had changed his lodgings, and had probably left Paris. It was sadly to be feared, he added, that M. Joseph had no mind to a serious encounter

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with the angry respondent of the Guillotine Club.

I went away next day to Marseilles on legation business and was gone a week. On my return I found the count still in bed, but patient enough.

Once or twice a day Alphonse came to care for me and my rooms, and always was present at breakfast. I soon saw that he was eager to talk, but knew that he would as usual wait for me to invite the outflow. Sometimes he was exasperatingly silent, and sometimes quite too free of speech concerning what he saw or heard.

I said, one morning, "Alphonse, are there no other clubs?"

He moved around the table so as to face me. "Clubs! *Mon Dieu!* I want for monsieur and his friends no more clubs. The Jacobin vermin have gone, broken up."

"Why not before?"

"The police is, as Providence, patient. My cousin—"

"Ah, your cousin of the police."

"The captain desired to know him. The rest came of monsieur's amiability."

"Mine? What do you mean—my amiability?"

"Yes, sare."

"Stuff! Don't try your English on me."

"Yes, sare. Monsieur may remember that having been, to my grief, a visitor at this low club, he did say to the captain they were uneasy and would meet elsewhere, and caution was mentioned as desirable. Monsieur did think there was too much politics and perhaps foolish plots of which M. Granson hinted."

"Well, what then?"

"The captain saw my cousin. He is in much favor with the superior police. My cousin, alas! loves money. The rest is mystery—circumstances, Monsieur—some arrests. The Captain Merton is amazed—bored when things go quietly."

"Well, go on."

"The club is dead. M. Joseph—ah, the poor Joseph he is in bed. He has also left Paris. He is no more. Which of him is dead I know not. There should be obsequies, funeral for M. Joseph departed this life, to the joy of the Count de la Motte. When I did tell him, he gave me a napoleon, because he was pleased when I proposed to him, as the surviving relative of M. Joseph, to send out letters *de faire part.* I did tell the captain, but he said to go to the devil, which is not needed, for he too often come to the captain. Pardon, Monsieur, I mean to me. When I thus mourned over M. Joseph, the count gave me another napoleon, and ordered champagne for his dinner."

Thus, enlightened by Alphonse and somewhat annoyed, I asked Captain Merton what use he had made of my careless statement in regard to my brother Jacobins, he said his memory was bad, and declined to confess. We seemed, to the regret of the captain, to be now done with the complications of our friend's dual personality; but his aunt was still uncomfortable in regard to the count's engagement. To the amusement of Merton and myself, Alphonse was the means of adjusting this matter.

The third week after the duel in the garden, Merton and I were at breakfast in his rooms in the rue du Roi de Rome when Alphonse appeared with a note from Count de la Motte.

The captain read it aloud:

"MY DEAR MERTON: Come in to-morrow. My aunt, the Marquise de Châtelet, has written to me that she is much pleased to have learned of my gallant conduct in an abortive affair with a wretch belonging to the Club of Jacobins, but hopes I will now marry and have no more duels. There may have been of late expenses, she writes, of doctors, etc., and incloses a handsome cheque. Also, Mademoiselle Rosalie is to be taken to see her tomorrow, which will end a long family quarrel. Congratulate me. I do not quite understand how she came to hear of the Jacobin muddle. It revives a little my uneasiness. I hoped it dead and buried."

Merton looked up. "Alphonse, you rascal, you have been taking notes to madame the aunt."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Tell us all about it."

"If my master permits."

"Oh, go on. What have you been doing now?"

"Two days ago I was to bring an answer from the marquise to a note, and was bid to go up-stairs. Monsieur has seen the lady?"

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"Yes."

"She is of great size. There is much of her. She said: 'You are by the kindness of M. Greville caring for the count. A miserable business, most regrettable.' 'Ah, Madame,' I say, 'there might have been a worse, only—' and I stopped.

"Madame says, 'Go on,' and I, 'Ah, Madame may not know that because my grandfather sheltered his master he was guillotined, and I am at times a servant of the Society of Ancestors, and so chance to know of the lamentable duels with the low-born Jacobin Club. The count was chosen to represent the Royalist club in an affair, and when the Jacobin was not easy to insult I know not what the count did to that miserable man. No one does know. The count is reticent, like all the brave. It was one of the name of Joseph —a M. Joseph. He would not think of pistols, that man. He is gone—fled. Even as far as America he is gone, Madame, and—and now it seems that the police has dispersed the Club of Jacobins.'

"When I told her this, the old lady stood up. She is as the column in the Place Vendôme for height. She said: 'The Lord be praised! And so the Jacobin ran away?'

"I said, 'Yes, else the count would have killed him—that poor Joseph.'

"After that she said, 'You seem rather too well informed.'

"I ventured to say madame la marquise must know that servants hear and see many things. I think she agreed with me, but all she said was, 'Some of these things were better not talked about.' Then she asked, 'What did my nephew do to that Jacobin animal?' I said: 'I know not all. M. le Comte is not one who talks of himself: M. Joseph was not a gentleman. He may have kicked him. The person was, madame perceives, difficult to be insulted, like those of his kind. Monsieur found it necessary to be demonstrative.'"

"Great Scott!" said Merton. "What else?"

"The lady wrote a note to the count, and I think it was of a nature to please. Then she gave me a napoleon, and I am sorry it is all over. It was productive."

"You are a man of genius, Alphonse."

"Merci, Monsieur."

"I, too, am sorry it is over," said Captain Merton. "And now again Paris will be dull. What about the club of thieves, Greville?"

"No more clubs for me," I said.

WHEN DREAMS DEPART

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

WHEN dreams depart, then it is time to die.
Nay, thou art dead when thy dear dreams depart,
Even though thy ghost still haunts the crowded mart,
Still with proud grace salutes the passer-by,
Reaps golden grain when the hot sun rides high,
Sails the far seas with compass and with chart,
Of the world's burdens bears its wonted part,
Or faces doom with calm, undaunted eye.
For dreams—they are the very breath of life;
The "little leaven" that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;
Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for the strife.
Fetter thy dreams and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thyself that dies.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LADY SPEYER (LEONORA VON STOSCH)

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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Drawn by O. F. Probst

GENERAL VIEW OF ROTHENBURG

ROTHENBURG THE PICTURESQUE

ROMANTIC GERMANY—IX

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES FROM ETCHINGS BY O. F. PROBST

AS our small railway-carriage crept along, with frequent stops, it began to fill with old-fashioned men, quaintly dressed, who uncovered and made courteous inclinations to all present. Every one began to say, "God greet thee!" to every one else.

Last of all came a small, wizen figure in a low, round, black peasant's hat, short breeches of buff, and a short jacket trimmed with a double row of large stone buttons. He was simple, genial, very ancient, and in his thin white locks and kindly wrinkles he would have made Dürer surpass his portrait of Holtzschuher. More than once afterward I met him within his native walls, and his well-preserved beauty came to be for me a living symbol of the place itself.

The Rothenburger still keeps his conservative resentment toward such a crass new invention as the railway. It was characteristic of him that when the hateful thing had to come, he hid the station half a mile from his walls.

After a discouraging walk between modern buildings, I came finally to a round arch flanked by squat towers, passed over a water-filled moat, the very scum of which was more beautiful than ordinary scum, through a humpy gate-house, over another bridge, under a lofty, square tower inlaid with coats of arms, and found myself at length in the City of Dreams. So complicated is the approach to that enchanted spot.

Right and left run the old city walls, and at a glance one knows that he is in the presence of a German Carcassonne. These walls are of gray stone, tinged with brown, and covered with a sloping roof of crumbling, orange-red tiles. Along the inside, supported by rude corbels and engaged buttresses, and raftered with low, worm-eaten beams, runs a gallery where one may walk (stooping a little, if one is so unfortunate as to be tall) nearly round the entire city.

A few steps toward the center of things and down the curve of a fascinating street, just beyond an old fountain and some particularly rustic-looking, vine-clad, half-timbered dwellings, one catches a glimpse of another arch spanning the way, crowned with a clock-steeple, and marking the course of the original ring-wall.

Behind it rises the wonderful, saddle-backed Markus Tower, bearing that most intimate symbol of old-world Germany, a wheel for a stork's nest. And, like so many more of Rothenburg's choicest pictures, this one is closed by the lofty, distant tower of the Rathaus.

To one who has never known Nuremberg, such a scene strongly recalls what he has imagined Nuremberg must be like. As a matter of fact this is a purer bit of Germany's most precious past than any that remains to us in the metropolis of middle Franconia; although it is true that in the Renaissance Nuremberg surpassed Rothenburg in the matter of beauty as

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Etched by O. F. Probst

THE MARKUS TOWER

much as Rothenburg surpasses Nuremberg to-day. And it is with a quickening of the heart that one discovers in this Röder-gasse a brother german of Hans Sachs cobbling away under a gable inscribed thus:

Im Hause meiner Väter
Klopf ich allhier das Leder,
Und mache meinen Reim dazu,
Ich sorge nicht wer's nach mir thu'.

(Here in the house of my *paters*
I hammer and hammer on leather,
And thread my rhymes together,
Careless of imitators.)

A few steps farther, and the market-place comes into view.

I shall always remember the first glimpse of that scene. The different architectural styles harmonize as perfectly as

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THE RATHAUS (CITY HALL), THE OLDER PART HAVING THE TOWER

the fusion of the old Rathaus and the new, —a combination in which the romantic Gothic has tried to smooth itself out and compass an approach to austerity, while the classical Renaissance has bedizened itself into romance with pinnacles and little dormer windows, with a decorative corner oriel, a stair-tower, and a perfectly proportioned, flowering colonnade.

In the center is the Herterich Fountain, a tenderly wrought, poetic thing, as fit to be the center of the City of Dreams as the formal, imposing fountains of Augsburg are fit to adorn the monumental street wherein stands the palace of the Fuggers. From the stone basin, carved with splendid grotesques, rises a pillar in gray and gold, bearing a charming figure of St. George lancing a dragon.

Next door to the museum, on the Apotheke, a charming oriel window with a green-and-red-tiled roof serves as back-

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ground for the fountain and as baldachin for an old saint.

Happy is he who is allowed to visit the courtyard behind this Apotheke, where the Rathaus tower peers down upon its riot of roofs, its ivied walls, and its latticed gallery, reminiscent of the best courtyard galleries in Nuremberg.

From all sides of the market-place run alluring streets and alleys which, taking a line from the bogus instruments of torture in the Straf Tower, pull one in seven different directions at once.

The Herren-gasse pulled me the hardest, a street running to the site of the castle destroyed by a fourteenth-century earthquake. Here the patricians lived, and the way is lined with courtly houses, many of them Gothic. In the Herrenstrasse I found many a well-preserved interior, with good, old paneled ceilings and stucco work. In front were interesting portals with sculptured coats of arms, and in the rear, charming courts or wooded gardens. Number 2 proved to be a medieval bake-shop, and near by was a time-honored wine-house with separate rooms for patrician and plebeian.

Behind a lofty "stepped" gable some one was playing a rondo by Mozart on a spinet-like piano, and the eighteenth-century music sounded as radical in that me-

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PORTAL OF THE OLD RATHAUS

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COURT OF THE APOTHEKE

dieval atmosphere as a Debussy tone-poem heard in the baroque quarter of Leipsic.

Beneath the Castle Gate, over a bridge, and between friendly, dunce-capped gate-houses, the way led into a small paradise of a park on a spur jutting into the valley; and here I first began to feel the fascination of Rothenburg as a whole. Northward there was a splendid view of the western wall, brought out the more strikingly, with its towers and bastions, by the foliage of the hillside below. Eastward Rothenburg built itself massively up about the Rathaus and the Church of St. James. From where I stood the wall swept inward in a magnificent semicircle toward a southern pendant of the town, sown full of idyllic towers, and called the Kappenzipfel, or Cap-Tassel. This curious name was invented by Emperor Albrecht. The

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citizens had long teased him for permission to include the rich Hospital of the Holy Ghost within the walls. "Well," he cried at last, "since your town looks already so much like a night-cap, you may as well make this the tassel."

Deep in the valley below, the Tauber wound under its double bridge, which showed up in the distance like a fragment of Roman aqueduct. I thought of the company of crusaders who once rode down the zigzag hillside path and across that bridge, bound to redeem the Holy Sepulcher; and of the innumerable bands of pilgrims the olden times had seen winding up that hill toward the city that more than all others resembled, and still resembles, Jerusalem, to adore the drop of the Saviour's blood treasured in St. James's.

The Tauber sparkled on, past the tiny castle of the celebrated Burgomaster Topler, with its moat and two-arched bridge; past the delightful old mill, creaking and groaning among its poplars; toward the Romanesque church and the wonderful lime-tree of Detwang, that gem of a hamlet which Vernon Lee selfishly wished to conceal from the world.

An old woman sat down on a bench near by, and, as a matter of course, gave me a hearty salutation. She had lived in Rothenburg for seventy years, and it had hardly changed, except that more strangers came all the while to enjoy it.

Frau Weller invited me into her home, a minute, vine-smothered affair in the Herren-gasse, quite overpowered by its aristocratic neighbors. I had begun to hope that she would bring out my old man of the train and present him as her husband. But, alas! it developed that she was a widow and alone in the world.

"Ja, da lebt man halt bis man stirbt" ("Yes, one just lives here till one dies"), she said.

The tiny rooms had timbered ceilings

Etched by O. F. Probst

THE HERREN-GASSE

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FOUNTAIN IN THE KAPELLEN-PLATZ

and furniture of the Biedermeyer period. Frau Weller's greatest pride and joy was a porcelain clock with weights, and she brought out all the pathetic bright handkerchiefs of her youth to show me. Up doubtful stairs, almost too narrow for any but very frail humanity, I caught a glimpse of a Rembrandtesque attic full of fagots and rich gloom, with holes in the tiled roof through which soft, white clouds were visible, sailing in the bluest of heavens.

Old Frau Weller and I plighted our friendship on the spot, and I shall never again see the neighborly nose and chin of Judy without remembering mine hostess of Rothenburg and her sweet simplicity.

With much pride she introduced her cat.

"She is a direct descendant of the famous Kätzchen of Vorbach. What! Hast never heard tell of her? Well, it was this way: many years before I was born there was a plague of rats and mice in this neighborhood, and never a cat to be found. Finally the two hamlets of Vorbach and Detwang clubbed together and bought a cat from a peddler for two pounds of coppers. She was rented out by the day all over this neighborhood. That cat had so many opportunities that she knew not which way to turn. And to this day, if any one seems especially hurried and flurried, we tell him, 'You 're as busy as the Kätzchen of Vorbach.' "

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Past the Church of the Franciscans, with its delicate Gothic spire and its wealth of interesting sculptures and inscriptions, I returned to visit the courtyard between the old Rathaus and the new. Its principal treasure is the celebrated Renaissance portal. With its carvings in stone and mellow wood, and the old *Putzenscheiben* (small round panes, with a bubble of glass in the center) lantern still hanging over the steps, this portal seems to offer such promise of wonders within as no German Rathaus could fulfil, not even this one, with its fine *Kaisersaal*, where the *Meistertrunk*, a play of local history, is performed every year, and with its ghastly underground torture-chamber and dungeons where Burgomaster Topler met his death.

Near by, in the sleepy Kapellen-platz, I found a fountain—a sort of step-brother to the one in the market-place—flashing away in front of a façade full of half-timber work as gracefully patterned as the choicest lattice-galleries of the courtyards.

The White Tower, a souvenir like the Röder Arch of the original ring-wall, is happily framed from the town side by the Georgen-gasse; and the low archway, with the tower stairs creeping above it, reveals the distant Würzburg Gate, with its background of foliage.

Etched by O. F. Probst

THE KLINGEN-GATE TOWER

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Etched by O. F. Probst

AM PLÖNLEIN—SIEBERS TOWER AT THE LEFT AND COBOLZELLER GATE AT THE RIGHT

But outside, near the Crown Tavern's curious relief of a girl feeding a stag with a spoon, one may best see how perfectly the venerable fortification melts into the street picture. The "White" Tower is slate-colored, brown, blue, gray, dusky red, and a roof falls sheer away from it with bright patches of red down to a captivating corner oriel. This building, with its bit of walled garden, was once the Jewish dance-house. Old Jewish baths are still to be seen in the cellars.

From the Würzburg Gate, as from so many of the others, there looks down a stone face, probably the portrait of a would-be traitor; and inside of the archway a mysterious profile is roughly chiseled—a profile about which one hears all sorts of contradictory reports.

This northern part of the town wall is the best preserved, for it was built according to the theories of Vitruvius, and is the foremost example of its kind. On its broad top the maidens dance after the festival play. Here my friends, two young American painters, once gave their memorable Fourth of July celebration, and, after the fireworks, were carried home on the shoulders of the delighted inhabitants, an event that will doubtless be talked of in Rothenburg for generations.

I walked to the Klingen Gate along the

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gallery. This passage has never been used much except for defense, but its deeply worn pavement is eloquent of the town's martial history. I found it the haunt of rope-makers, with hemp flying from their girdles and lodged in their flaxen whiskers. Many of the loopholes were walled up, but through the open ones I caught rare little vignettes of flowering moat and a pleasant countryside in bloom.

The Klingen Gate, with its side turrets, rivals the Stöberlein Tower, with its corner ones, for the distinction of being Rothenburg's most beautiful tower. From the wall here a dark stairway winds down into the little Church of the Shepherds.

Some centuries ago the local Jews were believed to have conspired to poison the fountains, murder the watch, and make Rothenburg in very deed a new Jerusalem. But the shepherds of the neighborhood discovered and published the plot. As a reward, they were allowed, until late in the eighteenth century, to hold an annual festival in honor of this event. It began with a service in the little church, was continued, *crescendo,* at the Lamb Tavern, and ended in a hilarious dance about the Herterich Fountain, in which any burgher who joined the dance was incontinently doused.

I found a delicate oriel with *Putzenscheiben* at the corner of the Klingen-gasse and the Cloister Court. The venerable cloister building had been turned into public offices, but an obliging official showed me that rare sight, a genuine medieval kitchen, and the finely vaulted refectory above, from the window of which could be seen, on a distant hill, the ruins of a robber castle beyond the border in Würtemberg.

Of all the alluring ways beckoning out of the market-place, one of the most alluring to me was the Schmied-gasse, with its view of that notable Renaissance dwelling, the Architect's House. The great caryatids between the windows, with their reminiscence of the Erechtheum, and the stately portal and gable, bring out vividly the classical dignity and poise of the period, while the courtyard is teeming with Rothenburg's unique charm. There you may loll at tables made of old millstones, with moss and flowers growing from the hole in the center, and sip your coffee from earthenware cups of the quaint local pattern. That is the place to loaf and invite your soul while vaguely enjoying the carved shields and window-frames, the iridescent window-panes, the colors and patterns of the half-timber work, and the red galleries smothered in flowers. As you sip and dream, you begin to wonder whether it is not all too good to be true; whether the curtain will not suddenly clatter down and the orchestra begin to scrape and toot, for your sins, the popular ragtime of the moment.

A few steps southward, between the upper and lower Schmied-gassen, I stumbled on a curious fountain, a mossy shaft capped by a hybrid figure with the head of a Gothic Christus and the tail of a merman.

The lower Schmied-gasse ends Am Plönlein, where the road hesitates and grows charmingly confused between the rival seductions of two gate-towers. It finally compromises by forking down crookedly on the one hand to the Cobolzeller Gate, and running up on the other hand to the Siebers Tower, which bears above a Romanesque arch just the proper touch of color in a sky-blue clock. Above the Gothic arch on the other side I made out a stone traitor's face staring blindly down the Cap-Tassel; and, in delightful contrast to him, the bright face of a young girl, with a halo of flying, flaxen hair, peeping out of the embrasure above.

The Cobolzeller archway framed a scene of the purest beauty, which came to typify romantic Germany to me as much as any one scene could. On the left rose the town-wall, clothed with vines in all the colors of early autumn. On the right an arm of wall swept around, with the rich, deep tones of its wooden gallery, into the ruddy roof of a porter's lodge that nestled at the foot of a mighty, square tower. Above its roof was visible the onward sweeping rhythm of wall and tower, and, through the porter's archway, a glimpse of hillside foliage.

Mounted on corbels in the courtyard was a half-effaced stone relief equally suggestive of a Roman sacrificial procession and of an early Gothic procession to Calvary, so much can the ravages of time do toward leveling religious differences.

I walked outside the wall to look through the arch of the Lime Tower and see how majestically the city composed it-

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self from there; then went within for a few moments beside the huge mill where two and thirty horses used to grind Rothenburg's grain in time of siege.

Then on to the hospital inclosure, with its crowd of quaint buildings and its rustic atmosphere. Near a fragment of pond the pointed Hegereiter House squatted like some mysterious but kindly gnome, as though caricaturing the beautiful Stöberlein Tower hard by.

The Spital Gate, with its involved complex of courts and towers and bastions, seemed the most elaborate of the outworks of Rothenburg. Antiquated cannon still looked through the loopholes, as though to confirm the legend on the keystone of the outermost arch:

Pax intrantibus,
Salus exeuntibus.

(Peace to the entering,
Health to the departing.)

I had long heard of the glories of the "red city" seen toward dusk from the heights across the Tauber, when the flaming west made the roofs and tile-capped towers glow like a sunlit beaker of ruby wine. And each afternoon I had taken my way across the double bridge and past the old heathen place of sacrifice to the hillside opposite, hoping for perfect weather. But though the sky, during my stay, steadfastly refused to "blossom in purple and red," I had the chance to see how well Rothenburg could endure the ordeal of a colorless sunset.

The distant town made exactly the setting one would wish as the background for the most romantic story in the world. And I recalled with pleasure a passage from the memoirs of Ludwig Richter, that pioneer of romanticism: "Touring through Bavaria, I discovered a town which made one exclaim: 'This looks as if it had been designed by Ludwig Richter.'" Here for once reality had equaled the most radiant work of the imagination. The dozens of distant towers stood out in lively contrast to one another over the mellow, ruddy town that sat its hill with a gracious, genial air far removed from the frightened way that little Italian towns cling to their heights—towns which Carducci once compared to flocks of mountain goats terrified by wolves. Against the light background of the western wall a line of regularly shaped trees gave the effect of a Gothic colonnade.

All about me was peace. It was the season of the hay harvest. I could not see the laborers beyond the western ridge—only the forks of green grass that came tossing rhythmically up over the sky-line. A sickle of moon stood over the wain, and I could hear the harvest-song.

One after another the far-away steeples rang out the hour of eight. And as the sounds came floating across the valley, mingled with the low, delicate color-harmony of Rothenburg, I was glad that Nature had not seen fit to paint the rose.

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SHACKLETON AND THE SOUTH POLE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. ARMY

Commander of U. S. Arctic Expedition of 1881-4, author of "Three Years of Arctic Service," etc.

FOLLOWING Erichsen's extension of northeastern Greenland, and Sven Hedin's great discoveries in Tibet, comes the thrilling news of the varied and extraordinary successes of Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton in the Antarctic regions.

The sense of satisfaction in the definite location of the south magnetic pole, and in the practical attainment of the south terrestrial pole, are fortunately free from any untoward events which might excite regret or disappointment. One cannot but admire the perfection of equipment, the skill of execution, and the resourcefulness of the leader, and the solidarity, endurance, and determination of his subordinates, which insured, as well as deserved, success. It is evident that they were animated solely by the lofty spirit of human endeavor; the successes attendant on their almost superhuman efforts should give rise to no envy, and should deservedly win the plaudits of the civilized world.

It is fitting that these great Antarctic problems should be solved by British virility, since the famous Captain James Cook first lifted the veil of mystery from the unknown Southern seas by his unapproached achievement of circumnavigating the Antarctic Ocean in sailing-ships, discovering its magnificent and appalling ice conditions, and, through his skill and daring, surpassing by six hundred miles the latitude of his predecessors.

It will be recalled that Captain R. F. Scott, R. N., in attaining, in 1902, the highest Antarctic latitude, 82° 17′ S., was accompanied by Lieutenant Shackleton, whose illness from scurvy on the return journey would have imperiled the lives of the whole party but for the extraordinary pluck shown by the young officer. However, the field-work so affected his health that he was invalided and obliged to leave Scott's expedition in 1903.

While holding with Scott the Antarctic record, Shackleton, undeterred by his previous intense sufferings on the Great Ice Barrier, and, regardless of possible consequences through his impaired health, at the first opportunity fearlessly sought Antarctic service. Fortunately, he was assigned to the command of the British Antarctic Expedition, which sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand, on January 1, 1908.

The original plans looked to the establishment of the base of operations on King Edward VII Land, a new coast to the east of the barrier, discovered by Scott in 1902. Despite repeated attempts, the *Nimrod* was unable to force the formidable ice-pack bordering this coast, and Shackleton was compelled to find shelter five hundred miles to the westward. For twelve days the *Nimrod* experienced a series of violent gales, which made the landing of the party and their equipment a task of danger and extreme difficulty. The station was finally built at Cape Royds, Ross Island, fifteen miles south of the winter quarters of Scott's *Discovery* in 1902–04. It befell, therefore, that Shackleton was fortunately obliged to work over a region with which he was familiar.

Most thorough consideration had been given to the outfitting of the expedition, and its equipment surpassed in variety, quality, and fitness any hitherto known. Field shelter, food, and transportation, vital factors in success, were brought up to the highest standards.

Transportation was all-important, as in the great journey of 1902 every dog, nineteen in all, succumbed to the rigor and stress of polar field-work. While twenty-

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four Eskimo dogs were taken for special travel, in the main Shackleton depended for his primary transportation on Manchurian ponies, a breed noted for endurance and hardiness. Supplementary was a petrol motor-car, with both steel and hickory wheels, and appliances for substituting runners for the front wheels in traveling over soft snow.

Light, more convenient, woolen clothing replaced the cumbrous heavy furs of his predecessor, while the dietary was carefully formed of improved and selected food-articles, in order to prevent a recurrence of the attacks of scurvy which had weakened the previous party.

The winter passed busily, the specialists devoting themselves to scientific investigations, the others preparing for spring travel. Though a number of the ponies died, the remainder of them and the motor-car were used to good purpose in laying down advance-depots of provisions for journeys to the south and the magnetic pole. The most important depot was that of corn and provisions established on the Great Ice Barrier, in Lat. 79° 36′ S., Long. 168° E., about 150 miles from their camp and nearly half-way to the farthest point reached in 1902. This depot insured their unprecedented southing the following year.

Early in the spring of 1908, Shackleton took the field, leaving Cape Royds on October 29, which corresponds to April 29 in the Northern Hemisphere. His great journey really began on November 9, at White Island, from which the supporting party returned to camp, when, with four ponies, and on the heels of a blizzard, the four explorers, Shackleton, Adams, Marshall, and Wild, turned their steps southward over the dazzling, undulating surface of the Great Ice Barrier.

An explanation of the barrier is essential to a proper understanding of Shackleton's success. The road to the pole lay over Ross's Great Ice Barrier of 1841, one of nature's grandest and most remarkable highways, beside which man's supreme accomplishments are indescribably puny. The barrier is a resistless, funnel-shaped ice ocean,—in reality an ocean ice-cap,—the only known example that has survived the great Ice Age. Flowing down from the elevated snow-buried plateaus about the Antarctic pole, 10,000 feet and more above the sea, great glacial rivers have entirely filled the wide ocean inlet which lies between the high mountains of King Edward VII Land to the east and those of South Victoria Land to the west. Though difficult of adequate description, the barrier may be likened to a floeberg of vast size, its surface area being not far from 200,000 square miles, with an average thickness of 1000 feet. To comprehend its extent, one must imagine an ice-sheet, a fifth of a mile thick, covering the country from Boston to Detroit and extending northward from New York to Montreal.

To a great distance, if not throughout its whole extent, the barrier rises and falls with the polar tides. With its permanent and nearly level surface, it affords an ideal road for Antarctic travel. Over it Scott made his record in 1902, and now by the same roadway Shackleton has attained the vicinity of the pole.

The barrier grows by glacial accretions, as through every cañon and valley of adjoining lands burst enormous ice-streams, forming glaciers like the one later traversed by Shackleton, an ice-cap with a superficial area of nearly 5000 square miles, it being 120 miles long and 80 wide. The towering ice-cliffs of the seaward face of the barrier, suffering from the stress of violent gales in front and impelled by irresistible pressure from inflowing glaciers in the rear, send forth vast and innumerable ice-islands to dot the Antarctic Ocean. In sixty years 5000 square miles or more of the barrier have thus disappeared, and the incomparable ocean ice-cap is thus wasting away with the onward march of time.

Of the character of the barrier's surface, Scott says of this very route:

> The sky and snow surface merge in a terrible sameness of gray, making it impossible to see the spot on which one's foot is next to be placed, so that falls are plentiful. The hard, wave-like drifts, called *sastrugi*, often give way to heaped-up mounds of snow with steepish edges. In the softer snow the runners sink from three to four inches and a man's foot to the ankle. Most difficult are the chasms, filled with chaotic confusion of ice-blocks; and crevasses concealed from view by frail and unsuspected snow-bridges.

Over this road of uncertain light, with varied kinds of snow and dangerous cre-

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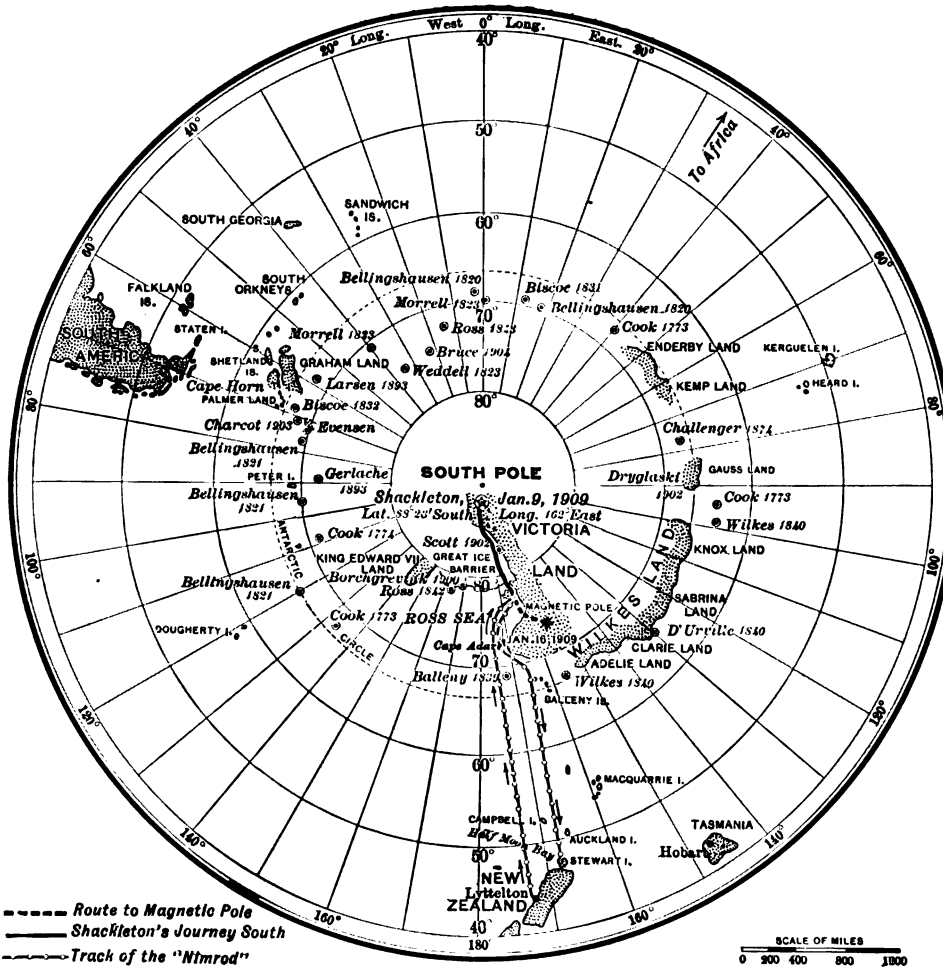

MAP OF LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON'S ROUTE TOWARD THE SOUTH POLE

vasses, Shackleton marched steadily, and in four days took up his advanced depot. The party then went on the polar travel ration, which is supposed merely to sustain life by barely replacing the body waste.

Profiting by his experiences in 1902, he traveled due south, keeping well out on the barrier and avoiding Victoria Land. Occasional difficulties made travel slow, but the new route was such an improvement that in thirteen days the party attained the latitude of the farthest south of 1902, which Scott, struggling along the shore ice-cliffs that year, had reached exhausted after forty days' travel.

Beyond this point many tribulations, such as soft snow, crevasse accidents, extreme cold, and snow-blindness of animals, taxed the courage and resourcefulness of Shackleton's party, impeding its progress, but not preventing steady advance. Three ponies were shot, and, to eke out their return rations, depots of the meat were made in Lat. 81° 04′ S., and Lat. 82° 45′ S. Discovering a new range of mountains trending to the southeast, they next encountered a broad, ice-filled valley, with an enormous glacier having a surface area of nearly 5000 square miles. This glacier was necessarily ascended, as it ran south-southwest, and must be crossed to reach the plateau land in the vicinity of the south pole.

Shackleton says:

We started to ascend the glacier at latitude 83° 33′ S., longitude 172° E. The glacier was badly crevassed as the result of

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tremendous pressure; it took a whole day to fight our way 600 yards. On December 7, the last pony, "Socks," breaking through a snow-bridge, disappeared in a crevasse of unknown depth. The swingle-tree breaking, we saved Wild and the sledge, which was damaged. Moving up the glacier, over the treacherous snow covering the crevasses, we frequently fell through, but were saved by our harness and pulled out with an Alpine rope.

They traveled twelve days under similar, glacier-crevassed conditions, until, on December 18, they reached an elevated plateau 6800 feet above the sea, in Lat. 85° 10′ S. Caching everything that could be spared, they reduced their food to twenty ounces daily, and advanced under frightful conditions, the plain being constantly swept by violent, snow-filled winds, with temperatures ranging from zero to 38° below. In the face of these awful southerly blizzards, suffering day and night, they pressed forward for over two weeks, dragging their weakened sledges and worn outfit. Finally nature could do no more, and being now at an elevation of 10,500 feet, they yielded to the exhausting effects of rarified air, insufficient nourishment, and intense cold.

Shackleton says of their last camp:

> The blizzard continued for 60 hours, during January [our July] 7–9; the wind blew 70 miles an hour, with 78 degrees of frost [–46°]. It was impossible to move, and members of the party were frequently frost-bitten in their sleeping-bags. . . . The geographical south pole is doubtless situated on a plateau, from 10,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea. The new mountains' altitudes range from 3000 to 12,000 feet. On January 9 we left camp, reaching 88° 23′ S., 162° E., the most southerly point ever reached. We hoisted the Union Jack presented to us by Her Majesty the Queen. The mountains [they discovered in all eight ranges and over a hundred new peaks] were visible, and we saw only a plain stretching to the south.

The return was one continuous strain, with soft snow, slow travel, food occasionally failing before they reached a depot, frequent blizzards, and extremely low temperatures for the season. The final affliction was illness through insufficient and unsuitable food, mostly pony-meat. At one time the whole party was prostrated for eight days. In their extremity everything was abandoned except camp-outfit and geological specimens. Within a day's forced march of the camp, Shackleton was obliged to seek aid from the home party, which fortunately was in time to bring all safe to the station.

Although of little popular interest, the most valuable scientific result of the expedition was the location of the magnetic pole by Professor Edworth Davis and four assistants. It had never before been visited, and its assigned position had been made by calculation, and so was only approximate.

Davis's journey first involved heart-breaking sledging over the rugged, broken ice-pack of the frozen sea, followed by frequent and fruitless attempts to ascend the glaciers leading to the inland ice. Violent blizzards, frequent crevasse accidents, and reduced food, discouraged the explorers and at one time threatened failure; but they persevered. After two months of such experiences, they finally scaled a branch glacier near Terra Cotta Bay, in Lat. 75° S., and reached the ice-capped plateau. Here, at an elevation of more than 7000 feet, they experienced severe wind-storms and an Antarctic summer temperature of –18°. After a journey of about 250 miles over the ice-cap, they reached the magnetic pole, their route being marked by various series of magnetic observations. By means of a Lloydreak dip-circle, Professor Marson located the south magnetic pole in Lat. 72° 25′ S., Long. 154° E.

Their prolonged absence nearly involved the loss of the party. When on their return they reached Drygalski Glacier, on Geikie Inlet, with their provisions virtually exhausted, they found the sea-pack broken up, and their return to their camp impossible. Fortunately they were able to obtain seal and penguins for food until the *Nimrod*, sighting their depot flag, brought them to the home station.

Adjacent to the permanent camp was the active volcano, Mt. Erebus, which is over 13,000 feet high. It is of interest to note that its ascension, by a week's trip in early autumn, was marked by the only permanent injury—the amputation of a frost-bitten toe. The new crater of Mt.

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Erebus, 800 feet deep, and half a mile in diameter, was active only in the ejection of steam and sulphurous gases.

On the return voyage of the *Nimrod,* an easterly extension of the coast of South Victoria Land was discovered in Lat. 69° 48′ S., Long. 166° 11′ E. It consists of ranges of tabular mountains from 5000 to 7000 feet high, trending southwest and then west to a point about forty-five miles west of Cape North. These mountains are doubtless the land connection of the Antarctic continent between Victoria Land and Wilkes Land, which Ross in 1844 and Scott in 1904 declared to be non-existent.

While this discovery is of importance to the geographic world in general, it is of extreme interest to Americans, as it confirms the claims of Wilkes to the discovery, on January 16, 1840, of the Antarctic continent, which he traced in wretched sailing-vessels through sixty degrees of longitude, from 95° E. to 155° E., with possible land in about 163° E.

Strange have been the historical vicissitudes of the Antarctic continent. A figment of geographic fancy evolved by Ortelius in 1570, the great Captain Cook thought that he had demolished it in 1773. Resuscitated by an American sealer, N. B. Palmer, in 1820, it took form and definite location under Wilkes's daring and persistent explorations of 1840, supplemented by those of D'Urville, Enderby, and Kemp. Ross eliminated Wilkes's discoveries from his charts, but the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicists, Carpenter and Murray.

Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the discoveries of the German Drygalski, the Scotsman Bruce, the Belgian Gerlache, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen, and the Englishman Scott, through the late labors of Shackleton, the Antarctic continent now appears to extend from Victoria Land west to Enderby Land, and from Wilkes Land across the south pole to Palmer Land.

Taken all in all, Shackleton's discoveries are the most important and extensive ever made within the Antarctic circle. He has determined the location of the magnetic pole, largely increased the known area of the Southern continent, virtually reached the south pole, and added materially to our general knowledge of those regions. He has known how to profit by the labors, and to emulate the deeds, of his predecessors. The successes of himself and his comrades show that the spirit of geographic exploration yet abides with "marine worthies, beyond name of worthiness." Shackleton himself is like to the typical Antarctic explorer, to whom Dalrymple dedicated his "Travels": "To the man who, emulous of Magalhaens and the heroes of former times (undeterred by difficulties and unseduced by pleasure) shall persist through every obstacle, and, not by chance, but by virtue, succeed in establishing intercourse with a southern continent."

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THE WAITING HAND

A STORY OF THIRTEEN AT TABLE

THE SECOND OF THREE STORIES WITH THE SAME MOTIVE, BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING WRITERS: MARGARET DELAND, S. WEIR MITCHELL, OWEN WISTER

"And I further direct that immediately upon my decease my executor, Cousin John Eldridge, shall sever, or cause to be severed from my body, my right hand; which hand he shall take to the west slope of Green Pastures Hill, and there bury it, with the forefinger pointing down Dead Tree Road. I further direct that my executor shall expend the sum of one hundred dollars for the purchase of a stone to be placed above the said hand; on which stone shall be engraved the following words:

'I BIDE MY TIME.'"

(Extract from the will of Betsey Eldridge, spinster, Bow, County of Lebanon, State of Maine, deceased, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, June 5, 1874.)[1]

"MRS. ALLEN and I are to go with the Morrises, and Elizabeth and the other young people are in our open car," Edwin Allen said; "so you two ladies will have the limousine to yourselves. Are you quite sure you have wraps enough? There are some extra robes in the trunk. Jones, get two coats out of the trunk."

"No, thank you very much," Mrs. Hastings protested graciously; "we are quite warm enough." And then, as her host closed the door of the car to go back to one of the other big automobiles that were setting out after a noon stop for luncheon, she sighed. "Poor fellow!" she said, and caught her breath. "Heavens! I hope he did n't hear me!"

"Of course he did n't," the other lady reassured her; "in the first place, he is a little deaf; and in the next place, if he had heard, he would never imagine that 'poor fellow' could apply to him. In fact, I must say I don't think it does. 'Poor fellow' and—*this!*" Miss Warrick made a comprehensive gesture.

"'This?'" Mrs. Hastings said. "But think what he has paid for 'this.'"

"He had no money of his own, I suppose?" Miss Warrick commented.

Mrs. Hastings shook her head. "All hers." Then, glancing at the whirlwind of dust ahead of them, she added, "Poor Morrises!"

"Ah, *that* I can understand," Mary Warrick said: "'poor Morrises,' indeed! Helen, really, she has *no* manners!"

"Lots of our friends are open to the same objection," Mrs. Hastings reflected; "and besides, you can't say Grace has no manners. She has plenty; but they are all bad."

Miss Warrick laughed. "Why on earth did he marry her? How could that gentleness of his endure her rudeness?"

"Well, probably she was not so rude then. She was young, you know. Besides, she must have been quite beautiful; you can see traces of it now, under the powder. And—the money. What will not a man give in exchange for two millions? I suppose it 's nearer ten by this time."

"Do you think that was why he did it?"

"Who can say? Of course, he may have been in love. Men are so queer; they fall in love with all kinds of women!"

[1] This clause in the will of Betsey Eldridge is not imaginary, but is quoted, under altered names, from a will admitted to probate, some thirty years ago.

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"They do indeed," murmured Mary Warrick.

"Yes," Mrs. Hastings said, harking back; "he has paid for 'this.' And he goes on paying. This tour is an illustration: he did n't want to come to Maine—she told me so herself. But *she* did; so here they are. I wonder what he has ever done to deserve her."

"Nothing very bad," Mary Warrick declared warmly; "poor fellow!"

And Mrs. Hastings cried out triumphantly: "There! you said it yourself—'poor fellow.' Fortunately he has Elizabeth. She 's a real comfort to him. Grace was dreadfully disgusted when Elizabeth came along; a baby was a bore. So Mr. Allen just took possession of the little thing. I believe he used to dress and undress her! My dear, in this world, we pay for everything we get; and the poor man who marries a rich woman pays a very high price."

"Queer, is n't it?" Mary Warrick meditated. "The beggar girl who marries King Cophetua is a noble creature; but the beggar man who falls in love with Queen Cophetua is almost inevitably damned."

"Edwin Allen has been damned, I 'm afraid," Mrs. Hastings said; "at any rate, he has never amounted to anything since he married her, though my own opinion is that he married her because he thought her money would help him to get ahead. Instead, he stopped short in his tracks. But he is n't the only one; I have known two or three instances where the price of marrying money was the killing of achievement. Do you remember—" and the two ladies fell into the comfortable reminiscence of middle age. In the midst of it, in answer to a signal from the roadside, the motor came to an abrupt and purring standstill. Edwin Allen, a tall, patient old figure, laden with automobile wraps, was standing behind his wife, who had hailed the chauffeur with a peremptory gesture.

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"SHE WANDERED OFF . . . TO READ . . . THE USUAL HOTEL COLLECTION OF TIME-TABLES AND POSTERS AND AUTOMOBILE ROUTES"

"Jones! Stop! Well, girls, we 've decided to come back to you. Edwin, *do* open the door. Mary Warrick, I told the Morrises I could n't live without you for another minute. But the truth was, I could n't live another minute with Mrs. Morris. Oh, Helen, you are positively obese! My dears, the Morris woman simply talked me to death. Wait, Jones! Don't start till I 'm ready. Oh, heavens, these wraps! Mary, for mercy's sake take that pin out of my veil. Jones, go on. Oh, slowly, Jones, slowly. There! I wonder if my other car has got to the hotel. I shall die if Celeste is n't there to have things ready for me. Girls, I 've decided not to go on to-morrow; I 'm going to stay at the hotel for a day."

"I am afraid you are tired," Miss Warrick said gently.

"Tired? Not at all; I 'm never tired." But a dead pallor under the whiteness of powder, and a faint tremor of her frizzled, yellow head, denied her denial.

"I 've heard the hotel is rather horrid," Mrs. Hastings ventured—Inside she was raging at herself: "It serves me right. Why did I accept her invitation? These frightfully rich women are bullies!—It 's a rather noisy place, I believe," she said.

"Oh, yes; one of those vulgar hotels,"

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Mrs. Allen said; "full of the sort of people who pronounce 'water' as though it had two t's; you know the kind. Perfectly impossible; but rather good fun, just for a day." She looked with haggard eyes at the carriage clock, then, bending forward, tapped on the glass, and called shrilly: "Jones, faster!" And the car, bumping over the narrow, rocky road, leaped into a swaying forty miles that made the other two quake. There was almost an hour of abominable riding and growing irritability before they drew up at the big, hideous hotel, the usual summer hotel of pinnacles and scalloped shingles and wide, dark verandas. Mrs. Allen pushed out of the car first, and, hobbling lamely into the great hall, demanded to be shown to her room. "Did my maid come? . . . Is she up-stairs? . . . Send me some tea at once. . . . No; I won't have my maid on the top floor. You must give her a room next to me. . . . What? For one of my party? You must give them some other room. And send me the bill of fare. I won't come down to dinner. Edwin," she ended, brushing past her husband to the elevator; "just sort our people out, and give them their rooms."

"Mother!" Elizabeth Allen said under her breath, her cheeks scarlet with that peculiar misery of youth which is ashamed of age. Then, while the rest of the party, tired, but tongue-tied by courtesy, awaited old Mr. Allen's slow and painstaking arrangements for their comfort, she wandered off to look at the register, and to read, with absent eyes, the usual hotel collection of time-tables and posters and automobile routes. "I 'll take 'em all off to-morrow somewhere for a picnic," she said to herself. "Father will enjoy the ride, poor dear; mama won't go."

Then she turned to do her duty to one of her mother's guests, who had followed her, trying, as we all do under such circumstances, to show, by an elaborate ease tempered with jocularity, that he saw nothing unusual in the behavior of his hostess. "Oh, Mr. Howard, what do you think," she said; "Dolbeare, the great Dolbeare, is in the hotel! I saw his name in the register."

"What," the young man exclaimed, "not *Dolbeare?*"

Elizabeth gave a triumphant nod. "I 'm crazy to see him."

"I 'll look through his keyhole, if I can't see him any other way," Howard said. "Why, we fellows would give our old boots, Miss Allen, to be allowed to just wash his brushes."

"If you feel that way about him," she said, "why don't you go and speak to him? You are an artist, too."

" 'Too!' " Howard said dryly. "That sounds well—'me and Dolbeare.' " And then he explained that he really could n't "butt in." "He 's a big man, you know, Miss Allen."

Later, when the guests had all been placed, and the elevator was tugging Mr. Allen and his daughter up to the top floor, where he was to take Celeste's discarded room, Elizabeth looked at her father anxiously. "Tired, darling?"

"A little, dear."

"Don't come down to dinner. I can look after them."

"And who would look after you?"

"I don't need to be looked after. Daddy, please be careful of yourself; Mr. Howard said you looked white."

"Howard is a donkey."

"But I won't have you look white," she declared, following him into his room. "Please lie down, Daddy; oh," she interrupted herself, "Father! What do you think? Dolbeare is staying here. I saw his name in the register. You used to know him, did n't you?"

"Henry Dolbeare!"

And his girl, flinging up her head with quick jealousy, cried out: "He 's not the only pebble on the beach. You 'd have been just as big an artist as he is, if you had chosen to—Father—did you ever repent not choosing?"

"Betsey," he said in his soft, deaf voice, "in this world one is always repenting."

"Except, maybe, for not being a famous artist, *you* have nothing to repent of, you duck!" she retorted; and then she urged him, with girlish fervor, to introduce himself to the painter.

"Oh, no," he said shortly; "I would n't think of it. It was very long ago; he has forgotten me, quite forgotten me."

She did not press the subject; the gray fatigue in his face troubled her. "Don't worry about to-morrow, Daddy, and all these people. We 'll go off on some sort of picnic; there is a place I read about down in the office called Lost Lake, and—"

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"Lost Lake!"

"And we 'll turn 'em loose on each other," she ended.

"But," he protested hurriedly, "I—I 'm sure the ladies won't feel equal to a picnic to-morrow. And besides—" He sank down on the edge of the bed in such frank exhaustion that she piled up the two thin pillows and made him lie down —"besides," he went on, when he breathed less quickly, "Lost Lake is thirty miles away. You don't want to go—there."

had arranged a pleasant afternoon for him. "I 'll put him on a front seat, so he won't have to talk to anybody," she thought; "and the picnic part won't bore him much."

In their own rooms, two of Mrs. Allen's guests were looking at each other in despair.

"Why do we subject ourselves to this kind of thing? I declare, I—"

"For exactly the same reason, my dear Mary, that that poor man married her:

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"PLEASE LIE DOWN, DADDY"

"Yes, I do; I read all about it. We 'll have to start right after luncheon, and we won't get back till nine—Why! but how do you know how far off it is?"

"I—I 've heard of it. It is n't very attractive. I don't believe you 'd like it."

"You just don't want to go to my party," she said, aggrieved.

"Of course I do; but—" he hesitated—"I merely thought—oh, well, well," he ended helplessly, "we 'll go, if you want to, chick." And the "chick," with a quick kiss on the top of his gray head, left him, with the comfortable conviction that she

we do it because we want comfort and amusement and luxury; and the price we pay for them is swallowing her rudeness. Well, to-morrow I suppose I 'll swallow some more; I 'll sit round with her in this dreadful hotel, so that I can go on in one of her cars the next day. Do you notice that she always speaks of them as 'my' cars? Shocking taste."

"We need n't sit round," Miss Warrick comforted her; "Elizabeth has come to the rescue. She has a scheme of taking us all off to have supper near some lake. It seems the Grays are in the hotel—you

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know whom I mean? That fat, good-natured, stupid Mrs. Gray who was a Miss Brace. Elizabeth has made them promise to come, too. It 's only about sixty miles run, there and back, but it will take us away right after lunch; and you know *she* does n't appear until just a minute before luncheon. Celeste has to work like mad to get her presentable by that time." There was an appreciative chuckle from the other room, and then Mrs. Hastings called out, "Mary."

"Yes?"

"I hear Dolbeare is in the hotel—"

"What, *Dolbeare?*"

"Yes. I will bet you two to one that she will get him in tow. She likes lions, you know."

"Lions don't like her—the real ones."

"He 's real enough," Mrs. Hastings conceded; "but I 've heard that he 's a mild creature who could n't snub anybody to save his life, so he 's at her mercy; she will attach him to her chariot wheels. You see if I 'm not right." Then, with a hairpin between her lips, she mumbled some further gossip: "I suppose you know that years ago he and our host belonged to that little group of artists that used to starve down in University Place and wear their coats buttoned up to their chins because white shirts were not their long suit. Some of them have gone far since those days. Dolbeare is famous; and Mr. Allen—rides in Mrs. Allen's autos."

Edwin Allen showed no disposition to presume upon any early intimacy with the painter, although his daughter urged him to introduce himself, and young Howard ventured a word or two about hoping he might have the honor of meeting Mr. Dolbeare, and the ladies of the party frankly said they were dying to know the great man. It was not until the next day, just before luncheon, when Mrs. Allen, fresh from the genius of Celeste, came to join her party on the wide veranda that Dolbeare's fate was decided.

"What! Edwin knows him?" she said. "Why on earth has n't he spoken to him? Edwin, please go instantly and find him, and present him to me."

"Perhaps we could get a real, roaring lion to go on the picnic," Elizabeth murmured coaxingly. But her father was obdurate.

"I would rather not," he told his wife, looking at her with faded blue eyes that had beneath their hopelessness a lurking obstinacy. "Mr. Dolbeare has, of course, quite forgotten me, and I don't care to intrude upon him." He was leaning back against the porch railing, a long, lean, rather frail figure in gray tweeds, holding his stick and Panama hat in hands that were exquisitely sensitive and refined. In his gentle and nervous hesitancy he gave the impression of a wavering gray shadow, ready to efface itself at the first opportunity. The opportunity came with his refusal to obey his wife's behest; he drifted away, and a few minutes later Mary Warrick, going toward the dining-room, saw him hunched up in a chair, his hat on the back of his head, his cane swinging idly between his long, thin fingers, his melancholy eyes fixed on the hard line of the sea and sky. Below him the sparkling expanse of the bay had ruffled into green and violet under a west wind that was heeling a catboat until there was a breathless instant of flashing centerboard; up on the veranda it whirled duck skirts into flapping spirals, and blew Edwin Allen's gray hair in sparse disorder about his hollow temples: but even under its fresh buffeting, his face had a pallor that was not good to see.

As he left the disappointed group, Mrs. Allen shrugged her shoulders. "Edwin is really too absurd," she said. "Why should n't he speak to Dolbeare? They were students together. Elizabeth, go and get one of my cards from Celeste." And while her daughter, divided between reluctance to do anything her father would not approve, and desire to secure a "real lion" for her picnic, went to get the card, Mrs. Allen said that she meant to stay on for three or four days. "This horrid, vulgar place amuses me," she explained; "there is to be a hop to-night, and I want to see these people dance. Besides, Helen Hastings needs the rest. Fatigue shows at your age, my dear Helen, does n't it?"

"Not always," Mrs. Hastings said glibly. "You never used to show it much, when you were fifty. I remember, as a girl, thinking how tireless you were."

"*Touché!*" said Howard under his breath; but Mrs. Allen was discreetly deaf. "Mrs. Morris," she was saying, "you will wait, won't you? Then our motors can go on together. It 's such fun to

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Drawn by Orson Lowell

"'WHY DO WE SUBJECT OURSELVES TO THIS KIND OF THING?'"

have a progressive tour, and change into each other's cars. Elizabeth is possessed to go to some lake to-night and have a supper, and your boy and girl are indispensable. I go? Dear me, no! I hate that sort of thing. I 'm going to stay at home and write letters. I have millions to answer. I wish I had brought that secretary of mine; but she would have taken up a seat in an auto; she objects, if you please, to being put with Celeste! Mary Warrick, do take pity on me and help me write some notes."

"Miss Warrick is going to my picnic," Elizabeth announced, dropping the card-case into her mother's lap; "she sha'n't desert me." She put her fresh cheek against Mary Warrick's pale one, and whispered in her ear: "Say you won't. I 'll back you up." And then she added carelessly: "You ought to go yourself, Mama; only that would make us thirteen. I 've counted noses."

Mrs. Allen shrieked prettily: "Thirteen? Horrid! I would n't go for anything. Besides, I don't like to have spiders walk all over me."

"Well," Elizabeth agreed amiably, "there are spiders, of course."

"Oh, do come, dear Mrs. Allen!" Mrs. Morris urged. "At a picnic we all sit on the ground. Nothing gruesome can happen to thirteen at table when there is n't any table." But Mrs. Allen, writing a gracious word or two on her card, and sending young Howard off to present it to Dolbeare, did not take the trouble to reply.

"We are to start at three o'clock,"

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Elizabeth was explaining, "and we are to have supper on the shore, and a big fire. Better come, Mama."

"I can't think of anything I should like less to do," Mrs. Allen said good-naturedly. "Run along, Elizabeth, and get your hampers packed. Oh," she mourned, as Elizabeth disappeared, "that child is a perfect tyrant! I suppose you 'll have to go, Mary, you poor dear, though I know you loathe spiders as much as I do; and we could have had such a good time here, just you and I, writing letters. However, I shall have Mr. Dolbeare to talk to. Yes, Elizabeth is a darling, but sometimes I 'm afraid she is just the least little bit selfish. I suppose I 've spoiled her, and spoiled children are always selfish. Ah, Edwin," she broke off, looking up at her husband, who had strayed back again to his guests, "has Elizabeth roped you in for this afternoon? I was just telling Mary Warrick that that child is dreadfully tyrannical."

"She must get it from me," he said; and Mary Warrick dared not look at him.

"She does n't get it from me," his wife declared. "I would n't give in to her, if I were you, Edwin. Why don't you stay at home? If you want something to do, I 'll give you some letters to write."

"Oh, I don't mind going," he said hastily.

"Well," his wife said, looking up at him, "admit! Is n't this sea air pretty nice? I 'm going to stay a few days, I forgot to tell you—Edwin was possessed not to come to the coast," she added to Miss Warrick. "He wanted to go to the mountains; but I told him he did n't know what was good for him. I hate the mountains in August."

"It 's very pleasant here, my dear," he said vaguely. "The view—"

"Oh," Mrs. Allen interrupted, "here comes Mr. Dolbeare!"

Edwin Allen, without looking around, moved away from the little circle about his wife; but every one was so eager to see the very tame and even timid lion who was coming along the veranda with Howard that no one noticed the quiet withdrawal. The mildly bored look on Dolbeare's ruddy, elderly face confessed a temperament that found it painful to say anything so unfriendly as "No"; so here he was, torn from his newspaper, prepared to make himself agreeable to half a dozen middle-aged females he had never met, and did n't want to meet.

"You used to know my husband back in the seventies, ages before I knew him," Mrs. Allen said; "you were young artists together, then, I believe. But you chose glory, and Edwin—"

"Chose love, Madam," Dolbeare said, bowing over her hand. His florid gesture, graceful in spite of his size, matched the monocle and the pointed white beard, and the little lifting of the shoulders and eyebrows. "But," he added, with exaggerated deprecation, "you will forgive an old man whose youth is hidden in the mists of antiquity before you were born, I—I do not recall the man who made so wise a choice." He glanced at her card again as he spoke, and his face, very fat and red, changed slightly. "You mean—you don't mean Ned Allen!" he said.

"Of course I do," Mrs. Allen said. "Edwin! Why, where is he? He was here an instant ago. Mrs. Hastings, let me present—"

The lion made the best of the next tiresome ten minutes, but once or twice he gave a swift look along the porch, and once he turned abruptly, as if he thought some one had come up behind him.

"Elizabeth, go and find your father," Mrs. Allen said. "He will be enchanted to meet you, Mr. Dolbeare."

Elizabeth, turning to obey, paused long enough to say prettily: "Do you condescend to picnics, Mr. Dolbeare? We should be so glad if you would come to ours this afternoon."

"I adore them," the painter declared; "but, alas! my dear young lady, I have some tiresome letters to write."

"When the letters are finished, perhaps you will drive with me?" Mrs. Allen suggested graciously; and before amiability could find another lie, Elizabeth had, as she expressed it, "rounded her father up."

"Here is my husband," Mrs. Allen said; and Dolbeare's redness of the wind and sun turned purple.

"Why, ah-h—hullo, Allen!" He thrust out his hand with awkward fervor. "By Jove! you have n't changed a—a—a particle!"

The obvious absurdity of the statement was less noticeable than was his embarrassment in making it. But apparently Edwin Allen did not notice either the words or

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the manner. He extended a meager hand, and said briefly:

"How do you do, Mr. Dolbeare?"

"This is—is perfectly delightful," Dolbeare stammered effusively; "we have n't met," he explained to the others, removing his monocle, and putting it back again with a grimace, "for—Lord! how many years, Allen?"

"Very many," Edwin Allen said, his face grayer than ever. "Mrs. Hastings, does Elizabeth's picnic tempt you?" And with that the conversation became general.

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"'BUT YOU CHOSE GLORY, AND EDWIN—' 'CHOSE LOVE, MADAM,' DOLBEARE SAID"

"I 'm not going," Mrs. Allen explained to the great man; "picnics are such bores." But when Elizabeth ventured again her little invitation, Dolbeare did not seem to think her picnic a bore; at any rate, he changed his mind about the letters:

"My dear young lady, you are a temptress; how can a poor old painter man resist you? Of course I 'll go."

"That will be delightful for everybody, especially for father," said Elizabeth, joyously; and Dolbeare opened his lips with a sort of gasp.

"Your—your father is going?"

"Yes," Elizabeth said gaily; "he balked at first, but I coaxed him along with a little sugar. Now, please, everybody be ready at exactly three o'clock—Oh, dear! I don't like those clouds up there!"

But three o'clock lapsed into four before the start was made, the confusion of seating people takes so much time. Elizabeth wanted to put her father and Tom Howard and Mr. Dolbeare all together; but of course that could not be. And indeed Mr. Allen would not allow it:

"Mr. Dolbeare will go in the limousine with Miss Warrick and Mrs. Gray; and Mr. Howard, will you take one of the revolving-seats? I know Miss Maud wants to be outside. Mrs. Morris, may I sit by your chauffeur?"

As for Dolbeare, he allowed himself to be pushed into the Morris car, and then pulled out, and then packed into the limousine; he let himself be placed anywhere, to suit anybody's convenience. Perhaps, just at the last moment, when Mr. Allen called his name, there was a little hesitancy, a little holding-back; perhaps he thought of the dear idleness for which "letters" had stood: he gave a shrinking glance, first at Scylla shaking a

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frizzled yellow head on the hotel porch, and calling down giddy pleasantries to the departing picnickers; and then at Charybdis waiting patiently at the door of the limousine. And with that look he made himself a resolute bodkin to Miss Warrick and the vague and amiable Mrs. Gray.

Howard on an uncomfortable revolving-chair had turned his back upon the August landscape, so that he could look at the artist. When he got a chance at last to put in his oar, he had his pretty speech all ready:

"Mr. Dolbeare, I suppose you know that the museum has secured 'Green Pastures'? We felt we had made a ten strike."

"Well, that 's very nice in you," Dolbeare said good-naturedly.

"Was n't it painted in Maine?" Howard asked. "I have always felt as if that rocky slope beyond the two figures could only be in Maine."

The painter looked pleased. "Yes," he said; "I did it up here; in fact, not very far away."

"Dear me! how exciting!" murmured Mrs. Gray, absently.

Dolbeare sighed. "Lord! how young I was! About your age, my boy. Yes; Ned Allen and I were up here painting that summer. He was doing a thing called 'Young Love'—good work, good work. We boarded at a farm-house on the other side of Lost Lake, and—"

There was an exclamation of surprise. "That 's where we are going this afternoon!"

Dolbeare started. "What! To—to Lost Lake?"

"Yes," said Howard; "unless a shower turns us back. Those clouds up there look a little threatening, I think."

The two ladies glanced anxiously at a rather inky horizon, and Miss Warrick said in a disturbed voice, "I hope that does n't mean rain." But Howard was too much interested to talk about the weather.

"Mr. Allen an artist? He never opens his mouth on the subject of art!"

Dolbeare looked out of the window. "He was, all the same. 'Young Love' would have been a big thing—if he had only finished it. I heard he painted it out. I think it was the last thing he did."

"Dear me! what a pity!" murmured Mrs. Gray.

"Why did he stop painting?" said Mary Warrick.

Dolbeare took out his eye-glass with a grimace. "He married."

"But," Miss Warrick protested with spirit, "marriage does n't necessarily kill art."

Dolbeare lifted deprecating eyebrows. "Art, my dear lady, is a mistress who is terribly jealous of a wife. Although in his case I always thought our friend believed that marriage would help him in his career. He was passionately ambitious, and would have sacrificed anything to get ahead. Not, of course, that marriage with so charming a lady can be called a sacrifice; only, unfortunately, though I am sure she made him the happiest of men, she did n't like our humble profession. So he threw it over."

"How tragic to throw over a career!" Howard said.

"Tragic?" the artist repeated. "Well, would it have been less tragic to throw over love? Men have thought they could buy a career that way, young man, and have found that it was not worth the price. Yes," he ended, with a little shrug; "Sometimes one pays, and finds the goods are not as invoiced."

"Dear me!" Mrs. Gray interrupted nervously, "was n't that thunder?"

Upon which Maud Morris, turning round on her front seat, declared it was simply going to pour, and that it would be dreadfully good sport to eat supper in a pouring rain on the shore. "I never ate in the rain," she announced ecstatically.

"I never want to," Miss Warrick said briefly. "If you young fry like that sort of thing, you can do it; but I sha'n't. Oh, my dear Mrs. Gray, it really is going to pour!" And indeed the grumble of thunder was unmistakable. Low in the west the livid indigo of the sky was heightened by wraiths of white scud which were moving across it with ominous rapidity.

"Lots of wind up there," Howard said.

"Dear me! don't you think we had better turn back?" Mrs. Gray asked nervously. "I am not fond of thunderstorms."

"The Morrises are slowing up," Tom Howard said. "Hold hard, Jones! Let 's

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hear what they have to say. Perhaps Mr. Allen does n't want to go on."

And when the three motors finally stopped at a fork in the road, and their occupants got out to stand about and discuss what must be done, Mr. Allen was very definite in not wanting to go on. "I think we shall have a very heavy storm. Yes, by all means, let us turn back." But his mild voice was lost in the chorus of young dismay.

"What does a little rain amount to!"

"Who speaks to go on?"

"But," Mrs. Hastings protested, "if there should be a downpour—"

"There won't be," Elizabeth said, looking up at the rack of blue-black clouds torn into misty fringes on the edges; "that 's only wind. Besides, even if it does rain a little, we don't mind, do we, girls?" And the clamor of not minding drowned her father's nervous protest: "We had better turn back. Really, I—I am sure we had bet—" But even while he spoke, Youth conquered him, and he was pushed into a car—this time into his own limousine. "Because, if it does rain, I don't want you to get wet, Daddy," Elizabeth explained. So, silently, he took Howard's place.

Mr. Dolbeare murmured some commonplace about the weather, but a moment later, under cover of the chatter about them, both old men fell silent.

"Dear me! do let 's go on!" Mrs. Gray entreated. "I don't like to sit here in these gasolene things; I believe they attract the lightning."

"I find much consolation," said Mr. Dolbeare, "in reflecting that 'On two days it boots me not to flee from fate.' "

"Really?" said Miss Warrick. "I confess I always try to flee."

"As soon as they get the curtains up on the other cars," Dolbeare encouraged her, "you can flee—" There was a blinding zigzag of lightning, and his words were lost in the instantaneous and appalling crack of thunder that burst into an enormous crash, then rumbled profoundly into silence. The inevitable downpour was upon them. The girls, some of them declaring palely that they were not frightened, went scuttling into their motors, while the men jumped about in the deluge, buttoning on curtains and putting up glass fronts.

"Ah," Mr. Allen murmured in a satisfied voice to any one who could hear him through the tumult, "we shall have to turn back now."

"But we 'd better take shelter somewhere for a while," Miss Warrick said decidedly; "we can't go right into the storm."

"This seems to be a particularly deserted spot," Dolbeare observed; then he put in his monocle, and peered at a bleached and faded signboard sagging sidewise on a stone post. " 'Seven miles,' " he read. "Seven miles from what? Can you make that first word out, Miss Warrick?"

"Lost Lake," she said; " 'Lost Lake, seven miles.' "

Dolbeare's plump hand suddenly gripped into a fist; he said something under his breath. Then aloud: "this must be Dead—" He stopped short, with a furtive look at Mr. Allen; but his exclamation had not been heard.

Tom Howard, on the front seat, tapped on the window, and called out, "What do you say to trying whether the people in that house ahead there would take us in until the shower lets up?" He pointed to a brick house standing gauntly behind a row of moldy lilac-bushes a stone's throw from the road.

"Good idea," Mr. Dolbeare called back; and Howard, buttoning his coat up to his chin, dashed through sheeting rain to a gate hanging by one hinge to a rotting wooden post. There was a brooding decay about the whole place: a dying Lombardy poplar with a ragged heart whipped back and forth in the wind, and, pressing close upon the weedy pathway, box hedges, shoulder high and dripping wet, were choked with dead twigs. Howard, pushing between them, found a door, without a step and with spiders' webs thick in the corners of the frame. He pounded, and heard an echo, but no answering footsteps.

"I 'll try the back door," he called to the motors; and breaking through the hedge, made his way to the shingled ell. The elderly man who replied to his knock looked at him with sunken eyes that smoldered dully under a shining dome-like forehead.

"Why, yes," he said slowly, when Howard asked if his party might come in—"yes; *I* don't mind you." And Tom ran

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half-way back to the road to make wild gestures to the autos.

"That means, 'Come on!' " somebody said in a relieved voice, and immediately the big cars began to pound through the mud. A minute later there was a little bustle of drawing back the dripping curtains and trying to turn the stiff handles of the doors. With each crashing volley of thunder the rain seemed to come down more heavily, which made the girls shriek with delighted dismay, and gave the young men the chance to offer their coats and make themselves generally absurd.

"You are very good to be willing to take us in," Mrs. Hastings said, stepping out of her car. She looked at the old man in the doorway, and smiled; "but there are so many of us, I am afraid you will repent your hospitality."

"There 's room enough," he said; "there 's nobody in the house besides me, except a dead man, my cousin John Eldridge."

"Good—*Lord!*" Henry Dolbeare said under his breath. One of the girls screamed faintly; Tom Howard took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir; of course we will go on." In the silent flutter back to the cars, Mr. Allen, leaning from the open door of the limousine, said in his mild, deaf voice:

"Where are we? What is the name of this place?"

"Oh," murmured one of the curtained occupants of the motors, "do let us go on! Oh, don't wait!"

"This is Dead Tree Road," the old man said. Edwin Allen recoiled as if from a blow; he put one hand over his mouth, and fell back into his corner; he gave a furtive look at Dolbeare.

"You won't come in?" the man said. "John Eldridge won't harm you."

"John—who?" Mr. Allen said faintly; and Mrs. Gray told him the name sounded like Eldridge; she was n't sure. "Dear me! do let us start!" she urged.

Tom Howard, pausing to let a crackling boom of thunder die away, said gravely, "We will not trouble you, sir; we will go on."

"Well, if you 're afraid of a dead man—but it 's just as you say, of course. You can go into a barn a piece further up the road, if you want to. Here—here 's a key that 'll open the padlock." He fumbled in his pocket. "You can wait there until the rain 's over. If anybody asks you your business, you just say John Eldridge's cousin told you you could stop there. It 's my place now—since two o'clock last night. He died at two. Leave the key in the padlock; I 'll get it later on."

Howard, stammering his perturbed thanks, took the key, and scurried back to the front seat of the limousine. There was a general sigh of relief as the motors began to back out of the farm-yard into the open road.

"Dear me! how dreadful!" Mrs. Gray murmured to Mr. Dolbeare, who was silent. But Mr. Allen said breathlessly, "Dreadful—yes."

The cars, bumping in melancholy file along the narrow, twisting road, grass-grown in the center and overhung with branches, were suddenly silent. Hardly any one spoke until they came to a standstill before a little house crouching beside a barn that loomed up, crumbling and enormous, in the twilight of rain.

"Why, the cottage is boarded up!" said Elizabeth. She had pulled back a drenched curtain, and was peering out. The place was plainly deserted; the barn, lichen-spotted and gray with years, was attached to the house by a line of sheds; it was settling and sagging, as if the hand of Time had given it a push and sent it staggering backward on its rotting sills. As for the house, its dilapidation hardly needed boarding up: a wing on one side had been torn down, leaving a gaping, weed-grown hole that had once been a cellar; the curling shingles on the roof were littered with bricks from a fallen chimney; one panel of the weather-beaten door had been broken in; and the glass in the single dormer window had been a mark for every idle hand that could pick up a pebble.

"What a gruesome place!" Mrs. Hastings said doubtfully. "I think I prefer the motor." But Mr. Gray and Tom Howard had opened the barn doors, and at the sight of the wide, empty floor, the spirits of the young people began to rise.

"Look here," Howard called back to everybody in general, "what do you say to having supper in here, instead of just hanging round like a lot of wet roosters, waiting for the rain to stop?"

"Perfectly fine!" said Elizabeth.

The older people demurred.

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"Oh, Mrs. Hastings," Elizabeth reproached her, "*you* don't want to go home to a miserable, commonplace hotel dining-room for supper? It would be too ignominious!"

"Well, ask the other people," Mrs. Hastings hesitated.

"Are you game, if they are?" Howard entreated. And when, rather ruefully, she said she was, he ran from car to car to shout her consent under the dripping hoods; there was a little lack of unanimity in the replies that were made:

"I think we 'd better just wait till the rain holds up, and then—"

"Corking! Tom, you are a genius!"

"Get out, everybody!"

"We 'd better let them do it," Miss Warrick told Mr. Allen.

He sighed faintly. "Well," he said—"well."

As for Dolbeare, he did not say what he thought of himself for having been an amiable ass, but he had his opinion.

The barn stretched back into shadowy recesses of stalls and cow stanchions. The wide floor was littered with rusting tools—a broken plow or two, and an upturned harrow, its teeth still caked with mud. There was a soft flutter of rain on the roof, but the air was dry, and sweet with hay piled on each side in enormous mows that were lost in the shadows under the rafters. A dim oblong high in the gable marked a cobwebby window, but the light was so faint that it served only to show a frightened stir of bats in the vast darkness overhead.

"How perfectly quaint!" one of the girls declared. "It 's a million times better than your old lake, Elizabeth." And Elizabeth, standing on the threshold and calling to Jones to bring in the hampers, admitted that an empty barn was awfully good sport.

"Will you come in?" Edwin Allen said formally to Mr. Dolbeare, who answered effusively:

"Yes, by Jove! Is n't this delightful!" But as they crossed the threshold the two men separated; the artist attached himself to Mrs. Hastings, and Mr. Allen sat down on an upturned bucket at the farther side of the barn. He leaned back against the hay, and passed a thin hand over his eyes. When Mary Warrick drifted near him, he struggled to his feet to offer his bucket; but she said she preferred some hay on the floor.

"Mr. Dolbeare says you and he once sketched together in this part of the world," she said. "How interesting to come back to it with him now!"

"Very interesting," he agreed.

"He told Mr. Howard that 'Green Pastures' was painted somewhere in this vicinity."

"Really?"

"I feel like making a pilgrimage to the spot," Mary Warrick said fervently; and Mr. Allen said again:

"Really?"

Miss Warrick swallowed a yawn; she had done her duty, she thought. She made no further effort to talk to him; instead she called out to know if she could help in the preparations for supper, "And what on earth are the children about!" she cried.

The children, it appeared, had made the exciting discovery that the door from the barn into the woodshed could, by judicious pressure, be forced open, which had made it possible for them to explore the house.

"And what do you suppose?" cried Maud Morris. "There 's a table in there, and chairs! Did you ever know anything so madly exciting? We are going to bring them out here."

Elizabeth demurred. "A regular table? How dreadfully respectable! Maud, you *are* respectable; I 've always suspected it."

"I 'm not," cried the indignant Maud; "I won't be called respectable. The table is all dropping to pieces." And when the table had been brought in, Elizabeth admitted that it did not suggest respectability. The preparations went on with the usual screams and ejaculations, the girls very much in the way, the young men asking how they could make themselves useful, the matrons patiently doing the work.

"Poor Mr. Dolbeare!" Mrs. Hastings sympathized, "who set you to scrambling those eggs? Elizabeth? The little wretch! Pray don't try to do it; go and have a cigarette with Mr. Allen."

"I adore to scramble eggs," Mr. Dolbeare declared; "I would not leave them for a moment."

"Do you know," Mary Warrick whispered, "I believe those two men don't like each other. They simply fly apart."

"Oh, Elizabeth, Maud, you are perfect

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nuisances!" poor Mrs. Hastings mourned. "*Don't* put the sandwiches on the floor!"

"We are not appreciated," Elizabeth said; "girls, come out and see things."

"My dear! in the rain!" one of the elders protested; and was told that it was hardly raining a bit. "And, anyway, it would n't hurt us."

"If you only had hats," Mary Warrick called after them; and one of them shrieked back, "hats nothing!"

"Their vocabulary grows more limited every day," Mrs. Hastings lamented.

"I 'm glad to get rid of them," Mrs. Morris said; and certainly the absence of the pretty young creatures left the coast clearer for the fishing bits of hay out of the salad, and the unscrewing of many kinds of bottles, and all the other weary things that are done on picnics. When they came back, the disrespectable table, with its circle of uncertain chairs, was all ready; but the girls, the raindrops shining in their hair, were almost too excited to sit down.

"What *do* you suppose!" they all began at once, crowding like pigeons about the shaky table; then, in breathless snatches of passing sandwiches and screaming at the ants that had discovered the cake, they told their story: they had climbed the hill behind the house to see the view. "Course we could n't see a thing," Elizabeth admitted candidly; "but there, if you please, on the top of the hill, we found a grave!"

"Graves are not unusual in this world, Betsey," her father said, smiling at her.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I don't believe it was a grave. It was n't big enough," one of the girls protested.

But the Morris child corroborated her hostess. "It *must* have been a grave, because it had a stone."

"The most extraordinary stone!"

"Perfectly weird!" Elizabeth declared. "If you don't give me another of those stuffed eggs, I shall die."

"Oh, children, tell your story," Mary Warrick said.

"Well, it looked like a grave, anyhow. The stone was white marble, just a slab. And there were just four words on it. We had to scrape away the lichen to read 'em: '*I bide my time.*'"

"No date or anything; what *do* you suppose it is, Mr. Allen?" Maud said earnestly.

"I can't imagine," he said, faintly amused; then, with an obvious effort, he began to concern himself with the comfort of his guests. Would Mrs. Hastings let him fill her glass? Mrs. Gray had not had any olives. "And—and Mr. Dolbeare, a cigarette?"

"Thank you; I have my case."

"That 's the first time they have spoken to each other," Miss Warrick whispered; and Mrs. Hastings agreed that both gentlemen were as heavy as lead. "Mr. Allen does n't seem to approve of him; he is terribly formal to him," she whispered back.

"It seems to me," Mr. Allen said, "that it 's very dark in here. I 'll go and tell the men to light their lamps, and turn them on us—"

"Oh, Mr. Allen, let me go," Howard exclaimed; but the old man put a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"I want some fresh air, Tom," he said in a gentle aside.

And Howard whispered to Miss Warrick that he was afraid the old gentleman was very tired. "See how pale he is," Howard said anxiously. When Mr. Allen came back, the subject of the tombstone had been exhausted; he slipped into his seat, and took up his glass of champagne with shaky eagerness. His directions brought the three cars in a chugging semicircle to the great doorway of the barn, and the glare of their lamps sent vast shadows lurching and zigzagging among the rafters. It was quite dark by this time; the rain was still falling, but so gently that there was only a faint, sibilant whisper on the roof; the dreadful picnic repletion had lessened the young people's chatter, and the older people were beginning to look hopelessly at the piles of dishes that must be gathered up.

"All this foolish food!" mourned Mrs. Hastings. "Why do people always take too much food to picnics?"

"It dates back to the 'twelve basketfuls,' does n't it?" Dolbeare said lazily.

"Let 's tell ghost-stories," somebody suggested from the black shadow of the haymow.

"Dear me! we are ghostly enough ourselves," Mrs. Gray objected, with a nervous laugh. "Perhaps none of you noticed it, but we are thirteen at table." There was a moment's silence; then Mrs. Hastings said in her comfortable voice:

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"But we will break the spell by all rising together; it 's the first person who—" she paused; and suddenly every one looked at Mr. Allen; at the same instant, with one accord they all began to talk of something else—except Elizabeth, who winced. A minute later, she got up and came and snuggled closer to her father.

"Daddy, are you tired? You look—oh, who is that?" she broke off.

A shadow had moved in the glaring sizzle of the lamps; some one standing out in the rain was looking at them silently. In the instant quietness that fell, Howard said under his breath, "How long has he been standing there looking at us?"

"Don't hurry," said the figure. "Take your time. I came over to lock up after you."

"It 's the man where—where somebody had died, is n't it?" Mrs. Gray whispered; and Howard nodded.

"Elizabeth," Maud Morris said, "maybe he can tell us about the stone. Do ask him!" The commonplace suggestion was a relief to everybody; Elizabeth drew a long breath.

"We found such a curious tombstone up on the hill behind the house, sir," she said; "do you know what it is?"

"Now John Eldridge is dead, there ain't anybody knows any better," the man said. He had a lantern in his hand, and its light, wavering upward, touched his chin and cheek-bones and dome-like forehead; but his sunken eyes were so deep in shadow that his head had a curious and sinister suggestiveness.

"Is any one buried there?" Elizabeth asked.

"It is a grave," he said.

"I told you so!" cried in triumph Maud Morris.

Mr. Dolbeare was leaning forward, his elbow on the table, his chin in his hand; the glare of the circling lamps, glinting now and then on the dangling monocle, brought out tense lines about his hard-shut lips.

"Yes," the voice went on, "John dug that grave. He buried it."

"Buried what?" a girl demanded.

"Her hand."

There was a murmur of curiosity. "Oh, won't you please tell us? It sounds so interesting—a buried hand!"

"It did n't seem interesting to John Eldridge," the man said slowly, "the day he dug that hole."

No one spoke. Except for the soft brush of rain on the roof, the barn was perfectly still. Suddenly the skull-like face out in the darkness gave a chattering laugh, and the women jumped. Mrs. Gray said in a whisper: "Dear me! he must be crazy! Do somebody send him off." But no one spoke.

The silhouette in front of the lamps made a trembling gesture with the hand that held the lantern, and instantly the death's-head seemed to break and dissolve in flying shadows; then it formed again into its rigid outline. "No; John did n't call it 'interesting'; he called it damnable. There was a man, one of these here painter fellows, that came to these parts to make his picture things, and he cut John Eldridge out with Betsey. She did n't know, poor girl, which side her bread was buttered. A painter fellow—and John Eldridge! Well, she was just a woman; you can't expect much sense. He boarded on the other side of the lake, but she used to meet him when she brought the cows home across Green Pastures Hill."

"What!" Mary Warrick said. She sat back speechless, with parted lips. Dolbeare glanced at her, and then swiftly at Edwin Allen.

"Well," the voice in the rain went on, "he took a fancy to her, this here fellow, and he promised to marry her. Oh, yes; he promised. I guess, considering the goings on, John would 'a' wrung his neck, if he had n't."

The three matrons exchanged uneasy glances. Mrs. Gray, with the obvious purpose of changing the subject, said in her foolish, good-natured voice, "Dear me! Mr. Dolbeare, perhaps you heard of this romance when you were up here?"

Mary Warrick winced. Dolbeare made no reply.

"Elizabeth," said Edwin Allen, faintly, "I think we had better be going now."

His daughter, leaning forward, her elbows on the table, her soft young chin in the palms of her hands, did not hear him. "Please tell us some more," she said.

"Well, the day was fixed," the old man rambled on; "like it was Wednesday; I ain't just sure of it," he ruminated; "Wednesday—Thursday. John could 'a' told you which it was, yesterday. Not to-

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day. No, to-day John can't tell ye. Well, I don't know as it matters whether it was Thursday or Wednesday. But the night before, this here scoundrel was taking supper with her folks; they were the kind o' people to make the best of a bad bargain, and when he said he 'd marry her, they asked him to supper. He was so poor I guess a meal's victuals was worth comin' for. Well, after supper him and her walked up over this here hill, up behind this here old house; John's folks lived in it in those days; part of it 's been tore down since then. And she said she 'd wait for him there on the hill the next day, and then they 'd walk on to the minister's. He was to row over from the place where he was staying, and come up Dead Tree Road. And she was to wait. Well, she waited."

"And he never came?" cried one of the girls.

"She waited there every day till she died. In the rain she waited, and in the heat, and in the snow. Every day she waited. And he did not come."

"Why not?" said Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth," Mr. Allen said breathlessly, "we must not detain this gentleman." Dolbeare moved, so that his face was in shadow.

"Dear me! I 'm afraid he was n't a very nice person," Mrs. Gray murmured, looking uneasily at the young people.

"Why did n't he come?" Elizabeth said.

"I don't know. Nobody ever knew. 'Pears he started out in his boat; his friend said so. Maybe it capsized, and he got drowned. Maybe. John and her thought not. I don't know. She said he would come back."

There was silence; then Mrs. Hastings said in a low voice: "When did she die?"

"Thirty-four years ago," the voice in the darkness answered. "She waited a year, then she died. She left her directions with John. 'You 'll cut off my hand,' she says to him, 'and you 'll bury it there where I told him I 'd wait. You 'll bury it with the forefinger stretched out,—like that,—pointing down Dead Tree Road. And you 'll put up a stone,' she says, 'and you 'll print on it, "I bide my time." If you don't, you won't get a cent of my money. I 've left it written out in my will,' she says. So John did it. John stood by and saw the doctor cut off her hand when she was dead. It was a little hand, he used to say, and thin; and it had fingers like bent wire. He never was the same man again. He took that hand—many 's the time he 's told me about it—he took it, and wrapped it in a napkin, and he put it in an old bandbox that was covered with wall-paper that had roses on it. Yes; it ought to have been a good oak box; John did n't think of it then. Afterward he wished it had been oak. Well, then he carried it over to this hill, and he dug the hole, and he put it in. It got on his mind afterward that the box ought to 'a' been oak. He never was the same man after that. Yes; he buried it there, down in the ground, four feet; and there it is waiting, John used to say, for that man. And the fingers are like bent wire."

No one spoke; Mr. Allen stared blindly out into the darkness. Dolbeare lifted his cigarette, and knocked the ashes off. His hand trembled. Mrs. Gray turned to her host with a little shudder of discomfort.

"Dear me! what a painful story! Oh," she broke off, "you are ill! Look! He is faint—"

Edwin Allen was slowly swaying forward, crumpling up, falling. His head sank on his arms stretched out before him on the table in the midst of the clutter of plates and bottles and broken food. There was an instant tumult,—cries of alarm, clamor of directions and suggestions,—and then the young people, except Elizabeth, were pushed aside. "Mr. Dolbeare," Helen Hastings said sharply to the artist, "do take those girls away." But he did not listen. He was at Edwin Allen's side, fumbling for his flask, and gently lifting the unconscious man. "He has only fainted," he declared; "don't be alarmed, Miss Allen; he has just fainted. I am sure that is all."

But Elizabeth was alarmed; everybody was alarmed. When they laid him down on the floor, his head on Dolbeare's knee, the color did not come back, and there was no fluttering eyelid to reassure them. "We must get a doctor somehow," Mr. Dolbeare said.

"A doctor!" cried Mrs. Hastings in a panicky voice, "in this God-forsaken spot!"

"You 've got to go back seven or eight miles to get a doctor," John Eldridge's cousin observed, with calm, impersonal in-

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Drawn by W. Balfour Ker

"'SHE WAITED THERE EVERY DAY TILL SHE DIED'"

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terest. He had come in out of the rain, and, hanging his lantern on a peg, stood with the others looking down at the still figure in Dolbeare's arms. "Let 's see," he said, "what did you say your name was? Dolbeare?" Mr. Dolbeare made no reply. The farmer peered at him with narrowing eyes, then he said slowly: "I 'll get

"I think he was just awfully tired," Maud Morris said; "he has looked white all day; I noticed it when he came out on the porch at the hotel to speak to Mr. Dolbeare."

"He—he is n't going to—to die—" one of the girls said in a terrified whisper.

"If he does," Mrs. Morris whispered

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"HIS HEAD SANK ON HIS ARMS"

the doctor, if one of those machines will take me. What is the name of this man?"

Some one told him hurriedly, urging him all the while out to the car, and a moment later the terror-stricken young people, herded together in the doorway by Mrs. Gray, saw the red tail-light jolting into the darkness.

"That unpleasant story has made him a little faint," Mrs. Gray tried to reassure the girls. "Dear me, it made me feel quite ill myself."

to Howard, "I shall really be superstitious. There were—did you think of it, Mr. Howard?—*there were thirteen of us.*"

"I think it was the storm, and the shock of going to that house where—some one was dead," Maud Morris insisted; "don't you think so, Mr. Howard?"

Howard drew a long breath. "He has evidently had some kind of shock," he said.

"But—but," Mrs. Morris breathed, "he did get up first—"

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Howard would not listen; he drew a little apart from the huddling young creatures, and stood in silence looking out into the gently falling rain; when Mary Warrick came over to speak to him he started at her voice. It was some unimportant question, and she broke off in the middle of it with a half-sob.

"Oh, Mr. Howard, if he only had n't taken this long, tiresome ride!"

The young man gave her a bewildered look. "'Tiresome ride?' Why, Miss Warrick, you surely know—it was n't *that*."

Mary Warrick recoiled with dismay. "You mean, you think that he was—How can you say such a thing! Mr. Allen, of all men!" Then significantly she flashed one swift, contemptuous look at Dolbeare, sitting at Edwin Allen's side, his monocle dangling on its black cord, his head bowed on his hands.

"No, no, no!" Howard cried out; the jar of his loud, indignant voice made the others look round; even Dolbeare lifted his head, and stared at the young man's agitated face.

"Mr. Howard," Mary Warrick whispered, "I am *sure*."

"*I* am sure," he interrupted roughly. And some impulse of protecting hero-worship made him leave her and go back into the barn to stand behind Dolbeare, like a soldier at his post. Mary Warrick followed him, but stopped to lift one of Mr. Allen's thin hands and kiss it softly, darting an indignant look at Howard as she did so. Then she went out to help Mrs. Gray get the scared young people into the cars, and start them off to the hotel. Elizabeth had begged to stay, but yielded because they told her she must be with her mother, and so, in white silence, she got into the car with the others.

"Don't worry, dear child," Miss Warrick tried to comfort her. "He will soon be better; he was exhausted by the ride." She looked straight at Howard as she spoke.

"And that sad story," Mrs. Gray said —"I am sure it depressed him, and made him feel faint. Dear me! I was quite depressed by it myself!" But just before she followed her brood of young people into the car, she said under her breath, "Between ourselves, I *almost* thought that perhaps he was so moved because he used to know the painter the old man spoke of."

"Perhaps he did," Howard said briefly. And Mary Warrick, lifting her head proudly, said, "Perhaps he did."

WHEN the cars, loaded with frightened people, were out of sight, the four who were left fell very silent. Except for the glimmer of the lantern hanging over Edwin Allen's head, the great barn was in velvet darkness. Out of doors the moon was struggling mistily through the breaking clouds, but its watery shine did not cross the threshold. There was an occasional whispered suggestion or anxious question; once Mr. Dolbeare went out and tramped up and down under the dripping trees, Howard keeping step at his side; but neither of them spoke. Sometimes Miss Warrick and Mrs. Hastings murmured gravely something about Mrs. Allen. It was a long wait until the acetylene lamps of the returning car flickered like pinpoints in the darkness of Dead Tree Road.

But long before that, the watchers knew that the car came too late.

WHEN the doctor rose from his knees beside the stark figure on the floor, there was silence. Then Mrs. Hastings said, with a gasp: "It 's thirty miles! How shall—how can we—"

"Better fetch him down and leave him at my house till daylight," John Eldridge's cousin said; and then, in the darkness, he smiled. "Him and John may have speech with each other."

"*No!*" Henry Dolbeare cried out, in a terror-stricken voice; "no! no! He must not go there!" But the two women entreated that it might be so.

"It must be so," said the doctor. And of course, as Mrs. Hastings said afterward, it was the only possible thing to do.

"The door is open," the farmer told them, laconically; "you can just carry him in. I 'll follow, when I get red up here."

When the big limousine began its sad journey back over the narrow, grass-grown road, John Eldridge's cousin, lantern in hand, watched its disappearing lights; then he began to clear up his barn, nodding and mumbling to himself:

"Well, you 've bided your time, Betsey; you 've bided your time. You need n't wait no longer. He 's come back." And he snapped the padlock into the staple.

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TWO TEMPERANCE SERMONS IN ART

DRAWN BY EUGENE HIGGINS

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FATHER'S RETURN

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By courtesy of Mrs. E. H. Harriman. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE MIDNIGHT DUTY

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SAFETY AT SEA

NEW AND OLD DEVICES FOR NAVIGATING IN FOG AND DARKNESS

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

TO the landsman the sea must always possess dangers that to the sailor appear only as casual phenomena upon which to exercise his skill. The Prayer-book has a special petition for the safety of those who go down to the sea in ships, and every one who ventures to leave the shore goes forth with a consciousness of awe at his own daring. Yet in the intricate complexity of modern civilization safety on land and safety at sea have walked by no means with equal step. Every morning brings us some story of death or accident on land, while the great passenger-ships come and go in monotonous regularity, bringing no reports more stirring than those of high seas that have kept them from making new records. With the present madness for speed and its attendant recklessness, our streets demand constant alertness, if one would cross them with safety. Speed at sea has come through larger and more stoutly constructed ships. So the familiar old story of the sailorman at sea in a storm who, serene in his consciousness of ample sea-room, piously ejaculated: "God help the poor folks ashore to-night!" is not wholly fantastic.

Yet the dangers of the sea are very real. Last year a thousand ships or more were lost; the year before the sea took nearly the same toll. To the tourist, his assurance of safety lies in the fact that it is the sailing-vessel, with its dependence on the fickle wind, that largely makes up this tremendous loss. Freighting-steamers, voyaging on unfamiliar coasts, nearly complete the disastrous roll. But to the great liners, with their familiar routes, their well-known lanes of travel, their guarded and well-lighted harbors, and all their appliances for safety, the manifold dangers of the ocean are only the remote possibilities that give a touch of adventure to their passages from land to land. The probabilities of disaster are trifling.

The seaman's first task on leaving port is to sail a true course to his destination. Where he may be on the open sea is to him a comparatively simple matter; he finds his chief peril in what he may meet in the dark or the fog.

A broken shaft, a bursting boiler, or fire, are additional elements in his problem. How are the dangers met? What are the safeguards?

The curious observer will find, if he cares to make search, that every part of the ocean-going liner is within easy reach of fire-hose and water-connection with powerful force-pumps. Fire-drills are frequent, wherein every member of the crew has his assigned place and duty. In addition, the observer will find that on many ships an elaborate series of thermostats runs through all parts of the ship. Should the temperature rise to a dangerous height in even the most remote part of the vessel's hold, the fact is instantly made known to the officers on the bridge by the ringing of a bell, while an electric light burns red on a chart in the pilot-house, showing the locality of the danger.

In engines and boilers the modern steamship does not put all its eggs in one

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HEAVING THE LEAD ON A COASTING STEAMER

HEAVING THE LEAD ON A SAILING-VESSEL

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE DEEP-SEA LEAD ON A LINER

basket; there may be a dozen boilers or more, all constructed with the main idea of safety and an equable distribution of strain, and there are usually two screws. An accident here or there may not cripple the ship seriously; while every care and precaution is taken against the development of the slightest fault.

Moreover, water, despite storm and high seas, is a vastly superior road-bed to any ever constructed by man. There can be here no displaced switch, no fallen bridge; the only danger must lie in the impact of some floating mass like an iceberg, a derelict, or another ship, and for these perils the traveling public, with its insistence on speed, must hold itself chiefly responsible. It clamors to reach its destination on time, and if in foggy weather a captain should long reduce his speed, its state of mind over the dangers avoided would be, it must be feared, like those ascribed by Conrad to the captain of a ship to whom the first officer suggested changing his course to avoid a typhoon.

"If the weather delays me—very well," the captain replied. "There 's your log-book to talk straight about the weather. But suppose I went swinging off three hundred miles out of my course and came in two days late, and they [his owners] asked me: 'Where have you been all that time, Captain?' What could I say to that? 'Went around to dodge bad weather,' I would say. 'It must 've been dam' bad,' they would say. 'Don't know,' I would have to say; 'I 've dodged clear of it.' "

Yet on a stormy or foggy night there is

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A WIRELESS TELEGRAPHER AT WORK

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no absolute security against such dangers except in a greatly reduced speed; and a captain naturally hesitates to run slowly across the path of some possible ship which is recklessly steaming through the night. It would be, he would feel, like waiting inactive on the firing-line while all the guns of the enemy were opening upon him.

Yet the traveler may take comfort in the thought that few derelicts lie in the track of the liners, and these are soon reported and hunted from the seas; the season of icebergs is in summer, and the iceberg carries its own danger-signal in the cooling of air and water, which the thermometer will report; while the use of well-established lanes of travel, the many lights of modern steamships, and the watchful vigilance of lookouts, reduce the peril of collision to an inappreciable point.

Of late, too, another and powerful safeguard has come into use. If one enters the wireless-telegraphy room of a transatlantic steamer, he will find on the wall a rectangular chart crossed and recrossed by many black lines. Across it also runs one broader line in red ink. On the margin of the chart are marked the days of the week. It is the wireless guide for the current month: the red line gives the course of the steamer, while the many black lines crossing it indicate to the operator at what hour of each day of his passage he will probably pick up the wireless messages of other ships crossing that month.

The ship, one sees at a glance, is scarcely ever out of touch with other ships through which disaster may come; and with this knowledge of constant intercommunication, the feeling of security justly grows.

Yet powerful as is this device as a means of preventing collision, it lacks as yet something in efficiency; for at present it is impossible to tell from which direction a message comes, and from how great a distance. These are difficulties that in time may possibly be remedied, for no man in this day with reason can set the farthest bounds of human achievement in any direction. Meanwhile no time should be lost in compelling all ocean-going steamers to carry the wireless outfit; for imperfect though it may yet be in minor details, no defect can lessen the value of the larger fact that on the stormiest nights by means of it the officers on steamers rapidly approaching each other can freely converse together.

As far as is possible, the sailing schedules of ocean-going steamers are arranged to bring them on the coast by day. But bad weather or fog may delay them, and night come on before they make a land-fall. Here the lead-line should never be out of hand, for, with the speed of the great modern steamers, the delay of five minutes in heaving the lead may bring the ship to a point where no skill can save her from going ashore. To the neglect of the irksome task of heaving the lead, it is safe to ascribe nine tenths of the wrecks on the coast.

Yet the lead is very conclusive in its information. The landsman, glancing at a chart, will see how thickly studded with figures are the waters adjacent to any well-known coast. These indicate the number of fathoms of water at given points. He will notice, also, that the character of the bottom is freely marked, here "mud" or "gravel," there "sand" or "ledge." Only the trained sailor, however, can know how real is the help thus given; for he knows at once his relative position by the color or character of the bottom his lead brings up, by the depths, and by the rapid or gradual shoaling that consecutive throws of the lead may give. At once the fog or the storm loses for him its significance; the earth, despite the enshrouding air, has given him his needed clue.

Coming on the coast at night in fair weather, the master of a steamer approaches in perfect security. He knows his position, for which the coast-lights give him corroborative evidence. But in fog or snow the lights are blotted out, and in the disturbed atmosphere the sound of the siren at lighthouse or light-ship is deadened or becomes an elusive voice, distracting in its indirection, and valueless for guidance. Here for the last four or five years he has found in the inventive genius of the age a new and invaluable aid—the submarine signal.

We speak in hyperbole of waves that are mountain-high, but in truth twenty-five feet below the surface the water lies undisturbed. Water, moreover, is a most admirable medium for the transmission of sound. Owing to its uniform density, it also transmits a sound with no deflection.

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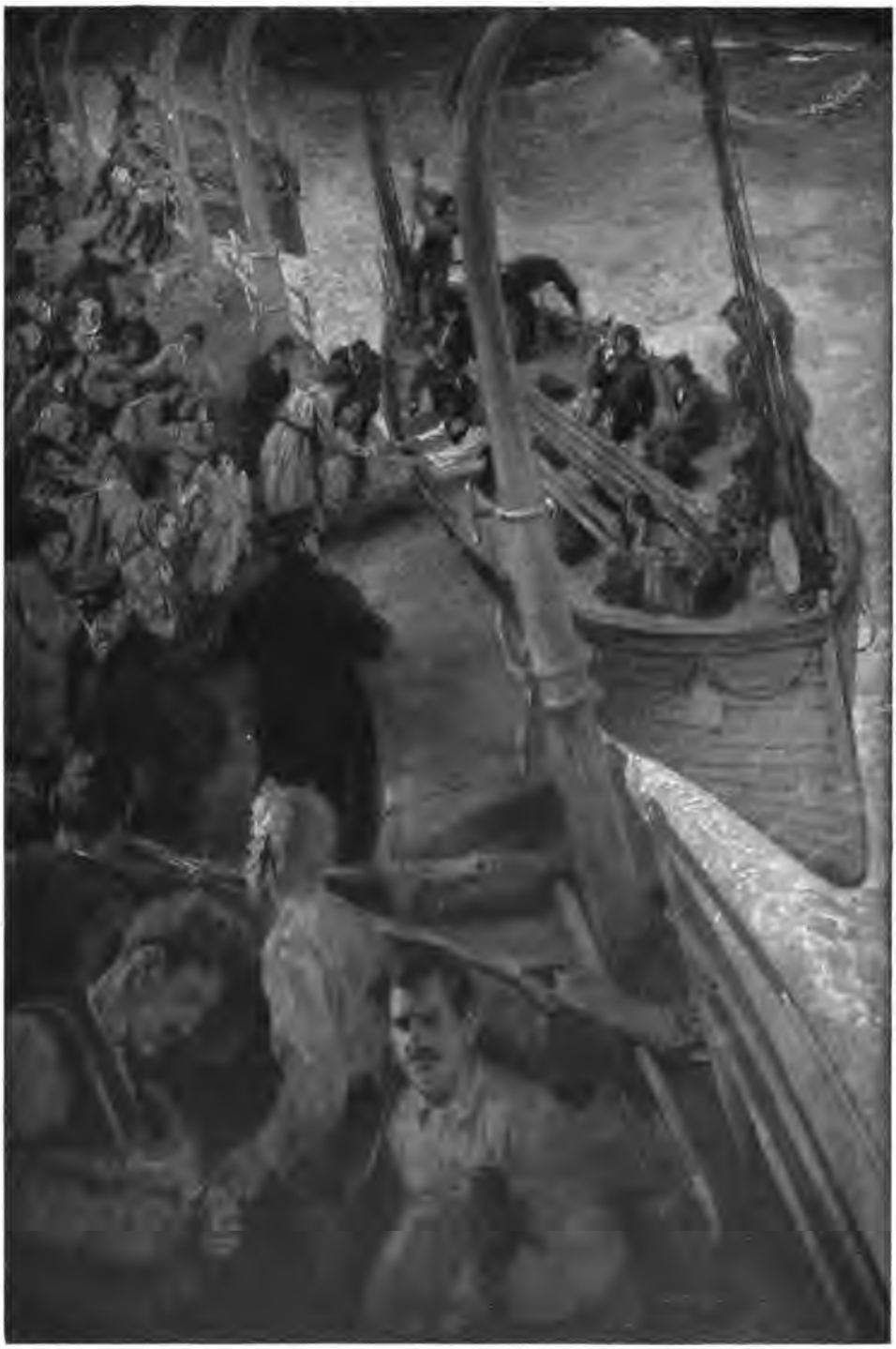

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

PUTTING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN INTO THE LIFE-BOATS

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These are the facts that give to the submarine signal its unique value.

The sending apparatus of the signal is a submerged bell, sunk to the depth of twenty-five feet, and placed at important points along the coast. It may be used by light-ships, where it is rung by compressed air, or attached to buoys and sounded by the motion of the waves, or swung from a tripod resting on the sea-floor, and operated by electricity from the shore. The bell may be distinctly heard at a normal distance of eight or ten miles. The receiving apparatus are small tanks of sea-water scarcely larger than a bird-cage and fastened inside to the skin of a vessel below the water-line and near the bow. There is one on each side of the vessel, and into each a pair of microphones are suspended. These are connected by wire with a telephone-receiver placed in the pilot-house. By means of a switch the navigating officer can listen either to the port or the starboard transmitter, and knows at once by the clearness of the sound on which side the bell lies. When the note comes with equal distinctness to each side, the bell is dead ahead. Each bell has its distinctive signal, or code, as each lighthouse has its individual light,

THE THREE METHODS OF BELL INSTALLATION
MICROPHONE SUSPENDED IN THE TRANSMITTER TANK
TRANSMITTER TANK
SHIP OFFICER USING THE INDICATOR BOX IN PILOT-HOUSE
BELL MECHANISM TO BE ATTACHED TO BELL BUOY
LIGHT-SHIP BELL
ELECTRIC BELL

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SUBMARINE BELL

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

DRAWING THE FIRES OF AN OCEAN LINER AFTER AN ACCIDENT

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so that a steamer, coming by night into the wedge of water between Long Island and the Jersey coast, catching the sound of a signal, knows at once by the number and arrangement of the strokes whether he is in touch with Fire Island or Ambrose Channel. How invaluable an aid this is, coming clearly to the navigator's ear in the comparative quiet of the pilot-house, only he can know who on a windy deck or bridge has strained his eyes through the murk of the storm to catch the first gleam of a coast-light, or in the oppressive hush of the fog has vainly listened for the wandering voice of the coast fog-horn. And feeling how admirably the signal supplements the coast-lights at all times, and how vastly superior it is when the fog or the storm closes down about the lights, he will wonder how long it will be before the maritime nations install the signals at all important points where light-houses and light-ships now guard the fleets of the world.

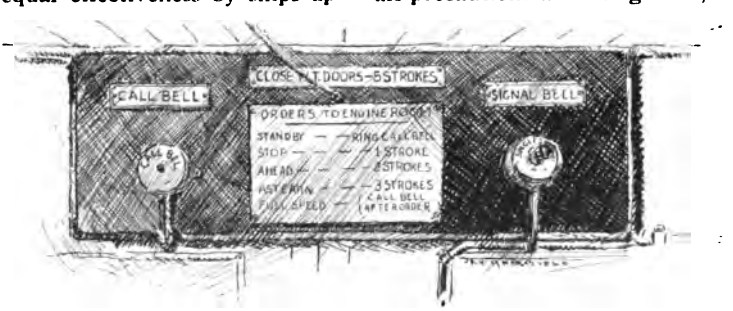
Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE FOURTH ENGINEER OF THE *REPUBLIC* RELEASING THE STEAM SAFETY-VALVES

At present the submarine signal is practical only between the shore and approaching ships, but satisfactory experiments with a sending apparatus for vessels have recently been made, and it seems only a question of time when the signals may be used with equal effectiveness by ships approaching each other at sea. When that time shall come, the last excuse for collisions at sea will seemingly be gone.

In the sinking of the *Republic* last winter, both these new inventions had a part in bringing relief; for when her captain informed the captain of the *Baltic* by wireless that his ship was in a sinking condition, he added that he was in touch with the submarine signal on the Nantucket Light-ship. The first act of the *Baltic* was to get in range of the Nantucket bell herself, and to keep in range till the *Republic* was picked up. Furthermore, after taking on board the passengers of the *Republic* and the *Florida*, the *Baltic*, still in a dense fog, proceeded for New York, making Fire Island and Ambrose Channel by the submarine signal, and hearing all the submarine bells long before she heard the whistles of the fog-horns.

To all questions concerning the plausibility of the incidents in certain sea-tales, the invariable reply of a certain old sea-captain used to be: "Anything, my dear sir, is possible at sea—and sometimes everything at once." It was the voicing of the mariner's fixed belief in the blind fury of the ocean, which knows no laws and mocks at all precedents. For despite all precautions and safeguards, one trifling


CALL BELL
CLOSE WT. DOORS—8 STROKES
SIGNAL BELL
ORDERS TO ENGINE ROOM
STANDBY — RING CALL BELL
STOP — 1 STROKE
AHEAD — 2 STROKES
ASTERN — 3 STROKES
FULL SPEED — 1 CALL BELL AFTER ORDER

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SIGNAL-BOARD ON THE WHEEL-HOUSE

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human error, or a swiftly moving, seemingly impossible concatenation of untoward events may bring a ship ashore or strike her down in mid-ocean. What are the chances of her passengers to reach the shore alive?

On the top of the pilot-house of certain ships, the curious seeker after information will notice an inconspicuous gun. Its sole purpose is to project ashore a life-line, by means of which a breeches-buoy may be operated. No more satisfactory way has yet been devised for conveying passengers to land when the seas are too high to allow the free passage of rescuing boats. Both here and in collisions at sea the life-preservers that are freely provided are only a doubtful makeshift: the strong might survive, if quickly picked up; the weak would almost invariably perish. It is a question, too, whether it is possible for a great liner, with its immense throng of passengers, to carry a sufficient number of boats for all. Rafts are not easily managed, and folding boats, by reason of lying long idle, would be apt to deteriorate and be of small service. The most likely means of safety must lie in making ships virtually unsinkable by the use of water-tight bulkheads.

The larger the vessel, the more practical the bulkhead becomes as a means of safety; for a tremendous blow from a great ship moving at high speed would be less likely to displace the entire structure of a ship six hundred feet long than of one of three hundred. The bulkheads of the larger ship, therefore, would stand the better chance of remaining water-tight. But with an increase of bulkheads, a new and serious problem arises, for, by reason of the difficulty of handling cargo, the commercial value of the vessel is decreased. The question, one sees, has more than one side.

On the steamers of one line there are four thwartship bulkheads, bulkheads for the coal-bunkers, and in the region of the boilers, where the greatest danger from flooding also lies, three additional thwartship bulkheads, and two running fore and aft. Each of two great ships now building will have fully thirty.

Where subdivisions like these are made in parts of the ship that are in constant use, water-tight doors must of course be provided. Formerly these were closed by hand; but because in the rush and excitement of a collision there lay too many chances of their being left open, the closing is now done by mechanism worked from the bridge. An electric indicator on the bridge gives a numbered diagram of all the doors thus to be closed, and any failure is made known at once by the darkening of the illuminated number of the door left open.

Whether the use of pumps might have saved the *Republic* will always remain an open question. Neither will it ever be known whether the bulkheads remained intact. That the doors of the bulkheads worked properly seems probable in view of the length of time that she remained afloat. If it could be possible to place a supplementary engine on the main-deck for the special purpose of working powerful pumps, a new security would be added; for the low-lying main engine-room is too likely to suffer from the inrushing water. The engine-room of the *Republic* was early flooded, and it was impossible to draw the fires, though the pressure of steam in the boilers was becoming tremendous. It was at this point that the fourth engineer, seeing that explosion and fire might be added to the horror of the situation, descended to the boiler-room, flooded as it was with water and steam, and, crawling between the boilers, opened the twelve safety-valves. One may seek in vain for a higher type of heroism than this.

And it is in this action, and, indeed, in the action of every man who had a duty to perform on that night of disaster, whether he belonged to the *Republic*, the *Florida*, or the *Baltic*, that the traveler will find his strongest sense of security; for after all has been said, one must recognize the fact that it is in the personal equation that the truer elements of safety at sea must always lie—in the courage and devotion to duty of that strong body of men who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." And if in their ideal sense of duty there sometimes seems to be a touch of quixotism, the open mind will always view it with awe as a sort of sanctuary from the vulgar materialism of the actual world. The seemingly needless courage that holds a captain to his ship so long as she rides the waves, though her last passenger has been borne to safety, is by no means needless; for in its ideal self-abnegation shines forth a sense of duty wholly unworldly and always distinctly assuring.

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From the painting at Versailles. See "Open Letters"

FRANÇOISE-MARIE DE BOURBON. BY PIERRE MIGNARD

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS XI)

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

FRANÇOISE-MARIE DE BOURBON

BY

PIERRE MIGNARD

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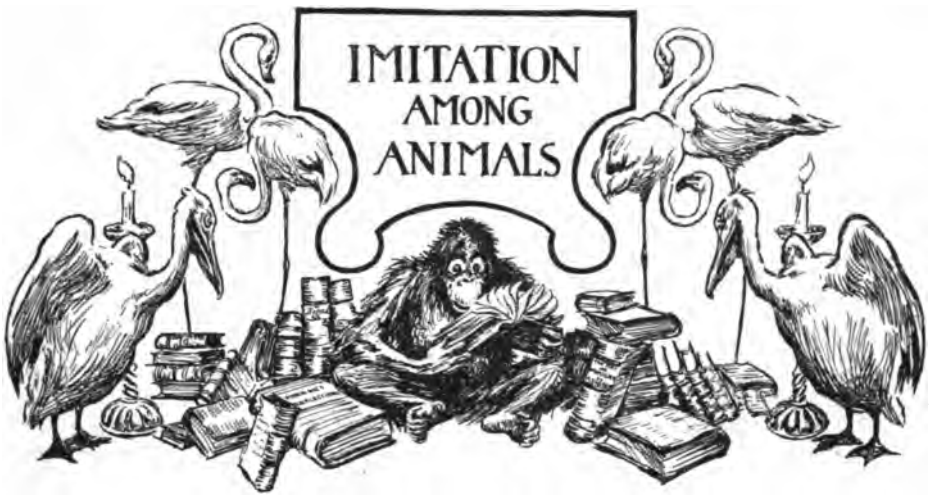

Do Animals Imitate One Another Voluntarily?

By Robert M. Yerkes, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of Comparative Psychology, Harvard University

OF late years, the discussion as to the faculty of imitation in animals has waxed warm on the part of those who have observed the animals in a state of nature, either casually or with system. Meantime, some of the psychologists have taken up the subject with scientific precision. These scientific observers are cautious as to final conclusions, but their experiments are of a nature to interest the general public, and some of the results already attained are surprising. Nowhere have certain observations been carried on with greater thoroughness than at Harvard University, and THE CENTURY has been glad to obtain the privilege of publishing papers by Professor Yerkes and other experimenters.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN we attempt to discuss imitation, we are confronted by a serious difficulty. The word lacks singleness and precision of meaning. I need quote only a few of the scores of definitions which have been formulated to prove that it would be absurd for me to plunge into a discussion of the subject of imitation among animals without first making clear what I mean by imitation. One writer, using the word in a large sense, holds that imitation among organisms is adaption to changing environment; another, in a somewhat narrower sense, defines it as any thought or action which tends to reproduce a copy; and a third, by limiting the application of the term to imitation of other beings in contrast with imitation of one's self, is enabled to define it as the performance in thought or action of what comes through the senses or through suggestion from another individual.

In this article I purpose to use imitation in the third of these senses. It is the performance by one creature of what it sees or hears or in some other manner perceives another creature to do. Imitation of self is excluded from consideration. But even this rather narrow definition would not enable us to confine our attention to a simple and homogeneous group of phenomena, for animals may have several different manners of imitating.

That many animals imitate one another instinctively and habitually is a matter of common knowledge, and it is quite unnecessary to present examples of these kinds of behavior. That any animal other than man imitates voluntarily, with purpose and intent, is extremely doubtful from the point of view of many students of animal psychology. I shall therefore make it my task in this article to present the answer which the scientific investigation of animal

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behavior and animal mind at present gives to the question, "Do any animals other than man imitate one another voluntarily?"

Within the limited field which furnishes our present topic it is the task of the student of animal behavior, be he physiologist or psychologist, to discover precisely how the behavior of one animal is influenced by that of its companions. This he may attempt to do by the use of either the naturalistic or the experimental method or by a combination of the two. The former method leads the observer to the woods or the fields, the latter usually leads him to the laboratory.

The naturalistic and experimental methods are equally applicable to the study of imitation. The chief advantage of the former is that it reveals to us the part which imitation plays in the daily life of an animal; its principal defect is that the observer may have to wait for days, months, or years for an opportunity to discover whether an animal imitates in a particular way. The experimental method, as it may be used in any well-equipped laboratory of animal psychology, enables the investigator to set a problem for his animal subject and continue to reset it until he is satisfied that he has discovered the chief characteristics of the behavior which the problem calls forth. But the nature and value of the two methods in the study of imitation may best be exhibited by the presentation of typical results.

The naturalists have provided us with so many examples of imitation among animals that it is extremely difficult to choose among them. I have, however, selected a few instances from the popular as well as the scientific naturalists. Mr. Long describes with characteristic vividness the way in which the young kingfisher learns to catch minnows by imitating its parents. "The old birds had caught a score of minnows, killed them and dropped them here and there under the stub. Then they brought the young birds, showed them their game, and told them by repeated examples to dive and get it. The little fellows were hungry and took to the sport keenly." The reader is left to infer not only that the young imitated their parents, but also that the parents tried to teach them to obtain their food by diving. "Then I went cautiously back," writes Mr. Burroughs, "and caught the robin in the very act of reproducing perfectly the song of the brown thrasher." A case of imitation it certainly seems to be, but the naturalist fails us when we look to him to tell us what kind of imitation. And thus it is that the naturalist discovers more problems than he solves. Mr. Burroughs clearly states that animals of different species, associated with one another, will imitate one another, but whether instinctively, habitually, or voluntarily he does not tell us. From a letter I am permitted to quote the following instances of imitative action which Mr. Seton has observed: "I had a collie pup which belonged to a strain that invariably heeled cattle, but it was unfortunately brought up with a retriever that had a trick of running at the head. Although at first the young collie ran to the heels, it soon gave that up and imitated exactly the older dog with which it was associated, and never afterward could be taught to heel." And again Mr. Seton writes: "I knew a collie that had been taught in some way to throw a ball with a certain amount of precision for a distance of twenty feet. This it did by a singular jerk which brought its muzzle from pointing tailward to pointing straight ahead, whereupon it let go the ball. A little terrier belonging to my brother learned this very difficult trick after watching the collie do it for a week or two. No one took any trouble to teach the terrier; it learned by imitating the action of the other dog, and did the trick in exactly the same way." Mr. Audin is authority for the statement that puppies when brought up by a cat acquire by imitation the habit of washing their faces in the manner which is characteristic of cats and kittens. And we are told by Mr. Romanes that the hunting instincts of terriers are developed in a measure through imitation of their parents.

These are extremely interesting instances of imitative action, but in order to be able to decide with reasonable certainty whether they are cases of voluntary imitation the psychologist would have to know the history of the experience of the imitators and the exact nature of their behavior throughout the learning process. It is precisely this information that the naturalist usually fails to give. To know that

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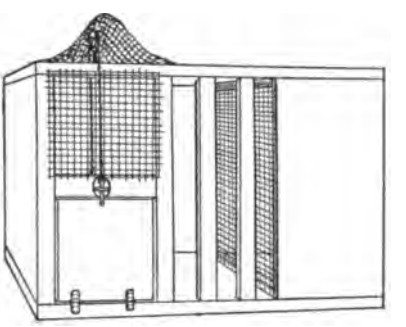
an animal imitates its fellows is one step in the right direction, to know how it imitates is a far more difficult step, and one of correspondingly greater importance for the animal psychologist. These typical naturalistic accounts of imitative action may now be contrasted with certain of the results of the experimental study of imitation among animals.

Ten years ago Professor Thorndike of Columbia University undertook to study the imitative tendency of chicks, cats, and dogs by the experimental method. His is the first noteworthy systematic study of imitation. Recognizing the fact that these animals imitate one another instinctively, Professor Thorndike set himself the task of discovering whether they are also capable of imitating voluntarily. I cannot more satisfactorily state the problem as it presented itself to his mind than by quoting his own words: "It should be kept in mind," he writes, "that an imitative act may be performed quite unthinkingly, as when a man in a mob shouts what the others shout or claps when the others clap; may be done from an inference that since A by doing X makes pleasure for himself, I by doing X may get pleasure for myself; may, lastly, be done from what may be called a transferred association. This process (the last) is the one of interest in connection with our general topic (the associative processes of animals), and most of my experiments on imitation were directed to the investigation of it. Its nature is simple. One sees the following sequence: 'A turning a faucet, A getting a drink.' If one can free this association from its narrow confinement to A, so as to get from it the association, 'impulse to turn faucet, "me" getting a drink,' one will surely, if thirsty, turn the faucet, though he had never done so before. If one can from an act witnessed learn to do that act, he in some way makes use of the sequence seen, transfers the process to himself; in the common human sense of the word, he imitates." Do chicks, cats, or dogs imitate in this way? As neither books on animal intelligence nor his own general observation enabled Professor Thorndike to answer this question, he devised his own methods of experiment, and proceeded in the following manner. A cat was allowed to learn independently or was taught by the experimenter to perform some act or series of acts which resulted in the obtaining of food. Another cat which was ignorant of the act by which the food could be obtained was then permitted to watch the first cat go through its performance. Finally, the second cat was given an opportunity to perform the act which it had witnessed, and thus obtain food. Presumably, if it were capable of imitating voluntarily, it would, if hungry, immediately try to get the food as it had seen the other cat get it. In order that the cats should make strenuous efforts to obtain the food that served as a reward for the performance of the required act, Professor Thorndike kept them in a condition of "utter hunger."

For most of these experiments with cats the experiment-box of the accompanying sketch was used. It was about twenty inches long, by sixteen inches broad, and



APPARATUS USED BY PROFESSOR THORNDIKE FOR THE STUDY OF IMITATION IN CATS

twelve inches high. A partition of poultry wire divided it into two compartments. In the larger of these compartments a door was so arranged that it would fall open the instant a bolt was raised. A cat could raise this bolt by pulling at a string which extended from the top of the bolt over a pulley in the upper edge of the box and along the top of the box to the side opposite the door, where it was firmly fastened. To test the imitative ability of cats with this apparatus, the experimenter placed in the larger of the compartments a cat which knew the trick of pulling the string in order to get out and obtain food, and in the smaller compartment, another which was ignorant alike of the trick and of its reward. This cat could see what the trained one did to escape from the

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experiment-box, and could see it get its reward of fish after it had passed through the doorway.

Under these simple conditions four cats were given opportunity to imitate one that had been trained. According to Professor Thorndike's report, not one of the four was markedly influenced by what it saw, and in no instance could they be said to imitate voluntarily. In view of this unexpected result, the experimenter modified the conditions of the test in some later experiments. The results were the same: there was no evidence of voluntary imitation, and exceedingly meager evidence of imitation of any sort. So convincing did these results seem to Professor Thorndike that he wrote in his report of the investigation:

> It seems sure from these experiments that the animals (and this includes chicks and dogs as well as cats) were unable to form an association leading to an act from having seen the other animal, or animals, perform the act in a certain situation. Thus we have further restricted the association process. Not only do animals not have associations accompanied, more or less permeated and altered, by inference and judgment; they do not have associations of the sort which may be acquired from other animals by imitation. What this implies concerning the actual mental content accompanying their acts will be seen later on. It also seems sure that we should give up imitation as an *a priori* explanation of any novel intelligent performance. To say that a dog who opens a gate, for instance, need not have reasoned it out *if he had seen another dog do the same thing*, is to offer instead of one false explanation another equally false.

Concerning the value of Professor Thorndike's experimental results and the conclusions which he draws from them, the most pertinent comment is made by Dr. Berry's recent study of imitation in cats.

Dr. Berry's investigation was conducted under my direction in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory.

Of the ten cats which he observed, two were virtually useless in the experiments because of quarrelsomeness, and four others were so deficient in energy, initiative, and docility that they could not be used to advantage in experiments which required activity and intelligence. Dr. Berry happily characterized them as "wall-eyed," because they usually spent their time gazing into vacant space with an air of complete indifference to their surroundings. These cats imitated one another to only a slight extent. But it is only fair to them to admit that they did not give the experimenter a chance to test their capacities thoroughly. The remaining four of the ten were Manx cats. These, consisting of a mother and her three kittens, were tame, active, and in excellent physical condition when they were brought to our laboratory, and they were even tamer, more active, and in better condition physically and mentally at the conclusion of the investigation. It will be convenient to designate the mother cat as M, and the three kittens as X, Y, and Z.

Either separately or together the four Manx cats were given an opportunity to learn to do certain acts the reward for the performance of which was escape from the experiment-box and the obtaining of food. In case each of the cats learned the trick of its own initiative, no tests of imitation could be made by that particular method; but in case any of the four failed to discover how to escape from the box, they were given a chance to learn by imitation.

The imitative power of these Manx cats was tested in nine different ways, which have been designated by Dr. Berry as (1) jumping from a box to a table; (2) opening a door by pulling a knot; (3) opening a door by turning a button and pulling a loop; (4) getting food by turning a button; (5) raising a small trap-door; (6) rolling a ball into a hole in the bottom of the experiment-box; (7) learning to catch mice; (8) getting meat out of a bottle; (9) getting down from the top of the cage.

Before we consider the general results and conclusions which Dr. Berry offers, I wish to present the details of three of his experiments with cats in order to illustrate the important characteristics of his work. I have chosen for this purpose experiments 5, 7, and 8.

Although it apparently involved only the simple performance of raising the small door in the bottom of the experiment-box which may be seen in the draw-

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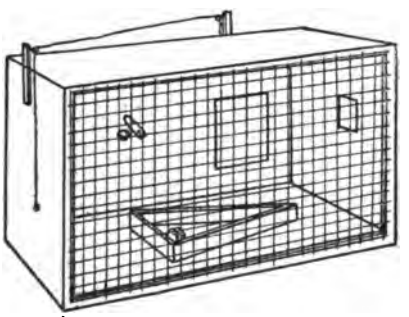
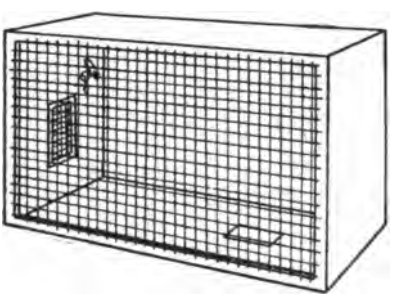
ing of Box II, experiment 5 served to exhibit most strikingly the imitative tendency of kitten Y. "X, unaided, in less than twenty minutes learned to open the door, and Z learned almost as soon. Y was left alone in the box for from twenty to ninety minutes on five different days. Although he worked at the door more or less, he did not once succeed in getting it open, for he almost invariably scratched in the wrong place." Y was now permitted to watch X open the door and get meat. The method was to take X out after she had opened the door once, and let Y work at the problem alone for five minutes. If he failed to open the door, X was again put into the box with him.



BOX I



BOX II

EXPERIMENT-BOXES USED BY DR. BERRY IN HIS STUDY OF IMITATION IN CATS

On the last day of the experiment, however, X was permitted to open the box six times in succession before she was removed from the box. At the beginning of this experiment, Y imitated X very closely; when X had been taken out, he frequently tried the trap-door for himself. But during the latter part of the experiment he merely looked on while X opened the door and ate the meat. "During the first series of six trials on the last day of the experiment, Y looked on, during the second series he smelled of the door each time X opened it, and during the third series he reached through the doorway after X had taken out the meat. After X had been taken out of the box upon the conclusion of the third series of trials, Y went to the door and opened it at once. Subsequently he opened it as fast as I could put in the meat and close it."

Specially important in this description of the behavior of Y is the gradual appearance of the imitative tendency. The imitator did not "get the idea," as we say, and immediately do the required act. Instead, he learned slowly, and it was only after he had seen the trained cat perform the act of opening the door several times that he did the trick himself. This slowness in the appearance of what may be voluntary imitation in animals is characteristic of the behavior of several of the higher animals. Most observers of imitative action expect an animal to watch, to "get the idea" immediately, and to imitate what it has seen. Almost invariably they are disappointed, for this apparently is not the way of animals. But the real error consists in concluding, because of the absence of immediate imitation, that the imitative tendency is not present or that it does not play an important part in the life of the animal. Even certain types of voluntary imitation may have as their necessary condition the witnessing of an act many times as it is performed by another individual. The lesson which Dr. Berry's experiment teaches is that we must not be in too great haste in our tests of imitation.

The second of the experiments to which I would specially call attention is the one called "Learning to catch mice." Despite its commonplace character, it yielded results which are certain to arouse widespread interest, discussion, and investigation. Briefly stated, the experiment consisted in placing each of the kittens in turn in a large cage with a mouse in order to discover whether they would naturally —"instinctively," most people would say —catch, kill, and eat mice, or whether,

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instead, they would have to learn to do these things. Almost any one, I suspect, would have predicted the speedy exhaustion of our supply of mice, for most of us have a strong belief in the instinctive nature of a cat's behavior toward mice and rats. But that is precisely what did not happen.

The mouse experiment was not begun until the kittens were five months old, and had attained a size and strength sufficient to enable them to kill even a large mouse. It is reasonably certain—and this is an extremely important point—that none of the kittens had ever caught a mouse previous to the experiments. As Dr. Berry's description of the behavior of the kittens when they were first brought into the presence of a mouse is intensely interesting, I shall attempt to summarize it.

When placed in the cage with a large black mouse, kitten Z cautiously smelled of it. Then, as the mouse ran away, the kitten ran after it, and struck at it with her paw. Although the two were left together in the cage for an hour, not once did Z growl or strike the mouse with her claws. At the end of the hour the mouse was removed from the cage uninjured. Similarly each of the other kittens was left in the cage for an hour with the same mouse. They played with it much as they ordinarily played with objects which moved when touched, but they made no efforts to injure it. Thus in this initial experiment not one of the three kittens gave any evidence of an instinctive tendency to catch, kill, and eat mice.

Six weeks later, each of the kittens was again placed in the cage with a mouse for from fifteen to twenty minutes. In some cases the play was a little rougher and more vigorous than previously, but the mouse was not killed. This result is the more interesting in view of the fact that the kittens had not been fed for at least twenty-four hours before the experiment.

At this point tuition was introduced by giving each kitten an opportunity to learn to kill and eat mice by watching the old cat do so. This was done rather to discover whether the kittens would imitate than to teach them what every cat is supposed to be able to do without tuition. The method of the experiment is indicated by the following brief description of the behavior of the kittens. After X had been in the cage with a mouse for a few minutes, merely playing with her companion, the old cat, M, was put into the cage. She immediately killed and ate the mouse while X looked on. As soon as M had finished eating the mouse, she was taken from the cage, and another mouse was put in with X. She played with it as she had with the other, without giving evidence of the influence of what she had just seen. Now Z was placed in the cage with X. The two kittens played with the mouse turn about, but each refused to permit the other to approach when she was in possession of the plaything. After a few minutes M was substituted for Z, and the mouse quickly met its fate. This time X was permitted by M to take the dead body, but she made no attempt to eat it until M had exposed the flesh for her. She then ate it at once. And so the account of the behavior of the kittens continues.

With this much of detail we may sum up the result of the experiment by saying that gradually, as a result of seeing mice caught, killed, and eaten by the mother cat or by one of themselves, the three kittens learned to do what Dr. Berry, as well as all who saw the experiment, had confidently expected them to do without example or precept.

Experiment 7, therefore, shows that these Manx kittens, at the age of from five to seven months, had no instinctive tendency to capture and eat mice, and, further, that they learned to do these things partly by watching the old cat do them—that is, by imitation. It is far from Dr. Berry's desire to insist that the results of this experiment justify the general conclusion that all kittens have to learn by imitation to kill mice. He merely presents the results of his well-planned, clear-cut, careful experiments. Of the facts revealed by these experiments there can be no doubt: that other kittens behave similarly will have to be proved by equally careful and painstaking observation. It is greatly to be hoped that other observers will seek to verify or disprove the generalization which Dr. Berry's results strongly suggest.

Finally, in the case of the last of the three experiments which I set out to describe in some detail, the simple task of getting meat out of a bottle proved a most

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effective method of testing imitation. It is important to note that all of Dr. Berry's tests were simple; simplicity, in fact, is the striking characteristic of his methods. For experiment 8 a pint milk-bottle was firmly fastened to the bottom of Box II. The bottle was partly filled with cloth, so that a kitten might easily reach with its forepaws pieces of meat which the experimenter placed in the bottle.

The tests exhibited the following interesting forms of behavior. In four minutes the mother cat succeeded in getting the meat out of the bottle. Y, when given his chance at the problem, solved it in ten minutes, but Z failed completely, although she worked hard for twenty minutes. Persistently she thrust her nose into the bottle, and reached for the meat with her paws on the outside! At times she tried to get both nose and paws into the bottle at the same time. X, in her test, behaved much as did Z, except that she balanced herself with nose in the bottle and reached for the meat with both paws simultaneously. It was a very amusing performance. Subsequently Z discovered a solution of the problem for herself; but X continued to fail day after day. After she had been in the experiment-box for forty minutes, on the fifth day of the experiment, Y was put in with her. She watched him closely as he reached into the bottle and took out the six pieces of meat. Y was then removed from the box, and other pieces of meat were put into the bottle. X immediately went to the bottle, and in less than two minutes she had obtained the meat. At first she tried her old method, but finding that it would not work, she tried Y's method. Later she always secured the bits of meat as skilfully as did the other kittens.

Without hesitation or reservation I may say that, in my opinion, Dr. Berry has made the most thoroughgoing, careful, and convincing systematic experimental study of the imitative tendency of an animal that is on record. His results are by far the most important positive results that have ever been reported, and his conclusions are intensely interesting, however many objections we may choose to raise against them and however much future investigation may modify them. These conclusions as stated in Dr. Berry's own words will serve admirably to make clear his point of view and his estimate of the value of his results:

In the nine experiments with cats which have been described I have found instances of imitation. So the question is not, "Do cats learn by imitation?" but, instead, "What is the nature and extent of their imitation?"

In the first place, what evidence is there for voluntary imitation? In experiment 4, M refused to turn the button until she had seen X turn it several times and get meat. Her failure was not due to lack of hunger, for after she turned the button once she continued to turn it as fast as I could put the meat in and close the hole.

I consider this a fair example of voluntary imitation, for M refused to turn the button until she had seen X repeatedly get meat by turning it. If it were merely instinctive imitation, we should have expected M to scratch at the button while X was turning it, but this she did not do. She merely watched X, and when X was taken out of the box, she went to the button and turned it. Of course it may be said that the act was purely accidental, but her manner seemed to indicate that such was not the case.

In experiment 6, Y refused to roll the ball into the hole until he had experienced the results that came from performing the act. It was then, and not until then, that he began to roll the ball and watch the door. In experiment 7, it was not until X had seen several mice killed and had eaten two that she seized and killed a mouse when it was put into the cage with her.

It seems to me the fairest way of interpreting these cases is to admit that they are instances of voluntary imitation of a low order. I say of a low order, because the imitation did not occur until the required act had been performed many times by the trained animal. . . .

I am also led to believe that cats are credited with more instincts than they really possess. It is commonly reported that they have an instinctive liking for mice, and that mice have an instinctive fear of cats. It is supposed that the odor of a mouse will arouse a cat, and that the odor of a cat will frighten a mouse. My experiments tend to show that this belief is not in harmony with the facts. When cats over five months old were taken into the room where mice were kept, they did not show the least sign of excitement. A cat would even allow a mouse to perch upon

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its back without attempting to injure it. Nor did the mice show any fear of the cats. I have seen a mouse smell of the nose of a cat without showing any sign of fear.

To sum up, I think my experiments have shown: (1) that voluntary imitation of a certain type exists in cats; (2) that cats, to some extent, imitate human beings; (3) that instinctive imitation in cats is more important than students of animal behavior have supposed; (4) and that cats do not instinctively kill and eat mice, but learn to do so by imitation.

Doubtless many readers have been surprised and puzzled by the fact that Dr. Berry's results and conclusions concerning imitation in cats contradict those of Professor Thorndike. Fairness to these investigators, as well as to the readers of this article, demands that I attempt to account for this contradiction.

There are four facts which separately or in combination may serve to explain it. First, the same cats were not used in both series of experiments; second, the animals were treated differently by the two investigators; third, the conditions and methods of experimentation differed radically in the two series of tests; fourth, there is a marked difference in the number and variety of the experiments. These four facts deserve somewhat more detailed examination.

Presumably the cats used by Professor Thorndike were typical strays of uncertain age and physical condition. Dr. Berry's Manx cats were, on the contrary, creatures from a comfortable home, the ages of which, with the exception of the mother cat, were known to within a few days. In this connection it is important to remember that Dr. Berry, in his attempts to test imitation in six cats which were literally taken from the street and the cellar, and which probably were more like Professor Thorndike's specimens than were the Manx cats, obtained but scant evidence of an imitative tendency.

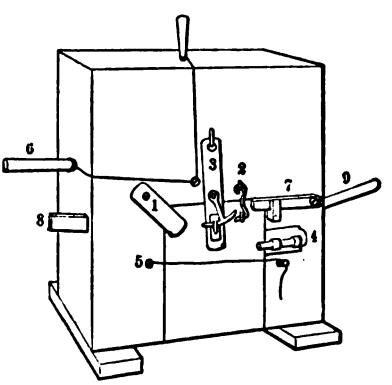
That Professor Thorndike's subjects were kept in a condition of "utter hunger," whereas Dr. Berry's were well fed, may suggest a sufficient ground for striking differences in behavior. It is doubtful, indeed, whether extreme hunger is a favorable condition for intelligent action of any sort.

It should be noted also that, whereas Professor Thorndike used extremely small experiment-boxes, in which the cats certainly must have been cramped and uncomfortable, Dr. Berry made use of boxes which were so large that the cats made themselves perfectly at home in them. In certain of his experiments, although not in all, Professor Thorndike placed the imitator and the copy-setter in separate compartments of the experiment-box. This may not have been as favorable for imitation as the free movement of both cats in the same compartment which Dr. Berry's experiments permitted.

Finally, Professor Thorndike's tests were only four in number, and they evidently occupied him for only a short time. Dr. Berry's numbered nine, and he worked at them from one to three hours a day, six days per week, for almost six months. This fact alone well might account for important differences in the results of the two investigations and in the conclusions which the experimenters were enabled to formulate.

And now we come to a field for the study of imitation which is far more promising and incomparably more interesting to the ordinary observer than any of those which we have thus far entered.. Do monkeys imitate? If so, how?

Popular literature abounds with instances of imitative behavior in various species of monkeys, but on the experimental side the evidence is extremely meager, partly, no doubt, because no one has ever carefully studied the matter in



From A. J. Kinnaman's "Mental Life of Two Macacus Rhesus Monkeys in Captivity," reproduced by permission of "The American Journal of Psychology"

APPARATUS FOR OBSERVING THE MENTAL LIFE OF MONKEYS

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the native haunts of the animal. Professor Thorndike and Professor Kinnaman are the only animal psychologists whose work concerns us at this point. The former devoted his attention chiefly to a study of imitation of human beings by some Cebus monkeys, and he studied far less thoroughly their tendency to imitate one another. So far as his investigation goes, and he states that it is incomplete, it furnished little evidence of voluntary imitation. Professor Kinnaman, on the other hand, obtained what appear to be clear cases of this kind of imitation with two *Macacus rhesus* monkeys.

With the apparatus which is represented in the illustration Professor Kinnaman sought to discover, among other things, whether one of the monkeys would learn to open this box by watching the other do it. The illustration shows a number of contrivances by which the door of the experiment-box could be fastened. These were so arranged by the experimenter that they could be used either singly or in series. Thus the problem set for the animal might be simple or extremely difficult. In the following experiment, the door was held shut by the plug which is marked "6" in the illustration. A string which was attached to the inside of the door of the experiment-box passed upward, and thence through a hole in the front of the box, and around to the end, where it was fastened to the plug. Pulling the plug out of the hole in which it was inserted caused the door to fly open, thus enabling the monkey to obtain food from within the box.

The male monkey, which, according to Professor Kinnaman's report, was much more active, energetic, and persistent in his efforts to get at the food than the female, readily learned the trick of pulling out this plug. But the female failed to learn it, although the experimenter tried on four consecutive days to teach her the act. Finally, she became so thoroughly discouraged with the problem that she would walk away from the box, in spite of the fact that she had just seen food placed in it, as soon as she saw that the plug was the mode of fastening. "At this juncture," writes Professor Kinnaman, "the male was turned out of his cage. He went immediately to the box, she following some four feet away. Knowing the trick perfectly, he seized the end of the plug with his teeth and removed it. I set the box again. This time the female rushed to it, seized the plug by the end, as the male did, and procured the food. This she repeated immediately eight times in exactly the same way. On succeeding days she removed the plug as a part of a combination-lock on the same plan one hundred and thirty times."

After this striking exhibition of what certainly looks like voluntary imitation, Professor Kinnaman made the following experiment with the door of the box held shut by the fastening marked "9." This was a wooden lever which, when depressed, permitted the door to open. As in the previous experiment, the female had utterly failed to learn how to work this device, whereas the male had learned the trick for himself without aid from the experimenter. Immediately after the experiment just described, the box, set with the bear-down-lever, was placed before the female. "She rushed up, but missing the plug, she sat down. The male passed her, pushed the lever down, and procured the food. When the box was set again, she worked the lever and took the food in the same way that he had done. She manipulated this apparatus several times immediately, and two hundred and fifty times later as part of a combination-lock."

"It seems to me," Professor Kinnaman concludes, "that the two cases with the box are quite as good examples of imitation as could be gotten even with human beings. While this is an unusual method of learning on the part of these monkeys, the above examples seem to me conclusive evidence that it is at least a possible method."

The most appropriate comment which can be made concerning such evidence of voluntary imitation in animals as has been furnished by Dr. Berry and Professor Kinnaman is that it is important. It must be obvious, from what I have written, that we are at the very beginning of the scientific study of imitation, and, I may add, of animal psychology.[1]

[1] In a following number of THE CENTURY, Mr. M. E. Haggerty, who, at Harvard and at the New York Zoölogical Park, has made the most thorough psychological study of monkeys yet undertaken, will give a popular description of some of his experiments, with pictures of the animals and apparatus.—THE EDITOR.

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"'SAY, YER 'S TALKIN' FOOLISHNESS, AIN'T YER?'"

THE GENERALS AND NUMBER SEVEN

BY LUCY PRATT

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

THE fact that the two cash-boys in the down-town store were colored was not a matter of particular comment either in the store or out of it. They had appeared one morning at the regular time of opening, had been casually regarded by their numerous predecessors, and had been accepted as something a little unusual, but not unheard of. That they had appeared together, however, did not mean that they were friends or even casual acquaintances, although their conversation, just at first, ran smoothly, not to say amicably.

"Is yer ever done cash wuk befo'?" began one, eying the other tolerantly.

"Yaas," came the slow, easy reply; "I 's wuk in de Souf fer Mis' Cash Miles."

"W'at yer say? Say yer 's wuk in de Souf—"

"Say I 's wuk in de Souf fer Mis' Cash Miles."

He was regarded skeptically.

"Say, yer 's talkin' foolishness, ain't yer?"

This was discouraging, but not entirely fatal to conversation, either.

"I ax yer is yer ever done *cash* wuk befo', an' yer say yaas, yer 's wuk fer Mis' *Cash Miles*. Well, doan' soun' like sense, anyway."

"'T is sense, too. 'Ca'se dat 's 'er name —Mis' Cash Miles; so co'se dat 's w'at eve'body calls 'er—Mis' Cash Miles."

Again he was regarded skeptically.

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"Well, soun' like foolishness ter me, anyway. Mis' Cash Miles, did yer say? Howcome 'er ter be name' like dat?"

The other was still dignified.

"I doan' know howcome 'er ter be name' like dat, but she *is* name' like dat, an' it 's 'er name, an' I 's wuk fer 'er in de sto'. I reckon dat 's de cause o' dey tekkin' me yere, 'ca'se I 's had expe'ience befo'. You ain't r'ally had no expe'ience befo', has yer?"

The other was a bit perturbed.

"Mis' Cash Miles," he muttered. "*Dat* ain't no expe'ience! I would n' wuk fer no sech name 's dat, anyway."

"Well, boys," broke in the floor-walker, briskly, "don't stand there idling! Just look round and see if you 're not wanted somewhere."

"Here, b—oy!" came a high, sweet voice. They turned their heads quickly. Where was it, that voice? "Here, bo—y!" it sounded again, fairly dripping with sweetness.

"There!" declared the floor-walker, triumphantly. "Now see which of you can get there first."

There was a sudden lurch forward, and the floor-walker gazed at two pairs of legs vanishing confusedly round the end of a counter. With another lurch they brought up before another counter just as the siren voice was lifted again, and then arrested. It was the glove counter, and they were both looking up in breathless silence at a wonderful blaze of red-gold hair, and at eyes which were looking down with a very blue gaze. But she was talking to them; the siren voice was sounding gently now in their ears, and she was smiling on them—smiling while she talked.

"You 're hurrying yourselves, are n't you?" Did one of those blue eyes crinkle itself into the slightest perceptible wink as her glance shifted briefly to her smiling customer? She held out a white check in a strong, white hand.

"Find Mr. Wales, and ask him to sign it. Tell him it 's for Number Seven at the glove counter. He 's in the back of the store."

Two pairs of dark hands reached up swiftly, and she drew back her own, still looking down on them.

"Well, now hold on! There 's one too many of you."

The two pairs of hands were meekly withdrawn, and with still a bare suggestion of the crinkle in her eye, the white check was passed straight to Mis' Cash Miles's former employee.

The smiling customer regarded him indulgently.

"He 's new, is he?"

"Yes, he 's new," and the crinkle became just a bit doubtful, perhaps critical. "What 's your name, boy?"

Mis' Cash's former employee looked back unflinchingly.

"My name 's Gen'l Grant," he returned with truthful modesty.

"Gen'ral Grant!" The blue eyes behind the counter swept delightedly from the general to the customer, whose own eyes swept delightedly from the general to his silent, waiting friend.

"And are you new, too? What 's *your* name? General Lee?"

With disappointed, jealous eyes, he regarded his rival and hesitated. Then he, too, looked back unflinchingly and spoke.

"Yas 'm, my name 's Gen'l Lee," he declared in soft, certain tones.

"Well, for the land's sake!" broke out the voice behind the counter, while the customer shook with silent laughter on her stool. "Do you hear that? Gen'ral Grant and Gen'ral Lee!"

General Grant regarded the white check absently for a moment, and then, turning abruptly, charged steadily down the broad aisle, while General Lee regarded the retreating figure disappointedly, and then charged steadily down the aisle, too.

"Your name ain't Gen'l Lee," remarked the favored messenger, briefly, looking back cynically over his shoulder.

His complacent triumph was quite unbearable to the other.

" 'T is Gen'l Lee, too," he declared warmly. "How you know my name, anyway?" It sounded both gruff and dangerous, but the other was not in the least upset.

" 'Ca'se I kin tell way yer look 't ain't. Yer ain't Gen'l nobuddy."

"You ain't Gen'l nobuddy, nudder!" retorted the other, in want of anything more convincing; but Grant, entirely ignoring the doubt cast on his own veracity, despatched his business, and with an air of quite invincible supremacy returned to the glove counter, and the trouble between the two generals was on. That it should have

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started with the girl behind the counter with the hair and the voice was unfortunate, but that it should continue *because* of the girl behind the counter seemed like an extreme, perhaps a disreputable, argument. Nevertheless, that she was an important factor in the affair was not to be questioned.

"He say he use' ter wuk fer Mis' *Cash* establishment. "I thought he was up to his work. He moves quicker than you do."

Plainly Grant *was* a favorite; merely on a matter of speed, too. General Lee made a deep and silent vow within himself.

"Here, boy!" sounded a voice around the counter. It was deep and hoarse, not

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'YAS 'M, MY NAME 'S GEN'L LEE'"

Miles!" announced General Lee as soon as it was possible to get the ear of the red-gold, blue-eyed Number Seven again. This piece of information was evidently considered quite enough to ruin any chances of favoritism which his rival might have gained at the start. Number Seven glanced briefly at General Grant, who hovered near.

"Mis' Cash Miles?" she queried. From her inflection Mis' Cash might easily have been the chief of any Fifth-Avenue high and sweet and clear, and he turned reluctantly, his eyes dwelling suspiciously on a small, dark figure which sauntered leisurely not far away.

But as the morning went on, and the store filled and swarmed with more and more and more customers, and cash-boys rushed madly back and forth in all directions, it was plain to see that there was no time for favoritism anywhere.

"It 's some kine o' wuk in dis sto', ain't it?" commented Grant, amiably, as he

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passed his rival during an exciting climax of business and rush between two and three in the afternoon.

"Cert'nly is so," came the amiable agreement, and just then, above all the rush and din a clear, high sound smote sweetly, surely on their ears.

"Here, b—oy!"

For a brief, passing moment their eyes met. Then they both turned and down the crowded, swarming aisle they dashed, while a shining, red-gold blaze beckoned them always, and a steady, blue light rested on them calmly as they came swiftly on.

"Good for you, Gen'ral Lee! You 're picking up."

He stood triumphantly before her and held out his hand while various customers turned their heads, apparently expecting to find the immortal general himself before them.

"He says his name 's Gen'ral Lee," explained Number Seven, her voice modulating itself artistically to the needs of Number Eight, whose laugh broke out unreservedly.

"Gen'ral Lee! Will you listen to that!"

"And that 's Gen'ral Grant cuttin' round the corner. He 's mad because he did n't get here first."

Passing customers turned and looked curiously, amusedly, first at the small figure before them, and then at the other one just disappearing ignominiously from view.

"Ain't they cute?"

General Lee looked up, and his gaze warmed itself under the shining blaze still glowing down on him in a warm, lovely flame.

"You and Gen'ral Grant don't get on very well, do you?" inquired Number Seven, casually.

"No 'm; he—he 's 'mos' allays wo'yin' me 'bout startin' off ahaid."

"Off ahead? That 's a pretty good thing, too, when the rush is on, but it 's no reason for keeping up a continual scrap with each other. Gen'ral, get your change, and then tell Gen'ral Grant to come here a minute. I want to see both of you."

He looked up at her a little suspiciously, and then disappeared among the swarming figures in the aisle. When he came back, Grant was following, his eyes wandering curiously up to the glove counter.

"Well, come here," began Number Seven, looking down on them with something of the old, indulgent crinkle in her eye. "I want to know what 's the reason you two gen'rally have so much trouble on between you. Now, what 's the reason?"

They gazed unresponsively down at the counter, and Number Seven's artistically modulated voice went on while her eyes rested on them steadily.

"You seem to have some kind of a row on most of the time, don't you?"

They each stole a brief look upward as the voice sounded in their ears.

"Look like Gen'l Grant 's 'mos' allays startin' off a-runnin'," put in Lee, faintly, by way of mild explanation.

"Well, that 's nothing to pick up a fuss about," continued the voice, soothingly. "Now, look; I want you to try to get on better. Try to say something kind of pleasant when you meet. Is there any reason why you can't?"

They both stole another brief look upward and appeared to be considering the matter.

"Is there?"

"No 'm," they murmured, because it seemed to be absolutely the only thing that was called for.

"All right," agreed Number Seven, cordially. "Now, no more *scrapping!*"

They turned away from her and moved off side by side. There was a slight pause, and then General Grant cleared his throat ominously.

"Say, Gen'l Lee," he began, glancing at him evasively and then continuing ingratiatingly, "yer cyan't see nuthin' o' dat gen'leman over yonder wid de silk hat, 'scusin' 'is haid, kin yer? How many laigs yer reckon he got?"

This seemed delicately conversational, to be sure, but General Lee hardly seemed to appreciate either the form or thought of the question.

"Oh, g' long!" he returned briskly; "co'se yer know he gotten two laigs, ain't yer? Leas'ways, ef yer 's got sense, yer oughter know it."

The other continued tactfully.

"Well, co'se I *s'pose* he gotten two, ef he ain' nuver *los'* any, but co'se he *might* 'a' los' some, too. 'Ca'se I seen a man once where 's los' *bofe* 'is laigs—'n' bofe 'is arms, too. So co'se he could n' r'ally wuk ve'y good, but jes keep on settin' roun' de house, not doin' much, anyhow."

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Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THE FLOOR-WALKER, WHO, ACCOMPANIED ON EACH SIDE BY A SMALL, DROOPING FIGURE"

General Lee looked up more interestedly.

"Is he los' 'em w'en he 's young or after he 's growed?" he inquired intelligently.

"I doan' r'ally know jes w'en he 's los' 'em," went on Grant, conscientiously, "an' yit I hyeah he 's awful mad w'en he foun' he *is* los' 'em, too."

"I reckon he mus' 'a' been growed," stated General Lee, both profound and conclusive in his manner.

"I reckon so, too, 'ca'se I hyeah he 's ser mad he won't speak ter nobuddy fer mo'n a week, an' den de fus word he spoke was ter curse."

"Sho! He ought not ter ack like dat ef he is los' 'is laigs 'n' arms," declared Lee, deprecatingly.

Could Number Seven herself have asked for a more Heaven-sent, altogether thoroughly ideal and delightful conversation?

"No, co'se he ought not ter," came the sympathetic agreement; "but it 's de trufe, de fus word he spoke was ter curse—an' de secon' word he spoke was ter curse ag'in."

"Sho!" Lee merely meditated in silence on the unfortunate occurrence. Then his eyes stopped suddenly on a silk hat.

"Co'se I s'pose dat gen'leman could n' be r'ally walkin' 'long ser easy ef he 's los' 'is laigs, could he?" He spoke mildly, from wider experience, as it were.

"No, I doan' guess he could, r'ally," agreed Grant, a bit doubtfully, "not ef he 's los' 'em bofe. Co'se he might ef he 's only los' *one,* an' co'se he might ef he ain't los' any but jes los' one *arm.* An' he might, too, ef he ain't los' any *laigs,* but los' *bofe arms;* or he might—" But just here the gentleman with the silk hat stepped into view in full possession of both legs and both arms, and Grant and Lee each breathed a sigh of relief.

"Here, b—oy!" came a clear, high voice, penetrating sweetly the clash and jar of

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many sounds, and Grant turned quickly, then slowly, looking magnanimously back at Lee.

"You kin go 'n' wait on Number Seven ef yer wants," he drawled easily.

As the days and weeks went on, General Grant and General Lee and Number Seven worked more satisfactorily, more smoothly together than any of the three could have supposed possible at an earlier period. True, it all seemed to date back to—was it a conversation with Number Seven, or was it a conversation about a man with many missing limbs? It might have been either, or, since one was the immediate outgrowth of the other, it might have been said to have been intimately connected with both. At any rate, matters were running satisfactorily, smoothly, and would undoubtedly have continued to do so had it not been for one unfortunate person who, after strolling aimlessly down-town one unfortunate afternoon, decided suddenly to stroll into one particular store. And in the store there was a rush and roar of business which only old clerks and old-timers generally felt truly at home in. Cash-boys rushed wearily up and down crowded aisles, while calls for them came more and more frequently and insistently.

"Look like yer ain't sca'cely time ter git back 'fo' yer has ter start ag'in," meditated General Grant, dismally, and then, suddenly, out of all the tumult and confusion, he heard something which came like a drop of wine to his sinking spirit.

"Here, b—oy!"

There was no other voice in the store just like that one, and with a sudden light, gay feeling in his heart he turned, and his feet sprang nimbly from the floor. Did he or did he not see another small, dark figure turn suddenly in the next aisle with feet that sprang nimbly from the floor, too? His own pace quickened, and he was away down the aisle, around the corner, and into the next aisle, where just for a moment he found himself face to face with another swiftly moving figure, small and dark like himself. As their eyes met, suddenly, unheralded and unexpected, like a quick storm in a clear sky, an old-time challenge shot back and forth between them, and as they darted on, breast to breast, the old war was on again.

But the germs of the tragedy lay not in the fact that the war was on, that the two participants were dashing fiercely on through a moving, dodging aisle of people, but in the fact that one serene and portly lady, who had strolled down-town in the early afternoon, was now strolling steadily on toward *them*. Looking a bit haughtily above the heads of the throng about her, she came straight on, while from the opposite direction came the other two, still breast to breast, still of one fierce, fixed purpose. If she had looked down or they had looked up it might all have been different; but they looked at the floor, and she looked at the ceiling, and then there was a dull thud as of moving bodies coming into swift and immediate contact, while two small figures sprawled suddenly on the floor, and one large one reeled wildly toward a counter and felt weakly for a stool. Even then, if the moving throng had calmly ignored it all, the real tragedy might then and there have been nipped in the bud. But immediately they came flocking about, looking in both inquiry and alarm at the two figures on the floor. There may be nothing at all in the theory of association of ideas, but when a ring gathers around two sprawling figures, it usually suggests something which, in vulgar terms, we characterize as a fight. Whether either of the generals had up to this moment entertained the slightest notion of anything in the nature of a fight will never be known, but at any rate when General Grant looked dizzily up from the floor and saw a staring ring of faces, and then felt General Lee struggling on top of him, he doubled up his brown fist securely, and then he hit squarely up at his old-time rival, and the fight was on.

"Get up! What 's going on here!" came the stern, ringing voice of the floor-walker, and he pushed briskly forward and picked them up as easily as he might have picked up two kittens, and stood them up at arm's-length, while they glowered at each other.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourselves!" His voice sounded very terrible in their ears, but they still glowered at each other. "You may report to Mr. Karr in the up-stairs office. *He 'll* give you your walking-papers without any trouble. Here, you come with me."

There was a rustle and a gasp from a stool by the counter.

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"Sir," the voice shook with dignified, impotent rage, "*I* should like to speak to Mr. Karr, too. I have been brutally assaulted."

"Yes, Madam," the floor-walker looked her over politely, and repeated himself. "Yes, Madam, certainly. Will you kindly follow me?"

She followed, still gasping—meekly followed the floor-walker, who, accompanied on each side by a small, drooping figure, made his way through a curiously gaping crowd to a waiting elevator. And as he stepped from the elevator, accompanied still on each side, and entered an office at his left, she still followed.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'I THOUGHT THEY KNOCKED *HER* DOWN'"

"Mr. Karr," began the floor-walker, briskly, "I have to report these two boys for most disorderly conduct in one of the main aisles down-stairs. I found them fighting there. And not only that, but they have annoyed one of the customers exceedingly. This lady here—"

He glanced her way, and Mr. Karr glanced her way, and the portly lady, tilting her glasses, which were still intact, at a more convenient angle on her nose, and looking over the tops of them, glanced down at the two small figures far below her.

"It seems to me," she began, looking like a frozen martyr, "that there is at least *ground* for complaint. If it has become impossible to enter your store at three o'clock in the afternoon without being knocked flatly down in one's tracks, it seems to me, as I just said, that—there is—*ground* for complaint." Her choice of words seemed to signify that had it been any other hour than three there would have been no ground at all. "And I can truthfully say," she went on, "that it is the first time that I have ever been assaulted, either indoors or out."

This reflection seemed to afford her some slight comfort, but it was not for long. "And after a record like that," she added, "to be assaulted now—at three in the afternoon!"

That was evidently the bitter part, and

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she was, in fact, quite on the verge of tears at this ignominious ruin of her record.

"I understand, Madam; of course. I understand. And I am exceedingly sorry for this. Well, sir,—" his tone changed suddenly from the sympathetic to the severe,—"what have you to say for yourself?"

Grant felt all eyes glued unmistakably on him, and he looked up doggedly.

"I ain't 'sa'lted her," he grumbled in tones of supreme disgust at the mere thought of such a thing.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the complainant in a stately tone, "that is a falsehood."

"Of course, of course," came the brisk rejoinder; "but I shall get at the root of this matter. What have *you* to say for yourself, sir?"

General Lee felt all eyes unmistakably glued on *him*.

"Me 'n' Gen'l Grant 's hu'yin' 'long 's fas' we kin, an' she come 'long 'n' knock us down."

There was a faint gasp from the complainant, who stiffened and seemed unable even to respond. Finally her words came like icy balls spit out painfully one by one.

"Sir—I leave it to you to look me over—and decide whether—I look like a—a thug! Whether—whether this is not—*too much!*"

"Certainly, certainly. It 's plain to see you have not been treated with—with the respect which we *demand* from our workers. I shall dismiss both of these boys from service."

"They deserve it entirely," put in the floor-walker; "they were fighting like little devils."

"*Fighting?* Well, you 're dismissed, both of you. Yes, right now, this minute. You may go."

The complainant drew a short breath of relief, and turned to the door herself.

"Thank you," she concluded. "I think it is a warranted dismissal. It certainly was an *un*warranted attack, coming when I was both disarmed and unsuspecting, merely walking down your store at three o'clock in the afternoon."

She passed out, and the floor-walker passed out behind her, but still the dismissed employees remained.

"Well? I told you you could go—"

But just here the door opened once more, and suddenly a warm, leaping flame seemed to come glowing into the room, and a sweeping blue gaze shifted in an awed, unaccustomed way from the manager to the two small figures before him.

"Mr. Karr," she began respectfully, "I 've come up here to ask you please not—to—to be too hard on them. And I 'm asking you because I saw the whole thing myself, and most of it was all an accident. They were on their way to the glove counter, running, and of course they were n't looking as sharp as they should have been, and they ran into the old lady and knocked themselves down." Not the slightest disrespect was intended in the reference to the "old lady," but the manager's mouth curled into the ghost of a smile.

"I thought they knocked *her* down."

"Well, they did n't. She knocked *them* down. And then of course they were so excited and knocked out they began hitting at each other."

The manager looked up while the small room still seemed to glow warmly. In fact, the manager looked as if he were rather enjoying the situation himself. "Yes—h—m, I begin to see how it was Miss—Miss Regan? Yes; thank you, Miss Regan, for coming up to me about this." He turned his head surreptitiously to the door, which had so recently closed, and added in a low voice:

"Well—I think perhaps I 'll give you one more chance, then, you fellers, thanks to Miss Regan; but you understand, of course, it will be your last one. You 'll have to behave yourselves up to the mark."

"I 'll 'tend to that," murmured Miss Regan.

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MEXICO

A SERIES of PICTURES DRAWN & ENGRAVED ON WOOD

BY Howard McCormick

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Drawn and engraved on wood by Howard McCormick

MOTHER AND CHILD

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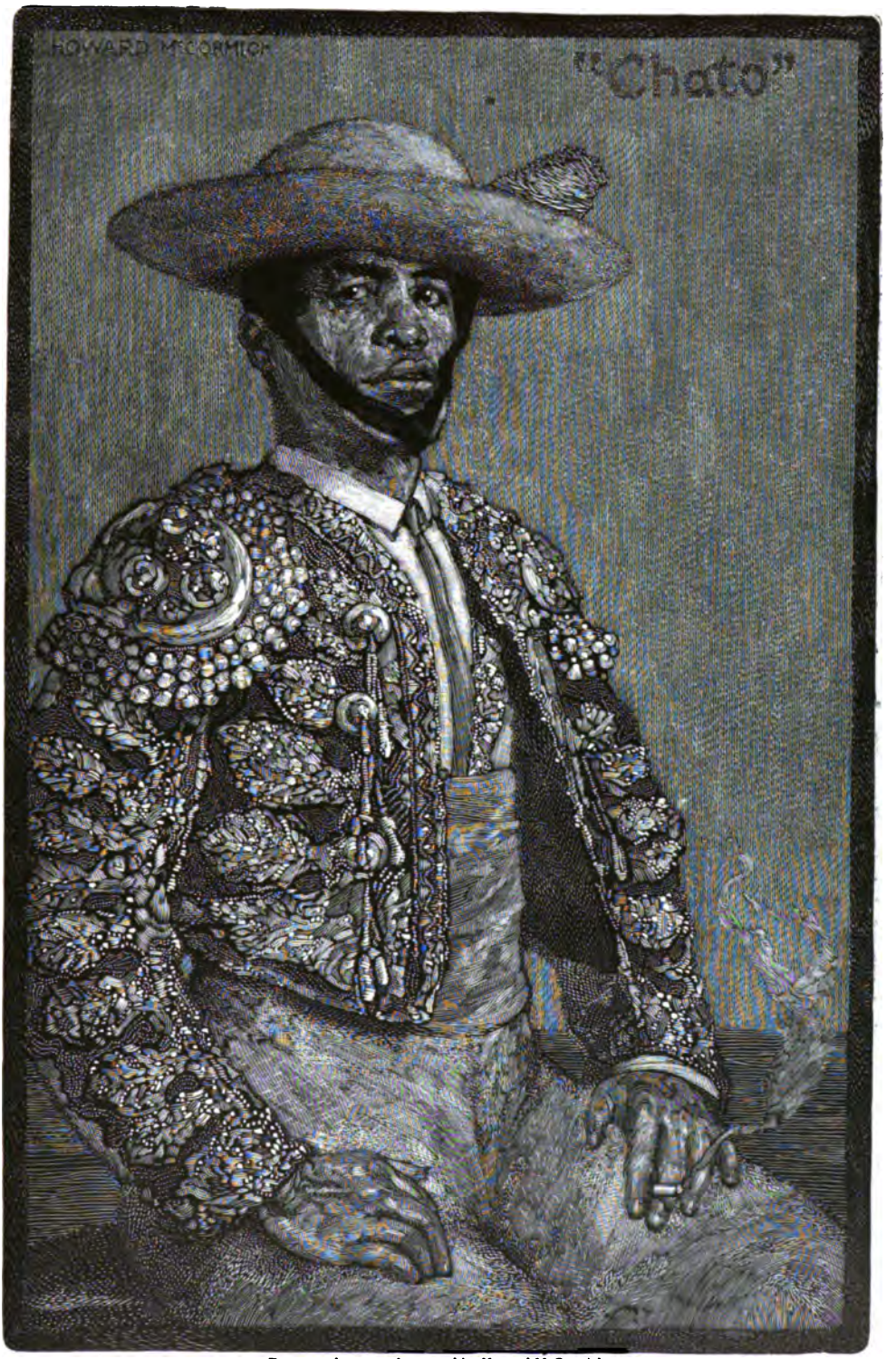

Drawn and engraved on wood by Howard McCormick

"CHATO," THE PICADOR

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Drawn and engraved on wood by Howard McCormick

THE TOREADOR

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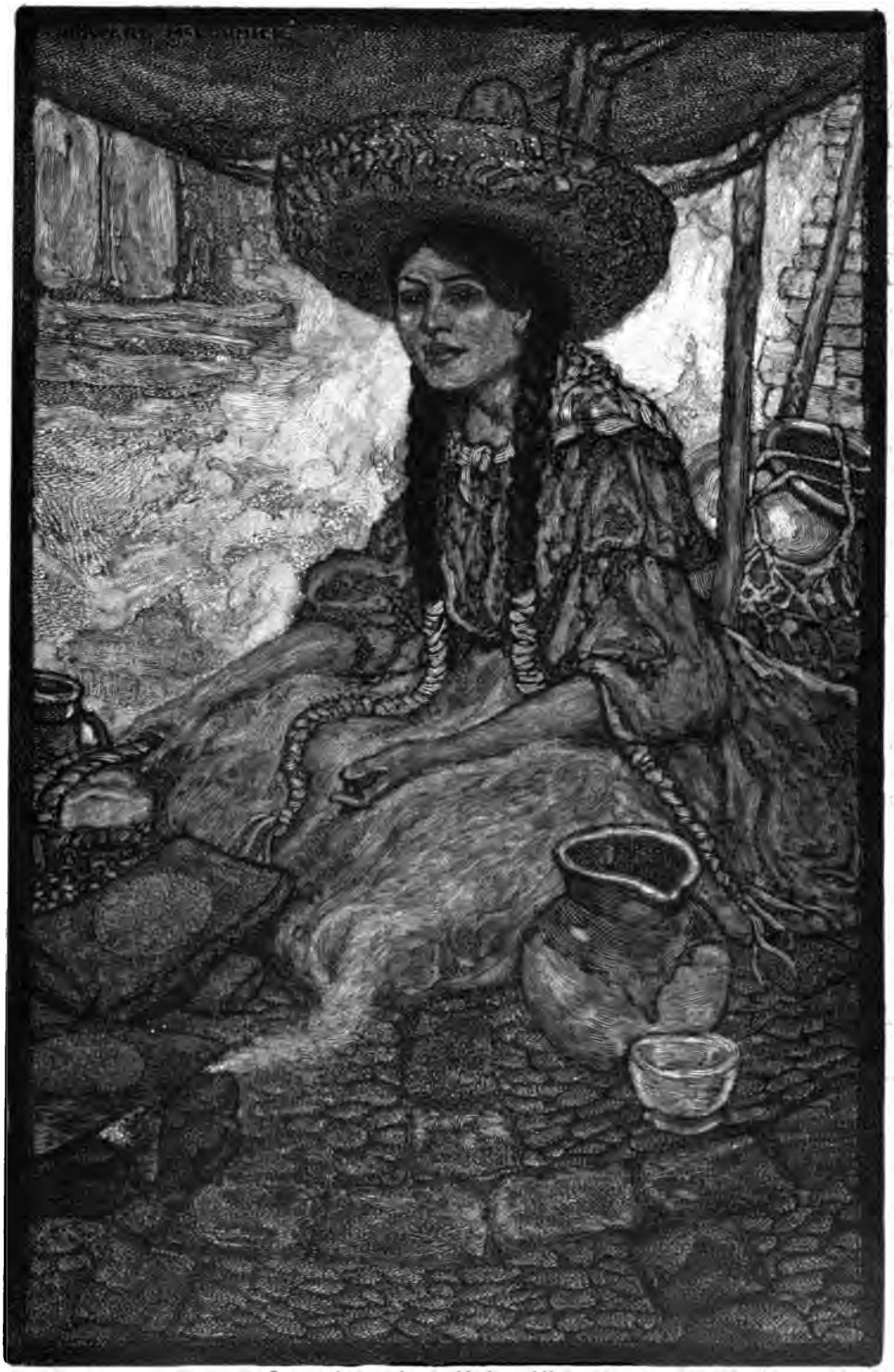

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THE TORTILLA-VENDER

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PROSERPINE

STANZAS WRITTEN BY LAKE PERGUSA

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

LIFTED on hollow lands and grassy miles,
The lake low-girdled, to all memories sweet,
Draws heaven to itself; and wave-flung smiles
The laughter of the waters in the wheat.
It is a morn of May
Before the heat of day;
The swallow comes among the reeds to drink
The wind-blown cup of blue amid the green,
And sings his song; and near or far is seen
The plash of wild-fowl on the life-fringed brink;
See, every step I take
Stirs up a host of azure dragon-flies;
Floored with swift wings the path cerulean lies,
And round my knees flutters a living lake.

I pick the flowers that Proserpine let fall,
Sung through the world by every honeyed muse:
Wild morning-glories, daisies waving tall,
At every step is something new to choose;
And oft I stop and gaze
Upon the flowery maze;
By yonder cypresses, on that soft rise,
Scarce seen through poppies and the knee-deep wheat,
Juts the dark cleft where on her came the fleet
Thunder-black horses and the cloud's surprise
And he who filled the place.
Did marigolds bright as these, gilding the mist,
Drop from her maiden zone? Wert thou last kissed,
Pale hyacinth, last seen, before his face?

O swallow, on the rocked reed warbling long,
Dost thou remember such a morn of May?
There is a chord of silence in thy song,
Deepening the hush on which it dies away.
Ah, flower so pure, so white,
Winnowing the air like light,
Whiter than Phosphor in the golden morn,—
The bright narcissus she was wont to wear,
The star of springtime shining in her hair,

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Wasted not thus, immortally forlorn;
Soon will thy soul be ta'en,
While still the bird's song haunts the warmèd sky;
With all dead flowers that were thy light shall lie;
Empty the barley-field, and cut the grain.

Oh, whence has silence stolen on all things here,
Where every sight makes music to the eye?
Through all one unison is singing clear;
All sounds, all colors in one rapture die.
Breathe slow, O heart, breathe slow!
A presence from below
Moves toward the breathing world from that dark deep,
Whereof men fabling tell what no man knows,
By little fires amid the winter snows,
When earth lies stark in her titanic sleep
And doth with cold expire;
He brings thee all, O Maiden, flower of earth,
Her child in whom all nature comes to birth,
Thee, the fruition of all dark desire.

No living eyes have seen him save thine own,
And hence he bore thee to the dark deep under,
Far from the beauty of this heaven-bright zone,
Where the corn ripens in the summer thunder,
And all things throb, and lave
In color's rainbow wave.
Vainly we question things whose home is here:
No rose that ever bloomed, nor herb of grace
Crushed with sweet odors, ever saw his face,
Nor golden lilies laid upon the bier.
Nor only now I ponder
Hunger divine that beauty cannot dull;
Who beauty loves, his soul is beautiful,
The master said, and oft on this I wonder.

O Proserpine, dream not that thou art gone
Far from our loves, half-human, half-divine;
Thou hast a holier adoration won
In many a heart that worships at no shrine.
Where light and warmth behold me,
And flower and wheat enfold me,
I lift a dearer prayer than all prayers past:
He who so loved thee that the live earth clove
Before his pathway unto light and love,
And took thy flower-full bosom,—who at last
Shall every blossom cull,—
Lover the most of what is most our own,
The mightiest lover that the world has known,
Dark lover, Death,—was he not beautiful?

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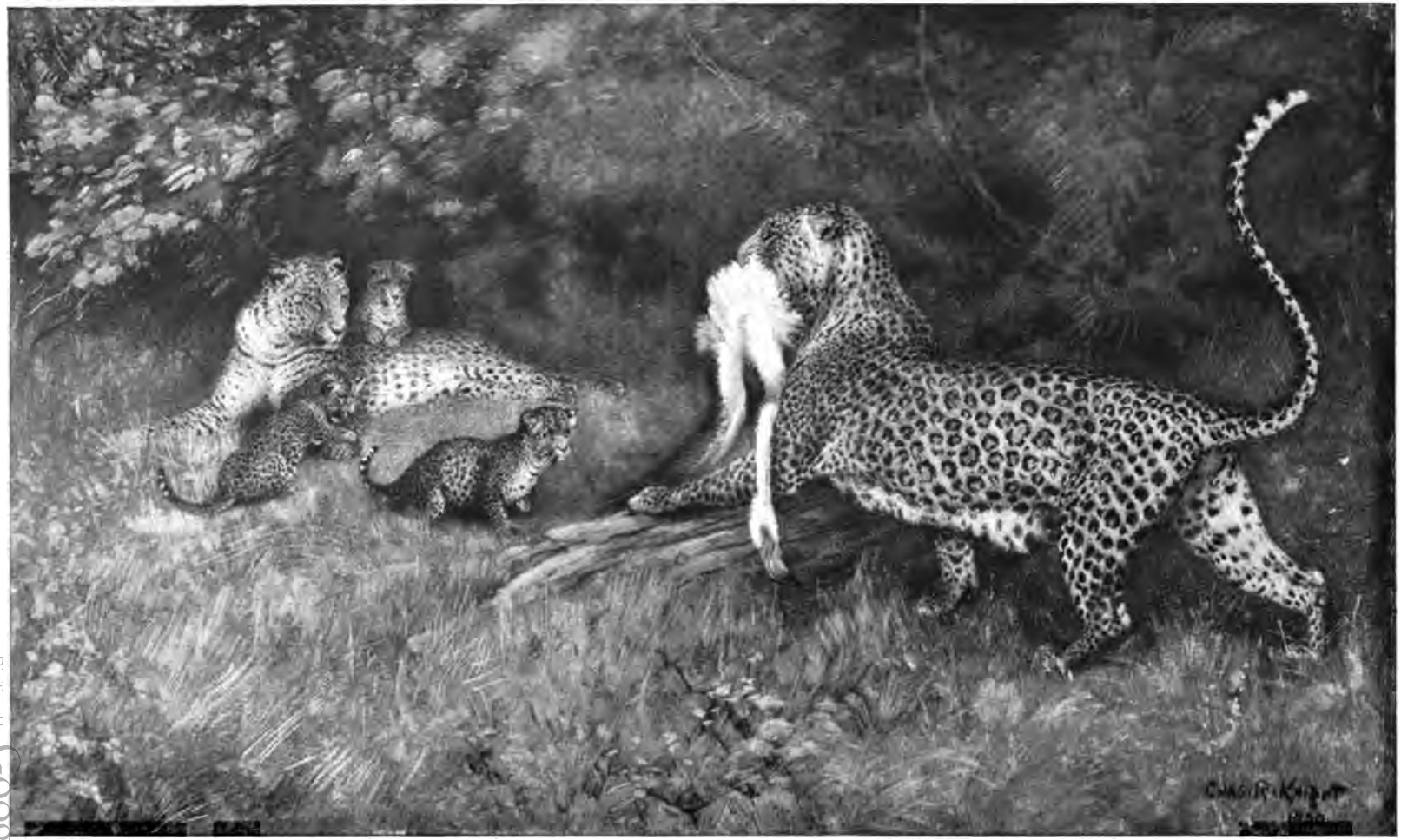

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

See "Open Letters"

LEOPARDS

FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

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THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

BY THE REV. ELWOOD WORCESTER, D.D.

Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston

I LEARNED from Renan the practice of never replying to criticism, a rule which has saved me much vexation, and which I shall not much relax now. I have read, however, the few serious criticisms which have been directed against our undertaking, and I have endeavored to profit by them. Up to a few months ago what troubled me most in the rapid spread of our so-called movement was the absence of opposition, the willingness of thousands and tens of thousands of persons to accept principles which I had supposed would recommend themselves to but few. In those days I frequently used to say to myself: " 'Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets.' " During the last six months I have had no occasion to remind myself of these words. Other and more consoling sayings of Jesus, and other episodes in the history of our religion, have suggested themselves to my mind. In other words, with the appearance of the "Ladies' Home Journal" articles, and with the free circulation of "Religion and Medicine" and of "The Living Word," our undertaking entered a new period of development in which the bare idea, divorced from personality and from friendly sentiment, and but poorly expressed in words, must descend into the arena of public opinion and fight for its right to exist. This was to be expected. Every new truth which affects life must pass through a period in which it is hated before it attains the period in which it is loved. What people dread is change; what they wish is to be let alone. They will kill the reformer, if they can, and only those reformers who refuse to be killed, but who for years together go on savagely, patiently, tenderly reiterating the same message, in the end have their way, and are believed.

Of the open attacks by Christian Science I have little reason to complain. They have emphasized a fact which I have wished to make plain, namely, that we have little in common either in belief or in practice. The last criticism of our work by Christian Science which appeared in many papers in different parts of the country must have cost that church a good deal, and I should be willing to contribute according to my means to another such series of articles, provided they came from the same entertaining and lucid writer. The criticism by physicians of sincerity and ability we always welcome, and we try to profit by the advice given us. I wish with all my heart that we might have more really scientific criticism. But when physicians, professing to speak in the name of science, attack a work that is open to inspection without attempting to acquaint themselves with its aims, limitations, or practice, they bring scientific method into contempt, and show how slight a part science plays in the training of the average medical practitioner. Articles full of malevolence, and breathing only gibes and fury, do not affect us one way or the other, but they do harm to the medical profession by further alienating fair-minded persons from it, a fact which I regret.

There is an old and familiar rhetorical device which should never enter into scientific or philosophical discussion. It consists in creating a bugaboo, in setting up a man of straw with which by vague insinuation and misrepresentation one's opponent is identified. By demolishing this figment of the imagination one assumes that one's opponent is demolished, and one is therefore surprised to find him untouched. This ancient tactic, which is on a par with melting a waxen effigy of one's enemy, has been employed against us again and again, but

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not by a sincere thinker or by a good writer. I have noted with satisfaction that no radical criticism of our work has proceeded from a man who has studied it at first hand. A great many physicians have come to Boston either to obtain our help for themselves, for some member of their families, or for the sake of studying our methods, and so far as I am aware they have become our supporters, and many of them have written in our favor. I should like to remind physicians who have not come in contact with our undertaking, and who may be disposed to regard it merely as another invasion of their function and prerogative, that at all events it is not the work of simpletons. Some of the best minds in this country have studied it and have helped to model it. It is therefore improbable that a passionate magazine or newspaper writer who devotes an hour or two to dashing off a few contemptuous paragraphs will bring to light startling or crying evils which years of thought have not revealed to us or to our advisers.

The reception of our project by the church has been far more favorable than I had any right to expect. It is true that we have met with opposition, but, on the whole, with far more acceptance than opposition. Hundreds of clergymen of all evangelical denominations have visited Boston, have attended our schools, studied our methods, and are reading our statements, not with a view to forming clinics and classes, but to deepen and strengthen their own ministry. When our work first began to attract attention, a general apprehension was felt that many other clergymen, excited by what success we had met with and without our preparation, would rush into this work, to the injury of the church and to the detriment of the community. Two years and a half have passed, and this expectation has not been realized. There are at present about a dozen clergymen in the United States who have announced themselves as willing to treat certain forms of functional disorders by the advice of physicians. With scarce an exception, these are picked men of scientific training and of experience in dealing with men and women.

The opposition we have encountered in the church has come in every instance from men who have reached a time of life when opinions are crystallized and it is difficult to accept anything that is new. Their real quarrel is not with us or our work, but with the new spirit that is passing over the world of thought, which they are unable to grasp. They stand in the presence of the most remarkable religious awakening that has ever taken place in this country, but they stand helpless either to guide it or to oppose it. They feel the cold breath of a new day, but it comes too late for them. This movement springs from a new motive—the application of psychological principles to the problem of religion. It rests in part on the recognition of powers within the soul of which we were not formerly aware.

To the old-fashioned rationalist and dogmatist this seems the veriest nonsense; worse than nonsense, it looks like palpable fraud. They are disposed toward the psychological movement as men of a generation ago were disposed toward the critical school. They dread its vagaries, and they will not attempt to distinguish truth from error. They fear the dangers to which the church might be exposed should she come into contact with real life; but they do not see that the greatest danger to the church is the dry rot that is attacking her because of her inability to come into close relations with real life. What is amusing is to hear the very men lifting up their voices "for the church's sake" who a few years ago, during the period of their intellectual activity, could barely clear themselves of the general charge of heresy. This illustrates the futility of ecclesiastical quarrels. It is the resistance of the old to the new, the opposition of the traditional motive to the practical and rational motives.

Having for many years been regarded with suspicion as a rationalist, it is somewhat droll to me to hear myself now called a fanatic; and I rather enjoy it. But the truth is, the Emmanuel Movement, which is destined within ten years to affect the life of the church and also the practice of medicine (I put it down plainly, that the depth of my fanaticism may appear), is not the distempered dream of a man of one idea, as Dr. Buckley seems to think,[1] nor did it spring from my desire to insinuate myself into a field of action for which by temperament and training I am unfitted.

[1] "Dangers of the Emmanuel Movement," by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, THE CENTURY for February, 1909.

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It is the result of bringing to a focus and practically applying some of the most potent spiritual and intellectual tendencies of our time. Otherwise the spread of this idea would have been impossible.

When we began this work, our only thought was to give relief to a few distressed persons. We did not dream of the notoriety this undertaking would achieve, and I will frankly say that if anything could have induced me to give up a work to which I believe I was called of God, it would be the painful publicity which from the beginning has attached itself to our undertaking. This, however, has been unavoidable. No one in this country has any protection from the public press. The reason why our effort has attracted so much attention is its importance to human life. We little knew the depth of human need we were touching when we began this work. The mere fact that disinterested clergymen and physicians were willing to be consulted in regard to the conduct of life, and as to life as a whole, has brought persons to us in such numbers that, although we have a good-sized staff, it is impossible for us to see one person in five for a single conversation. This one fact should cause the church to reflect. Why should there not be adequate assistance for men and women who desire and need personal, moral, and spiritual help?

The two lines of thought from the convergence of which this work sprang are the critical study of the New Testament and the study of physiological psychology. From my teachers of the former science, especially from Renan, Harnack, and Theodor Keim, I learned something of the life of Jesus, the purposes that actuated him, and the tasks to which he consecrated his life. I trust also that from the years devoted to the study of the life of Jesus some rays of his spirit, some feeling for the sorrows of men, entered into me. The second religious experience of my life came through contact with the second religious personality that has blessed this world—Gautama Buddha. In Buddha I found the two supreme virtues which I had found in Christ—absolute trust in the spiritual, and a Saviour's pity for the sorrows of the world. From these two creators I learned the power and the simplicity of spiritual religion.

From Fechner, Wundt, and James, I learned how delicate and powerful an instrument for the improvement of human life modern psychology places in our hands. At the background of all my thinking lies the philosophical doctrine of the essential unity of human nature,—which came to me first through Fechner,—namely, that man is not a mere animal organism, neither is he a mere intelligence served by organs; that body and soul together constitute the integrity of human nature; that these two are mysteriously but most intimately associated, so that for every event in the one there is an event in the other, and that no good or evil can come to man which does not affect the whole man, soul and body. From psychology I also came to a fuller recognition of the subconscious elements of the mind, and thence to the corollary of the possibility of drawing on a higher source of spiritual power than that which men ordinarily employ. I know very well that the doctrine of the subconscious is a mere theory, denied by some respectable psychologists; yet, if we regard it only as a symbol, it stands for experiences of great importance. I learned also from psychology the law of suggestion; namely, that desirable states and conditions, skilfully placed before the mind when the mind is receptive, have a tendency to realize themselves through the mechanism of the nervous system. I learned also from psychology the secret of many moral and religious phenomena which without its interpretations are incomprehensible. Above all, I learned from psychology the advantage of a scientific method in dealing with myself and with other men. The direct effect of the application of these principles on myself has been the renewal of my spiritual life, a marked increase of endurance and capacity to work, and a new and unspeakable joy in my ministry. In fact, I may humbly say that with this work my life began again.

When many thoughts and emotions are working in a man's mind it often happens that an unexpected event will cause a precipitation and clarification of the seething mass. In the summer of 1905, Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of the Massachusetts General Hospital laid before me a very clever scheme for the treatment of poor consumptives in the tenements of Boston by the class method, which was first employed at Emmanuel Church. Dr. Pratt was de-

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sirous of putting this plan into operation, but he was deterred by lack of funds. He estimated that the care of twenty-five consumptives would cost about fifteen hundred dollars a year, and he asked me if I would make the church responsible for this sum, and if I would supply him with friendly visitors. This I gladly promised, and the Emmanuel Church Tuberculosis Class began its beneficent mission. The celebrity of our second and larger undertaking has somewhat obscured the merited fame of the tuberculosis class, and has given rise to many misapprehensions in regard to it. A good many persons, feeling themselves called on to write of matters of which they know next to nothing, have cited the tuberculosis class as a proof of our ignorance and temerity, and have asserted that we are creating a menace to public health by treating tuberculosis by suggestion. Such was not the opinion of the last International Congress on Tuberculosis, which presented us with a gold medal. It is not pleasant to be wantonly misrepresented, yet I remember that Balaam was not above taking advice from his ass, and I have tried to keep my temper. As a matter of fact, the tuberculosis class has no connection with our class for the treatment of nervous disorders. Its organization and methods are quite distinct, and it antedates the other class by more than a year. Personally, I have had little or nothing to do with the administration of the tuberculosis class, which has been altogether in the hands of Dr. Pratt. Yet its phenomenal success showed me that the physician and the clergyman can work together with excellent results.

Inasmuch as the principles we are advocating are only the principles of the Christian religion, they are for all. The same truths which can console the broken-hearted, raise the fallen, and bring peace to the troubled mind, can uphold the virtuous and sustain the strong. Nevertheless, in seeking to apply the regenerating truths of Christ to human life, I turned first to those who seemed to need them most—the sick in mind and body and the victims of evil habit. I had not then learned that the church is for the strong, the well, and the normal, but not for the weak, the sick, and the abnormal, or that a minister's chief duty is to take care of his own health, to spend most of his time in his study, and "to come before his congregation on Sunday morning clothed in majesty and thunder." It is perhaps unfortunate that our conception of the Christian ministry should have become so exclusively associated in the public mind with the treatment of disease. But a glance at any year-book of Emmanuel parish will reveal the fact that we have other ideals and other interests. Of the two hundred and twenty-four pages of our last book, twenty are devoted to our efforts for the sick, including the tuberculosis class and the hospital we maintained in Chelsea after the fire, while two hundred and two pages describe our work for the well and the normal. Nevertheless, I cannot acquiesce in this conception of the function of the church, so far as the church is to be regarded as representing the religion of Jesus Christ, because as a student of the New Testament I know better. Jesus expressed his sense of his mission plainly when he said: "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Any lingering doubt on this subject is dispelled by his repeated injunctions to the disciples and by his own manner of living. Not many human lives present fewer points of resemblance to the life of the Son of Man than those of ministers who spend the week in retirement, in solitary meditation, in the preparation of oratorical and philosophic discourses. Any intelligent student of the New Testament will recognize the justice of this statement.

It is now generally known that we have confined our attention to disorders which are termed nervous or functional. It is true we have undertaken the care of a certain number of patients suffering from true organic disease, but this has been invariably at the request of well-known medical men who were treating the aforesaid patients at the same time, and who requested our help, not with the expectation of altering the organic conditions, but with the hope that we might be able to improve the mental and moral disposition of the sufferers, and so to facilitate the physical treatment. I shall not argue in defense of this prudent limitation of our work, the wisdom of which will be recognized by every one acquainted with diseases and their cures. Neither shall I dis-

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cuss the question whether the so-called functional disorders may not rest on an organic basis as yet undetermined. We did not create this distinction, we found it, and it is recognized at least as a convenient expression by almost all physicians. As a theory, however, it is nothing to us. All that it is necessary for us to know is that a certain group of disorders is usually amenable to mental and moral treatment, while other forms of disease are not amenable to this form of treatment alone. By limiting our effort to a field in which it is known to be useful, we have benefited a large number of persons and we have done a minimum of harm. Of all the persons who have received our care, as far as I am aware, not one has died, and not one, while under our influence, has committed suicide. We have thus avoided the one valid objection which has ever been brought against psychotherapy, namely, its employment in conditions which obviously require physical interference. Several Christian Science practitioners known to me have adopted both our rules—of treating patients only by the advice and with the diagnosis of a physician, and of accepting only functional cases. If Mrs. Eddy should ever be called to her reward, I should not be surprised to see both these rules accepted by Christian Scientists generally. They would cure just as many cases as they are curing today, and they would save themselves and their patients some terrible experiences.[1]

A great deal has been said and written on our employment of hypnosis as a therapeutic agency. I have never let myself be frightened by these alarmists into a disavowal of the value of hypnosis nor into a promise to discontinue its practice. At the same time, the question whether we have ever employed hypnosis is a question of definition. The medium we have found useful for one form of suggestion at most should be defined as a mere hypnoidal state; that is, a condition of mental abstraction in which the mind of the patient is passive and receptive, but in which there is no loss of consciousness. That there is anything injurious to the most delicate person in listening to good advice gently communicated while the mind is at peace I frankly do not believe. The weakening of the will, the invasion or enfeeblement of personality, which writers who have never practised this art affirm so confidently, is also a mere fiction of the imagination. In no single instance have I witnessed such a thing, but in scores of instances have I seen the opposite, namely, the strengthening of the will to resist evil, the overcoming of vicious and degrading habits which had held their victims bound for years, the beginning of a new and a better life. The cases which we have treated in this manner are mostly of alcoholism and other drug addictions, of sexual perversions, fixed ideas, and phobias. I have consulted a good many able neurologists who treat habit cases, and I find that most of them employ about the same methods as we, except that they make little use of the purely religious motive. Yet suggestion in any form is only one of a number of agencies which we have found useful. I am disposed to attach quite as much importance to rest,—or to rest alternating with work,—to useful and interesting occupation, to explanation, to direct moral appeal, and, above all, to religious faith and to prayer.

It has also been said that although we employ physicians to make diagnoses, the treatment is given without medical supervision and control. During the first two years of our work, certain neurologists held free weekly clinics at the church, and they were in complete control of the situation. If they considered that the patient required medical treatment either at their own hands or from other medical or surgical specialists, they gave the treatment or made the necessary recommendation. If in their opinion all the patient required was the moral, educational, or suggestive treatment which we are prepared to give, the patient was referred to us, with a full family and personal history, a detailed psychical analysis when this was necessary, and specific directions as to the form of mental treatment indicated. This plan also included the reference of the patient back to the physician from time to time for observation and reëxamination. About the first of February, 1909, for reasons which seemed good to us and to our board of medical advisers (Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait,

[1] See Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "One Hundred Christian Science Cures," "McClure's Magazine," August, 1908; and also the very telling chapter entitled "Opposing Testimonies in Faith and Works of Christian Science," by the author of "Confessio Medici," Macmillan's, 1909.

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Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Dr. James G. Mumford, and Dr. Joseph H. Pratt), we decided to discontinue the church clinic altogether. Our present plan is to refer every patient to a general practitioner who is selected by the patient from the interns of the Boston hospitals. This physician makes a thorough physical examination, and he assumes the responsibility of advising the patient as to further treatment. If he believes the patient will be benefited by our care, he refers the patient to us, giving the patient also any other advice or treatment which he deems wise. If he informs us that in his judgment our treatment is not likely to benefit the patient, that ends the matter as far as we are concerned.

The only exception to this rule is in the case of patients sent to us direct by their own physicians, with the request that they be treated by us without further medical examination. I need not say that we are not looking for patients. Since my return from my vacation last autumn I have received through the mail alone nearly five thousand applications for treatment. From this group we have selected about one hundred and twenty-five persons. In fact, I may say that, on account of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon me, I shall in the future undertake the routine treatment of very few patients. I am compelled, and I am more than willing, to turn over the regular treatment of our patients to physicians versed in the treatment of nervous disorders, as I feel that I can spend my time more profitably in discussing the moral and religious problems which are constantly presented to me, and which I cannot so easily refer to another.

This brings me to a question which is fundamental to our whole undertaking, namely, why do we feel ourselves called upon to engage in it at all? As to this I beg the reader to believe that we have considered this question with the utmost seriousness, and that we were not unmindful of the command of Jesus to survey the foundations and to count resources before attempting to build. I thought about this work for ten years before beginning it, and during those years I think I may say that I read the best that has been written on the subject of psychotherapy in English, French, and German, with the exception of Feuchtersleben's "Diätetik der Seele." In some way this inimitable work escaped me, and I have become familiar with it only during the last year. It contains the principles of our whole project, and expresses many phases of our thought better than we are able to express it.

I knew that as a university scholar, as a churchman, and as the rector of a very important parish, this work would cost me much. I foresaw that my motives would be misunderstood, that I should be associated in the popular mind with a group of persons with whom I have no real affinity and but little sympathy. I anticipated that for a time at least this work would arouse the animosity of a large part of the medical profession, and awake the suspicion of many of my brothers in the ministry. Hence I deferred taking action from year to year, partly to see if my convictions would not alter, partly with the hope that another and a better man would be raised up by God to do a work the ideal and hope of which seems to me second to none which has been attempted since the Protestant Reformation. As the years passed, however, my convictions became clearer and the responsibility heavier. As a student of religion, I could not help seeing, what so many devout and learned men feel to-day, that some of the power and spiritual uplift of Christ's religion—namely, its practical hold on the life of the individual—has been lost by the church.

I found from contact with hundreds of men and women that a vast multitude of suffering and infirm persons is aware of this loss, and that what these persons desire more than anything else is moral and spiritual help. The rise of the great, and for the most part irrational, healing cults of America ought to open the eyes of the blind to this fact. The majority of persons who have associated themselves with these movements have done so not because they are insane, as their opponents so naïvely imagine, or because they are in love with a crude and obscure metaphysical system, which few of them seek to comprehend, but because they desired a kind of help which they were not receiving from their physicians, nor yet from their churches. I asked myself, Is this necessary? Is there any reason why this infection should spread? If there is help in religion and in ethical ideals, why should

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such sufferers quench their thirst in these shallow and stagnant pools, and not rather drink of the living waters from the hand of Christ and the prophets and the other true teachers of mankind? If psychology has taught us to apply calming and helpful thoughts with precision to the human mind, why should we not thankfully and honestly make use of this valuable aid?

After the long accumulation of medical wisdom through the ages, especially after the brilliant and wonderful development of medicine during the last century, how absurd and how sad it is that so many educated Americans should lose all faith in medicine and never speak of it save to deride it! Lastly, experience with men and women taught me that they need not only ideal aid and medical care, but help in the ordinary exigencies of their daily lives; that they require to be reminded frequently of their good resolutions; and that the friend who follows them to their homes and who stands ready to help when help is needed is often the most valuable helper of all. So I found place for the social worker. In other words, my thought was to combine the special knowledge and aptitudes of the physician, the psychologist, the clergyman, and the trained social worker in an unselfish effort to improve the conditions of human life.

Imperfectly as this ideal has been realized, it has already accomplished far more than I dared anticipate; but of this I will not speak. The part I reserved to myself and to other clergymen in this work is the office of moral and spiritual adviser, and this alone—an office for which we are fitted by long training and experience. The overwhelming response that has been made to our invitation shows how great is the desire of the people to receive the kind of help we are able to offer. Physicians who look upon this undertaking as in any sense an invasion of their province and function are very much deceived. It is the first practical and successful effort to stem the tide which is sweeping thousands and tens of thousands from the medical profession and from the church.

Nearly two years ago I stated my view of the "Outlook of the Church" in the chapter which bears this title in "Religion and Medicine." Two years more of thought, and of work which has brought me into contact with hundreds of clergymen of all denominations, have only deepened these convictions. I am aware that these opinions are extremely obnoxious to two classes of persons—to those who hate and despise the church and who wish to see her sink into "innocuous desuetude," and to those who are so wedded to traditionalism and so disinclined to change as to look with dread on every new undertaking. Yet it is evident that the church as a dominating power in the ordered forces of civilization is rapidly losing ground, and that if the clergymen of the church continue the old routine for another generation, they will leave behind them less faith than they found. On the one side is the church, with its wealth, its traditions of helpfulness, its kind-hearted, educated ministry, and on the other the soul-hunger and body-hunger, the sin, the sorrow, the loneliness, the longing for God and deliverance, of the thronging multitude without the gate. What keeps these two apart? Why are they not brought into closer and more helpful fellowship? Largely the lack of scientific method on the part of the church. The church has the disposition to help. The needs of humanity and the sense of her own impotence rest heavily upon her heart. He who denies this is a falsifier and a slanderer of a holy institution. But because the church has largely lost the secret of Jesus's life and his incomparable method, she does not know what to do.

To illustrate my meaning, let me cite one of the finest pieces of work carried on at the present time on our Western Continent—Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador.[1] Seven times I have sailed in my little fishing schooner along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, and I know what Dr. Grenfell has done there. I love that glorious Northern country. I love it for its noble scenery, for its free salmon rivers, its caribou barrens, and for its invigorating climate. But it saddens me to go there because I am helpless to relieve the miserable conditions of life which I often encounter. It is true I can do something for the people. I can hold an occasional service. I can carry a little condensed milk and a few cans of fruit and some lime-juice to break the scrofula-breeding diet of tea, bread, salt pork, and fish. But with

[1] See in THE CENTURY for June, 1909.

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Dr. Grenfell it is different. He goes among his people as a man of God, and the spiritual life of thirty thousand persons centers in him. *But he knows what to do.* In addition to his services and his sermons, he has his medical and surgical skill, his hospitals, his little steamship, his medical assistants, his trained nurses, his social helpers. Here is a man whose service the church would do well to lay to heart, since in proportion to his opportunity, and within the limitations of one human life, he is accomplishing more than is any portion of the church with which I am acquainted. Dr. Grenfell unites in himself in the happiest way the functions of the priest and the physician, the man of science and the man of God. (He is really a physician, but I have never heard a clergyman abuse him because he likes to preach.) In the more complex social conditions in which we live such a combination is impossible; but is there any reason why earnest and disinterested members of these two sacred callings should not unite to render mankind a similar service—a service, if we wish to speak the truth, which neither is able to render alone? That is the straight question I ask once more of the two professions which I love and honor more than all others. I know from hard experience that there are many difficulties in the way, that much prejudice is to be overcome on both sides, many adjustments are to be made, and that much training, especially on the part of the clergy, will be necessary before a healthy, working alliance can be effected; but I know also that this is the goal toward which we are swiftly advancing, and that the church has no more reason to desire it than has medicine.

We have been at work a little more than two years, and we have accomplished something. Several hundred persons have been treated with some degree of success at Emmanuel Church and in other churches. Beyond this small group, several million persons in this country and in other countries have come into contact with our work by reading what has been written about it, and if we may believe the letters which constantly pour into the church, some of these, too, have received benefits, which appear sometimes in the form of improved health and greater strength, sometimes in the form of improved habits and a new spiritual life. Already the reward is out of all proportion to the seed sown. Yet we are only at the beginning, and should we be permitted to labor on in peace and quietness for ten years longer, we shall see the in-gathering of a mighty harvest. Whether this enthusiasm continues until it sets a world in motion, or whether it dies away like other dreams, devoid of creative energy, depends upon the wisdom with which the movement is guided. If it falls into bad hands, it will soon be discredited. If it remains in our hands, it will die with us, or before us, a mere flash in the pan, "all going up in smoke," as Professor James remarked of the effigy of the burning bush which adorns our pamphlets. As I look at the situation,—and I presume no one has thought of it more carefully,—what we now need is a solid center, a nucleus of growth, an institution where the sick may be treated and the student may be taught in one place and at the same time.[1]

The peculiar art of ministering to the sick which bears the unfortunate name of psychotherapy cannot be acquired by reading or by listening to didactic lectures. Neither can it be learned except in an empirical, hit-or-miss fashion from mere contact with the sick without scientific instruction. To train men as they ought to be trained, we need an institute which shall include a small and beautiful psychopathic hospital and a school of sound learning. Here physicians, clergymen, psychologists, medical and theological students, and a select group of social workers could receive the instruction and the experience necessary to qualify them in their several capacities to do the work. With the establishment of such an institution I should feel that our movement was safe, and that I had accomplished as much as a man has a right to expect. Nor would the cost be overwhelming, as such things go. Since such a hospital could be made self-supporting, and

[1] It is a curious and interesting fact that since these words were written an institution exactly corresponding to my description has been planned and will shortly begin operation in San Francisco, under the general direction of Bishop Nichols of California, supported by several of the leading physicians of that city. This makes me rather jealous, and I hope to see a similar work started in the East, preferably in Boston. I ought to add that Bishop Nichols conceived this plan independently.

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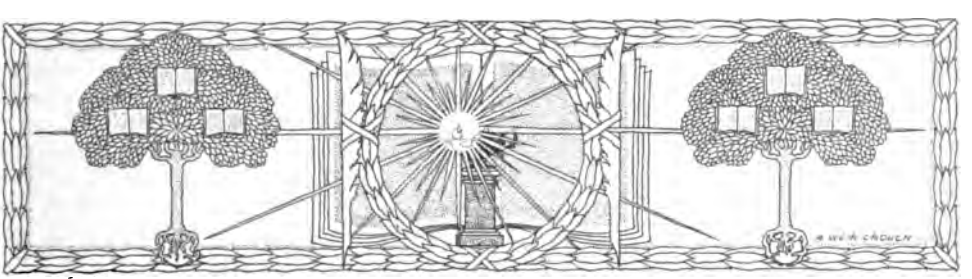
since I can count on the coöperation of the men best able to take charge of it, it would require only an original outlay of two hundred and fifty thousand or three hundred thousand dollars.

Lastly, our work is a sign of the times. It is the first rational and practical application of the psychological method to the problem of religion. But the application of the methods of psychology to the problems of human life is what is characteristic and new in the age in which we are living. It is like the election of a new Pope or like a change of trumps at cards. Values suddenly change with it. This means a new emphasis on the practical motive of religion, which is its strongest motive. Trees will be judged, as Jesus judged them, by the amount and quality of their fruits. Churches will be honored and supported in proportion to their services to human life. Philosophy will become pragmatical and spiritual. Men will be called from self-seeking and self-aggrandizement to the service of the common good. And since the common good can be attained only by the combination and coöperation of all the forces working to attain it, there will be combination, there will be coöperation and friendship between the lovers and servants of man, instead of individualism, distrust, and a scattering of the forces which make for righteousness. Dr. Grenfell has shown, Dr. Cabot has shown, and we have shown, what can be done by combination and coöperation, whether the combination exist in one's self or the coöperation take place through the united efforts of like-minded friends who possess varied qualifications and talents. The next step will be a freer coöperation, a larger combination, the spiritual conference of the future,—an enlargement of Mr. Rockefeller's excellent idea,—a place where all the organized forces which work for the uplift of society may meet, where plans which look to the betterment of man may be discussed from every point of view, where useful projects may find generous supporters, where the good may help the good, and religion and science may enter into an alliance which is real because it is fruitful. This I hope to display in the form of a graphic chart in our next yearbook.

As for the dangers of the Emmanuel Movement, there is danger in everything that moves; there is also danger in lying still. For my part, while God gives me the ability, I prefer to move and to see others in motion. For Dr. Buckley I have only feelings of high esteem. Yet, as he is an ardent Methodist, I may be permitted to remind him of the sentiments of John Wesley on this subject:

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman who had continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder, the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it)—from fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines, while that fretting continued? Why then do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind; and in those cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a minister; as ministers, when they find the mind disordered by the body, call in the assistance of a physician? But why are these cases out of their sphere? Because they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough physician without being an experienced Christian.—"Wesley's Journal," May 12, 1759.



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THE JOKE THAT WAS PRACTICAL

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR

PAULA SCHWARTZ, dressed all in white and wearing her Turn-school slippers, with a red heart on each toe, opened her father's gate without letting it touch her stiff, outstanding skirt; and then, turning on her heel with a right-about-face, she went marching down Mozart Street.

Paula's gaze was set straightforward, as if she had a bee-line projected ahead of her down the middle of the sidewalk. A man who met her stepped suddenly out of her way, feeling that he must not break the line of march. Paula was not only a little girl all dressed up, but she felt herself important as a member of the Turnverein. And, besides, it was the Fourth of July. With all these reasons, of which the first alone would have been sufficient, it is no wonder that Paula felt like a procession.

Standing in front of his father's store was Heinie Meyer, the girl-mocker, and he, too, had on turning slippers, with a red heart on each toe. Heinie, the moment he caught sight of her, perceived the spirit of her oncoming, and saw his opportunity; he stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and waited for her to pass. When she was almost opposite, he straightened up in mimicry of the Turn-meister,—heels together and chest thrown out,—and began to repeat: "Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts—"

As he timed his words to the fall of her feet, left and right, it was very humiliating to Paula; but she kept right on without breaking step or turning her head. She merely carried her nose a shade higher as she passed. But when she was a good distance away she faced about and said: "Chist you wait. We girls can do as good as yous."

After that her way was not impeded except when she encountered Bruno, the Schmidt's big St. Bernard. Bruno was so used to having people walk round him that he would lie down and take his doze right in the middle of the sidewalk. He was lying there now, meditating, and when he saw Paula he rose and waved his tail as if he had intentions of making himself familiar. She gave him an indignant push that sent him lumbering toward the gutter; and then, having examined her dress to see if it was soiled, she kept on down Mozart Street more dignified than ever.

On Mozart Street many of the cottages bore the owner's name and the announcement of his business, some of them in German — Scheerenschleifer — Schlosser — Schmierkäse — Marzipan. There was hardly a business place among them that was not a home, nor a home that did not acknowledge some industry, nor a yard that was not a garden. It was a street favorably known to the teachers of the Third District School, for under this home system every child had two parents, one of each kind. Mozart Street had a peculiar philosophy that worked, and its name was *Bildung*.[1] It was largely founded on the idea that every man is the father of his

[1] "Culture," rather than "education," for the Turn-schule gymnast has a disdain for foot-ball and American "sport"; he exercises for physical "culture."

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country; that under his roof he is at the head of the "human family" which we hear so much about. He has responsibilities according.

On Mozart Street, "good" and "bad" were not things, but uses, which was difficult for the residents of other streets to understand, especially as virtue was not to be found in any particular place. It often got in where it might not seem to belong. This was because it went there along with the whole family. Gambrinus was a decent, respectable god and spent Sunday afternoons in company with the Muses. Such was Mozart Street.

Having performed her errand at the Summer Garden, Paula returned on the other side of the street, now nibbling a pod of St. Jacob's bread which she had received as a reward of her industry. While she took no notice of boys, except to chastise them for wrong-doing, she stopped several times to gossip with young persons of her own sex.

"Yes," she said to Frieda Schmidt, "I am going along with Pa—away out. And then we are going across in a big boat. It is all woods. But I must make quick; Pa is going to be late."

Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"'WE GIRLS CAN DO AS GOOD AS YOUS'"

Of the men who were to meet that morning at the Summer Garden, Paula's father, the baker, was the fattest and most imperturbable; he ran all to health and good humor and glaring cleanliness. Ever since he had ceased to be an active member of the Turn-verein he had taken on flesh, but as he handled barrels of flour with perfect ease, his increasing size was rather a satisfaction to him than otherwise. It is always pleasing to see nature telling the truth; and she had not yet exaggerated Herr Schwartz's health and strength. When he rolled his sleeves up to his massive pink shoulders and stood forth at his bakery door, he was the picture of goodwill and Republican prosperity.

His philosophy, like his physique, was constitutional, so that one day when the big oven burned down his kitchen, he looked upon the conflagration with perfect equanimity, and descanting upon life in general to his assembled neighbors, he said: "For dot I vould not pull out one hair of my head." His wagons were rolling farther and farther every year as other nationalities learned to eat the crispy *semmel* for breakfast. When Herr Schwartz made *semmel,* he made them "so." And when a German makes anything with that ideal before him, it means much.

When Paula got back, her father was not ready; and so she went out and sat on the steps, spreading down a sheet of wrapping paper to keep her dress clean and being careful to keep her distance from Zip the dachshund. Zip was Paula's dog. As her father said, he looked like "der Prooklyn extension pridge." Zip's face was longer than his legs, so that when he wanted to keep his nose on a scent all he had to do was to hold his countenance at a different angle. He was a thoroughbred, warranted to follow a rabbit through all the circle of its flight and never to catch it: he was the hunter's ideal. The legs on which he paddled along were so short that he never *could* catch it; and so the evidence of his pedigree, on that point, was entirely superfluous. Herr Schwartz prized him as an example of German dog ingenuity, a specimen of their special machine building in dogs. Herr Mahler, the model-maker, appreciated him as much as if the design had been a product of his own shop. He was so entirely altered from a

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Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"'DISS *ISS* A FREE COUNTRY!'"

dog's rightful shape that when he sat on his haunches he was really lying down; but, as Paula always said, it was not Zip's fault. When people scoffed at him, she took his part, telling them that Zip could not help it, and he was not to blame. He was a dog, and therefore she loved him. Despite all that breeding had done to him, he still had his affection left, and a bark big enough for Bruno.

While Paula's father was getting ready, five men awaited his coming in the Summer Garden attached to Steinmueller's "Heimath." Herr Steinmueller had three willow-trees, much worn by human contact, which continued to grow in the sunless depths of a lot surrounded by the blank walls of buildings, and this forest solitude he preserved as a family resort. To Steinmueller's patrons, a class who clung to their healthful domestic and outdoor instincts, this little place presented to the imagination the sylvan, gnome-haunted retreat in which all well-regulated families should drink beer and talk together. It was at the round table under one of these willows that the five were sitting, drinking and talking while they waited for Schwartz. As time passed, and the mugs returned to be filled, the topics under discussion rolled up into a great volume of argument. Any one passing on the street would have supposed that there were at least ten men behind the lattice.

"Ach—dere is perpetual motions in religions und reforms und politics und all

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dose. Und I vish I could make von vonce out of brass und iron."

It was Herr Mahler, the model-maker, who spoke.

"Yah?" interrogated Schuster.

"To show how it don't vork. Dot iss how I show it—in mein business. I make it. I say noddings."

There was a momentary subsidence of the voices. In the impressive interval, Herr Schmidt, the sausage-maker, brought his fist down on the table with a thundering blow.

"Diss *iss* a free country!" At which the whole chorus rolled forth in *basso profundo,* as if a great mass of thought had been dislodged by the blow.

Herr Schmidt, the sausage-maker, was a different sort of heavy man from his stout companions—a tall, big-boned frame of sinewy strength and a countenance which gave one the impression that he might have been thinned and smoked and partly pickled by his own meat-curing process. He might also have been suspected of being a hard and cruel father; but nothing could be farther from the truth. It was against his principles; and these, he often declared, were due to the fact that a man raised him with an ox-tail. For flogging, an ox-tail, salted and dried in the sun till its meat has turned to leather, leaves little to be desired: it is nature's own whip. Its flexible weight of bone, well articulated and thoroughly bound together, is the very thing the American muleteer tries to achieve in his weighted "blacksnake." Herr Schmidt would explain all this in his own way. If a man will prepare an ox-tail, with a hole bored in it, and a loop by which to hang it on its nail in the kitchen, he will never need another. It grows better by use, so that it will serve to raise a family and then be handed down to the next generation. "Ach, yah: dot iss so."

Herr Schmidt never cherished this, his chief childhood memory. It rather typified the things he was free from and had forsworn. In the argumentative bouts at Steinmueller's "Heimath," his remarks were few; but he could bring his fist down powerfully as he said, "Diss *iss* a free country." Strange to say, it fitted into almost any argument.

He had four sturdy boys and two demure little daughters; and while his own education had been neglected, he knew what was going on in each grade of school. But this he could hardly help knowing, for any man who has a large family studying out loud of evenings must get some idea, sooner or later, as to what an adverb is and what a prime number, if he never knew before. Herr Schmidt listened to these mysteries, and smoked his pipe in solid satisfaction; nor did he neglect the other phases of *Bildung.* His particular object was to bring up a family with opportunities *different* from what he had himself. He pursued gentleness with the ardor of revenge. Even in his listening there was something deep and determined, as if he were thinking of who should contradict; and while he said little at length, he would back up the model-maker with a most guttural *Ach* or a deep stomachic *Yah,* or break in more explosively at times—*Recht—Zwar—Gewiss.*

Herr Schuster, the optician and instrument-maker, was of a more profound intellectual temperament—a quiescent, powerful man with capacious head and roomy, sagacious brow. His thin hair was tawny, like that of Prince, his St. Bernard dog. He was plainly a scientist and a thinker. When you went into his little store to buy a microscope, you dealt not with an anxious, nervous workman, nor yet with a truckling tradesman, but with Herr Schuster himself, a Bismarck of natural law. If he happened to be engaged in his work, you could hear the clock tick louder and you would realize that you were in the presence of the true nobility.

Herr Schuster's family consisted of six, four of them boys. They were all going to participate in to-day's outing. At present he came into the argument with a voice as deep as himself—profoundly deep, as it were the thunder of his own mental prowess. He was a thick-set man of probably two hundred and twenty pounds, with a well-developed chest that was as resonant when he spoke as if his whole body were a bass viol. While he was not trying to take precedence of the model-maker, he did much to swell the Wagnerian chorus of argument.

As to the model-maker himself, one would need to meet him in his shop to form a true estimate; and that place could not be described in anything less than a

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catalogue. In one room he was completely equipped to deal with man as a tool-using animal. Here were the hidden headwaters of what is popularly known as progress; for Mahler was skilled to do anything whatever for the secret and sanguine inventor. There were threshers and dynamos and plows and engines that you could hold in your hand—little machines that looked like an industrial age not yet grown up. As his business called for the manufacture of but one article of a kind, and that one unique, he had in his shop a corner for every trade; the one room was a complete industrial plant, and himself the whole force of men. In his person, the blacksmith, the tinner, the machinist, and all of them met together and became one, thus coöperating successfully on the one piece of work. As soon as Johann Mahler had fully perceived the object to be attained, he would reach out as with the arms of Briareus into that *omnium-gatherum* of tools and raw material; and out of it he would bring to pass the very thing the world lacked. And if the inventor, that fanatic missionary of progress, had not the means to his end fully worked out, Johann would do the inventing also, merely as a part of his trade. He was eminently practical, as it behooved a man of seven sons to be; and if inventors became scarce, he would do anything, from overhauling a baby buggy to repairing a meerschaum pipe.

While Johann Mahler had been shaping and tempering the iron all these years, the iron had been shaping and tempering him. His passion was truth. And he wanted truth built out of facts. In appearance and disposition he was somewhat between Herr Schuster and Herr Voss—he was a mechanic with the temperament of a musician. As he had to work in all parts of his shop, hastening from one trade to another, he had that alertness and agility which one is surprised to find in the two-hundred pound German. He had, in fact, deteriorated but little from the activity of his younger days, thanks to the scientific exercises of the Turn-verein. And it must not be supposed that Johann Mahler has stopped talking all this time in order to be described. On the contrary, he has been talking all the time.

"*Yah,* it is all vords, vords. Ven vords can make good perpetual motions, den vill everybody be satisfied. But ven you are a fool, und you make it in brass und iron, it is different. Dot brass und iron says after a vile: 'Such a fool vat you are. You are a liar.' So I sharge my price und I make it. Dey von't belief me, so I make it; I say noddings. Yoost in brass und iron dot von't vork. I know. Und if it vas dot way in laws und religions—"

The sausage-maker brought down his fist with a resounding thump.

"*Zwar,*" "*Gewiss,*" said Schuster and Voss together in tones that sounded like a mingled roar and hiss.

Voss, courteous and finished in his manner, was apparently the musician among them, or possibly a soldier. He was, in fact, the violin repairer and musical instrument dealer. He was another such large-chested, capacious man as the optician, but with a more compactly athletic poise. When he stood up, he was always in "position" either as a violinist, a soldier, or (what he was) a Turner. His little frame store, facing the street, with a show window of small panes, might have seemed a very humble appeal for business; but many an orchestra leader and professor knew where it was. They knew Herr Voss was inside, and they passed the big establishments, where business is done by clerks, in order to deal with a master-workman. People told him that he ought to move into a larger place on a main street, but he saw no call for it. Ever since his boyhood days, when he rolled violin strings in the Black Forest, and carried them many weary miles to market, he had been used to the ways of domestic industry; and now that he had built up a reputation for "good work," and was known among artists, he could not lay aside his craft to be a mere storekeeper. Herr Voss's family, and business, and physical constitution—his whole standing as a citizen—were as steady and reliable a growth as the big ivy that festooned the corner of his shop; and as cheerful and contented, in its way, as was the Harz Mountain canary that sang his song in its verdure every morning.

Besides these men, there was Steinmueller himself, who, on this morning, was not so much a host as a companion. As the pewter lids clopped on the mugs, and the mugs returned to be filled, the volume of talk rolled back and forth like the noise

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between contending armies; they drowned out the sounds of the day with their own roar and growl and hiss—a Fourth of July of conversation. And then there was a lull as Johann Mahler looked at his watch.

"I t'ink," offered Steinmueller, "it is too bad for Schwartz dot his odder Fourt' of July comes on de t'ird. Dot battle of Sadowa he moost fight again all day yesterday. Und all night. Und dot makes him late."

"He vas oudt late?" mused Mahler.

"Zwelf o'clock he vas yet going, in my place. Und two odder mans—*yah*. He look up at der clock, und he see dot is vas yoost over—dot t'ird of July. Und dot Fourt' of July vas yoost coming. Und so he stood up mit ein beer, und he saidt: 'Shentlemens, it has all day been celebrating dot birthday of Germany, vere I vas fighting. Und here comes dot birthday of *mein* country. Shentlemens, ve vill now drink dot United States of Germany oudt, und dot United States of America in.' Und so he did it. Mit ein big glass—*yah*."

"It iss too bad for Schwartz," said Mahler, "dot his Fourt' of Julys don't come separate oder togedder. Two days iss too mooch."

"Yah, dot iss *too* mooch."

"Vell," said Voss, "I vas at Gettysburg. Und here I am good for anodder country yet."

In the meantime, Herr Schwartz, fully recovered from his celebration in two hours of sleep, rose and donned his gala raiment; and soon he came striding down Mozart Street, closely followed by Paula and the dog. He wore a uniform of a peculiar shade of brown. Under his left arm he carried a bass-drum as lightly as if it had been a barrel of flour. On the head of the drum, in Gothic text, it said, Bismarck Band. Paula stretched her stride to the utmost in her effort to preserve marching order; and thus they arrived at the entrance of the Summer Garden. Schwartz announced his coming with a thump on the drum, whereat they all arose with a chorus of greetings that sounded like a climax in grand opera; and, without further loss of time, Voss took up his trombone, Schuster his cornet, Steinmueller his tuba—they all took up their instruments and proceeded to the sidewalk, where they fell in two abreast, and marched away.

At the *Halle* they found that the rest of the foot excursionists had gone on without them, having no great need of the band till they reached the scene of festivity. The band again fell into line and followed, thinking possibly they might catch up. Paula strode along nobly beside her father; Zip followed the band at a short distance, plying his abbreviated legs industriously, as if he were going at a great rate of speed. He knew well that such excursions led to the green woods, and possibly to rabbits.

THE musical contingent of the picnic arrived at Abe Stebbins's ferry in about an hour. Abe had been waiting for them some time, sitting on the edge of his boat and whittling into the water. His boat, a small stern-wheeler, was propelled by a "horse-power" located in the middle of it; and Abe turned his head at times to take note of the breathing of his horse. The horse, standing in his little inclosure on the inclined treadway, was doing his best to get over a violent attack of "heaves" which had resulted from three continuous trips across the river, heavily loaded; and Abe congratulated himself that part of the passengers were belated. Since taking over the last load he had whittled so industriously on a billet of smooth pine that most of it had gone away in long spiral shavings down the river. He was just deciding to scrape down what he had left and call it a toothpick when he saw the Bismarckians coming over the edge of the bank.

"Wa-a-al, here ye be at last. I was jest beginnin' to sespicion that ye had lost yer way. Git right in, three of ye on a side."

The band stepped aboard, but did not immediately sit down. Mahler, having an eye for machinery, had to take a look at the gearing; and Steinmueller, who blew the sax-tuba, was jocosely interested in the winded horse.

"Old?" said Abe, in answer to Schmidt's jibe. "Wa-a-al, yes; ye might say he 's old. He 's right smart of a horse though, for a thirty-year-old."

The passengers took their seats in a high state of philosophic humor. Abe threw off the clutch, the horse-power started, and they moved off, the horse breathing in a way that made him seem, indeed, "jest the same as a steam-engine."

"No, I don't have to say git-ap or whoa

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at all," Abe said in answer to Schwartz. "I pull the throttle to make him start, push it in to make him stop, and I regulate the speed with the jack-screw. The horse is run intirely by machinery, gentlemen. No, he is n't scary of steamboats." Thus Abe expatiated as they made their way across, keeping his hand on the steering-gear and

Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"'WA-A-AL, HERE YE BE AT LAST'"

holding his craft at a particular angle upstream.

When they had reached the middle of the river, the horse fell with a bang on the treadway. As his weight continued to operate the machinery he crashed through the end-gate of the horse-power, and very nearly landed on Schwartz's lap. He raised his head once, gave a mighty kick, and lay still. He had dropped dead.

Abe had been expecting it any time the last five years. He was hardly surprised; but there was considerable astonishment among the passengers for a while. They poked him to see if he would move; they pulled his tail to convince themselves that he was dead. And by the time they had fully decided that he was, they looked up to realize that they had traveled about a quarter of a mile without his help. They were going along at a fair rate of speed, sidewise, the wrong way of the river.

As they had stopped right in the main channel, they followed the pathway of the strongest current from the moment they started; and while their speed was not very noticeable, as judged by the distant trees on the shore, it became more impressive every time they looked back and saw the far-off ferry landing growing more and more remote. Presently the current swung them round a bend that shut off all

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view of the landing-place, and introduced them to an entirely new prospect of woods and hills. It was at this point that Schwartz stood up on the seat and remarked, with what eloquence of truth:

"Dieser ist ein ausserordentlicher schlimmer Unfall."

By which he meant that it was an extraordinarily bad accident.

Abe and the model-maker looked the boat over from end to end, idly prospecting for some means to devise a pair of sweeps. The rails on the sides of the horse-power were of too narrow stuff. The seats might be put together after a fashion, but Abe had no nails aboard, and no way of pulling nails except with the monkey-wrench, which was no way at all. Evidently they could not make sweeps in less than an hour or two, at best; and this was longer than they cared to contemplate continuing their journey. The situation was solved, one way, by the fact that they were all good swimmers, including Paula; and they were congratulating themselves upon the advantages of physical culture when the current, veering toward shore, aroused hopes and shut off all debate. To the passengers, who knew less of the ways of rivers than Abe did, it looked as if they might be taken to shore at once. In a short while they were all looking toward the bank, only two hundred feet away.

"Now is your time to swim, if you are goin' to swim," advised Abe.

All cast downward glances at their new band suits of Bismarck brown. Schwartz took a look at his bass-drum, Schmidt at his snare-drum, Steinmueller at his tuba. Then the current, striking out again, carried them away from shore. Again they were traveling down the middle of the river.

These very obvious ways of getting to land were impossible; and their time had been fully occupied in finding it out. Meantime the boat kept on. There seemed to be no way but to continue on their travels until they saw somebody ashore or met some one in a boat.

"If ve see a man in de voods, or up on a hill, ve can make him hear, anyvay," said Steinmueller. "Ve have tools for dot."

He did, indeed, have tools for that, and he blew some blasts on the tuba on general principles; but with no effect except to scare away a cow that had come down to the shore to drink.

Voss and Schuster fell into philosophic contemplation of the dead horse.

Paula had been asking and saying and doing all sorts of things; and now she, too, subsided. Then, as she looked at her fat father she thought of something else.

"Oh, Pa," she said, "why don't yous get in and march? The horse he only marched."

"Himmel und donnerwetter!" exclaimed Schwartz, "was für Dummkoepfe sind wir?"

"Chackasses," said Voss, out of courtesy to Abe.

Each stood up and looked at the other and laughed as if he were a joke right out of the "Fliegende Blätter." It was just plain comic sense. And it was a truly Teutonic situation, because it was perfectly scientific. As they saw the adventure come to such a holiday conclusion, there was an outburst of humor that would have done credit to the bar-room of Steinmueller's "Heimath."

"I would 'a' thought of that myself, if it had only crossed my mind," drawled Abe.

Having cleared away the debris and extracted the forelegs of the horse, they filed into the horse-power two abreast, with Schwartz and Schmidt at the head.

The engineer looked them over critically; then he picked up the monkey-wrench and fell to work under the forward end of the treadway.

"Vat is it?" inquired Schwartz, leaning out over the rail to see what was being done.

"Nothin'. I 'm jest regulatin' ye a little," answered Abe, sticking his head out. Suddenly he stood up. "How many horse-power, now, would ye reckon that horse o' mine developed?"

"Aboud half a horse," answered Schwartz.

"Well," explained Abe, "when I 've got this for'ard end of the treadway jacked up to this mark ye see here, he developed two horse-power. That is, with a twelve-hunderd-pound horse. Accordin' to figgers. On that last trip across I put her up to the top; a good uphill slope it is, too. But I would say you fellows ran more 'n twelve hunderd. Yes," he continued, looking them over again, "I 'd say

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you ran all of fourteen hunderd. Ye 'd develop about two and a half horse-power, if I kept ye up where ye are. I 'd better screw ye down to about two."

He again dived under the end of the treadway, and they felt themselves being lowered, a turn at a time. When he had this feature of the machinery regulated to suit him, he went to work at the gearing.

"Was ist los?" inquired the model-maker, leaning out over the rail.

"Nothin' 's loose," answered Abe, taking up the oil-can. "I jest thought I 'd oil ye up a little. Ye 'd run better. There ain't no use wastin' good power."

"Vell, let us know when you are ready," said Schwartz. "I vill mark time."

"Oh, you don't need to bother about runnin' the machinery," answered Abe. "I 'll tend to that. When I pull the throttle, you 'll start; when I shove it in, you 'll stop. Same as an engine or a horse. It 's perfectly automatic, gentlemen, perfectly automatic. Why," he exclaimed, pointing with the oil-can at the horse, "I never had to say a word to him. I 'll run ye accordin' to what I need of ye."

He fell on his knees again and continued his work.

"Naow," he mused, rising with an air of satisfaction; and without further remark he pulled the throttle, and they were off.

Abe turned his steering-apparatus till the boat was headed right, and sat holding it a while. Then he fastened it in place and stood contemplating the working of the wheel. The weight of the horse in the stern had entirely upset his calculations. That end of the boat was overloaded to such an extent that the paddles were immersed too deeply; thus the power was being wasted in lifting water and throwing it up over the wheel. The horse could not be shifted; there was no place to put him.

Abe picked up the monkey-wrench and went forward again. As he gave it a few turns, the feet on the treadway went faster, and there was a noticeable increase in the power behind. There was some confusion among the marchers as their time was changed—still more confusion as they all tried to catch step at once; but Schwartz soon had them all going in unison by calling out, "Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts."

Abe sat down at the steering-gear again, and this time he stayed at his post. The wheel was wasting power in all directions and making a turmoil like a small cataract; but they were crawling steadily toward land. When they were almost to shore, Abe turned the boat and ran along the bank until he came to a place where the horse could be unloaded to advantage, a piece of foresight that was primarily for his own benefit. The Bismarckians, brought suddenly to a standstill when he pushed the throttle, turned about and filed out of the horse-power; and then, at a remark from Steinmueller, there was a general outbreak of the German language—a confusion of conversation and vociferous deep-chested laughter.

"You do not understand German?" queried Steinmueller, turning suddenly to Abe.

"Oh, I understand laughin' in any language," said Abe, dryly.

"Oxcuse us," said Herr Voss, turning about with an air of most musicianly courtesy, "You vill oxcuse us, Mr. Stebbins. Ve have some chokes to say vich it don't give in English."

"Go right ahead," answered Abe. "Don't be ashamed to use any language that 's necessary. I have only one request to make, and that is that ye 'll give me a lift to get rid of this horse."

To the six Turners this was no trouble at all. Instead of "Links, Rechts," it was now a mere case of "Ein, zwei, drei," and the horse went with a splash into the water.

"Wa-a-al, that 's the last of you," mused Abe, solemnly. "They 'll have to git a new hôrse on to the grindin' mill at the brickyards now. Ye 've spent five years goin' round and round an' never gittin' there. And goin' uphill on the treadway, an' never comin' to the top. But ye 'll git where ye 're goin' to now. Go ahead, gentlemen, with yer language. I 'll sit down an' wait fer ye."

All courtesies of the case being now tended to, the Committee on Foreign Affairs went into session again. Steinmueller, who was the first to speak, must have said something that was very true, for they "woke the echoes" with their Gothic glee. There were roars and growls of laughter that would no doubt have scared the horse had he been alive. Presently it subsided

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into what was evidently a mere exchange of philosophic drollery.

"Wa-a-al," said Abe, rising, "have ye decided what ye 're going to do?"

"Ve have said it," replied Voss. "Und ve have told each odder, it is no sense in valking ven ve can take such a boat. Mr. Stebbins,"—and Herr Voss delivered this with a mock-serious courtesy and a musician's bow that did him much credit,—"vill you be so kind as to accompany us on der throttle?"

Again they got under way; and now it was more like traveling. The horse being off, the boat was trimmed properly; there was not only less weight, but more power. To make their speed still greater, Abe kept them in the slack water near shore. The wheel, dipping just right, sent them strongly forward, and every passing tree bore witness to their progress. Sometimes their heads were swept swiftly by the twigs of an overhanging branch. It was a beautiful day; the surging wheel fluttered and splashed with a pleasant sound and left a wrinkled wake on the water behind. Abe filled his pipe with one hand, scooping it into his pocket and packing it with his forefinger; then he lit it, and settled himself for an easy, comfortable trip.

As he neared the place where the current swept in to shore, he took them out nearer the middle of the river. As they were turning up-stream, they were suddenly saluted by an oncoming steamboat. It was the *Laura Lee,* loaded down with Fourth of July excursionists. The *Laura* took a drunken list to starboard as her passengers sighted this strange craft. Abe, despite he had whirled his steering-wheel promptly, was passing very close. There was a babel of exclamations; and then more of a silence, as if everybody was wondering.

"What is that?" somebody called out in a loud voice.

The six looked up at the impending audience, the overhanging cliff of countenances, and were at loss for an answer.

"*Ach,* ve are a *boat,*" replied the sausage-maker. And then the faces swept past like a cloud, and were far behind.

The pilot of the *Laura,* knowing Abe and his horse-boat, reached for the whistle-cord as he left them, and held it open in one long steam jeer. Abe understood the spirit of it, and so, evidently, did Steinmueller, for he turned his head and looked at his tuba in the stern.

"I vish I had time, und dot horn," he said. "I vould show dem a blow."

Abe, mindful of his responsibilities as pilot and engineer, brought them in toward shore, and then ran along close to the bank again.

In the meantime, some one at the brickyards had missed the ferry-boat, and after looking up and down the river in vain, had rowed across and made inquiries of the merrymakers in the woods. The Turners, being thus apprised of some mishap to the band, had gone down the shore in a body to search for them. Thus it was that Schwartz, who stood highest on the treadway commanding the shore, saw the Turnmeister coming over a knoll and heard a buzz of voices behind him.

"Paula, kevick!" said Schwartz. "Dot trombone, dot tuba, dot drum: dey are coming. Schmidt, don't forget. Ve vill holdt dose drums on der fence in front here."

This "choke" having been so thoroughly planned out beforehand, was performed with remarkable rapidity. In a moment they broke forth in full blast—"Die Wacht am Rhein." They were marching to its music up the river.

"Mister *Stebbins,*" yelled Voss, suddenly taking the trombone from his lips, "dot monkey-wrench! Make it faster. Dot *tempo* iss too slow."

Abe fastened his steering-wheel, with the hook, and hurried forward with the wrench. In a few quick turns "Die Wacht am Rhein" was screwed up to its proper time, the band going faster as he turned.

It was no sooner accomplished than the whole host of picnickers came running to the bank, a mighty chorus of Teutonic exclamation. It was a wonderful demonstration of the power of music. That inspiring old tune has done mighty things in history; but this was probably the first time it ever demonstrated its ability to run a boat. The picnickers, laughing, shouting, singing mightily, accompanied them along the bank, their feet falling, under compulsion of the music, in unison with the feet on the treadway.

As they reached the landing, Abe pulled his throttle; but this time he did not stop the Bismarckians. They turned face

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Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"THE PICNICKERS, LAUGHING, SHOUTING, SINGING MIGHTILY, ACCOMPANIED THEM ALONG THE BANK"

about, and kept right on marching down the treadway, off the boat, and up the bank. They did not stop until they were confronted with a keg and six tall glasses —a wonderful demonstration of the power of beer.

Paula, followed by Zip, had kept close to her father's side; and now she held to his coat-tail to realize more fully her possession of him. Standing near by, in open-eyed wonder, was Heinie Meyer. Paula gave him a disdainful stare, and Heinie Meyer, the girl-mocker, was squelched.

"Oh, Pa," said Paula, looking up at her father, admiringly, "that was such a nice ride."

THE VOICES

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

MUSIC for one to lift him to the light;
For one, a picture holds the Master's call;
For one, a poem beaconing from the height;
And the sky, the sky, for us all!

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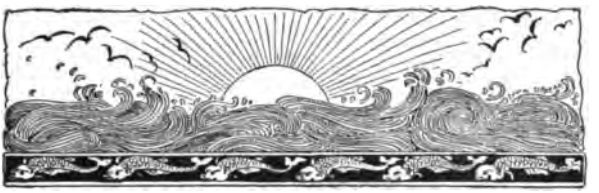

"DAYLIGHT SAVING" IN THE UNITED STATES

COULD TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS A YEAR BE SAVED BY A GENERAL TIME STANDARD?

BY W. H. BEEHLER

Commodore, United States Navy

THE movement in Great Britain to secure a "Daylight Saving" law appears to be making headway, though it may still be far from enactment. The question of a uniform time standard is worth considering in connection with the efforts to conserve the natural resources of the United States, and to improve its industrial affairs. A great advance was made when Standard Time was changed at the 90th, 105th, and 120th meridians by exactly one hour when going from New York to San Francisco. This was done to benefit railroads, and has proved to be a great blessing. But if present Eastern Time (that of the 75th meridian) were adopted as a uniform standard for the whole country, uniformity in regard to the clock time would prevail in every part of the United States.

Already in Florida, the State Legislature has passed a law making 90th meridian time legal standard time throughout the State. But a large portion of the State is nearer to the 75th meridian than to the 90th meridian, in consequence of which the 90th meridian time of sunset at Key West is thirty-three minutes earlier than actual sunset. This makes the days that much shorter in the evening, and correspondingly longer in the morning, because all of our occupations are regulated by clock time, and not by the sun.

Three years ago, when the writer took command of the Naval Station at Key West, he found that in winter months the time of sunset by 90th meridian time was as early as 4:30 P.M. and artificial light was required in the last half-hour of working time from 4:30 to 5 o'clock; while by using 75th meridian time the time of sunset would be half an hour after working time, or at 5:30 P.M. I placed these facts before Mr. Newberry, Acting Secretary of the Navy, who directed that 75th meridian, or Eastern Time, should be used at the Key West Naval Station.

Wireless communication at Key West—an important element in the command of the seas in the West Indies and of the approaches to the Panama Canal—is also facilitated by Eastern Time. A change of time—though exactly one hour—will be likely to cause confusion, especially in transmitting orders by wireless—such, for instance, as might arise when important orders are issued to vessels in different parts of those waters approaching each other and receiving orders, which might appear to conflict since a message dated by the 75th meridian time might appear to be later, by the 90th meridian time, than a second message sent out by the 90th meridian time. The range of wireless communication is not reliably settled, but at the principal stations—as at Key West—we have reliable communication up to 1500 miles, covering a difference of longi-

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tude of one hour and forty minutes. A change of time would be awkward, but having one standard for the entire country would obviate all confusion.

When the 75th meridian time was adopted at the Naval Station efforts were made to have the city of Key West do the same. The advantages of the change were carefully considered. It is claimed that by changing the clock time from that of the 90th meridian to that of the 75th meridian, the clock times of all occupations by individuals would not be altered: breakfast would continue to be at 8, dinner at 12, and supper at 6, as is commonly the case with the people of Key West. People retire at 9, 10, and 11 P.M. The average time of sunset for the entire year at Key West, by the 90th meridian, is 5:30 P.M., while the average time of sunset by the 75th meridian is 6:30 P.M. Those who retire at 9 P.M., 90th meridian time, and those who keep their stores open until 9 P.M., are thus obliged to use artificial light on an average of three and a half hours every day after sunset, while if 75th meridian time were used they would still retire at 9 P.M., but only two and a half hours after sunset, and thus save the expense of artificial light one hour for every day in the year.

Artificial light costs, on an average, one cent per hour, and it is fair to assume that each inhabitant uses a light one hour a day; at that rate a city of 25,000 would save $250 a day, or in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year.

If 75th meridian, or Eastern Time, were in use over the entire country, the clocks now set to Central Time would be set ahead one hour; those now having Mountain Time would be set ahead two hours, and those with Pacific Time, three hours. Its effect would be to shorten the hours of daylight in the early morning by one, two, and three hours respectively, and to lengthen the hours of daylight in the evening by exactly the same ratio. Pacific Time would be the most affected by this change, but that time is only used on the coast. The longitude of San Francisco is 122 degrees, or three hours and eight minutes west of Washington. Probably they would change their clock times of occupation to somewhat later.

It appears that the time of our occupations is continually growing later. Theatrical performances that used to begin at 8 o'clock are now deferred until 8:15 or 8:30. Social entertainments are likewise deferred until 9, 10, and 11 o'clock. Some inconvenience would be suffered by those whose occupations begin very early, and, in some cases, they would be obliged to use artificial light in the morning, and, consequently, would save nothing by the change; but, on the other hand, they would not suffer any loss. Such people are, however, in a very decided minority. If 75th meridian time were the standard for the whole country not over ten millions of Americans would be required to rise before daylight in case the clock time of their arising remained the same as now.

The effect on those living on the Naval Station at Key West, using 75th meridian time, has influenced them almost unconsciously to be early for everything. Breakfast at 8 A.M. is really at 7 by Florida Time, and the advantage holds throughout the day for all engagements.

In case of a change, all clocks should be set ahead at the same time. Some prominent date could be selected. For example, if it had been determined to make the change in 1909, at midnight, of Saturday, July 3, the Naval Observatory time signal could be sent out to mark the beginning of Independence Day, when the clocks in Chicago, and all places using 90th meridian time, would be set ahead from 11 to 12 P.M. At Denver, and places using Mountain Time, the clocks would be set ahead two hours, and at San Francisco, and all places using Pacific Time, the clocks would be set ahead from 9 o'clock to midnight.

The benefits of a single time standard to the bulk of the American people using it—that portion which now keeps Central and Mountain Time—would be enormous. At least sixty millions of people would thus save the use of artificial light one hour every day in the year. This saving would be one cent a day, or a total of $600,000 daily for all the people, and in one year this saving will amount to 365 times that sum, or $219,000,000, more than enough to maintain a navy of forty-eight battle-ships with the accessories of three fleets, including their bases and naval coast defenders.

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COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

BY WILLIAM F. ALLEN

Proposer and Promoter of the present Standard Time

COMMODORE BEEHLER suggests that it would be advantageous to the navy if the time of the 75th meridian should be used everywhere throughout the United States, because of the confusion which at the present time may arise in transmitting orders. A simple remedy would be to provide that the name of the standard used should always accompany the time mentioned. If a single standard is necessary, Greenwich Time, which is kept by every chronometer on shipboard, could be used by the navy in all parts of the world.

If it were true that most of our occupations are regulated by clock-time and not by the sun, then curious conditions would prevail should the clocks be turned forward one, two, and three hours. For instance, on the meridian where the two hours' change would be made, "breakfast at 8, dinner at 12, and supper at 6" by the clock, would be respectively at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., and 4 P.M., by the sun, and the day would end at 10 P.M.

In testifying before the "Select Committee on the Daylight-Saving Bill," appointed by the British Parliament on the proposition to adopt a time in England one hour faster than Greenwich Time, Sir David Gill states the question simply in asking, "Are people to be cheated into getting up earlier in the morning, or are they to get up honestly earlier?"; while the Royal Astronomer, Sir W. H. M. Christie, says that the proposition is "tampering with the fundamental principle of time-reckoning."

If the American people could really save $219,000,000 annually by getting up earlier, why should they not do it "honestly" without tampering with the clocks? As a matter of fact, would this result follow? In beginning work at 7 A.M., or later by mean solar time, the morning hours of daylight are available to the women of the household to prepare the morning meal before the men depart for their work. Shifting the hour of work ahead throughout the year would therefore inconvenience the women in the morning, and require them to use artificial light, for half the year, one or more hours longer than they do now. The expense saved to factories in artificial light in the evenings would not only be imposed upon the workmen in their houses in the mornings, but, owing to its wide distribution, the total expenditure could not fail to be largely increased.

A common-sense expedient is employed by the people to adjust the working hours to Standard Time at points where the latter differs as much as half an hour from mean solar time, as at Detroit. When Central Time was adopted there, one merchant says, "We changed our closing from 6 sun time to 5:30 Standard Time. In every shop that I have heard of, this was done, if the men wanted it." Another states that "the factories have their noon-hour from 11:30 to 12:30 o'clock." Experience has shown that the extent to which this adjustment can be made without inconvenience is about thirty minutes.

In the latter part of 1908, it was urged that Eastern Time should be adopted at Detroit, on the ground that it would produce "more daylight," and a vote was taken at the November election as to the use of one of the three standards, Eastern, Central, or mean local time. The people decided by a large majority to retain the use of Central Time, Eastern Time receiving the smallest vote.

It would be hopeless, judging from past experience, to expect that the change proposed, even if desirable, could be brought about among the people by simultaneous action. Numerous State laws and city ordinances would have to be repealed or amended. The effect of partial action can be tested by any one trying it upon the domestics of his own household.

The railway companies, which are in close touch with the practical wants of the business men of the communities they serve, have no desire to depart from the present system of time-keeping.

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THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN HAY

BY A. S. CHAPMAN

JOHN HAY'S literary beginnings date back to the quaint old town of Warsaw, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, in which he lived from the age of three years till he entered public life at Springfield as assistant secretary to President Lincoln. According to the memory of his sister, Mrs. Mary Woolfolk, who still lives at Warsaw, he had in his boyhood "the habit of stringing words together into rhymes."

Warsaw remains to-day much as it was more than forty years ago, when the co-author of "Abraham Lincoln" and future Secretary of State left it. Perhaps this is because of the isolated position of the town at the end of a single branch line of railroad. Half a century ago, it had hopes of becoming a city. It is still fruitful in reminiscences of John Hay. The house built by his father, Dr. Charles Hay, is pointed out to the visitor as one of the notable sights. It stands on the brow of the bluff, commanding a wide view up and down the Mississippi. A few miles away rise the smoking chimneys of Keokuk, Iowa, the city of which Warsaw was once a rival. Railroads came to Keokuk; only one to Warsaw. Three States, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, lie within the prospect. From these heights Mr. Hay viewed the sunsets which he afterward declared "were more beautiful than those of Italy." In his boyhood, smoke rose from the tall stacks of a fleet of steamboats plying on the Mississippi. The glory of the old river days is gone, indeed, for to-day a packet twice a week and an occasional excursion boat are the extent of the river shipping. True, there remains one reminder of ante-bellum days, —the "show boat,"—which brings the theater to the landing-place of people who cannot go to it, except that vaudeville has been substituted for burnt-cork and minstrelsy.

Had the Secretary of State revisited the homestead in recent years, he might have found trouble in recognizing it, for it has been extended into a double house, and its exterior appearance has been changed by the addition of porches.

The little brick school-house in which he began his studies faces the public park. It is vacant, its outer woodwork is going to decay, and cracks are beginning to creep between the bricks. When it was abandoned for school purposes, and there was talk of tearing it down, Mr. Hay made a protest. Out of deference to his wishes, it was allowed to stand.

More recent in construction than either the homestead or the school-house is the home erected by Dr. Hay after his prosperity had become assured. It is a fine, old, square brick house, dignified and hospitable in appearance. Like the older dwelling, it is on the crest of the bluff, commanding an equally wide view of the surrounding country. It is occupied by Mr. Hay's sister, Mrs. Mary Woolfolk. Secretary Hay never lived in it himself; but he often visited under its roof, and in a way he regarded it as his home. After the death of his parents, his visits became farther and farther apart. Nevertheless, his interest in his old home never diminished.

To-day the visible sign of Warsaw on the river front is an old warehouse and a landing-place, where in steamboat days passengers and freight were taken on and put off. A stony road climbs the face of the bluff, becoming at the top a street, which farther on is built up as the main business thoroughfare. Old brick build-

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ings in the architecture of half a century ago, their length parallel with the street and their gables rising to a point in step-like elevations, flank its sides. Many of them are at present used for business purposes. A new bank building of vitrified brick, with plate-glass windows, a trolley line to Keokuk, and a fire-engine house, lend a modern aspect. Warsaw has seen something of growth since Mr. Hay left it, a young man; its atmosphere and its surroundings have undergone little change.

Dr. Charles Hay, John Hay's father, was a Kentucky Whig, and by heredity and education an opponent of slavery. When John Hay, Dr. Hay's father, moved from Lexington, Kentucky, to Springfield, Illinois, he was assisted in making the river trip by Abraham Lincoln. Later, Dr. Hay went from Kentucky to Salem, Indiana, remaining there only a short time. In 1838, during his residence in Salem, John Hay was born, the fourth child in a family of six. The maiden name of his mother was Helen Leonard; she came from an old Rhode Island family. Her portrait in oil, painted at Louisville in 1827, hangs on the walls of the Hay mansion beside a large photograph of Dr. Hay, taken in the early eighties. The old house likewise contains oil portraits of Mrs. Hay's parents, painted at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1804.

In 1841, Dr. Hay moved his family from Salem to Warsaw, seeking a location for the practice of his profession. Situated on the Mississippi River, and in the path of immigration from the East to the Territory of Iowa and the farther West, Warsaw apparently offered every inducement. It was then a place of perhaps three hundred inhabitants, and larger than Keokuk, its more successful rival. Dr. Hay brought himself and his family into the heat of the antislavery struggle. A man of broad culture and strong convictions, his was not a nature to lag behind in a moral conflict like this. Only those who were engaged in that struggle, or who have heard its echoes close at hand, will realize how fiercely it raged in Illinois. It was a conflict going back to the early history of the State, when Illinois was *de facto* slave territory, more than four thousand slaves being held in bondage in its southern part. There was no doubt of Dr. Hay's alinement on the antislavery side. Among such conflicts as these John Hay grew to manhood.

His earliest schooling was in the little brick school-house, under an old-time private teacher named Holmes. He was a

From photographs taken in 1877

DR. CHARLES HAY, AT SEVENTY-SIX — HELEN LEONARD HAY, AT SEVENTY-THREE

THE PARENTS OF JOHN HAY

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diligent and studious boy, with a taste for languages, composition, and versifying. He attended the little brick school-house till he reached the age of thirteen, learning literally all there was to be learned from Mr. Holmes and his successors, and supplementing his lessons at school by the study of Greek and Latin under his father, who was a classical scholar, a graduate of Transylvania University in Kentucky. Mr. Charles Hay, a younger brother of Secretary Hay and a retired lawyer, living at Springfield, Illinois, says that, according to his recollection, John Hay was never strong, although his health was good. His was a happy, normal boyhood, but he was distinguished from the

OLD BRICK SCHOOL-HOUSE AT WARSAW, ILLINOIS, ATTENDED BY JOHN HAY WHEN A BOY

THE HAY HOMESTEAD AT WARSAW, ILLINOIS, BUILT IN 1841

The location is the Mississippi River Bluff, and here John Hay lived as a boy.

average boy by his marvelous memory and his capacity for acquiring knowledge. By the time he was twelve years of age he had read six books of Vergil and learned some Greek, besides acquiring a speaking knowledge of German from an itinerant teacher of that language.

He had then reached the limit of his opportunities for schooling at home, and he took a step which proved of the greatest importance in shaping his future career. He had an uncle, Colonel Milton Hay, who was a lawyer, politician, and man of influence at Pittsfield, the county seat of Pike County, Illinois. On the authority of Mr. David McWilliams of Dwight, Illinois, I learn that Colonel Milton Hay undertook the education of his nephew by inviting him to Pittsfield to share his own home and to attend a private classical school kept by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Thomson, and afterward by de-

THE HAY MANSION ON THE MISSISSIPPI BLUFF AT WARSAW, ILLINOIS, BUILT BY JOHN HAY'S FATHER IN HIS LATER YEARS

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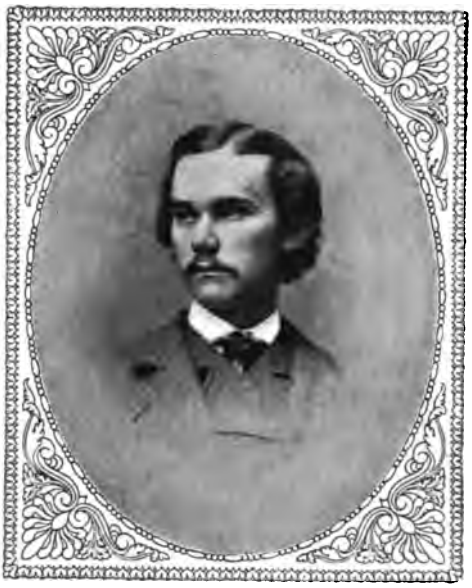
JOHN HAY, IN 1858

In that year he was graduated at Brown University, and was poet of his class.



JOHN HAY, AS LAW STUDENT

After his graduation from Brown University he studied law at his home in Warsaw, Illinois.

fraying his nephew's expenses through Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.[1] Mr. Charles Hay remembers that before going to Brown, John Hay attended a school in Springfield now known as the Lutheran "Concordia College." If there was any point in the life of John Hay at which the hand of chance played a guiding part, it was in turning him toward Pike County, where he came into associations with Abraham Lincoln, and into contact with the rugged frontier types depicted in the "Pike County Ballads." The county is in the southern immigration zone of Illinois, which was settled from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where primitive manners of life long prevailed, and where early types of character survived.

According to the recollections of Mr. McWilliams, John Hay, even at this early age, began the study of law in his uncle's office, where he slept, while keeping up his studies in Mr. Thomson's school. Among his classmates in the school were Colonel E. G. Bush, who was graduated at West Point in 1858; and Mr. W. E. Norris, now of Palo Alto, California. The latter afterward went with John Hay to Brown University. Mr. J. M. Bush, now of Pittsfield, recollects the struggles of Bush, Norris, and Hay with Horace and Xenophon when they were attending the Thomson school.

In 1898, Mr. Norris wrote some reminiscences of his school-days with John Hay in Pittsfield and at Brown University for the "Pike County Democrat." It is in part as follows:

Standing in the forefront of this picture, cut in the clean sharp lines of a cameo, stands the old "Thomson school" of blessed memory. Here a few of the boys and girls of the town received their instruction in college preparatory studies from Mr. and Mrs. John D. Thomson, whose equals in the art of imparting knowledge, both general and special, I have never met, either in college or elsewhere. To this in the year 1851, as I remember, came John Hay from his home in Warsaw,

[1] I am indebted to Mr. McWilliams, who is a banker of Dwight, Illinois, for information bearing on this period of John Hay's life, and for data concerning characters in the "Pike County Ballads." Mr. McWilliams worked side by side with John G. Nicolay, learning the printer's trade in the office of the Pike County "Free Press," and they roomed together. Much of the information concerning John Hay at this period, and relative to characters in the "Pike County Ballads," was given to Mr. McWilliams by John G. Nicolay in 1901. Mr. McWilliams, who knew Lincoln, Hay, and many of the other leaders of Illinois politics, has preserved his recollections in manuscript. He has kindly permitted me to make use of this material.

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Illinois. At this time, my father was endeavoring to pound Latin and Greek into my unwilling head, and John's uncle, Hon. Milton Hay, brought him around to the house shortly after his arrival to take a hand with me in was astonished at the ease and fluency of his translation and his knowledge of construction. My father was a good Latin scholar and a strict constructionist as a teacher, requiring a thorough familiarity with the rules

Photograph by Albert Bierstadt. From the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN HAY, IN 1861

On March 3, 1904, Colonel Hay wrote to THE CENTURY with regard to this portrait: "This was a photograph made of me in 1861, soon after my arrival at Washington. I am sitting on the window ledge of the White House with the blind behind me. It was made by Bierstadt, the artist, whose brother was a photographer."

the scrimmage with the dead languages, and from that date commenced our acquaintance.

At that time I was fourteen years old, and he was more than a year my junior. We were reading Vergil, and when my father handed John the book to "try him out," I of syntax. I remember on this occasion he asked us the original meaning of a word—I think the verb *"putare,"* to think. John knew, and I did n't, and I shall never forget the look of delight on my father's face that turned to one of pity and sorrow as it en-

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JOHN HAY, AS HE APPEARED IN LINCOLN'S OFFICE IN SPRINGFIELD

countered my gaze. John, at this time, was far beyond the ordinary boy in point of general education, but where he got his start, I do not know.

Dr. Worthen, a geologist, later at the head of that department for the State of Illinois, was a resident at that time of Warsaw and a great friend of John's and had taught him considerable in his line; for the boy could talk of the eocene period and the old red sandstones like a professor, and in the matter of enrinites, trilobites, pterocdactyls and megalosauruses, he toyed with them like the athlete with his clubs. This was an added bond of union between him and my father, who, as you know, was a great student of that branch of science, and I think he would have been willing to swap boys with Dr. Hay, and give some boot.

We all remember John Hay at that time as a red-cheeked, black-eyed sunshiny boy, chock full of fun and humor and devilment that hurt nobody. . . . At this time, I remember, he spoke German like a native, having picked it up, just as he had gathered an inexhaustible repertoire of "river slang" from the Mississippi River steamboat men, which served its turn later on in the "Pike County Ballads."

You ask me what I know of the origin of these ballads, or the motive that prompted their publication. I do not think they had any origin or original plan. Topsy-like, they "jest growed." I may be wrong in this, but such is my opinion. "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso" of the *Prairie Belle,* and the Gilgal fight first appeared as fugitive pieces in the newspapers, as I remember, and the attention they attracted induced the author to compile them with others in book form. "Pike County," as you know, has been since the "days of '49" a generic term for the outréism of the unsophisticated, outspoken, and outlandishly frank westerner, and hence the selection of the title, in all probability. Personally, I never liked the "Pike County Ballads," for the reason that they never suggested John Hay to me. His ready skill in writing verse, coupled with his exuberant and tropical luxuriance of expression enabled him to mold thought into any form with the ease of the potter at his wheel, but he was not coarse in thought, feeling, or expression, and only at moments of riotous mental dissipation would he give expression to such stuff as appears in the "Ballads," and only then to work off his superabundant humor. The author of "Cas-

JOHN HAY, AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

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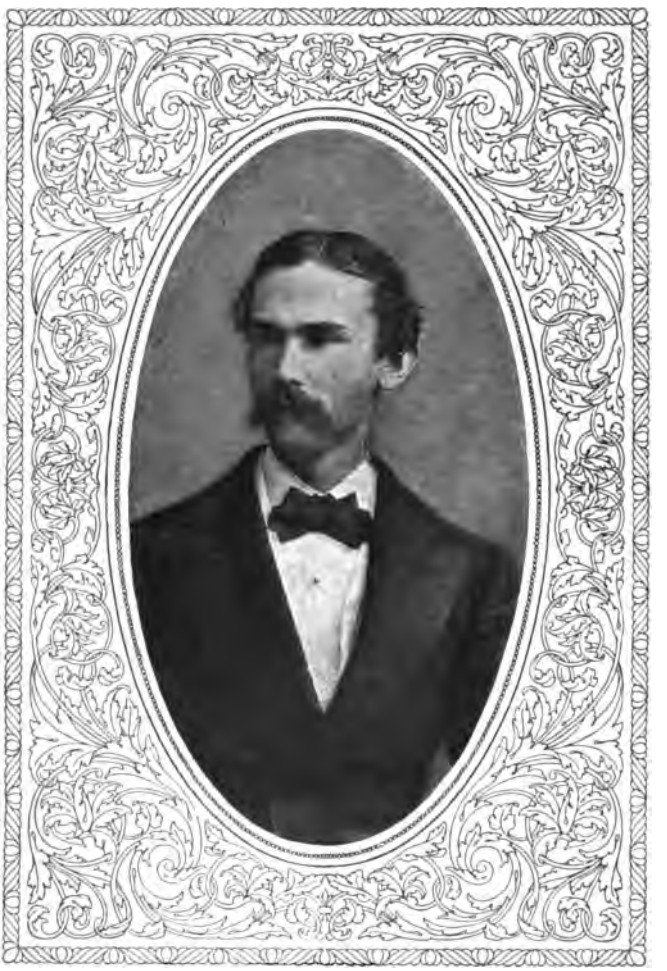
tilian Days" would hardly be selected to recount the exploits of Jim Bludso.

I believe that "Banta Tim" was based on the Dorus Bates incident. The files of the "Old Flag" newspaper published in Pittsfield at that time will throw light on the matter.

I entered Brown University in 1853, and



Photograph by Gurney & Son. From the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN HAY, 1873

Hay came a year later. He at once took rank among the brightest boys in the college, and maintained it with a degree of ease that was the envy of his classmates. In those days, all text was memorized, and it was the general opinion that Hay put his books under his pillow and had the contents thereof absorbed and digested by morning, for he was never seen "digging," or doing any other act or thing that could be construed into hard study. His quick perception, ready grasp of an idea and wonderfully retentive memory, made a mere pastime of study. His enthusiasm was boundless, and his love for and appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art was acutely developed. If he was smitten with the charms of a pretty girl, he raved and walked the room pouring out his sentiment in a flood of furious eloquence. He would apostrophise a beautiful sunset till the last glow had expired. I remember being called out of bed by him one night to witness a beautiful display of northern lights. The display was gorgeous, but the night was cold, and after stating my view of the situation, I retired to my room leaving him with chattering teeth and eloquent language addressing Aurora B.

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The greater part of half a century has passed since my introduction to John Hay—the man I have met but a few times. His warm love for my father and mother was evinced in many little ways all through their life, and in my very infrequent correspondence with him he always appears the same warm friend as in the days of our boyhood and youth. Of course, I have watched his career closely, and in every public act and in every reported public utterance I detected the same honest, manly outspoken spirit that characterized the boy. He never manifested the slightest suggestion of trickery, deceit or underhanded cunning; fairly and openly he met all conditions of men and circumstances, and the same, I am sure, can be said of him today. He is preëminently a child of the West; honest, fearless and true, and while his superior education serves to accentuate and direct his course in life, the heart and soul of the man come from the broad prairies and rolling waters and grand old forests and the hearty and wholesome men and women that characterized that great section of our country, that matured his youth and gave him that precious heritage, a sound mind in a sound body.

His life during my association with him was clean, pure and upright, and were I at enmity with him, I would seek in vain for a vulnerable spot or a rent in his armor that of my knowledge could be successfully attacked.

MR. HAY was graduated from Brown University at the age of nineteen with a good record for scholarship, and was elected poet of his class. After his graduation, he returned to his old home at Warsaw to pass a year or two, previous to taking a part in the trying times before the outbreak of the Civil War. It is recorded of him that before his entrance at Brown he had delivered papers to subscribers of the Warsaw "Signal," and had made contributions to its columns. On his return from Brown, he delivered a public lecture at Warsaw, the date and subject of which have been forgotten. Nor have any of his early newspaper contributions come to light.

He was an impromptu poet and punster, and was full of rollicking fun. He was the life of social occasions, and his company was in great demand. During one of these occasions, he propounded seriously to a young woman named Eliza the query:

"Why is your father like the devil?"

She replied indignantly that her father was not like the devil in any respect.

"But he is," returned Mr. Hay; "because he is the father of 'Lize."

The following quatrain, written by Mr. Hay in a book, "Twin Roses," which he had given to a friend while he was at home, is one of his few metrical productions which can be assigned definitely to this time:

> It is with lavish interest
> Your kindness I requite.
> I give two roses for the rose
> You gave to me last night.

It was at this time, between college and public life, that his friends perceived in him an undercurrent of seriousness and religious feeling. He had been reared in the Baptist church, but had leanings toward the Presbyterian faith, and he appeared to have debated the subject of studying for the ministry. At a time when his family wished him to take up the study of law, begun with Colonel Hay at Pittsfield, he said to a friend: "They would spoil a first-class preacher to make a third-class lawyer of me." The spirit of boisterous fun which he showed in social gatherings was no more than superficial. With a poet's fondness for nature, he was given to long walks through the woods and to tramps up and down the Mississippi bluffs, with their panorama of river, hill, and forest.

Before this time Colonel Milton Hay had left Pittsfield for Springfield, where he was practising law with Lincoln. John Hay fell in with the plan of studying law with his uncle, but before beginning his studies, he spent some time at Pittsfield. In the meantime, John G. Nicolay had passed from printer to proprietor of the Pike County "Free Press."

From Pittsfield, John Hay went to Springfield. He found his uncle in the midst of the political struggle leading to the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. The association of Milton Hay with Lincoln was so close that John Hay was thrown into relations with Lincoln, and his assistant secretaryship to Lincoln was a natural step. Mr. McWil-

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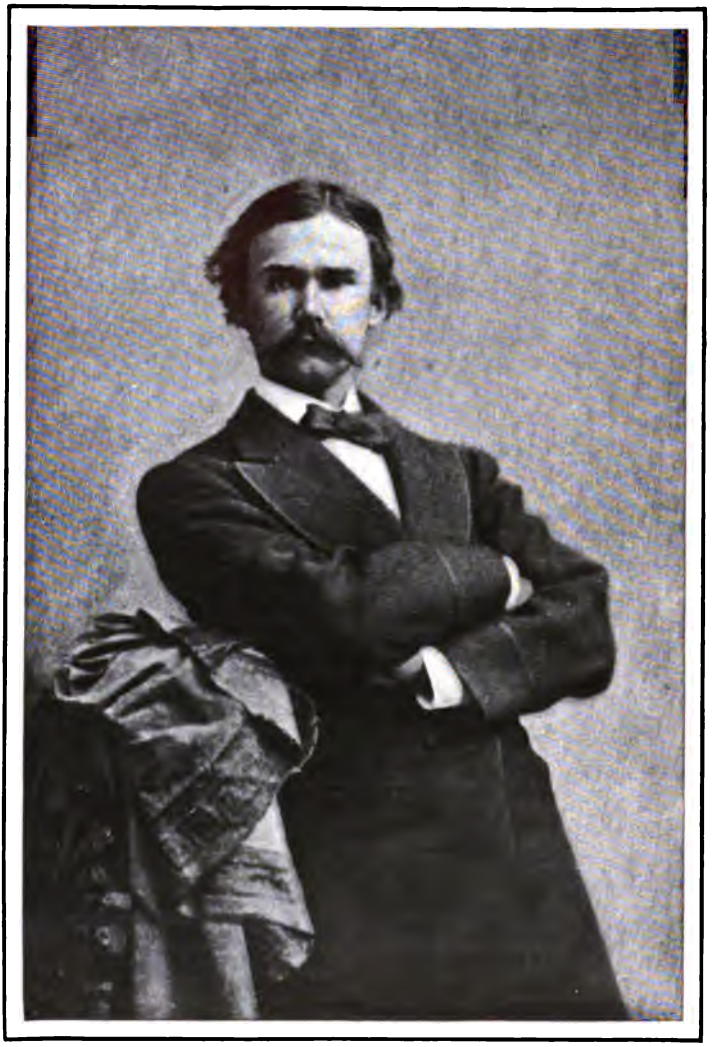

From an early photograph by Sarony

JOHN HAY

liams, to whom I have referred before, narrated to me the circumstances in which John G. Nicolay became secretary to Lincoln. They are so closely related to John Hay as to be almost a part of his own story.

Nicolay had sold the Pike County "Free Press." He had been the Pittsfield correspondent of what is now the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," and had started for St. Louis, by way of Springfield, to see about forming a regular connection with the paper. While he was in Springfield, he was entertained by O. M. Hatch of Griggsville, Illinois, who was Secretary of State under Governor Bissell and Governor Richard Yates. During the time that Nicolay was at the home of Mr. Hatch, Lincoln came into Mr. Hatch's office, saying:

"I wish I could find some young man to help me with my correspondence. It is getting so heavy I can't handle it. I can't afford to pay much, but the practice is worth something."

"I have just the young man for you," replied Mr. Hatch.

He introduced John Nicolay to Lincoln, who thus became acquainted with his future biographer.

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The two letters given below were written by Mr. Hay to a friend in Warsaw after he had gone to Washington.

Executive Mansion,
November 29, 1860.

MY DEAR CHILD: I seize a moment of this quiet midnight to write to you before the days of the coming week bring their congressional nuisances and their swarms of visitors. I shall be so cross and surly by the middle of next week that I should be very unfit company for any one.

Warsaw dull? It shines before my eyes like a social paradise compared with this miserable sprawling village which imagines itself a city because it is wicked, as a boy thinks he is a man when he smokes and swears. I wish I could by wishing find myself in Warsaw.

I am cross because I am away from Warsaw. I believe honestly (if it is possible for me to believe anything honestly) that I shall never enjoy myself more thoroughly than I did that short little winter I spent at home. It was so quiet and still, so free from everything that could disturb or bore me, that it seems in the busy days I am wearing out now like a queer little dream of contentment and peace, when I so obstinately and persistently left the dear old town that rainy, tearful, doleful Monday afternoon. I never before was so anxious to see Warsaw, or so reluctant to leave it. It is a good thing to go home. I seem to take a new lease on life; to renew a fast-fleeting youth on the breezy hills of my home. I feel like doing a marvelous amount of work when I return, and the dull routine of every-day labor is charmingly relieved by vanishing visions of green hills, grand rivers, and willowy islands that float in between me and my paper. And sometimes the pen will drop from tired hands and the desk will disappear and the annoyances of the chancery court will be forgotten in dreams of happy days in the old home, lit with eyes and melodious with the voices of those who are and ever have been

A' the world to me—

You know the rest.

By the way, have you seen the last—that is the October—number of the "Atlantic Monthly"? I have a terrible time denying the authorship of an article therein entitled "The New Cinderella."

How pleasant those evenings in the dear old town that I remember with a heart full of joy. Write soon, sooner, soonest to—

Yours,
John Hay.

Executive Mansion,
October 12, 1861.

MY DEAR ——: I send you a carte-de-visite, which I think is very good, all but the face, which don't look like anything in particular. The pantaloons, however, are in the highest style of the tailor life and photographic art.

I think the mug is absurd. The expression of the features reminds me of the desperate attempts of a tipsy man to look sober. But coat, trousers, and gloves are irreproachable.

Yours,
John Hay.

Mr. Hay's perception of literary values enabled him to put into permanent form a passing phase of history, in the "Pike County Ballads." In a borderland, the meeting-point of immigration from the East with descendants of the Kentucky and Tennessee pioneers, old antagonisms found new life in Pike County. "Jim Bludso" was a Mississippi pilot on the *Prairie Belle,* which was destroyed by fire. During the disaster he stood to his post, steered the boat to the shore, enabling the passengers to escape, while he lost his life. The basis of "Little Breeches" was a story related as fact by a Baptist minister in a sermon "Special Providence" preached at Warsaw when John Hay was a boy, and retained in his mind till his fancy worked it into rhyme. Gilgal was an actual settlement on the Mississippi River, the shipping-point for Rockport, where there was a large mill, and for Atlas and other inland towns. The combination of grocery and groggery was not unusual in river towns, and was the natural meeting-place for fire-eaters like Judge Phinn and Colonel Blood. Judge Phinn is preserved by tradition as representative of the large class of men of Southern descent, clinging to Southern modes of life, which persisted long in lower Illinois. A large landholder, hospitable, strong in his likes and dislikes, and quick to take affront, Colonel Blood is merely a variation of the same type. Some well-remembered fight would easily supply the mate-

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rials to create the situation preserved in "The Mystery of Gilgal."

Of "Tillmon Joy," of "Banta Tim," the original is found in Captain D. E. Bates, a resident of Pittsfield, whose sister married John G. Nicolay. The situation drawn in "Banta Tim" was founded on fact. Captain Bates was in command of a detachment of Illinois troops, and was wounded before Vicksburg. He offended the prejudices of Pike County, where sentiment against the negro still ran high, by bringing a colored boy home with him. Bates, who was young and defiant, aroused hostile comment by driving about the region with the colored boy as a driver, till he finally received warning from a committee of citizens to get the boy out of the country. A short time before this, R. B. Hatch of Griggsville in the same county had been compelled by the force of public sentiment to deport a negro whom he had brought back from the army. The incident happened after John Hay had gone to Washington.

Mr. Hay was strongly identified with the early Republican party in Illinois. At one time the people may have resented the holding up of their characteristics to public view; that feeling has given way, however, to one of pride in John Hay.

From the original in the collection of the American Numismatic Society, New York

CALVIN MEDAL BY ARVED KARLSTEEN (1654-1718)

THE HUMAN SIDE OF CALVIN

BY MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

Author of "Scotland, Historic and Romantic," "The Châteaux of Touraine," etc.

PROBABLY no leader of a great movement is regarded with more general disfavor or with less comprehension than Calvin.[1] To many of us his name is a synonym for all that is sour and forbidding. We think of him as of one who begrudged any pleasure, however innocent, to his fellow-creatures; a grim, dour man who was never happier than when committing the souls of poor, frail human beings to an eternity among the damned. Yet to the people of his own day such a view could have been nothing short of astounding. Among the men and women who lived in intimate, daily association with him, Calvin was a much, a singularly, loved man; one capable, moreover, of giving out a very lively and sincere affection on what must seem to most of us but small provocation. Take, for example, the incident of his marriage.

CALVIN'S CHOICE OF A WIFE

CALVIN was living at Strasburg, where he was pastor of a colony of French Protes-

[1] John Calvin was born at Noyon, Picardy, France, July 10, 1509, and died at Geneva, May 27, 1564.

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tants. The salary was meager, and in order to eke out a living, he took pupils to board, to whom, as was his manner, he became extremely attached. He was thirty years old, and in such deplorable health that an entire sub-chapter in his latest and most voluminous biography is devoted solely to the enumeration of his disorders. To some men such a condition would be a bar to matrimony. Calvin, feeling doubtless that there should be some one to care for his physical state, and being either unwilling or unable to do so for himself, decided on that account to take a wife. He set about this delicate business precisely as one might try to hear of a suitable cook or nursery-maid in a day when the "Intelligence Office" and "Want Advertisement" were as yet unknown. Writing to his friend Farel on the subject, he enumerated in a matter-of-fact way the qualities he considered essential.

CALVIN'S CHAIR IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PIERRE, GENEVA

Beauty, he declared, was a matter of entire indifference, but modest, patient, simple in her tastes the lady must be, and willing, moreover, to look after his health. Did Farel know of any one who would do? Apparently Farel did not, nor could any such be found except a young person to whom Calvin objected on the not unreasonable ground that, being both wealthy and of high birth, she would never be contented as the wife of a poor and sickly parson. Her family, however, were set on the match, and when Calvin further urged her ignorance of French, while he himself knew no German, they promptly offered to have her taught. As helpless as any other mere man would be under like circumstances, Calvin could hit upon no better way out of his dilemma than hastily to open negotiations with another lady whom he knew only by hearsay. He pressed his suit, moreover, with such lover-like ardor that all was quickly arranged, and we presently have him writing to invite Farel to the wedding, which, he says, is to take place in the course of a few weeks. The match, nevertheless, fell through, and his next letter reveals a trying situation. The marriage with the "young lady of rank" was, it seemed, again being urged by her strangely persistent family. "But that," wrote Calvin, desperately, "is a thing I am determined never to do, unless God should completely deprive me of my senses."

Fortunately at this point another candidate was produced—Idelette de Bure, the young and lovely widow of a one-time Anabaptist whom Calvin had converted. If he made no point of beauty, at least he did not object to it, or to the fact that the lady already had two children by her former husband. The marriage accordingly took place, and, arranged though it was, so far as one can see, without the smallest regard for personal inclination on either side, an extremely happy marriage it proved to be. Contemporaneous notices of Calvin's wife are, to be sure, sparse; and Théodore de Bèze's comment on the union, "She was a good and virtuous woman with whom he lived in peace," strikes somewhat coldly on the ear. But Calvin is not cold. He writes almost boyishly to acquaint Farel with his happiness, and when, six weeks after the wedding, he falls ill, he attributes it to a disciplinary measure of Heaven lest his joy should become too outrageous. Doubtless a very Calvinistic view, yet the happiness he tells of has an eminently pleasant, human sound.

CALVIN'S TENDERNESS

SOME months later, while he was attending the Colloquy of Ratisbon, the plague

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PASSAGE (LEFT) FROM RUE DE LA FONTAINE TO CATHEDRAL

THE AUDITORY (ON THE RIGHT), WHERE CALVIN LECTURED

TOUR DE L'ILE

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER

CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS, WHICH SHELTERED PROTESTANT REFUGEES

BUREAU OF HEALTH ON SITE OF CALVIN'S HOUSE

PLACE BOURG DE FOUR

PLACE LONGEMALLE, THE FASHIONABLE QUARTER OF OLD GENEVA

SCENES IN MODERN GENEVA

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broke out at Strasburg, and carried off one of his pupils. He wrote to Farel:

News has just reached me of a terrible misfortune. Our Claude, who was especially dear to me, has died of the plague. Louis, Charles's brother, followed him three days later. My household is scattered forlornly about. My brother has fled with Charles to a neighboring village. My wife has taken refuge with her brother. . . . To the bitterness of my grief is added the most intense, the most vehement anxiety for the survivors. Day and night I see continually before me the picture of my wife with no one to advise her, separated from her husband. The grief of that dear Charles distresses me particularly, losing as he has done, within four days, his only brother and the tutor whom he loved as a father. I know, indeed, the sensitiveness of his nature. . . . All this unhappiness weighs upon me to such an extent that I seem to have no strength of mind left, my spirit is completely broken. But the sorrow I feel for the death of my Claude is past belief. . . . Would to heaven that you might be here if only for one hour. I know your kindliness so well, you could not see me without feeling sorry. Night and day I am oppressed by grief, I cannot throw it off.

Michel Servetus

A very characteristic letter. No one—and it is a most engaging trait—ever leaned more upon his friends than did our Reformer. Whenever things go amiss with him, we have him flying to his pen, recounting all his trials and vexations, and wishing in a heartfelt way that his friend might be there to console him, "if only for one hour."

Shortly after his marriage, Calvin, in 1541, was summoned to return to Geneva, whence, only three years before, he had been ignominiously expelled. Here, in 1542, a great sorrow befell him and Idelette. They lost their only child. Brief as was this tiny mortal's passage,—he lived only a few weeks,—his father, at least, never forgot him. Nearly twenty years later we find him still writing of "a little child he once had, whom God took to Himself"; yet childless, he sweetly declares, he is not, since myriads of children are his throughout the whole of Christendom.

About seven years after this blow, Calvin's wife was also taken from him, and then his grief broke out in a very human and appealing way. Of the loss of his boy he had been able to write: "The Lord has certainly inflicted a severe and bitter wound in the death of our infant son. But He is Himself a father and knows what is best for His children." Now, however, he found it hard to be resigned. "Mine," he cried in the bitterness of his heart, "is not like any ordinary loss. She was the dear companion of my life; had misfortune come she would have followed me anywhere—into poverty, exile, or death." He wrote minute accounts of her last hours to his friends Farel and Viret. He told them of how he had talked to her of their married life together, and had promised to care for her children as though they had been his own. One after another the "brethren" came in to pray for the departing soul. Calvin pronounced an "exhortation" in which, one is glad to note, he appears to have dwelt only upon the infinite mercy of Christ, upon the peace and joy of quitting "this earthly tent," and not at all upon any attendant terrors.

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RUE DE LA FONTAINE

PLACE MOLARD, INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF OLD GENEVA

TOUR BAUDET, ONLY PART OF THE MAISON DE VILLE UNALTERED SINCE CALVIN

MAISON DE VILLE

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE

MONUMENT TO SERVETUS, NEAR SPOT WHERE HE WAS EXECUTED

LA TREILLE, SO CALLED BECAUSE OF THE FRUIT-TREES TRAINED AGAINST THE NEIGHBORING GARDEN WALLS

SCENES IN MODERN GENEVA

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According to Calvin, it required the united efforts of himself and all his friends to brace him to bear up under his loss. Even then, as he naïvely observes, they had not been so successful as he could have wished, although he has so managed to "devour" his grief that he has omitted no one of his regular duties. "I am truly grateful," he said in one of his letters, "for what we have accomplished. You know the tenderness or, I should say, the weakness of my nature. Without their help I should never have got on as well as I have."

Calvin's affection for his Idelette was loyal as well as tender. Though he was only forty when he lost her, he appears never to have entertained the idea of a second marriage.

CALVIN'S BUSY DAY

THE head of the Genevan Church had little time to brood over his grief. Although Théodore de Bèze airily describes his return as having been accomplished "amid the felicitations of all the people," it was, as a fact, only the work of a political faction, and the first fourteen years of his life at Geneva were occupied in a ceaseless struggle to mold the Republic into his conception of what a model Christian state should be. As he held no official position and his views were opposed by a considerable proportion of the rulers, as well as of the people at large, this was no easy matter. Probably no other man than Calvin could have done it.

He had many advantages. He was not a scholar merely; he was a man of the world. He had traveled, was familiar with the life of courts, was on terms of intimate friendship with many of the most distinguished persons of his day. He had a commanding intellect, a literary style which was the envy and admiration of the learned. He knew law as well as he did theology, French as well as he did Latin. His grasp of a wide range of subjects, as well as his attention to detail, were things to marvel at. Add to these an inexhaustible patience and a bulldog tenacity of purpose, a vivid human interest and an amazing capacity for work, and we begin to understand how it was that this penniless and sickly foreigner, who came to Geneva in the first instance so utterly unknown and without prestige as to figure in the records merely as "a Frenchman," ended by setting his stamp so ineffaceably upon the place that it remains there even to our own day.

"As for the affairs of this Church and also of the Republic," says Théodore de Bèze, "so far as his calling would permit, he had them all at his fingers' ends even to the very smallest details." No detail was, in fact, too small, no question too petty in the daily lives of the people, in the routine work of the church, in the business of the state, for him to go into it with a lively and absorbed interest.

Let any one who is accustomed to think of this as preëminently a strenuous age consider a little the accomplishments of those giants of the sixteenth century, and he will find food for thought. Calvin's day began, both in summer and winter, with a sermon, which he delivered at sunrise. He lectured every other afternoon. Each post brought him huge packets of letters, many of them on public matters of importance to the state and requiring immediate answers. The Council depended upon his legal training to guide them in the work of editing the civil edicts, made necessary by Geneva's Protestant and independent state. Now he was consulted about the work on the fortifications, now appointed to examine into the qualifications of a surgeon who wished to practise in the town, or to report upon the merits of a newly invented apparatus for heating "at half the usual cost." Appeals for help and advice poured in upon him from Protestant communities in all parts of the Continent. We find even the Regent Somerset writing to consult him about the organization of the Anglican Church. Later he is begged to use his influence with the English bishops, "who esteem and honor you," to avert the great scandal which the rumored marriage of Queen Elisabeth with "Milor Robert" would cause.

How heavily these and a multitude of other burdens, most of them lying quite without the strictly legitimate line of his work, weighed upon Calvin can be seen from some of his letters. In 1542 he writes to Farel: "I was completely worn out with writing letters when yours was handed to me and now five others have

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come which must be attended to before all else." At another time he declared he was so weighted down with correspondence, "most of it disagreeable," that he was well-nigh disgusted with life. He could never get two hours to himself. And again: "I have not a single hour free from innumerable interruptions. I am so tired of writing that I begin to hate letters." Owing to what Bèze calls the "imbecility" of his stomach, Calvin had got into the habit of lying flat on his back to study or dictate, and he ate only one meal in the twenty-four hours. Only by these means could he stave off the terrible sick headaches which were the pest of his life.

Nicolas de Gallars—"mon Gallars," or "mon fils," as Calvin affectionately calls him—often acted as his amanuensis. He said that when he was writing down the "Commentaries on Isaiah" from Calvin's dictation they often could not get through more than two paragraphs at a time, owing to incessant interruptions from visitors, or from persons wanting to consult Calvin about their private affairs.

STATUE OF MICHAEL SERVETUS, IN THE PORCH OF THE INSTITUTO ANTROPOLÓGICO, MADRID

THE REFORMER AS A MATRIMONIAL AGENT

It is a pleasing side of Calvin's character, this ever-ready interest which he took in the little domestic concerns of all his friends. They write to him about their servants, their kitchen-stoves, their chimneys, their resources, the planting of their gardens. They ask him to find them cooks and secretaries, to place their sons with God-fearing families, and to negotiate their marriages.

Here Calvin was particularly strong. He appears to have carried in his head a list of all the marriageable young ladies of the neighborhood, together with details of their characters, their looks, and the amounts of their dowries.

"You know our friend Viret is thinking of marrying," he wrote to Farel. "I am quite as much taken up with the matter as he is himself." At another time, after passing all the young ladies of his acquaintance in review in behalf of a friend, he told him that he would have to come to Geneva himself, open his heart

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freely, and they would continue the search together. To still another he apologized because he could at the moment think of no suitable *partie* who was at the same time pretty, discreet, and well-dowered. "There are, however," he added, "two young ladies quite near you who have elegant figures and have been well brought up. . . . It is true their dowries are not large, yet they are not penniless by any means."

CALVIN'S INTEREST IN MUSIC AND POETRY

ONE of the problems confronting the Reformers was how to provide suitable music for the church. Among the refugees at Geneva was the poet Clément Marot, whose metrical version of twenty of the Psalms of David had been pronounced heretical by the Sorbonne. Calvin, too, had begun a translation of the Psalms into French verse. "I was obliged," he wrote, "to see what I could do myself in the way of versifying. The two Psalms, XXV and LXVI, were my first attempts, afterwards I added others."

The results, we may believe, were not wholly disappointing to their author, for elsewhere he recorded his conviction that his "strong, natural bent" was for poetry. "But," said he, "I have given all that up and for the past twenty-five years I have composed nothing except a poem which I wrote at Worms for my own amusement when I was carried away by the example of Philippe de Sturm."

Recognizing the great charm and dignity of Marot's version, Calvin employed Louis Bourgeois to set to music these Psalms and others which Marot translated later. A song-school was opened where children were trained to sing "loudly and distinctly, the people following with the heart what was sung with the lips, so that little by little all might learn to sing together."

Bourgeois's work was of the highest order. Upward of eighty of his tunes are used to-day throughout Protestant Christendom. Yet the Council, in spite of Calvin's protests, treated him very shabbily. They first imprisoned him for presuming to alter his own compositions without asking their permission, and then cut down his stipend to such a preposterous figure that he was forced to leave Geneva and go elsewhere in search of a living.

In the meantime Calvin's relations with the Seigneury were becoming daily more strained. Quarrels had arisen about the admission of foreigners to the *bourgeoisie* and the right of ministers to excommunicate. By the beginning of the year 1553, the Reformer no longer dared to quit the town even for a day. "The entire Republic is in disorder," he wrote to a friend at Neuchâtel; "I have not been outside the gates for a month past, not even for recreation."

THE BURNING OF SERVETUS

PERHAPS that stirring of revolt against Calvin's influence may furnish the clue to an interesting problem, why Michael Servetus, the Spanish theologian, should deliberately have flung himself out of the frying-pan of Roman Catholic persecution at Lyons into the fire of Protestant bigotry at Geneva.

Calvin and Servetus were entirely familiar with each other's views. Nearly twenty years before, they had arranged to hold a public debate on the doctrine of the Trinity. It did not come off because Servetus failed to appear. In 1546 they engaged in a long and acrimonious discussion by letter; ever since which time Calvin had held the Spanish doctor and his opinions in abhorrence. He even went so far as to warn Servetus not to come to Geneva. "If you do," said he, "I shall exert whatever influence I may have to prevent you from going forth alive."

Early in the year 1553, Servetus, who was practising medicine at Vienne under an assumed name, published his "Restitution of Christianity," in which he assailed with equal vigor the Roman dogmas and the teachings of Protestant Christianity. In the appendix he printed the text of his controversial letters to Calvin.

The authorship of this book was not suspected until Guillaume Trie, a friend of Calvin, revealed it in a letter to a cousin at Lyons. Servetus was denounced to the vicar-general, and Trie furnished proofs in the shape of the originals of some of the letters printed in the appendix. On this evidence Servetus would certainly have been sent to the stake by the Church of Rome had he not, by escaping from

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prison through the aid, it is said, of grateful patients, reserved himself for the much more distinguishing honor of martyrdom at the hands of the Protestants. His trial was, indeed, continued even after his flight; he was condemned to be burned to death by slow fire; and the sentence was duly carried out in effigy. For three months he lay in hiding, then he suddenly appeared one day among the congregation in the cathedral at Geneva while Calvin was preaching. He was arrested at his inn the same day and committed to the Evêché Prison.

The charge against Servetus was heresy, but the trial quickly took a political complexion, Calvin's followers declaring themselves for, his opponents against, conviction. As for Calvin himself, he announced his views with perfect frankness. "I earnestly hope," says he, in a letter to Farel, "that they will sentence him to death; only, in this case, I should like the sentence to be carried out with as little cruelty as possible."

The trial dragged wearisomely on. The Seigneury sat by while Calvin and the prisoner, who was denied counsel, debated each disputed point of doctrine with a zest and vigor which appeared to have no end. When they could bear it no longer, the Council ordered that "the said Servet" should be supplied with ink and paper, and the argument conducted thenceforward in writing and in the Latin tongue.

Calvin hastened home and drew up thirty-eight propositions of heresy, to which the prisoner jauntily replied that he was "amazed at the audacity of this man. With all his boasted orthodoxy, he is actually nothing else but a disciple of Simon Magus! Poor wretch," he continued, "do you think that by barking loud enough you will close the judges' ears? Why, you don't even understand the first principles." With a great deal more in the same strain.

A month later the prisoner wrote a pitiful letter to the Seigneury, asking for fresh linen.

"I am devoured by vermin," he said, "my breeches are torn, I have no change, nor any doublet, not even a shirt, except one ragged one." *Chausses et vestemens nécessaires* were ordered,—at the prisoner's expense,—and the ministers signed an indignant protest against his reply to Calvin. Servetus returned this document adorned with many strange interpolations; such as "Cowards!" or, "You lie!"—this occurs ten or twelve times,—or, "Simon Magus has blinded your eyes."

The trial ended, the Council laid the evidence before the other Swiss churches, and asked for their opinion. Then Servetus played his last card. He brought a countercharge of heresy and false witness against the head of the Genevan church, and asked that he might be put into prison and kept there until, these charges being proved, he should suffer death or some other form of punishment. "Let him be exterminated and driven out of your city, and his goods adjudged to me in compensation for all the losses he has caused me to suffer. Which things, *Messieurs,* I request of you." No notice was taken of this letter.

When the answers came from the churches it was found that, though they were unanimous in pronouncing Servetus guilty, not one would commit itself as to the nature of his punishment. Thereupon the Genevan Council boldly shouldered the whole responsibility. They condemned Servetus to be burned alive at Champel, and his books to be burned as well.

Calvin, writing to Farel, said: "He was condemned without debate. We tried to have the cruel nature of the sentence modified, but without success." Meaning, no doubt, that he and the other ministers wished some less painful manner of dying to be substituted for burning alive. Savonarola, it will be remembered, was first hanged and his body burned afterward. Calvin added that when the result was made known to him, the prisoner behaved like one distraught, uttering shrieks and groans, beating his breast, and crying "Misericordia, Misericordia!"

Farel arrived the same day, and was appointed by the Seigneury to accompany the condemned man to the place of execution. All along the steep and winding road to Champel the fiery old Reformer plied his victim with exhortations to recant. To his mortification, the other stood firm in his errors. He asked the bystanders to pray for him, implored "Christ, son of the eternal God," not, as Farel indignantly noted, "Eternal Son of God," to have pity on him, then manfully met his fate.

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As for his books, the entire edition of the "Christianismi Restitutio" had already been destroyed at the time of Servetus's arrest at Vienne. Only three copies are known to have survived. Yet, had this work been suffered to become generally known, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood would have been forestalled by sixty-three years!

It is hard to understand why any one should wish to make out a blacker case for Calvin in this business than the facts allow. It is black enough already, Heaven knows. Calvin hoped that Servetus would be put to death, and he was unaffectedly glad when this was done, though regretful of the manner of it. He was no champion of liberty of conscience: he detested it with all his heart. There is nothing to show that the letters by means of which Servetus was identified at Vienne (granting that Calvin furnished them, which has never been shown) were considered confidential by their author. Nor did the latter "take refuge" at Geneva. He came there secretly, hoping to escape recognition, either courting the danger out of sheer bravado, or else in the belief that Calvin's influence was gone and no one would interfere with him.

Of one thing we may be quite certain: had not a majority of the Council so willed, Calvin could no more have put Servetus to death than he could have applied the torch to Geneva itself.

To-day an "expiatory" monument in the form of a huge gray boulder marks a spot on the Champel road close to the place of execution. On one side appear Servetus's name and the date of his birth and death, and on the other an ingeniously worded inscription in which the authors at once apologize to Servetus for the injustice done him, and to Calvin for thus apologizing.

Another monument will shortly be unveiled at Geneva. It is to Calvin, and commemorates the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The same "International Congress of Religious Liberals" which indorsed a movement to erect a monument to Servetus at Vienne gave its hearty approval to this one to Calvin—"to that illustrious man and the influences proceeding from him." So far has tolerance marched.

JEFFERSON WANTED CALVIN'S COLLEGE BROUGHT TO AMERICA

Not the least among the "influences" which proceeded from Calvin was the college which he founded at Geneva. Before his time the town had only a primary school. Aspiring youths of the Republic had to go abroad to be educated. It was a hard matter to raise funds for such an undertaking. Calvin got the Council to make an appropriation. A public subscription was started, to which the French ambassador, members of the Seigneury, bourgeois, students, persons of every degree, contributed. We find even "Jenon the bakeress" giving five sous. Perhaps she had sons, and dreamed of making scholars of them. The lawyers were told to drop a hint to their clients when drawing up their wills. The auditors were ordered to forego their annual banquet and to give the money instead to the college. When enough money had been scraped together to begin to build, Calvin chose the site on the slope of the hill of St. Antoine. It was thought that the *Bise,* that bitter northeast wind which rakes Geneva from the summit of the Jura, would be specially beneficial to the students.

With little money at his command, Calvin found great trouble in inducing any pedagogue of the first rank—he would have no other—to engage with him. Just as the first buildings were nearing completion, a quarrel opportunely broke out between the authorities at Berne and the instructors of the Lausanne Academy. There was a stampede of professors and students to Geneva, and the college was brilliantly launched, with Théodore de Bèze for first rector. Up to the time of the French Revolution it had a career of uninterrupted success. Then it came very near to being dissolved and to having its entire personnel transported to the shores of the Potomac!

Here is how Thomas Jefferson unfolded the plan to Washington in a letter, dated Monticello, October, 1795:

> The Revolution which has taken place at Geneva has demolished the college at that place, which was in a great measure supported by the former government. The colleges of Geneva and Edinburgh were considered as the two eyes of Europe in matters

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of science, insomuch that no other pretended to any rivalship with either. Edinburgh has been the most famous in medicine during the life of Cullen; but Geneva most so in other branches of science. . . . A Mr. D'Irvernois, a Genevan and a man of science, known as the author of a history of that Republic, has written to me on the subject, as he has also to Mr. Adams . . . giving us the details of his views for affecting it.

The plan could not be carried out. Washington feared political complications, and the college, unexpectedly weathering the revolutionary storm, was soon after reorganized.

THE CLOSE OF CALVIN'S LIFE

CALVIN had finished his work for Geneva. Heresy in the person of Servetus was trodden underfoot. His policy was in force. The college was founded. His remaining years were free from outward disturbance, but his ailments gave him no peace.

"My maladies," he wrote, "charge me with the impetuosity of a squadron of cavalry." He was partly paralyzed, yet his indomitable will never forsook him. Bèze says he continued to "drag his poor body about" till near the very end. In the middle of February (1564) he was carried to the cathedral in a chair, and preached. It was his last appearance. Soon he was unable to leave his bed, but he never ceased from work. His illness lasted three months. In that time he translated one of his books into French, revised two others, and went on with his "Commentaries on the Book of Joshua." The Syndics were instructed to call upon him frequently. Public prayers were ordered for his recovery, and a present of twenty-five crowns was voted. Calvin thanked the Seigneury for their interest, but returned the money. He said his conscience already troubled him for drawing a salary which he no longer earned. He made his will, directing that his funeral should be without unusual ceremony of any sort. When the Council came, in a body, to say farewell, he addressed them, taking the hand of each in turn. "A melancholy scene," says Bèze, "for they regarded him in the light of a father, and many of them had been accustomed to turn to him for help and advice from childhood." Next the ministers came to receive their chief's last charge. Laid flat upon his back, gasping for breath, only swallowing with the utmost difficulty, he reviewed his career. He told them that his life at Geneva had been one of "marvelous conflicts." "As many as fifty or sixty arquebuses have been fired at night before my door in pure defiance. What do you think of that? Was it not enough to startle a poor scholar, timid by nature, as I confess I always have been?" We must concede that it was.

So constant was the stream of visitors coming to say farewell that the door of Calvin's house was left open night and day. At last he begged that his friends would leave him to die in peace. If they wanted to do something, they might pray for him. He died in the evening of May 27.

Théodore de Bèze's account of his last hours was translated into English by a contemporary:

"He was very little changed of face, but chiefly the shortness of his winde did trouble him, that it caused his continuall prayers and consolations rather to seeme sighs than words to be understood; and he was of such a countenance that his onelie looke did plainlie testifie with what faith and hope he was furnished. The day that he died it seemed that he spake better and more at his ease, but it was the last enforcement of nature: for that night about 8 of the clock even sodainely, appeared the tokens of sudden death, whereof I had speedily word (for I was but newly departed from him) and running thither with certaine of my brethren, as soone as I came I found that he had alreadie yielded up his spirit, so quietly that hee did never rattle, but spake plainly even to his death, with perfect understanding and judgement without ever stirring hand or foot, he seemed rather to be a sleepe than dead. . . . According as he had appointed, he was carried according to the custome to the common Churchyard, called the large or great Pallace without pomp or adoe at all, where he now lieth abiding the resurrection which he hath taught us, and hath so constantly hoped for."

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From the original in the collection of the American Numismatic Society, New York

CALVIN MEDAL BY SEBASTIAN DADLER (1619-53)

CALVIN AS A THEOLOGIAN

BY THE REV. FRANCIS BROWN, D.D., LL.D.

President of Union Theological Seminary, New York

CALVIN is the greatest of Protestant theologians. Protestantism has moved away from him, but it has not matched him. Of course no such opportunity has recurred. In his time Europe had just waked up religiously as well as intellectually. He had the opportunity to guide the most aggressive wing of the new religious movement. He was fitted to do it by unusual gifts of mind developed under an education of breadth and variety. He had the training of a priest, of a classicist, and of a jurist, all three, and of all three combined his system of theology is the product. But the man who received this varied training was himself phenomenal—a man of enormous powers, early matured.

A large part of his effectiveness was due to clearness of thought and style, and this, again, was due partly to the French in him, and partly to his schooling in dialectic and in the classic literature. But his clearness was important because he had weighty things to say, and on these, his substantial thoughts, his priestly education had its strong influence; for it meant the early grounding of him in all the philosophy and theology which the Middle Ages were handing over—not without modification, by the way—to the advancing Renaissance. His legal education also played its part here, emphasizing for him the ideas of authority and sovereignty, and giving to his logic an air of relentlessness.

Nor was it only in his style that his classical training appeared. This training was unusually thorough. It did not quite make a humanist of him,—his ethical sense was too dominant for repose in any artistic culture,—but it gave him strength and skill in a great field which had been nearly untilled for centuries—the field of Biblical interpretation. The classics taught him philology, and threw him back on the real meaning and usage of words. The words themselves, and the grammar of their use in sentences, became his key to interpretation. It sounds commonplace now, but then it was a difficult novelty. The Bible had sacred meanings, mysterious, symbolic, above the laws of human composition. What imagination could find in it was evolved from it. This view was strongly intrenched in mental habit, and sanctified by the associations of faith. It was hard to uproot. If intelligent people now approach the Bible with confidence in human language as a vehicle for real fact

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and opinion, and seek its meaning primarily by the laws of human literature, it is very largely because of Calvin's great exegetical reform, his endeavor to learn exactly what the Scriptures say; the postulate being that in the Scriptures, under whatever high direction, men wrote for men, and used the common medium of human exchange at its standard value. It was an enormous advance, in the sixteenth century, to announce this principle and hold to it. We owe Calvin deep gratitude for it. It is true that the working of it was somewhat hampered in him by certain prepossessions. He recognized imperfectly the progress of truth in the Bible. The need of historical interpretation he perceived only in part. Yet he used the Bible with a sanity and a frankness not always equaled by his followers and pupils. He acknowledged occasional mistakes in it. God spoke in it, but the medium was the human mind and human speech. Little inaccuracies in the medium did not trouble him. Nor was the authority of the Scriptures due to ecclesiastics, or the declaration of any men at all. The Scriptures evidenced their own truth, being attested by the Spirit of God in the hearts of men. This was a bold and noble teaching.

He is better known, though in general superficially enough, by his doctrine and his discipline. His discipline was severe, when he had his way, as he did in Geneva for a time. That such a censorship of morals is a safe power for churchmen to exercise, few Protestants will now be found to believe. But he came honestly by the notion, and his own sensitive conscience and rigid habit of mental self-castigation sharpened the application of it. It expressed his own moral energy. It called attention to the truth that men are bidden not only to be right in what they think, but also to be right in what they do, and it set a lofty moral standard. In days of laxity it is easy to exaggerate moral strenuousness, whether you hate it or long for it; but at least we can see what the Puritans owed to Calvin in their ethical ideal, and the power of the ethical over modern life is of straight descent from him.

The man appears at his biggest in his exposition of the connected Christian doctrines. The "Institutio Christianæ Religionis" gave him his grip on the Protestant world. It became the great Constitution of Protestantism, especially in France and Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, England, and New England. It not only gave Protestantism intellectual standing—which would not explain its power in the churches—but it lent articulate voice to the principles of the Reformation, and expressed with admirable felicity and in the closest concatenation the underlying Protestant beliefs. Others attempted this, but no one did it so well. More than this, even, it was an expression, in systematic form, of the processes of a real religious life. It banished human intermediaries and brought men face to face with God, and it justified to the reason this satisfaction of the religious nature. God supreme, and man responsible to God directly and to God only, and each man's life a plan of God—it was a great tonic for those who received it. Human dignity, with political and social freedom, followed everywhere in the track of Calvinism. The power exerted by this system has been immensely for the uplift of mankind, and when it is compared with the product of the thousand years that preceded it, it is seen to be a stride forward, side by side with Luther's, as great as that taken by the Hebrew prophets twelve hundred years earlier still.

It will not do to belittle Calvin's own religion. His religious life was deep and controlling, and religious needs were met by his theology. Men were not aware of its defects, because they shared his general point of view. The reason why the thoughtful cannot now easily accept his dogmas is that the general point of view has changed. Philosophical conceptions have altered. The whole scholastic background has disappeared. The "Novum Organum," the "Critique of Pure Reason," and the "Origin of Species," with all their sequel, have revolutionized the method of approach to truth. Religion, in particular, voices itself otherwise. The demands of feeling are more insistent. Social factors claim new emphasis. The rights of experience, and the call to life, are matched against the claims of metaphysic and of deductive logic, and are proving the stronger.

There are yet no indications of a thorough system of theology which will endure longer than Calvin's has endured. It is not likely that our complex and re-

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flective nature will abolish metaphysics forever, or permanently dismiss the syllogism. The constructions of Calvin and Augustine—his great Catholic prototype—may yet have greater influence on the later formulations than would be granted them to-day. But we shall never again be able to stand where those men stood, and see all things from their angle. Intervening thought and experience can never be as if they had not been. Calvin had escaped from the medieval prison-house, but the shadows hung about him. He was no scholastic, yet the processes of formal logic still dominated him.

One could imagine him making great use of the inductive principle, for he had the capacities of a pioneer; Bacon, however, was only three years old when Calvin died. There was as yet no theory of knowledge that could modify the *a priori* habit. There was nothing to restrain Calvin from beginning with the great postulate of majestic omnipotence, losing himself in awe unutterable, and deriving all things from the sheer will of God, behind which one need not, and could not, go. Hence divine sovereignty and predestination, and their train, as the master thoughts of his system. "De Cognitione Dei Creatoris" is the title of his first book, and "De Cognitione Dei Redemptoris" comes in the second place, and only in the third place "De Modo Percipiendæ Christi Gratiæ." The logic is irrefragable, but this is not the order of the religious life, and only the order of life will give us the right relations of things. Calvin's theology did not do justice to his own personal religion. The simple fact that Christianity is the religion of Christ was hid from the medieval mind. It was veiled even for Calvin himself. As it dawns upon men more fully, it transforms the character of God and the possibilities of man, and the purposes of life.

Calvin is the theologian of the past rather than of the present and the future, not because his affirmations are not profound, for they are; not because they are not true, for many more of them are true than the fashion of the day will confess: but because the whole system needs rearrangement, and in the rearrangement every doctrine needs to be stated afresh, adjusted to its new place, expressed in a new vocabulary, and filled with vital warmth and light.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON

IS MONEY ESSENTIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR?

BY E. S. NADAL

One of the Secretaries of the United States Legation, London, 1870-71, 1877-84

IT is sometimes assumed that the man appointed as our ambassador in London should be rich. It may be well to examine the correctness of this vague assumption. The money supposed to be requisite would of course be used in giving parties, balls, and dinners. The people asked would be either Americans or the English and the diplomats. Of Americans, there are perhaps at one time in London during the season as many as twenty or thirty thousand. Nearly all of these think themselves, and no doubt are, as good as anybody. A young woman of a good New York family once told me that she and her friends were entitled to special consideration from American diplomats. I could not see why. Of course she and her friends were in the best position in New York; but how about the best people in a thousand other cities, towns, and villages throughout the country, all of whom pay their share in the expense of maintaining our diplomacy? And, then, according

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to the theory of our society, and in some degree according to the practice of it, any old washerwoman is as much entitled to special consideration from American diplomats as a leader of fashion in one of our great cities. About the only claim which an American diplomat could theoretically accept would be that of people in official position who might be supposed to have been specially honored by Americans themselves. Then there are certain personal friends of his own whom he can favor: every one is entitled to have friends. But any attempt to entertain Americans on a large scale would be attended with great practical difficulties. For every person pleased, there would be twenty who would be displeased. Our people have more or less democratic jealousy, and they would show it about such matters as parties, invitations, and the like. In such matters they might be somewhat exacting. (I may add that they are not in the least exacting regarding official favors, sought at the offices of American representatives abroad. An impression prevails that they are, but that, I am sure, is a mistake. In this respect I have always found them considerate and forbearing.) I may say in passing that they should be encouraged to visit the embassies and legations. Hence there ought to be houses in the great capitals, owned by the United States Government, with incomes sufficient for their maintenance, places in which Americans would feel a sense of proprietorship.

As regards the English, the situation is also beset with difficulties. A man who entertains on a large scale must return the civilities of people who have asked him. Americans will scarcely be pleased to see that their representative fills his house with the people of the country to which he is accredited, when they are not asked; they are likely to think "What do we get out of this?" In this I daresay they are not quite reasonable. Then, as regards the English themselves, it is not easy for a diplomat to distinguish successfully between the various grades of their society. If he entertains only the people of extreme fashion, certain English who are not fashionable, but who are not on that account less influential or less necessary to him, may feel slighted. The people most necessary to a diplomat, and especially to an American diplomat, are the political and the official people, and in London these, for some reason, are not usually the people of ultra fashion. It is not so easy as might be thought to have both, or at any rate to have the two together, because the wish of the "smart" people is to keep to themselves. So it comes about naturally that a diplomat's affiliations are rather with the less fashionable people. Still, he must not carry this too far, as there is danger that some of these people themselves may not regard him as highly as he might wish. It is possible they may think, "He can't be much, if he 'll know us."

The experiment of a big house and frequent entertainments has been several times tried in London. I have often heard old people speak of Abbott Lawrence, who had one of the good houses in Piccadilly, and whose entertainments were greatly enjoyed and long remembered. But at that date the relation of London to this country was very different from what it is now. London then was as far away from Washington as Peking now is. For one American in London at that time, there are now hundreds. Furthermore, English society has greatly changed since then. I remember Ponsonby Fane, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, once telling me that in William IVth's time, only a few years before Lawrence's service, the custom was for the king to hold levees at St. James's Palace every Wednesday, and that announcement was made not when a levee would be held, but when it would be omitted. London society at that day was small enough and intimate enough to permit of such an arrangement. Then, much of the success of the Lawrences, as old people have told me, was due to their personal qualities. They were unaffected, amiable people who had the art of pleasing everybody.

When I first went to London, Mr. J. L. Motley was the minister, and I doubt if the country had up to that time ever been so splendidly represented as it was by him. There is a quality which Aristotle designated as "magnificence," and which he considered a virtue and distinguished from vulgar ostentation. Motley had that quality. He lived very handsomely during his brief tenure of the London mission. He took Lord Yarborough's house, one of the houses that run through

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from Arlington Street to Green Park, a spacious and polite London mansion, than which there were few better in the town. Motley was a very handsome man, with a great power of pleasing and a marked gift for distinguished society, and he had very capable assistance in his wife and daughters, who were clever and accomplished women of the world. The business of entertainment and representation was about as well done by them as it could be. They of course entertained the London society that entertained them, but they also entertained a great number of their own people. Nevertheless, the brilliant success which Motley had in London excited jealousy, from which, I fear, he suffered in some degree. Motley, when he came to London, had already been a good many years at Vienna. Vienna is a place where diplomats are not highly regarded; but I have heard from people who were there at the time that the success of Motley in Austrian society was so marked as to give him a position almost equal to that of the great men of the country. Success, however, was safe enough there, since Vienna was a long way off. It was different in London.

As a rule, diplomats have not an important position in London. With the exception of our own representative, the English do not make much account of them. First of all, they do not like foreigners, and they care very little for official position. A man with a great name, a Lichtenstein or a Doria, for instance, or with a great fortune, who goes to London, whether as a chief or as a member of the staff of an embassy, may be made a good deal of. Herbert Bismarck, who came to the German embassy as secretary in 1882, his father being at that time still in power, was much courted and run after by English society, to the great disgust of the ambassador, Count Munster. But he was an exception. London, furthermore, is a big place. In general, it might be expected that diplomats would have a more important position in small than in large places. In London there are so many people entertaining and so many big houses, that the entertainments of the diplomatic houses are not needed. Mrs. Bancroft, whose husband had been our minister in both London and Berlin, told me that she entertained a great deal more in Berlin than she did in London.

Very little entertaining is done in London by the embassies and legations. During my eight years there I do not remember being once at an entertainment at the Russian embassy. The French would now and then give something, and, when an Austrian royalty came to London, the Austrians would give a party. In 1870, the Apponyis, who had the Austrian embassy, gave Sunday evenings for the diplomatic corps. When they left, Mrs. Motley looked after the "dips," as she called them, and continued these Sunday evening parties, and did it perfectly, of course, and with a kindness which was her own. The embassies that did the most were the German and the Italian, especially the German. Count Bernstoff, whose memoirs have just been published, gave many parties, as his successor Count Munster did later. I remember pleasant balls on summer nights at the house in Carlton House Terrace—the scene without beautiful, with its mingling of dawn and moonlight over St. James's Park, the young people pleading with Count Munster for "just one more dance," the old man assenting, but looking very weary.

The Turkish ambassador in my day was Musurus, a Greek. He gave no parties, but there was afternoon tea at his house once a week under pleasant conditions. He had three pretty daughters, who, although they had been born in London and had never lived anywhere else, spoke English with a marked accent. They were nice to the young diplomats and, indeed, to everybody—amiable, attractive girls of whom even London could not make snobs. The only legations, with the exception of our own, that did anything, were the Japanese and the Chinese. The diplomatic houses were much handicapped by the necessity of asking to all their large entertainments the whole diplomatic corps and a large number of English officials, so that there was not much room left for general English society.

After Mr. Welsh resigned, in 1879, the place was offered to Mr. John Jacob Astor, who declined it, which, I believe, he afterward regretted having done. If Mr. Astor had accepted, it would have been interesting to watch the result. He and his wife were such thoroughly nice people that they

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would have been sure to be liked, he, modest, substantial, simple, able, and a gentleman; she, kind-hearted, sensitive, somewhat shy, with an exaggeration of manner which was itself a kind of simplicity, and which perhaps was the result of shyness. We at the legation were much disappointed when they did not come; the secretaries would, no doubt, have had something to say in the distribution of these loaves and fishes. Mr. Astor was extremely hospitable and, I think, really liked to feed people. He was a man fond of good food himself, and no man knew more about it. I was asked, with two or three others, to dine with him one evening at "The Ship" at Greenwich, a hotel in which I had eaten a great many bad dinners. It was wonderful the dinner which was served us in that little parlor, with its low ceiling, and broad window level with the yellow bosom of the Thames, which laved the window-sill. I was reminded of the words of Webster upon Hamilton, to the effect that he struck the dry rock, and abundant streams gushed forth.

But Mr. Astor declined, and Mr. Lowell came from Spain in his place, and, as every one knows, was a great success. He pleased from the first. The welcome he received and the place assigned him in the public estimation were in part the cause of the success he had. He flowered out under the sunshine of the general favor. Poets, as we know, are subject to atmospheric conditions. People found something winning in that gaiety of disposition, which was, as I say, in some degree the result of their own kindness. He was generally popular, and especially so with scholars and literary men, with whom of course he had a special sympathy. At home he had never been in the way of seeking or being much sought by society. There does not as yet seem to be a place in American society for men with that combination of intellectual and social ability possessed by men like Lowell and Motley. There is a place for such men in London, and it is that which makes it so attractive to them, particularly if they happen to hold the position of our representative there. Lowell had this success, in spite of the fact that he was not rich. Mr. E. J. Phelps, who followed him, and who was not rich, was also successful. Mr. Bayard, also a man of moderate fortune, was most successful. As soon as I heard of his appointment, I knew that he would succeed. For one thing, he was good-looking, a prepossessing personal appearance being an important qualification for diplomacy, and then he had benignant and engaging manners. In this connection I recall a remark once made to me by Mr. Phelps, which struck me as amusing. He was speaking of a distinguished candidate for this office, whose want of good looks he thought a disqualification. Mr. Phelps said: "A man of insignificant appearance should not go there. You know how it is. It is a big place. People look once at him, and, if they are not impressed, they don't look again." There is truth in that.

The kind of man our representative in London is matters more than the amount of his money. One necessity is that he should be an American in feeling, with the respect for others which is the result of American education. I know those two minds, the European, aristocratic mind which thinks, "I am better than another," and the American, democratic mind, which thinks, "You are as good as I, and have as much right in the world." Both minds have their attractions and their advantages, but I believe the American mind is not only kinder, but truer and juster and more in accord with the facts of life and human nature than the other. A cynically disposed person might say that this state of mind rests ultimately upon the fact that we all have something to sell one another. It may be so, but this state of mind nevertheless exists, and there can be no question that it is a just and sound one. In looking back upon the men who have represented us in London, the name of Reverdy Johnson occurs to me as having a combination of qualities suitable to the office. He had the American mind I have described. He was an able man, one of the first lawyers in the country, and, although short and stout in figure, he had a good deal of presence. You could see at a glance that he was somebody. And he had a good nature, which the English found charming. "An awfully jolly old fellow," I have heard them describe him. Perhaps his good nature, under the circumstances, was a little excessive, but it was in his disposition. Of course he was foredoomed to failure as a negoti-

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ator of treaties, since anything proposed by Andrew Johnson was certain to be repudiated by the Senate and by the country. That, however, was an accident. If it be proper to mention the name of a man still living, there could hardly be a better example of the kind of mind an American representative abroad should have than Mr. Choate, who, I may add, had an even greater success in England than is perhaps generally known. He has a singular talent for being liked. There is one gift of his in which, I think, he is altogether peculiar: that of being successful without exciting envy.

Mr. George William Curtis was twice offered the London mission by President Hayes. I remember that Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, in speaking of the difficulty of making appointments which would be commonly approved, said to me: "You cannot mention a man whom all would agree would be the right man for minister to England." I ventured to say that, as regarded that particular appointment, I thought Mr. Curtis would be such a man. I learned afterward that the place had at that time been offered him. It was generally understood that he declined it because he thought he was not wealthy enough to hold it with credit, which would have been an entire mistake. I have been told, however, by one of his most intimate friends that he declined it solely because he did not wish to relinquish the work he was doing at home. It was like his goodness to have taken that view of the matter. It is almost certain that he would have succeeded, for he would have been liked and admired by the English, and we at home should have been proud of him. For his sake, I am sorry he did not take it. He had been good long enough: it was time he had a little fun.

It is not easy to find a man with the combination of qualities suited to making a success of his office. But there is the whole country to select from. The choice, however, is subject to one limitation not yet mentioned. It must not be forgotten that the qualifications of an American representative in London are not altogether social. There is a certain amount of business to be done. This is, indeed, mostly routine and can be done by the secretaries. The custom of some chiefs is to leave all the business of the office to secretaries. They think it can be safely left to them, and so it may, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But in the hundredth case some innocent-appearing thing may come up which will be the undoing of the diplomatist, and may indeed lead to results much graver than any that would concern his own personal fortunes. And he never can tell when this will happen. Of course, he will have the aid of competent secretaries, who will have his interests at heart. But men cannot be depended upon to employ for another the same vigilance and anxious care they will exercise for themselves. A diplomat should therefore be on the lookout for such accidents. A happy-go-lucky, easy-going frame of mind is scarcely the right one for a diplomatist. Hence it seems to me that he should have had some experience of business, since business men have usually learned the necessity of such watchfulness. I do not say that he should have had experience of diplomatic or even of official business.

Most men who have represented us in London have been lawyers, but I doubt if a knowledge of law is essential. One of my London chiefs, Mr. John Welsh, the man to whom, of all those I have ever served under in the various employments of my life, I was most attached, had been all his life a merchant. I suppose he had never had a day's experience of official business in his life. I have indeed heard him spoken of as a man unsuited to diplomatic business. But he had the habit of watchfulness and was a most unlikely man to make mistakes. He had, among other characteristics, that steady and thoughtful humility which we all know to be a source of wisdom, just as we know that a most frequent cause of blindness is the big head. Abbott Lawrence was also a merchant. The present representative, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, has been most of his life a journalist, but he is a man of great practical ability, and doubtless no man is more adequate to the official requirements of the place than he is. President Eliot, whose appointment is much talked of, and whose general fitness is widely recognized, is also a trained man of business and up to the practical requirements of the office. I remember Lowell's telling me that he thought Mr. Eliot had more executive ability than any other man he knew, and that he should like to see him President of the United States.

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The English should be greatly flattered by the consideration in which this appointment is held in this country. In old days it was thought a good place for a candidate for the Presidency, the candidate being in full view of an admiring country and at the same time out of danger from mistakes into which he might have been betrayed had he remained at home. Perhaps the chief attraction of it is the consideration with which the office is regarded in this country. Many years ago I was talking with the late John Hay about this place and remarked that it was not a particularly great one in England. "No," said Hay, gazing reflectively out of the window, "but it looks very glittering from over here." The greatness of the office in England depends chiefly on what the man makes of it.

But whether he makes much or little of it, it is easy to see why an American should find it, for a few years at any rate, most enjoyable. After being one of the 80,000,000 units, he is suddenly transferred to an upper class, and to a distinguished position in that class. The division of society into classes gives it a variety which is novel to him and for a while amusing, and he finds in the marked character of the social types a source of interest to which he is unaccustomed at home. He sees under very favorable circumstances a life which is most familiar to him from literature and from report, and about which he is, of course, curious. He enjoys the experience greatly at the time, and I think he is likely to look back upon it as one of the most brilliant and interesting periods of his life. Perhaps the pleasantest part of it is the embassy itself, that bit of his own country in the midst of a land which is not his own. There is, as a rule, just enough work to interest him and not enough to weary him, and that work is usually of a pleasant character.

Generation after generation of chiefs and secretaries pass through this office, each knowing scarcely anything of those who have been there before them, and themselves unknown to those who come after them. Now and then a secretary, like Benjamin Moran or Henry White, will remain through a number of these succeeding generations. From Moran, who, when I came, had been there more than twenty years, I heard a great deal of what had happened in his time, particularly about that most interesting period in the history of the legation, the four years of our Civil War. He went back nearly to the forties, and knew by report much that had happened before his day. For instance, he would know the details of such an incident, now of course forgotten, as the fight waged at Oxford against giving a degree to Edward Everett, upon the ground that, as a Unitarian, he did not believe in the divinity of Christ—an incident, by the way, somewhat interesting at this moment, in view of the proposed appointment of President Eliot and as showing the changes of sixty years. With the exception of the men just mentioned, I covered perhaps as much time as any of those who have been connected with the office. I knew the office and its conditions during a period of about fifteen years, though I was not there officially so long as that. The messengers and clerks, who are English, since their pay is too small to attract Americans, are there longer than anybody else. When I was last in London I went and sat for some time in the rooms of the embassy, my mind running back to the earliest days of my connection with it—to Reverdy Johnson and his ill-fated treaty, which was just before my time, but with the details of which I was familiar; to Mr. Motley's differences with the Government; to the misfortunes of General Schenck, which for a time obscured the recollection of his services and abilities; and to the more propitious careers of others who came later. With the old messenger of the embassy,

> The sad historian of the pensive plain,

I talked over these or similar subjects, though of course we spoke chiefly of recollections that were of personal interest to ourselves. It was a melancholy pleasure to see again the ancient book-case containing the recorded correspondence of diplomatists back to the days of the foundation of the Government. There on the desk was the same big directory and the same Blue Book, the same neat stationery, the same bright red sealing-wax, in the wielding of which I considered myself particularly expert. One does not spend so many years of youth and early manhood in such a place without acquiring a strong affection for it and without its leaving a deep impression in the mind and the memory.

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THE WHITE BRIGADE

BY JOHN MACY

(On a recent Memorial Day, in New York city, while the veterans marched in the streets, processions of children, May parties postponed by a tardy spring, mingled with the crowds on the walks and in the parks.)

BETWEEN the cliffs of brick and stone,
Hoarse, like a river clamoring down
A cañon gorge, the quenchless moan
Of being echoes through the town.

The lurid streets with life are loud.
There is no hush of holiday
Upon the million-throated crowd
Where old men march—and children play.

For, see, the desert springs to light.
Like fragile fairies roamed away
From magic woods, all clad in white,
The children keep the feast of May.

Up the stern streets, through park and square,
They seek the shaded plots of green,
Dear vaporous angels of the air,
Sweet phantoms from a mythic scene.

It is not real. Such elfin youth
To blossom 'mid this barren stone!
The bleak, loud city is the truth.
The vision of a dream is flown.

And yet it stays. The people part
To let the white processions through.
Rude, slandered walls, your hidden heart
Is pure, if such were born in you.

And now with slow tap to the drag
Of aged feet, the steady drum
Sounds where a cross street cleaves the crag,
And down the park the old troops come.

Strange interweaving of old gray
With delicate child white, all designed
On the tense fabric of to-day—
To-day with elder days entwined.

These ancient remnants tottering by
Were comrades to a host of boys,
Brave young battalions thrown to die,
Now white like those new-budded joys.

Slow-footed age, time-conquered, bowed,
We march as once you marched. Through you
We new recruits, this heedless crowd,
Are veterans, are victors, too.

White flame of childhood, we would throw
Our lives to shield you from a breath.
Pass on, old men, to peace, for, lo!
Life blooms among the ranks of death.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

PEPPER DUELS

A CERTAIN literary and diplomatic friend of ours once took part in a pepper duel at a foreign restaurant. He was provoked to the contention by the quantity of stimulating condiment that a stranger across the table indulged in. The stranger sprinkled an unconscionable quantity of red pepper upon his food, and proceeded to devour it, to the wonder and admiration of onlookers. Thereupon with studied nonchalance the American swallowed an immense piece of Chili pepper. Then the stranger added more red pepper; then the American another larger slice, covered with Cayenne, and so on, till it seemed as if both would explode, while the other diners looked on aghast,—the American finally winning out with a prodigious dose, defying all emulation.

Some of the large nations of Europe seem to be engaged at the present moment in a sort of pepper duel, each piling up *Dreadnoughts* and taxes to the utmost of endurance, while the rest of the world looks on, wondering which nation will be able to do itself the greatest internal injury before the duel ends in actual war or a genuine peace.

This is the policy of peace through preparation for war carried to the point of the highest expense and the most complete absurdity. Each of the contending parties, fearing that the other will injure it, proceeds to injure itself, there being no limit set to the amount of self-inflicted injury which each may accomplish. The process, so far as the statesmen of the two nations are concerned is, apparently, to continue till one or the other is completely exhausted—or perhaps both. No plan is put on foot in either of the two countries principally involved to lessen the strain by a time limit or a limit as to burden.

We say that no plan has been put on foot to stop this self-inflicted waste; but such a plan was advocated two years ago by the late Sir Campbell Bannerman, Prime Minister of Great Britain, in an address before the Inter-Parliamentary Union in London. The idea of a League of Peace, by which the most advanced nations would insist upon arbitration, and thus preserve forcibly the peace of the world, has not been permitted to die.

At the late annual meeting of the Peace Society of New York, resolutions were adopted calling attention to the fact that the naval rivalry between Great Britain and Germany creates a situation by which other naval powers are compelled either to increase their own armaments correspondingly, or to permit themselves to become virtually defenseless; and declaring that it behooves the Government of the United States to exert itself to avoid such dangerous alternatives by promoting the League of Peace advocated by the late prime minister. The Second National Peace Congress at Chicago, held in May, also urged our Government to do all in its power to arrest "the ruinous competition in armaments now prevailing."

No sensible person supposes that the world has advanced far enough to make naval armaments and standing armies unnecessary; but every sensible person should be convinced that there ought to be some limit put among civilized nations to the present "ruinous competition"—a competition that in a measure involves all other nations, including even one so fortunately situated as the United States.

Those who think that peace congresses, and peace talk in general, are futile in a world in which mankind has been tearing itself to pieces ever since its evolution out of the original protoplasm, must be insensible to the fact that wars are made on sentiment, and sentiment is controlled by opinion, and opinion is formed by instruction and discussion. The peace movement, as every other movement, thrives on talk; so the more peace talk, the better. It may be hundreds of years before dueling goes out between nations, as it has so largely gone out between individuals, but even if

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the reform is slow, it is surely a thing to be hoped for, and worked for by tongue and pen and treaties and tribunals, and not a thing to be derided and thwarted either by statesmen or by private citizens. There have been wars since the beginning of The Hague conferences, but the first conference was only the other day, and there might have been more wars if there had been no conferences; and the recent conclusion of twenty-three arbitration treaties by the United States is a substantial accomplishment in the right direction.

THE TENDENCY TO BE QUEER

WHILE the majority of people are inclined to think and act like one another, thus keeping the social order from violent convulsions, there is on the part of a great many a native tendency toward the queer; they are contented only outside of the traces. In every community small enough to be aware of its own individualities, people in general know who are the "natural-born" come-outers—which man and which woman is likely to take up with the newest fad in dress, doctoring, means of grace, political economy, "social science," and the true authorship of Shakspere's plays.

There are certain persons destined to progress from one so-called reform to another more extreme as quickly as the reform shows itself. They are pretty sure to box the compass of religions, passing by gradual or violent stages from absolute irreligion to the narrowest dogmatism, or with great rapidity the other way around. Or they gravitate once and for all into the most irrational and absurd "religion" which happens to be forced upon their attention, and stick contentedly to its extremest tenets and practices. The more "occult" and, to the ordinary mind, preposterous the new religion, the greater the attraction it has for certain minds. The new religion is apt to be founded on some one phase of the old—a phase of it which by very reiteration and use has become trite. In its new and fantastic dress the old principle strikes the new adept as something in the nature of a fresh revelation.

As for the realm of healing, here all that is inconsequential and superstitious in the human mind is flagrantly revealed. Here every human being defends his right to experiment for himself and to give advice to others. We do not, or at least most of us do not, feel quite free to instruct and direct our neighbors continually in things spiritual; but in the matter of health and disease we all assert freedom of practice and of prescription. To such an extent is this tendency toward universal specialization that the strong hand of the law has to be called in, and only under penalties may Tom, Dick, Harry, and Harriet hang out his or her shingle as a competent practitioner for the cure of all human ailments. The tendency is nearly universal, but even here some more than others take instinctively to the preposterous.

There is no doubt of it—superstition of one kind or another still rules the world. The railroad porter will tell you how much trouble a level-headed man of business will take to avoid the peril of sitting in Chair Number Thirteen. Thirteen at table is a constant uneasiness. Each of us is quick to see madness in his neighbor. Each country sees communal madness in other countries. Europe witnesses a wave of madness go over the New World. America sees a tide of insanity sweep over one foreign nation after another: the madness of war it often is, and sometimes the madness of the fear of war. The "psychology of the crowd" refers to the insanity that attaches to numbers; but we are speaking now rather of the tendency toward eccentricity on the part of individuals, of the fact that many of us feel that conventionality is the only intellectual disgrace, and are unhappy unless we are queer.

To those who pride themselves on their own moderation and balance, who think they see things as they are, and who avoid the bizarre as the plague, this tendency of their neighbors toward the "too much" is exceedingly trying. They know that the come-outers despise them; but they have their revenges. They pride themselves on being a part of the element that holds things together. They assume that without their conventionality chaos and destruction would arrive. They point to the disastrous fate of the locomotive on that steep railroad of the Andes whose engineer thought it safe to ignore the rule that no locomotive should move upon that

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grade without a car attached, as the engine alone, while it had power to go, had no power to stop without the additional hold-back of the car. They think of themselves as the extra wheels whose breaks hold the engine under control.

The man who is slow to take up with the new has his revenges in his sense of the ludicrous, for he enjoys the cynical satisfaction of seeing the excesses of the fatal tendency toward the novel and the odd; that is, toward the discovery by certain minds of certain phases of truth only when paraded in preposterous garments.

Every period of civilization has its own display of crude thinking leading to crude action; in other words, no era is without its appropriate cranks. Some think that the present time has an undue proportion of eccentric faiths, cures, and minor fads and eccentricities. Let those who are alarmed at what they see of this nature in the contemporary world, remember the outbreak of fanaticism, small and great, and every sort of individual eccentricity, that occurred about the middle of the nineteenth century in these United States. An article on "The Newness" in THE CENTURY for November, 1889, by Robert Carter, of blessed and amusing memory, is highly reassuring. Robert Carter, when we knew him here in New York, was a sober writer for encyclopedias, and a mine of memories. He had been a close friend of Lowell,—also a convinced abolitionist, and come-outer,—who recalled his early associations with a genial sense of the grotesque side of a great and serious movement. He had edited a score or so of periodicals—so many, in fact, that he could not remember all their names. He had been of the "newness" himself, and had quaint stories of many personalities, as well as of the American eagles he had kept in his own small kitchen, he and his young wife having taken rooms over a butcher shop in order to be near the unvegetarian food of these winged members of the family group.

He attributed the "newness" to the influence of the study of German, to New England Unitarianism, and to Abolitionism. There were, of course, other world causes, Shelley, for instance, having had his "newness" before the American "newness" was fully developed. The well-known Brook Farm was not so queer as the farm of Fruitlands, where, according to Mr. Carter, a distinction was made "between vegetables that aspired, or grew into the air," as wheat and the fruits, and "the base products which grew down into the earth, such as potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like." He tells of those who thought it wrong to use money,[1] and those who thought it wrong to wear clothes. He speaks of the group that in order to contend against superstitious reverence dropped their own names and took those of the Trinity. And he describes the passage of many of the disciples of the "newness" away from their youthful idiocies into the realm of common sense and worldly prosperity.

There is a good deal of the spirit of the "newness" in America to-day, but in proportion to the population, perhaps, its phenomena are not so frequent, nor are so many bright minds attracted into the paths of personal absurdity. One reason is that the human mind is freer than it used to be. There is now less excuse for coming very far "out." Convention is not so conventional as it used to be. The penchant for peculiarity is less admissible than ever. And as for the "isms," the literary, religious, medical, and other heresies, they do have their uses. You know exactly where to place your neighbor intellectually if he cheerfully wears the badge of some "ism" where bad taste is allied to wabbly thinking. This, surely, is a social convenience.

[1] Some of the statements about a moneyless expedition were denied in a subsequent number by Mr. Burleigh.

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OPEN LETTERS

Foundations of Lofty Buildings in Chicago

IN the article in the March CENTURY, "Foundations of Lofty Buildings," by Frank W. Skinner, an erroneous impression is given as to the general method of constructing foundations in Chicago. The so-called "floating foundation" was used from fifteen to twenty years ago, but in these modern days nothing of the sort is even considered, and it would have added to the value of the article mentioned if the writer had been more exact and up-to-date in his statements. As president of a company now erecting a twenty-story hotel in Chicago, which will rise nearly three hundred feet from basement to roof, I wish to say that my board of directors did not for one moment contemplate constructing our foundation as this article states. Instead, we planned, from the very first, that our steel superstructure should rest upon caisson columns of solid concrete, extending down 100 feet to bedrock, the solid bed of limestone underlying the whole of the city of Chicago. These caissons were thirty-four in number, varying in diameter from eight to eleven feet, and were dug by three or four men each, the loam, clay, gumbo, hard pan, and quicksand being hauled up by windlass and bucket. Every four feet down the holes were encased with lagging two inches thick, and held in place by iron rings twenty-four inches apart. When bedrock was struck, it was cleaned off carefully, and three feet of concrete tamped on top, to make a close joint. Concrete was then dumped in, care being taken that each barrow load should drop in a mass, and every four feet a man was lowered to remove the rings and to even off the top of the column. The wooden lagging was left in. When the columns had risen to the required height, they were smoothed with cement, grillage beams grouted in on the top, and then the cantilever girders and column bases were put in place, bolted, and also concreted. There were nine immense cantilever girders, weighing from thirty-two to forty-two tons each.

This form of construction makes sinking and settling an impossibility, and I am certain there will not be a variation of one quarter of an inch in level in our hotel during the life of it. Our steel is very heavy for our square foot area, 80 x 173 feet, and weighs over 5000 tons. A considerable portion of it is wind-bracing, which will make the building very rigid, and with our foundations built upon the rock, we can feel absolutely assured that neither floods can undermine us, nor winds shake us at all.

This is now the approved method of constructing foundations in Chicago.

Tracy C. Drake.

Chicago, April 5, 1909.

THE "FLOATING FOUNDATION" NEARLY OBSOLETE

FOUNDATIONS such as Mr. Skinner described as typical to Chicago belong to a period long since past as far as it refers to buildings of considerable height. There may be isolated cases where foundations of this description are constructed, but the so-called "floating foundation" for all important buildings in Chicago was discarded twelve or fourteen years ago. Most foundations of lofty buildings go to bedrock, although some stop on the hard clay overlaying the rock, and, in order to reduce the pressure on the soil, they are given one or more conical projections at or near the lower end of the pier.

For less important buildings, such as warehouses and factories, pile foundations are often used, and spread foundations, resting directly on the clay a short distance from the surface, are used only in very light and unimportant buildings.

Joachim G. Giaver,
Structural Engineer.

Chicago, May 1, 1909.

William J. Whittemore

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE painter of the "Portrait of a Young Girl," which appears as the frontispiece of the present number, was born in New York City, where as a lad he spent a winter in the studio of William Hart, under his instruction. Later he studied at the schools of the Academy of Design and the Art Students League, after which he went to Paris and entered the Académie Julian.

Mr. Whittemore has exhibited widely in America, and a picture of his in the French Exposition of 1889 won a silver medal. He is an associate of the National Academy of Design, and a member of the American Water-Color Society, the American Society of Miniature Painters, and the New York Water-Color Club. His contributions to the annual exhibitions testify to his continued delight in the free handling of water-color. Children have been the subjects of many of

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Ol' Brer Fox he creep an' creep.
Shut yo' eyes, an' don't yo' peep!
Mammy 'll watch; yo' go to sleep,
Li'l' chicken!

Dere, de mornin' 's come at last,
Li'l' chicken!
Young Mis' Hawk she sailin' past,
Li'l' chicken!
Did you sleep well t'rough de night?
Oh, *I* slep' a pow'ful sight!
Guess I know! We 's both all right,
Li'l' chicken!

W. F. McCauley.

The Graduates

Of all the thousands of alumni
Let loose upon the world last June,
How many to success have come nigh?
How many find that work 's a boon?
Ah! salaries are embryonic!
Some even pay to get their chance.
But hope is such a wholesome tonic,
Ere long they 'll bag the big advance.
And each one prays these strenuous days:
"*Give us a raise!*"

Some have their jobs with wealthy brokers,
And needs must sweep while "Coppers" boom;
While others are assistant-stokers
In some great mill's hot engine-room.
One works for nothing on a journal,
Reporting fires on water-fronts;
Another sweats in one infernal
Unceasing round of stupid stunts.
And each one prays in formal phrase:
"*We want a raise!*"

Dear Artie, who was first at pole-vaults
And in athletics found felicity,
Now climbs poles after watts and toll-volts
And masters electricity.
Neat Harry, who sang deepest basso
(Oft manicured by Belle or Blanche),
Is learning use of oath and lasso
Out on a wild and woolly ranch.
Where'er he strays, the graduate prays:
"*Give me a raise!*"

A few are sent for foreign travel,
Some circumnavigate the world;
But most must travail without cavil,
Their bright poetic pinions furled.
For whether dunce, athlete, or scholar,
One thing in college few have learned:
That is the value of a dollar
By unremitting labor earned.
'T is work that pays; so each one prays:
"*Give us a raise! We want a raise!*"

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A MIDSUMMER FROST

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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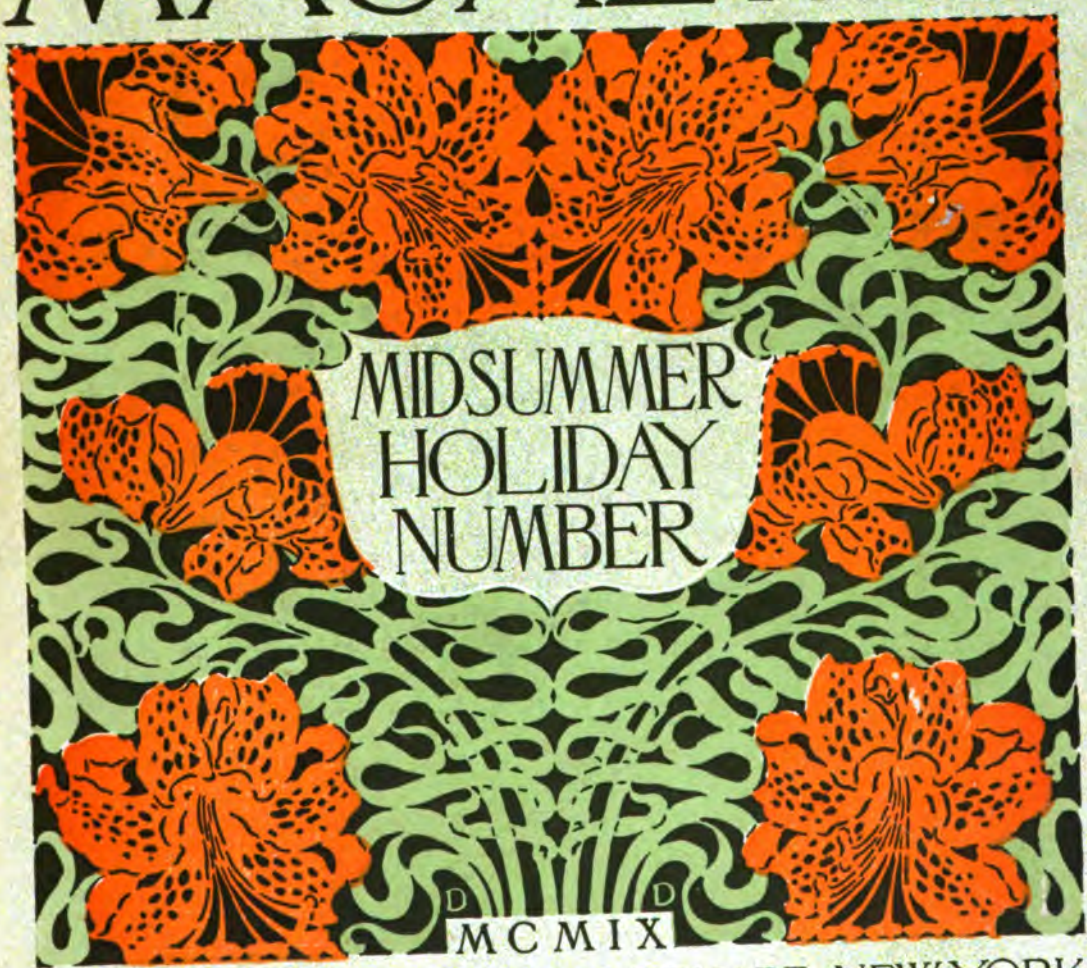
"13 AT TABLE," BY—DELAND? MITCHELL? WISTER?

VOL. LXXVIII, No. 4 AUGUST, 1909 PRICE, 35 CENTS

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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FOR TOILET AND BATH

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THE PINK FEATHER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII AUGUST, 1909 No. 4

GROVER CLEVELAND: A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

INTRODUCTION

IT has seemed to the writer not only an obligation of friendship but of patriotism to make some record of the personality of Mr. Cleveland as revealed in an intimacy of many years. The large traits of his character, and those important public services which far transcended partizan accomplishment, have made their impress upon the American people and the world. They were eloquently described by high officials and leading men of the two great parties of the nation at the Memorial meetings of March 18, 1909, on the seventy-second anniversary of Mr. Cleveland's birth. Sympathetic speakers and writers have told much, also, of his characteristics and his daily walk, but the full portrait has not yet been rounded out. I desire merely to add a few intimate touches to that portrait, not thinking to complete it; but only to help loyally toward its completion.—R. W. G.

"ONE WHO DID HIS BEST"

MR. LOWELL wrote to me in 1887: "I am glad that you have been seeing the President. To me his personality is very *simpatico*. He is truly an American of the best kind—a type very dear to me, I confess." There are many of our American authors who felt as Mr. Lowell did about Mr. Cleveland. I suppose the very fact that he was not "literary" was a part of the attraction—the fact that he was educated, as Taine said of Napoleon, not by books or academies, but by actualities. They liked his lack of sophistication, his rustic simplicity of thought, that went along with great directness and vigor of action. They were attracted, too, by his moral fury and his courage. That Mr. Cleveland should be instinctively impressed by the ethical bearings of public questions was, perhaps, natural in a descendant and brother of clergymen, missionaries, and teachers; the cousin of Bishop Cleveland Coxe; one of the same stock which has produced the philanthropists William E.

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Dodge and his children. I heard Professor Child of Harvard say that he was always expecting to see some second-rate politician put up a base imitation of Cleveland's downrightness and bravery; but even the imitation had not been forthcoming.

It would not be easy to exaggerate in describing Mr. Cleveland's singular union of quiet self-confidence with unpretentiousness and even self-depreciation. I have seldom known him to show so much pleasure in any appreciation of himself as in those lines of Lowell contained in a letter sent to Josiah Quincy, chairman of the banquet given in 1890 by the Merchants' Association of Boston, in which lines Lowell did not repeat the high praise he had given him on other occasions, but simply accorded the ex-President credit for honest intentions, and for merely doing his best.

Let who has felt compute the strain
Of struggle with abuses strong,
The doubtful course, the helpless pain
Of seeing best intents go wrong.
We who look on with critic eyes,
Exempt from action's crucial test,
Human ourselves, at least are wise
In honoring one who did his best.

That was Mr. Cleveland's claim about his own performance—that he did the best he could. When with intimate friends he would talk about his successes and failures on the stage of the world as unpretentiously as if discussing some unrenowned neighborhood affair. It was a strange experience, when off alone with the ex-President in a rowboat on some secluded sheet of water, to hear one's fishing companion, while skilfully getting ready his tackle, talk with inside knowledge, and in phrases as graphic as they were homely, of great international events in which he was himself a leading actor, and naming unostentatiously some of the leading living characters of the world. When he fell into reminiscences of this sort, it was apparently without any sense whatever of his own historic importance. I have never seen such unconsciousness.

MY FIRST TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT—THE MESSAGE THAT DEFEATED HIM

I HAD had the honor of meeting Mr. Cleveland at the White House before his marriage, but really came to know him only later in his first administration. My first talk with him was at the time of our visit to the White House early in December, 1887. My wife and young son had gone down to Washington a few days before, and I arrived on Sunday afternoon. We sat talking till about eleven o'clock, when the ladies retired, and the President asked me to go with him into his working-room, which was then the library.

He knew of my interest in the cause of international copyright, and said at once: "I want to tell you why I cannot mention international copyright in my message. The fact is, I am going to devote the message to one subject only."

He went on with intense earnestness: "I can't tell you, Mr. Gilder, what anxiety we were in last summer. I don't want to live through another such time. It seemed for a long while as if the country were on the verge of a panic. I thought of calling an extra session, but after we got back from our Western tour, things were quieter, and I feared that the call for an extra session would itself have an alarming effect. If there had been such a session, I should have sent in a special message on the necessity of reducing the surplus; and when I determined *not* to call one, I hated to relinquish the idea of doing something that would be likely to do good in the direction of tariff reduction. At last it occurred to me that there was nothing in the Constitution which required that the annual message should, as is usual, go over the entire public business. The Constitution only says, that the President 'shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union.' There was no reason why the message should not be confined to a single subject. I spoke to several persons about it: sometimes they would say at first: 'Oh, no, that can't be done'; then after thinking about it, they would say: 'But why not? Why, certainly, it 's a good idea; it is just the thing to do.' "

He then took from the drawer at his right hand a printed copy of the message, and read the last part of it aloud; then, seeing how deeply interested I was, he turned to the beginning and thus read nearly or quite all. As he read the now famous message on the reduction of the tariff, he explained minutely why he said

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS MODELING A BAS-RELIEF OF MRS. CLEVELAND, IN "THE STUDIO" AT MARION, MASSACHUSETTS, SUMMER OF 1887

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this or that; also what he had omitted for the sake of brevity and clearness.

What impressed me was the note of earnestness and conviction. His tone was that of a person trying to effect a great good for the state without the slightest regard to his own personal fortunes. He was so assured of the righteousness and reasonableness of the position assumed that he felt that if the public could only understand the actual situation, there would be an influence upon Congress which would effect the necessary reforms. He was inspired by the idea of a "simple and plain duty." "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory." These now familiar words were the expression of an intense conviction. However, he saw clearly and stated clearly the difficulties in the way, even the difficulties of thoroughly uniting his own party on the issue. I said to him that the document would be more widely read than any put forth since the war, and that it would have the tendency to make annual messages matters of importance instead of merely perfunctory and uninfluential performances. There was nothing said or suggested by either of us as to the effect of this appeal to the country upon his own continuance in office. The message, as is generally believed, lost him the approaching election; but it was the groundwork of his subsequent nomination and second election to the Presidency.

TARIFF REFORMERS ADVISE AGAINST THE MESSAGE

Colonel Silas W. Burt, who, because of his position in Albany as Chief Examiner of the State Civil Service Commission when Mr. Cleveland was Governor, had seen more of him personally than any of the Independents, tells me that just before the issuance of the tariff reform message there was a conference of Independents in New York, including Messrs. George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and Edwin L. Godkin, at which he was requested to urge the President to keep the subject of lowering the tariff in abeyance in his forthcoming message to Congress. It was thought impolitic to bring up the question then, not only because it would imperil Cleveland's election, but because the opportunity of accomplishing a revision would be greater at the beginning of a Presidential term. Accordingly, Colonel Burt saw the President and laid before him the policy suggested. Mr. Cleveland sat silent a while after hearing him, looking steadily in another direction. Then he turned and said: "Colonel Burt, do you not think that the people of the United States are entitled to some instruction on this subject?" The President then went on to describe what he regarded as the possible dangers and disturbances that might result from the condition at that time—the existence of an enormous surplus, which was constantly being increased by means of a high tariff.

At the end of the conversation the Colonel said: "Well, Mr. President, if you feel that way, and look upon the matter as a duty, I suppose that you will have to say something on the subject in the message." Little did the Colonel anticipate that the message would be wholly devoted to that one subject. The incident, he said, increased his respect and admiration for Mr. Cleveland, and they had never since diminished.[1]

COPYRIGHT AND FREE ART

I had not intended to mention international copyright to the President while his guest, although my interest in that cause was far from being a personal one. His mention of copyright was voluntary and unexpected. After the reading and discussion of the message, the President laid it down, turned round to me where I was sitting at his left, and said:

"Mr. Gilder, tell me why you take so much interest in international copyright?"

I told him that I regarded it as a moral question, that the attitude of America in permitting the piracy of the works of foreign authors was a national disgrace. He smiled as if pleased and satisfied, and remarked that Mark Twain had said the same thing in bringing the matter to his attention, but he wanted to know, also, how I felt about it.

"There is another matter," he added, "that I think is shameful, and that is the way we treat foreign artists. Our young men get a fine art education in Europe, and we put a thirty per cent. duty on foreign works of art!" He added, as if speak-

[1] See in The Century for February, 1907, Colonel Burt's account of a message carried by him to President Lincoln.

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ing to himself, "By the by, perhaps we can do something about that in the bill."

Nothing came of this immediately; but in Cleveland's second administration the Wilson Act contained a free-art provision.

As to international copyright, Mr. Cleveland, convinced of the moral bearings of the question, by every means in his power promoted the cause, and it was largely through his efforts that the measure, under the subsequent (Republican) administration, became a law. In order to call the favorable attention of Congress to the subject, he and Mrs. Cleveland gave an evening reception to many well-known authors at the White House, at which the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Supreme Court, and influential members of Congress were brought into contact with the leaders of the international cŏpyright movement. This was at the time of the Authors' Reading given in Washington in the interest of the reform, which reading was attended by the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

MR. CLEVELAND'S FIRST NEW YORK HOME, 816 MADISON AVENUE

In this house Mr. Cleveland lived about three years between his Administrations. When elected the second time he was living at 12 West Fifty-first Street.

DISINTERESTED PUBLIC SERVANTS

THIS same winter I had a talk with him one night at the White House, in which he deplored the general extravagance. One sign of it, he said, was that people in business were not content nowadays with an income of even thirty or forty thousand dollars a year. He then began to talk very earnestly and like a man surprised at what he found to be the condition of things in Washington. He said that there were fewer absolutely disinterested men in Congress than he had expected to find. There were some, though, he declared; and he spoke specially of one who had acted against his constituency's supposed desire, had done what he believed was right,—and then had appealed to his constituency, and had been sustained. Under our present system, he thought the class of men intended by the framers of the Government to be its legislators were not, as a rule, coming to Congress. He felt that the writers for the press had a duty to the public in this matter. On this and other occasions he spoke of the carelessness, the recklessness, of legislation, and the curse of special private legislation of all kinds. For instance, defective or mischievous bills were passed supposedly under the approval of the chairman of a certain committee; they would keep coming, however, whether he was sick or well, and apparently without having received consideration. He said he would want no better campaign document than a pamphlet containing all his pension vetoes placed in every Grand Army Post in the country.

HOW CLEVELAND FELT ABOUT HIS FIRST ADMINISTRATION

ON the night of December 30, 1888, after his defeat by Mr. Harrison, I had a long talk with the President in his working-room at the White House. It was a sort of review of his first administration. He spoke of his enormous difficulties—how

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ERNEST WALTON FRANK HALLOWELL WILLIAM GARRISON

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS AT OSTERVILLE

Before settling at Crow's Nest, Buzzards Bay, Mr. Jefferson spent his summers in a cottage at Osterville, Cape Cod. This photograph was taken in 1884.

from the very outset he had had to resist appeals to do what no man would rather do than he; namely, oblige his good personal friends.

One trouble was that good men, even civil-service-reform men, would sometimes recommend the retention of officials not desirable.

He spoke again of his astonishment at getting a letter from a leading civil-service reformer in New York, saying that the reformers did not consider that Dorman B. Eaton represented them. When he found this out, he wrote a grieved and severe letter. He was never more astonished in his life; he had been keeping in close sympathy with Eaton, supposing that his views were those of the reformers.

He told, also, all about the retention of Postmaster Pearson in New York. He wanted to keep him there as a conspicuous example of executive ability and thoroughness, an object-lesson in reform; the same with Edward O. Graves of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. There were charges against Pearson. He had him come to Washington and go over them carefully, so that he could meet them fully, as he did.

He thought the reformers had been too quick to pick flaws and to condemn. He did not claim to be incapable of mistakes. But they were too apt, on hearing of removals, to believe that there were no good reasons for them—this on the testimony of the removed official! He thought this criticism had put arguments into the mouth of the enemy; would lead people to believe that he had broken pledges, and that the future historian, reading these criticisms in papers that had supported him, would perpetuate this false impression. "They say

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I have gone back on every civil-service pledge. I should like to know what pledges I have broken!"

He said that, by the three moves recently made, they had covered a large proportion of the places that the law permitted to be put under the rules; that these reforms had been carried on independently of the reformers, and as a part of his general work. He said he made no distinction between that part of his duties connected directly with this subject of the civil-service rules and his general work: it all went on together.

He thought it likely that the work the Administration had actually done would be passed over as unimportant, or as failure; that there had been no brilliant things, like the acquisition of new territory. Something, however, might perhaps be said about the tariff message itself, he thought.

His tone was that of a man who had conscientiously done his very best, resisting pressure on all sides; although not without mistakes, clear in his own conscience, knowing that reforms had been effected, but expecting that the criticism of even his supporters would confuse the record, and never expecting a full recognition of his labors. He had heard, he added, that even a certain prominent reformer had said, in the first bitterness of defeat, that, after all, if the President had been more shrewd, and had placated the spoilsmen more, he would have been reëlected.

During all of this visit he was not dejected, though he spoke with disgust of some of his own party in Congress who, knowing that he and the party were going out, were now ready to favor the very things the party had condemned. I told him that I had no fear as to his record—that he had effected, by his Administration, a favorable change in a great party, and had given it a policy.

BETWEEN THE TWO PRESIDENTIAL TERMS

NOTHING in Mr. Cleveland's career was more remarkable than his conduct during the four years that he lived as a private citizen in New York between his two Presidential terms. Not the least exceptional circumstance in his career, by the way, was the fact that he was the only man elected to separated Presidential terms. He was, during this entire interval of four years, the principal figure in his party, though not its active leader. The party, in fact, had no acknowledged leader; yet all through these years the general public had no doubt as to the fact that he was the party's most notable figure.

I saw a great deal of him during this time, in New York, at Marion, and in journeys and visits here and there. The absence from his house of politicians was exceptional and noteworthy. He kept in touch with the people by means of a large correspondence carried on with committeemen of little clubs in various parts of the country, and with other politically sympathetic persons. This correspondence was not of his initiation. Whenever he thought a letter-writer was sincere, he would answer him,—always with his own hand,—and without keeping copies of his letters. I thought this rash, and wondered that no harm came of it. I remonstrated with him on the subject, but he said that any one would have to produce the letter itself, if claim should be made that he had written this or that; so he did not bother about it. He felt that he was sowing the seed of honest, and, what he called, "genuine Democracy" by this correspondence, and his habit in this respect had its effect upon future events.

During these four years he was practising law in New York. Of course old associates and visitors from out of town would drop in sometimes at his down-town office; but they seldom followed him up during his evening hours. He greatly prized the quiet and privacy of his home, after so many years of public service.

Here he was, living in the city in which existed the largest and most thoroughly disciplined political machine in his party, the strongest political organization in the country. A "logical candidate" might easily have permitted himself to cultivate some sort of "pleasant relations" with the leaders of the machine. But nothing of the kind was going on. Neither was there any attempt to manipulate "powerful leaders" or machine influences in other sections. His desire seemed to be not to "pull wires," but to act upon public opinion by occasional addresses, and, as I have said, by sympathetic responses to letters received from right-minded men all over the land, not in his own interest, but in the interest of the principles in which he believed.

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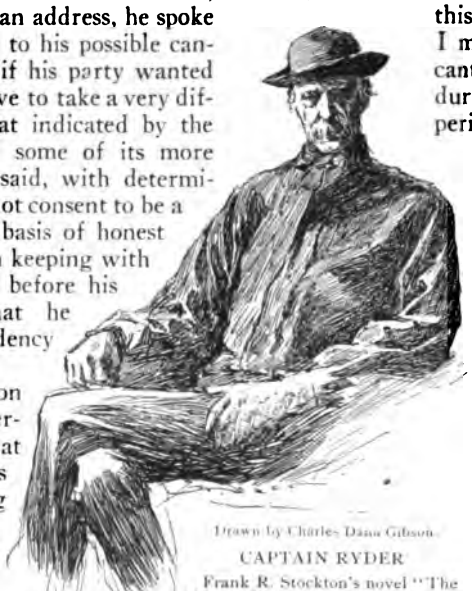
CAPTAIN RYDER'S SLOOP *ALLIE*, OF MARION

CONDITION OF ACCEPTING NOMINATION

As time went on, he used sometimes to express amazement at the way some of the so-called leaders were willing to allow things to drift away from what he called the true principles of the Democratic Party. One summer when we were journeying alone from Marion to Providence, where he was to make an address, he spoke with great emphasis as to his possible candidacy, declaring that if his party wanted him again, it would have to take a very different course from that indicated by the opinion and action of some of its more prominent men. He said, with determination, that he would not consent to be a candidate unless on a basis of honest principle. This was in keeping with what he declared just before his third nomination, that he would "have the Presidency clean or not at all."

In our talks at Marion he was very much exercised over the fact that the Democratic leaders were apparently doing nothing to stem the tide of financial heresy. "What are they thinking about!" he exclaimed. He saw danger ahead for the party. When he talked on the possibilities of his becoming a candidate, it was in a tone of deprecation. He seemed to be searching in his mind to find some one else who, while uniting the party, would uphold the principles which he earnestly believed should be maintained.

As illustrating the independence and dignity of Mr. Cleveland's conduct during this whole critical period, I may mention a significant occurrence. Once during the out-of-office period, by request and with his consent, I introduced to him, at his country house, two acquaintances of mine. One of them, the editor of an influential religious and political paper, had a private conversation with him. When he came out, I asked the editor how he got along with the ex-President. "Splendidly," he said. "He is the greatest man I ever met—and he would n't promise to do a thing I wanted!"



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson

CAPTAIN RYDER

Frank R. Stockton's novel "The 'Merry Chanter,'" published first in THE CENTURY for 1889-90, was illustrated by Gibson, who introduced into his drawings some well-known characters of Marion, Captain Ryder becoming Captain Garnish of the story.

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Mr. Cleveland had told me before the interview that he would be very glad to see the gentlemen; he did not know—nor did I—what they might wish from him, if anything. He then said with great emphasis: "If I am ever President of this country again, I shall be President of the whole country, and not of any set of men or class in it." There was apparently little or no politics in the request made of him by the editor; but I know few politicians who, with the prospect of a Presidential candidacy in sight, would not have stretched a point to cultivate a useful ally. He acted simply, naturally, and with perfect frankness; and he refused in such good spirit that he made not an enemy, but a friend.

THROWING AWAY THE PRESIDENCY

I NEVER saw Mr. Cleveland more elated than after he had thrown the Presidency out of the window by his anti-free-silver letter—in February, 1891. The situation was typical of his career. The question had arisen as to what reply he should make to the invitation of the Reform Club to attend a banquet at which the free coinage of silver was to be attacked. Some of his advisers thought he should keep silent on this subject, so that the chances of his renomination might not be injured. But he characteristically used the occasion to reaffirm his opposition to what he regarded as a financial heresy, and in unmistakable terms he denounced "the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage."

At once the cry went up from the machine men of the party all over the country that this was the end of Cleveland. Mr. Wilson (afterward Postmaster-General) told me that when he and a friend sauntered out of the House of Representatives together, they soon found that they were the only members of that body who did not believe that Mr. Cleveland was a "back number." In fact, among those regarded as Democratic leaders, the opinion seemed to be well-nigh unanimous that he would never again be the standard-bearer of his party.

As for Mr. Cleveland himself, he was not only undismayed, but joyful. His intense delight in the incident seemed to spring from two sources: first, his pleasure in having availed himself of the opportunity of telling the truth and circulating the right doctrine, and, second, his satisfaction at having been able to show that he was not "waiting around" for a third nomination. In other words, he felt that he had demonstrated that he cared more for principle than for the Presidency. Every once in a while Cleveland "threw away the Presidency," and I never saw him so happy as when he had done it; as, for instance, after the tariff message, and now again after the silver letter.

But back of his action in thus alarming some of his anxious political advisers was, evidently, a prophetic sense of the ultimate fortunate effect of a brave word of conviction on a burning question. He cared nothing for the conventional opinions of professional politicians: he was looking for the decisions of a wider audience; and he was not disappointed.

One afternoon, very soon after the letter, we were driving up-town together, when he expressed himself with frank enthusiasm: "I don't believe any man in the country," said he, "can be having such an experience as I am having; letters are coming to me from all parts of the country commending that letter. I tell you, the people always come out right when they have a chance to look into a thing!" In this same conversation he said that so far as he was concerned, he would be willing to enter upon a Presidential campaign without the support of Tammany Hall. I find among my notes concerning the incident of the silver letter this reflection: "Cleveland always is more cheerful, always at his best, when he is making a fight for principle."

Mr. Fairchild told me that, a while before the anti-free-coinage letter, Mr. Cleveland appeared unannounced at the ex-Secretary's down-town office, and soon began to talk about the absurd position he seemed to be in, in the minds of a part of the people, as if he were a man sitting around waiting for some one to make him President. When the letter came out, Mr. Fairchild was very much touched, remembering the conversation; for his first thought was: he has proved now that he is *not* waiting for some one to make him President!

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WHAT HE SAID TO HIMSELF AT ALBANY

MR. CLEVELAND always insisted upon this —that if right political policies were simply and clearly put before the American people, they would generally make a wise and honest decision. He was sometimes discouraged; but I do not think he was ever fundamentally shaken in this belief. He realized that there might be long periods of indecision or mistake, but he looked forward to a final satisfactory outcome.

He was encouraged in this view by various occurrences in his own public career, for he often did a right but risky thing; and instead of losing by it, his popularity and influence were strengthened. It was so with incidents in his relations, for instance, with Tammany Hall. His letter, when Governor, to the Tammany leader in New York, protesting against the support by Tammany of a certain silver-tongued, but, ethically speaking, annoying member of the legislature, increased a personal enmity, but was only another proof to the public of the Governor's fearless rectitude.

He told me that after vetoing, as Governor, on grounds of law and good faith, the popular bill reducing from ten to five cents the fare on the New York Elevated Railway for the whole day (it was already five in the hours when working-men traveled most), he expected to be bitterly assailed. "Before I was married," he said, "I used sometimes to talk to myself when I was alone, and after the veto, that night, when I was throwing off my clothes, I said aloud: 'By to-morrow at this time I shall be the most unpopular man in the State of New York!' " What was his surprise the next day to find the veto received with a general outburst of applause!

THE CLEVELAND MOTTO

AT the Memorial Meeting on March 18, 1909, President Taft thus admirably summarized Cleveland's chief characteristics: "Simplicity and directness of thought, sturdy honesty, courage of his convictions, and plainness of speech, with a sense of public duty that has been exceeded by no statesman within my knowledge. It was so strong in him that he rarely wrote anything, whether in the form of a private or public communication, that the obligation of all men to observe the public interest was not his chief theme."

With certain newspaper writers this reiteration by Cleveland of the duties of citizenship was made a reproach; but President Taft, from the point of view of a like spirit of public duty, placed this habit in its true light. The phrase, "Public office a public trust," will always be associated with Cleveland's memory, notwithstanding that he never uttered it in exactly that form. The phrase was Colonel Lamont's correct summary of the Cleveland doctrine, placed on the title-page of an early election pamphlet. In substance he was always saying it; and if he did not say it precisely as thus condensed, he did better: he lived it, and made it live. The nearest he came to uttering literally his own watchword seems to have been in a speech made by him at the "Fellowcraft Club" in New York, soon after he left the White House for the first time, when he said: "Thoughtful men will not deny that danger lurks in the growing tendency of to-day to regard *public office* as something which may be sought and administered for private ends, instead of being received and held as *a public trust.*" But in accepting, in 1881, the nomination for Mayor of Buffalo he had said: "Public officials are the trustees of the people," and in his acceptance of the nomination for Governor, in 1882, he said: "Public officers are the servants and agents of the people." The duty of all citizens to the State found utterance in his first inaugural address, when he said: "Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust."

One of the strangest and most characteristic events in Mr. Cleveland's life was his appearance at the University of Michigan, to make an address on Washington's Birthday, on the very day in 1892 when the convention of his own State and party met to nominate a rival candidate, Mr. David B. Hill, for the Presidency. This convention, being held in Albany earlier than usual, was called the Snap Convention. I had the pleasure of going out with Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Dickinson to Ann Arbor, and of observing the remarkable hold the ex-President had on the good people of that part of the country, regard-

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less of party lines. He gave himself up to the enjoyment of preaching the "good citizenship" of George Washington to a great, youthful, and sympathetic audience.

This address on Washington, and the one delivered by him at Chicago, also on Washington's Birthday, are full of the Cleveland doctrine of good citizenship, in and out of office, stated with great sincerity and impressiveness. The Ann Arbor address was a plea for sentiment—for American sentiment, the sentiment in which the nation was conceived and must be preserved. If the orator himself seemed unconcerned as to events then occurring at home, he was probably not unmindful of them, and his audience assuredly was well aware of them. I shall never forget the storm of applause which greeted these significant words: "Be not deceived. The people are not dead, but sleeping. They will awaken in good time, and scourge the money-changers from their sacred temple." In a few months Cleveland was nominated again at Chicago and in the following autumn he was elected to the Presidency.

CLEVELAND'S WRITING

One hears two diametrically opposite opinions as to Cleveland's ability to express himself. One is that he wrote awkwardly, in a redundant. roundabout, and heavy manner. The other opinion was voiced by so severe a critic as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, whenever I met him, or heard from him, had something enthusiastic to say about Mr. Cleveland and often spoke of his ability as a writer. In a letter, written in 1901, he said: "I 've been reading with intense interest Mr. Cleveland's second Venezuela paper. What admirable diction, compact, strong, and simple—simple as all great writing is."

This is the truth of the matter as it seems to me: during his public life Mr. Cleveland was not much of a reader. The sermons he heard in youth, and later, apparently set a standard of conventional diction; and, furthermore, his sense of dignity induced him to approach a subject sometimes in an over-formal manner. But the conviction of the man, the indignation at injustice, the "moral fury," tended to produce in many a document and speech some expression as direct and vehement as his feeling. Then were struck out the hot and memorable phrases scattered through his messages as Mayor, Governor, and President, and in innumerable addresses and letters—such phrases as those which met with quick applause when read by Governor Hughes at the Memorial Meeting at Carnegie Hall.[1] And as the years were added, a note of tenderness stole into his habitual thought, sometimes lending an unexpected charm to his written or spoken expression.

As to the ponderous character of many of his passages, there is a good deal in the remark of Jesse Lynch Williams that he was innately shy, and "unconsciously, perhaps, he hid behind his style." In some of his documents, particularly his Thanksgiving proclamations, his familiarity with the Bible was naturally shown; and when once some friend congratulated him on his biblical manner, he was pleased with the compliment, though he told of it jokingly.

People have often asked me whether he wrote his own documents. They little knew the mind of the patient, plodding writer who only at the very last could even ease his labors by means of dictation. He often read his speeches and other writings to friends, but seldom got any direct aid in composition. I flattered myself that I once—it was only once—induced him to change some unimportant phrase.

One reason that he was so unaided was a characteristic of his literal honesty: he knew better than any one else what was in his mind; and he worked this out in language carefully selected to express his exact thought, in a doubtful case calling upon the dictionary for precise definition. Perhaps there was a touch of pride in it, too, a harmless, self-reliant pride. At times he brought into currency a word not often on the tongue, as in the now popular phrase,—often used with a smile,—"innocuous desuetude." I know of at least one case where he seemed to have coined a word. It was not in the dictionary, but etymological authorities said it was all right, and the editors were glad to let it go—especially as the writer insisted upon it!

[1] The department of Noted Sayings in the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature" (1890), contains more quotations from Cleveland than from any other public man

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I speak of his self-reliance. He had learned that through experience, but, as remarked above, he was very far from conceited. In talking once about Abram S. Hewitt, he intimated that if he only knew as much as Mr. Hewitt, he might amount to something! On account of his lack of a collegiate education he was inclined at first to be shy of literary men; I could not get his consent, after he came to New York, to have him meet a number of them, in recognition of his service to the cause of international copyright. He was at one time shy of colleges; during his first term, it will be remembered, he refused to accept a degree from Harvard. But his life in Princeton, and his desire to be useful in his community, gradually brought him into the college spirit, induced him to accept an honorary doctorate, and made him a highly useful and influential trustee of a great university.[1]

MONEY "NO TEMPTATION"

In speaking of Cleveland no one can help reiterating the word "honesty." All decent people are supposed to be honest, and an indifferent reader might well inquire, Why such harping on so common a virtue? But aside from the fact that thoroughgoing honesty is not absolutely pervasive, certainly in Cleveland's case the trait was almost phenomenally developed. The honesty of the man was in the mind of Mr. Taft and of all the memorial speakers, whether they knew him little or much, and most of them knew him well. Two men who, in different times and places, were long acquainted with him, said to me lately that Mr. Cleveland was the most honest man they had ever known.

A few years ago, a prominent editor, when talking to me about Mr. Cleveland, expressed a good deal of admiration and but one doubt. He said Mr. Cleveland's relations to a certain rich friend, and the ex-President's money-making, would have to be explained. I answered that these would not have to be explained to me, because, though I did not know much about his financial affairs, I could vouch for the fact that he was one of the most scrupulous men I had ever known; and, besides, I knew he was not what we call nowadays a rich man. A little while after this, Mr. Cleveland happened to be talking pretty freely with me about his resources, and told me about just having lost several thousand dollars on a scruple—unnecessarily as it turned out. After relating the incident, he said: "But I don't deserve any credit for that, because money has never been a temptation to me."

I told this to my editorial friend, and he replied: "Oh, I have gotten over all anxiety about that, as I 've found out how glad he was to get the check we sent him for his article."

Soon after he left office and settled in Princeton, he told me that there was talk about making a position for him with a large salary attached. He said such good friends were in the movement that he could not act hastily and in a way that would seem ungrateful, but that he would not accept a position in which he would be unable to perform adequate service. He, in fact, declined the position.

I remember that at a time when he was adding to his not large income by industriously contributing to periodicals, he insisted upon certain publishers paying him considerably less than the sum they offered for a certain article published by them, on the ground that it was more than he had received for a similar contribution published elsewhere.

When, in his late years he heard that a very young boy, in whom he was especially interested, had been surprised that his teacher should think it worth while to commend, before the entire class, his conduct in refusing to take a "perfect" mark in a composition in which the boy himself discovered a slight error, Mr. Cleveland was immensely gratified. He said to an intimate friend that the boy evidently was going to be like him; because untruthfulness seemed to be no temptation whatever to either of them.

A RACY TALKER

As between Mr. Cleveland's expression in conversation and his public writings, never was such a contrast. As to his familiar talk—no taint of formalism there! The President was one of the very raciest of talkers and raconteurs. Joe Jefferson used to say that Mr. Cleveland missed his vocation when he went into politics instead of going upon the stage.

[1] He consented to receive a degree from Princeton, and afterward from Villanova.

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Sometimes, too, when one was alone with him, he would betray the tenderness and sentiment which were so deep in his nature.

When he had any distrust of the person with whom he was conversing, most of the talk was on the other side, though the interlocutor was not always aware of the fact. With a few familiar friends, however, he was the soul of good company; not dominating the conversation,—as has been said, he was "a good listener,"—but doing his share of repartee and story-telling, with all the aids of wit, a good memory for detail, and, when necessary, the faculty of mimicry. One night at Marion —but I must first tell how he came to go to Marion.

A FRIENDSHIP WITH JOE JEFFERSON

ONE day, soon after the first term, and while he was staying at the Victoria Hotel, he turned to me and said: "Are there any fish up around Marion?" This was the village near Cape Cod where my family then spent their summers—a place which had been visited by Mrs. Cleveland and her mother and aunt soon after the President's marriage.

My answer was evasive. I said that I should not like to be responsible as to the fish in our Marion waters; that my experience as a fisherman in those parts had been in the company of Joe Jefferson, and that I would therefore bring him into the case as an expert. So one day Jefferson came and told the ex-President all about the fishing in Buzzards Bay, and in the streams and lakes of Cape Cod, near the home of that great actor and enchanting personality. The result was that the Clevelands took a small cottage next to us at Marion for the first part of the summer of 1889, and another cottage near for the last weeks of their stay. Next year they again came to Marion, taking a larger house. Then they bought a place across the bay, near the Jeffersons, which they named "Gray Gables," and occupied for years, till their summer home was changed to Tamworth, New Hampshire.

THE book of one's life is divided into few or many volumes: some may be unhappy, some full of romance and the joy of life. Mr. Cleveland's question about the fishing possibilities of the Marion waters proved to be the opening of a volume brimming with unalloyed pleasure for a little group of friends, many of whom are now no more.

Jefferson had been eager to make Mr. Cleveland's personal acquaintance, for, as he told me, Cleveland was the only politician in whom he had ever taken an interest. He had recognized, he said, early in Cleveland's career, that here was a new kind of public man—all frankness and courage. Jefferson had even done what was with him an absolutely novel thing: he had attended, as a deeply interested spectator, one of the early conventions in which Mr. Cleveland was nominated to a high office, and he had watched his career with profound interest. The two men, so different in training and temperament, soon became mutually admiring and affectionate friends.

Cleveland; Jefferson; Jefferson's eldest son, Charles (our manager and provider); that knightly figure, too early dead, Governor Russell; the modest and genial Sandy Wood (Jefferson's friend); our sometimes companion, the actor Lawrence Barrett; L. Clarke Davis, of Philadelphia;—all these are gone. Gone, too, our sometime hosts, John M. Forbes of the lovely island of Naushon, and Albert Nickerson, the hospitable master of Great Hill.

During the first summer or two, every Friday night, Mr. Cleveland and I would go up on the Fall River boat, generally spending Saturday and Monday in fishing in Captain Ryder's small craft on Buzzards Bay, and in vacation time we fished together every fair day. Once in a while, then, and later, after the Clevelands were at Gray Gables, the Jeffersons would get up a driving expedition down through Sandwich to the little Indian village of Mashpee, on Cape Cod, where half a dozen of us would take all the rooms in the one small hotel, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

There were two communicating lakes near the hotel, Mashpee and Wakeby. Charles Jefferson bought for us three tiny islands in Wakeby, and we named them, in imitation of Cotuit, and the rest of the neighboring Indian nomenclature, Cometoit, Getoffit, and Stayonit. Sometimes we would picnic on Stayonit, but oftener we would cross the two lakes in a small, native-made steamboat, constructed, I be-

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THE LITTLE HOTEL AT MASHPEE, CAPE COD
This was the fishing headquarters of Mr. Cleveland and the Jeffersons.

lieve, as well as run by an ingenious colored man, and fish for bass in the neighboring lake, called Peter's Pond.

After an early breakfast at the hotel, and after reaching our fishing-place, Mr. Cleveland and Charley Jefferson, and Joe Jefferson and I would pair off for the serious work of the day, coming together merrily at lunch-time on the shore, and again on the way home, tired, for a short evening, with early-to-bed and early-to-rise.

Perhaps I can give no better description of Mr. Cleveland as a fisherman than in the language of a brief speech at the neighborly dinner given to the ex-President at Sandwich on the 11th of May, 1895, soon after he had become a summer resident of the Cape, when I said:

If Mr. Cleveland has made a memorable success of his life, is it not owing to the fact that he has both made a pleasure of business and a business of pleasure? His cheerful and indefatigable work in office is well known. His Cape Cod neighbors have discovered that he has made a business of pleasure—not a wearing, laborious business, but a cheerful, contented, and persistent business. When my discursive eye has roamed the horizon when it should have followed the line, how often have I heard the warning from the other side of the boat: "If you want to catch fish, attend strictly to business!" Why, the guest we honor to-day will fish when it shines and fish when it rains; I have seen him pull up bass in a lively thunder-storm, and refuse to be driven from a Cape Cod pond by the worst hail-storm I ever witnessed or suffered. He will fish through hunger and heat, lightning and tempest. While the elder and wiser Jefferson and I will go off and dry our clothes, the younger Jefferson,—our Cape Cod Prince Charley,—and the ex-President will keep on while light holds and bass bite. This, I have discovered, is the secret of "Cleveland luck"; it is hard work and no let up.

While Joe Jefferson was an enthusiastic fisherman, Mr. Cleveland and Charley Jefferson were inveterate fishermen. The hail-storm referred to came up suddenly one day while we were in the middle of Peter's Pond. We put for shore, and were soon being pelted with big hailstones, while the boats were gradually filling with ice-water. Joe Jefferson and I climbed a hill and dried our clothes in the kitchen of a neighboring farm-house; but the President and Charley Jefferson, after the worst had past, went back to work with the conviction that it was just the time that fish would bite. Pretty soon another storm came up and drove them to shore,—and up the hill for shelter, soaked, but laughing like boys on a lark.

Mr. Cleveland was immoderate in only two things—his desk-work and his fishing. Over and over he sat up till near morning at his desk in the White House; and he was always eager to begin fishing, and never appeared to be quite willing to stop. Often when we would be out all day fishing for bottom-fish and bluefish, he would plead, after we started for home, for "one more turn" that he knew, like a naughty boy, would make us late for dinner; and Captain Ryder would put the *Allie* about, our lines out again for "fisherman's luck."

Once when the surface of a Cape Cod lake reflected uncomfortably the noonday sun, Joe Jefferson and I pulled to shore and stretched ourselves restfully in the cool shade of the trees. Then Jefferson, looking off to where his son and the ex-President of the United States were at their patient labors in the broiling heat, quietly remarked: "Well, it is lucky for us that you and I can do something besides fish!"

ON THE TRAIN FOR GRAY GABLES

MR. CLEVELAND never forgot the dignity of the Presidency, either as incumbent, or as one who had held that high office. Both in and out of office he was perfectly simple

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and unpretentious in his manners; entirely approachable; on proper occasions full of bonhomie. One might, at first glance, think it inconsistent with his hatred of fuss and feathers, that no ceremonial of the Executive office, just as no executive prerogative, was weakened under his régime. It was his love of order, and sense of propriety, which led him to become an adept in those rules of precedence that have been found necessary in order to carry on with decency and dignity the social side of life at a capital where all the nations and potentates of the world are officially represented, and the highest officers of a great government reside. He was as careful, conscientious, and sensible in deciding the details of a formal dinner, or other function at the Executive Mansion, as he was in the more important responsibilities of his office.

I never saw him have to repel familiarity except once. This was one evening on the deck of a Fall River boat, when a stranger broke into a group about the ex-President, with words he would not have uttered had he been in a condition to realize their impertinence. Mr. Cleveland suddenly raised his voice in a single vibrant sentence; and the episode soon came to an end.

Wherever he went there was apt to be a crowd,—even when he was not President,—and always a friendly one. At times on the dock at Fall River there would be a rush upon him of hundreds of people, some of whom seemed determined, at least, to touch him, when there was not time or opportunity to shake hands. He was always good-natured about it, and particularly glad to shake hands with working-men. On the boat he would try to get to our state-rooms first and, if there was a choice, he would take possession of the least comfortable room himself, and could not be dislodged.

THE LANDING AT STAYONIT

One of the three islands in Wakeby Lake held by Mr. Cleveland and friends.

One summer when he was living at Gray Gables and I at Marion, I boarded a train up the road, and thinking he might be on it went through the coaches looking for the ex-President. I found him, at last, sitting on a rough chair under a shelf, in the baggage-car, he having given up his seat in the crowded passenger-car to a woman and unconcernedly taken refuge among the bundles and baggage in the forward part of the train.

LETTERS ABOUT FISHING, AND OTHER THINGS

In a bundle of letters in Mr. Cleveland's delicate and individual handwriting the following vividly recall the old Cape Cod fishing days, and refer, as time goes on, to the approaching campaign which led to his assuming again the duties of public office:

"Marion, Massachusetts.
"June 9, 1890

"My dear Mr Gilder

"I have just received your note and the statement of the result of the balloting at the —— Club. I don't know when I have been more pleased, and somehow the thing is especially gratifying since the announcement of it is signed by so many kind and distinguished friends. I hope that if it chances in your way to do so, you will not omit telling them how I appreciated their signatures to the paper you sent me.

"I started the fishing branch of the firm business to-day and am glad to report that the season promises well. I found here a feeling of depression in the trade and on every side there seemed to be the gravest apprehension for the future. I determined to test the condition and am entirely satisfied that if the industry is properly cared for and prosecuted with zeal, industry and intelligence, satisfactory returns may confidently be relied upon.

"I caught 25 fish with my own rod and reel—averaging larger than any fish we caught last season, about equally divided in number between bass and tautogs.

"We did not forget to send a nice mess to the Gilder mansion.

"I am sorry to add that a persistent pursuit of blue fish for two or three hours, after having reached the limit I had fixed

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as to the number of bottom-fish, yielded no return. I renew the attack to-morrow and shall make the latter game the object of my toil. . . .

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
"July 3, 1891

"My dear Mr Gilder

"I am much obliged to you for the clippings you sent me. . . . I suppose those concerning the Anti-Cleveland movement represent a feeler and the responses for which it was put out. How little and frivolous all this seems to me!—not because I do not realize the importance of everything in the remotest way connected with the great office of President, but because they appear to be indices of the meanness and malice of men and politicians. So all this time I am wondering when the blue fish will be about and biting. . . .

"We have put up a nice flag staff on the point and have a fine large flag with 44 stars upon it which early to-morrow morning will be flung to the breeze—if there is any.

"We are all the time happy in our Gray Gables and its improvement. Every day something new is brought to light which would if done add to its beauty and convenience. All however which I contemplate cannot be done immediately. . . .

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
"Aug 12, 1891

"My dear Gilder

". . . Is n't it strange that neither of the political parties sees the expediency as well as rectitude of stepping boldly and defiantly to the front? . . .

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

THE "INCUBUS"

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
"Aug 18, 1891

"My dear Mr Gilder

". . . I have frequently noticed lately the tendency to make less of the Silver issue in the Southern papers, as well as in some of those published in the West. I am confidently looking for a return to common sense and conservative ideas in certain quarters. Some people I think will be directed to a proper frame of mind by appeals to their reason. Others will better appreciate the arguments which a thorough thrashing suggests.

"In the meantime a great deal is going on among machine politicians; and plans are on foot to rid the Democratic party of the *incubus* which in the seclusion of Buzzards Bay ought, according to their usual calculations, to be counted as perfectly harmless. . . .

"I have a reel and rod here belonging to you, which if we don't see you very soon I will send to you. We are expecting you over; and all send love to all.

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

The next letter acknowledges receipt of a picture of Captain Ryder, the skipper, whose services we so often enjoyed.

"Lakewood N. J.
"Dec 31, 1891

"My dear Mr Gilder

"Your Christmas present to me came from the city here, only yesterday. I am very much delighted with it. Do you know, my 'old partner,' that when I am hunting in the past for pleasant things I always stop and take a long retrospective rest on the 'Allie'? Of course you—sick or well—are the chief figure in the foreground of my view; and next comes Capt Ryder. This picture helps me to fill in all the details. The old man looks as though he was considering the propriety of 'taking a kind o' slant and going around ag'in.'

"You know how fully I appreciate your thoughtfulness and kindness in sending me a memento I prize so much.

"Yours most sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

MR. CLEVELAND GIVES IMPORTANT ADVICE

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
"Sept 25, 1892

"My dear Mr Gilder

". . . I finished my letter of acceptance early this morning—3 o'c—and

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MRS. CLEVELAND'S MOTHER MRS. JEFFERSON MRS. CLEVELAND
MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON

THE FIREPLACE IN "THE STUDIO," AT MARION

This is where the acrostics were read, "one night at Marion." See page 500

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MR. CLEVELAND'S FIRST SUMMER HOME AT MARION, MASSACHUSETTS
The Rev. Percy Browne's house, occupied by Mr. Cleveland, at the right; Mr. Gilder's house at the left.

Dickinson was here to-day and left for New York to-night with the letter in his pocket. I suppose it will appear in the newspapers Tuesday morning. I hope you will like it. If you do not, I hope you will try to realize some of the difficulties and perplexities attending its preparation.

"I expect to leave here for New York next Thursday night and I shall probably remain there some time. I don't know when we shall be settled there—sometime in October I expect.

"My judgment is decidedly in favor of my making my headquarters here for some time to come. I *know* it would be good politics not to go to New York for good until nearly the end of the campaign, but I do not seem to be running things much.

"Take my advice, my dear friend, and *never run for President*. . . .

"I wish you were here to fish a day with me and go to New York with me Thursday night.

"Yours very sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"ONE NIGHT AT MARION"

Now to go back to "one night at Marion." The annual local festival was on. It was called Marigold Day, but it covered several days. Fishing is most convenient in daytime, and Mr. Cleveland could not be induced to attend the day festivals, acknowledging his delinquency, but seeming to have a mischievous delight in thus "playing hookey." Yet he manifested a friendly interest in the proceedings, and suggested that we get up an acrostic contest, which might bring a little money to the fund. He asked me to write the rules of the contest, taking the word "Marion" as the subject. This I did, and the rules were posted, making the worst acrostic the winning one, and requiring that the author should subscribe a certain sum to the treasury of the festival, and leave town within twenty-four hours.

There were a number of entries—learning which, Mr. Cleveland made the further suggestion that we go up in the evening to Mrs. Gilder's studio in the woods, and open the envelops. When we had gathered in the big room, before the wide stone fireplace, he casually requested that I should act as chairman, appoint a committee of award, and make announcement as to the prize-winner. This I did, naming, with others on the committee, Congressman Burnett and one of the partners of Mr. Cleveland's law firm. The committee retired, read the acrostics, found Mr. Cleveland's six-line acrostic the worst, and himself, therefore, the guilty prize-winner. It was thus made my duty to pronounce sentence, after the reading of the acrostic,—of which I remember only the third and most impressive line:

Rip ope thy cans of frenzied fire!

The idea was that the contents of the cans would all be needed to paint with proper brilliancy the glories of "Marion."

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Before I had time to fulfil my function, Mr. Cleveland suddenly rose to his feet and began a harangue of solemn protest against the entire proceeding. He said he had been watching the chairman for days, having shrewdly suspected that he was at work upon some evil design. And here it was—an attack upon the property and sacred liberty of a citizen! He condemned the action of the chairman on legal and constitutional grounds. Money was to be demanded of a citizen at the very moment when it was plain that the festival must have seriously depleted his financial resources. The freedom guaranteed to his person by the Constitution was threatened. As the speaker went on, his voice and manner grew more and more stern and menacing, subsiding after a final burst of forensic indignation.

The chairman's next-door neighbor, the Rev. Percy Browne, took the cue and followed in a similar strain. At the conclusion of Mr. Browne's witty and withering remarks, it occurred to the chairman to employ for his defense the firm with which Mr. Cleveland was connected. The chairman thereupon took a piece of silver from his pocket and, handing it to Mr. Charles W. Bangs, thus retained the eminent firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & MacVeagh as counsel.[1]

Hardly had the chairman returned to his seat when up rose Mr. Cleveland again, in a new rôle, all mildness and suavity. He declared that since his last appearance before that assembly "certain considerations" had presented themselves to his mind, which made him take a somewhat modified view of the case. He then entered upon a fervent eulogy of the chairman, from the standpoint of character and good citizenship and, as he kindled with his theme, he turned upon Mr. Browne and expressed his surprise and indignation that the very next-door neighbor of the chairman, one who must necessarily be daily familiar with his well-known virtues, should so far forget himself as to indulge in language of criticism and derogation.

The acting was so realistic that a charming young woman in the company at one time whispered in my ear: "He 's angry!" In referring to the occurrence later, Mr. Cleveland said he had enjoyed practice in that line in his early days at Buffalo, when he and some of his legal

[1] During the four years 1889 to 1892 the firm name was as given. The name of Grover Cleveland was printed, separately, above the others.

MR. CLEVELAND AND MR. L. CLARKE DAVIS AT MARION

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MR. CLEVELAND GIVING DIRECTIONS AT GRAY GABLES

friends amused themselves with the proceedings of moot courts.

A SMALL CALLER

THERE was something of the actor, also, in an incident which occurred at Marion when, in the summer following his first Presidency, Mr. Cleveland was living in the cottage belonging to the Rev. Mr. Browne. This charming little house was planned by the great Richardson, just to show that he could handle a small problem as well as an imposing one. One day early in the summer, while sitting on the recessed piazza overlooking Sippican Harbor, Mr. Cleveland was visited by a small youngster, unattended, who wished to pay his respects, with due formality, and assure the new-comer that he was very welcome to Marion. Mr. Cleveland greeted the polite lad as solemnly as the importance of the occasion demanded. In the course of the interchange of courtesies, it became evident that the visitor was under a misapprehension, for when Mr. Cleveland referred to the fact that he had been defeated in the late election, and declared that the people did not want him in the White House any longer, the boy exclaimed: "Oh, I had not heard of that, Sir!" and expressed the greatest sympathy at the untoward event.

I saw no betrayal of inward amusement on Mr. Cleveland's face. All went as gravely as if the colloquy had taken place in the Blue Room between the Chief Executive and a foreign ambassador.

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THE "CHILDREN'S HOUR" AT THE WHITE HOUSE

It will be seen that Mr. Cleveland could do small things well, no less than large. His fine and sensitive handwriting recalled to his friends a lightness of touch surprising in a man of such large mold. He was an adept in the manipulation of delicate tools and of fishing-tackle. I remember his spending hours at Gray Gables repairing a whirling-sailor weather-vane, for the amusement of the children. He was apt to have on hand some nice piece of work of this sort. In the summer of 1901 he spent a day or two at Riverside Farm, Tyringham, changing a damaged, complicated, multiplying reel into a serviceable simple one. The performance gave him much satisfaction. He told how he had used up various nail-files, and finally succeeded only after some good new ones had been brought to him from the village store. The job required considerable engineering and patience, shifting and contriving. The very difficult, not to say unnecessary, character of the labor (he said he must be the possessor already of twenty reels in all!) appeared to give him pleasure, and nothing more than the production of something "simple"—that quality so characteristic of his mental habit. His little Richard was a helper, when it came to trying the line on the reel.

He had peculiar sympathy with little children,—his neighbors' as well as his own,—and it was delightful to see him in their company and to hear the tones of his voice in talking with them. At Tyringham we used to see him sitting out on the piazza at Riverside solemnly engaged in mock-fishing with Richard, consulting his companion gravely as to proper bait, and other important details of the sport, the boy being an apt pupil in the gentle art. Writing to the father of one of his boy acquaintances, Mr. Cleveland said:

"I was really very much touched by George's gift, and I am much comforted by his steadfast friendship. I flatter myself it takes a pretty good man to gain and keep the good opinion of such a boy."

There was a "Children's Hour" at the White House, during his second term, when, in the twilight, a little child would be brought into the Executive Office, and the work of the Government would be suspended, and much ink would be lavished, while two big hands helped two small ones in making pictures on sheets of writing-paper spread out upon the President's desk.

(To be continued)

THE NIGHT OF SORROW

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THE dusk of grief around me deeper grew,
And, one by one, dear voices at my side
Were hushed and borne away upon the tide
Of Sorrow's sea: then Night her curtain drew.
Shadow and solitude, and somewhere blew
A little whisper mournfully, then died:
Silence—the stars—then slumber, heavy-eyed:
How long the darkness, yet the hours how few!
And when dawn came it was not like the old
Daybreak of silver grass and jeweled leaf,
Of sunshine scattering its airy gold,
Of sudden wings and lyric voices brief:
The very sunlight on the rose looked cold,
And on its cheeks there glistened tears of grief.

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"COME NOT TO-NIGHT!"

BY E. B. G.

COME not to-night! My throbbing heart repressed
Is worn with constant chafing in this breast;
Lips, eyes, and cheeks, yea, hands rebellious grown,
Till now my will sits trembling on its throne.

Come not to-night! I cannot play the rôle
Of tranquil friend; thy look would read my soul.
For all my being mutely sways to thee,
As sways the willow, unresistingly.

Come not to-night! I dare not welcome thee.
The silent air itself would clam'rous be
With my heart's secret, though my lips were dumb.
I dare not see thee . . . yet . . . Oh, wilt thou come!

THE A-FLAT MAJOR POLONAISE

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof," "Oriented," "The New Power," etc.

THIS happened in the autumn. The female part of the yachting season, when everything was joyful and no man of the crew could prophesy what might happen next, had come to its sad end some time before. There followed a between-time period, with much brass polishing in the engine-room and two short shooting-trips. Three or four times snow had lain on the *Rorqual's* decks, to stay in some crevices on the shady side of the deck-house till ten o'clock in the morning.

One day, after carrying an eight-pound twelve-bore gun from dawn till three in the afternoon, over fallen leaves and through swamps already half full, I arrived in a receptive and tolerant mood, to find one maid arguing with the expressman, who did not appear to be feeling very well, and three of the biggest trunks I have ever seen lying in the drive. From the house, through closed windows and doors, proceeded the "Don Juan" Fantaisie,—no less,—and it came as the sound of a full orchestra, and the windows trembled, for that piano was a concert grand.

The expressman had been imported direct into Nova Scotia from Bermondsey, S. E., where he had carted leather. As I came up, he was saying: "Ow, yuss, I can carry 'em up alone, too, if I want t'; but I down't want t'. If I could maik 'alf 's much noise 's that," indicating the thunder from the front of the house, "I 'd carry one o' these 'ere rownd on each finger, I would, jus' t' show wot I could do," and he smiled a blighting smile.

"He 'll lend us a hand, Jimmy," I said, referring to the pianist, "and we 'll travel them up in no time." I went in, and we embraced like royal personages.

"Now the expressman thinks he 's killed, so come out and give us a lift with your—" I hesitated.

"Box-cars — coal-barges — canal-boats — scows—lighters—anything you please," he finished. "Don't mind me: I 'm only the one who has to lug 'em round and fight for 'em. I 've got a dummy piano and

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about sixty books in that long one, and—oh, all sorts of things in the others." He took the forward end in a herculean hand, and the trunks went up on the run, with the man from Bermondsey tottering behind, and me hovering amidships and getting jammed into corners.

"How long are you going to stay?" I ventured to ask.

"Don't be silly!" he said. "How do I know? Like any servant girl, depends on how you treat me and how I like it. Now, if you interrupt me again before I have that thing played through three times,—to carry trunks or anything else,—I 'll shoot," and he strode away, pulling from his right hip pocket a heavy, nickel-plated pair of wire-pliers and waving them at me as he went. As the piano started again, I heard the expressman snarl and whip up his horse.

Every one, most especially including the female part of the household, was overjoyed that he had come at last. We only feared the time when he would go, knowing that this might be controlled by no one. A year before, when the *Rorqual* had been lying in another harbor, he had passed through the town. He stopped long enough to hire a horse, drive till he found us, come aboard, eat a doughnut, and swear that he would come to stay on the way back. Instead, he had disappeared into the far West without giving any sign whatever. Now he came in an equally characteristic way, out of nowhere, unannounced, with a carload of baggage, and began to play the "Don Juan" Fantaisie.

Without question, he was one of the world's greatest pianists. His ambition was without any limit that I ever saw, but as simple as the great pyramid. I have no doubt that tribulations and disappointments and sorrows stood up in his pathway as with the rest of us, but he seemed to ride on and over them with as much detachment and disinterest as the little god Juggernaut in his towering car. He worked, it might be three, it might be six, hours a day, but when he eased up from the racking nervous strain, either in city or country, instead of flying to some foolish extreme for relief, he took the most profound care of himself, lived with an ascetic kind of cleanliness, and yet without any sort of bigotry. But he had to do something. All great pianists have to do something; otherwise they would blow up. In his case he turned naturally to walking; but sometimes even walking, which is a great and healthful exercise, is not enough. If he always walked enough to make him perfectly safe, he might not have time for anything else, as is the case with many other people. So, beside the walking,—and this is what I have been working toward,—he was ready at any moment for any pure devilment, excepting, as mentioned before, only those things that were forbidden by his creed; and herein lay one of his greatest charms. He also, I knew, turned naturally to the mysteries of after dark and had a morbid curiosity for the unexplored. And so, to recapitulate, in his work he was a person of great dignity, filled with the faith that does not make haste, but is content to perform chromatic octaves and Cramer and the Forty Daily Studies by the year; and in his play he was as irresponsible as the Northern Lights, and more dangerous.

Every morning of this visit, fair weather or foul, he would get up at some unknown hour,—sometimes if I happened to wake long before daylight I would hear him moving about,—and he would disappear, and with him would disappear half a basket of grapes. He would be back for an eight o'clock breakfast and report where he had been and what the white frost looked like at sunrise, and we would find that he had covered perhaps seven, perhaps ten miles. Then, after breakfast, after elaborately massaging his hands and going through some mysterious preliminary exercises that required a towel hung up on the wall on a level with his head, he would retire to the music-room and close all available doors, and the piano would break into song.

"I 've been thinking about this piano for the last fifteen hundred miles," he said.

For three mornings he plowed through amazing clouds of scales, arpeggios, involved exercises, and Czerny studies, but reverted always to some glittering complication in the "Don Juan" Fantaisie. On the fourth morning he treated himself to a concert, and for three full hours no maid or other person in that household did any sort of useful work. They stood or sat behind convenient shelters and listened.

Ye musicians, this was his program,

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"HE LED HIS HOSTS UP THAT WHOLE TRIUMPHANT PATHWAY"

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and in part only. Others need not read it.

Weber: Mouvement Perpétuel de Sonate, Op. 27.
Rachmaninoff: Prelude, Op. 3.
Beethoven: Sonate in C minor.
Chopin: Study in F minor. Waltzes in D♭, C♯ minor, and E minor. Impromptu Fantaisie, C♯ minor.
Liszt: Gnomen Reigen.
(Here, apparently, he began to warm up.)
Chopin: Ballade in A♭. Barcarole.
Mendelssohn-Liszt: Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream.)
(Here the gardener came to rest on a wheelbarrow beneath the music-room window.)
Rubinstein: Grande Staccato de Concert.
Schubert-Liszt: Erlkönig.
Wagner-Liszt: Grand March, from Tannhäuser.
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.
Mozart-Liszt: "Don Juan" Fantaisie.

As the last echoes died down, the cook, whose head had been motionless in the dumb-waiter for forty minutes, said: "Aw, why did he stop? But I suppose the poor man must be tired."

I said, oh, no, I did n't think so at all; only that it was very trying to the nerves. And she said yes, she supposed it must be. It proved that I was right, for as I went in, I saw him bolt through a French window, stoop to throw a handful of gravel at a visiting cat, and start running round and round two flower-beds. The change of climate no doubt had something to do with it, for the Nova Scotia air in the autumn, when you can see fifty miles through white sunlight, is very bracing; but from the time of that concert his general exhilaration became so great that at times it was difficult to deal with.

The next morning he began with scales in torrents, and as he went on, I could hear that he was wilfully neglecting the "Don Juan" Fantaisie. Then followed a longish silence. Then of a sudden he came thundering down on the four lower E♭'s, and broke into Chopin's A♭ Major Polonaise (Opus 53). I stopped outside the door, transfixed, and through other parts of the house heard doors softly open and stay open, while he led his hosts up that whole triumphant pathway, until the last great chords, having attained to pure glory, died out again into silence, and in the silence the doors softly closed one by one.

In that moment he began on certain details of that great polonaise, and he worked at them at intervals, with a twenty-minute stop for a wholly silent lunch, for seven consecutive hours. The day following and the day after were nearly as bad, and as he came out into the sunlight on the third afternoon trying to balance a carpet-sweeper on his chin, I said, "Why do you work like that at the A♭ Major?"

"Because, my son," he said, hanging the carpet-sweeper on a standard rose-bush for the household to find, "the A♭ Major Polonaise is the greatest thing ever written for the piano, just as the piano is the greatest instrument for which a man may write. When all the quarter odd million words in your wonderful English language are meaningless and useless to some poor, forlorn beggar, the A♭ Major can make him sit up and think he 's a man—which is the same thing as being one. With real men, with blood in 'em, like you and me, the A♭ Major can make us sit up and think we 're gods. There 's nothing else can do that. That Weber's 'Perpetual Motion' makes you remember you 're living, and that 's a good thing sometimes; and when that melody at long last comes parading up from the bass, you know, perhaps, how heart-free the men will feel when they sing in heaven. The 'Tannhäuser' Grand March—it was n't written for the piano, but no matter—it 's very wonderful and stately and magnificent; and still you see it 's so human, full of repose and big songs, like a whole people on the move. Then the 'Don Juan' Fantaisie—it is wonderful; but there it ends. Whether you 're playing it or listening to it, you finish up in amazement; but your religion is n't helped a bit. When Liszt did it, he was a little girl trying to make a real live owl out of a peanut and a piece of brown paper—trying to make a full orchestra and a brass-band out of a piano, and he succeeded pretty well. Then the sonatas are not all in one piece, and they 're conventional instead of logical. Some of those big concertos are fine things for big mu-

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sicians, but there are only a few big musicians on earth, and they can play 'em for one another. For the rest of the people, their minds keep dropping away from a concerto at places where they should n't. But the A♭ Major Polonaise is unbroken, and it 's for the piano alone, and it 's just long enough to carry you—and the girl you love, if she is with you—up into high heaven, where you can look down together misfortune, for it is a great sword that only a great man can handle. It is written *maestoso,*—majestic,—but who of the others play it so! They play it *allegro,*—anything,—and in the first two pages—yes, in the first ten bars—it rises up and overcomes them, and they are no more seen. It has to play itself through. Perhaps fifty times in my life have I seen the A♭ Major Polonaise play itself through

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"TRYING TO BALANCE A CARPET-SWEEPER ON HIS CHIN"

and see all your life, past and to come, and its connection with the rest of the beautiful world. It 's the triumph of individualism. There 's no longer any question of your value to the universe. The universe can't get along without you. The A♭ Major is the whole doctrine of human insistence and final triumph. It 's all your ambitions and all your love in all your life come true at once; and nothing in words can do that. And it 's for all mankind. Everybody can understand the A♭ Major,—when it is played,—and here 's the cruelty of it: it is hardly ever played. In all the world there are, besides me, who can play it, only two people I ever heard. That is a very great, but a very natural, all alone, a few times fairly well, and many times very badly; but at the end the people cheered, and never knew—except two or three—that the man on the chair by the piano had nothing to do with it, but was overcome even before they were overcome. It needs a giant to lead it up, and, while he leads, to be so far above the work itself that he can dream all the time of the life of the whole world. When I play it, I have to use all the restraint there is in me,—and this is the hardest thing any man can do,—so that when I come back to the main theme for the last time people's very hearts within their breasts may turn to water with emotion. As I finished it once, I looked down, and close to me sat

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an old man, a general who is known to all the world and who knows no music, smiling gravely, and with the scalding tears of sheer joy running down his cheeks. 'My God, sir,' he said to me afterward, 'while you were playing that, I heard every gun I ever heard and saw every woman I ever loved.' That 's why I work like that at the A♭ Major, for there are some things in it that don't satisfy me yet. *Now* there are two men alive who play it as well as I do. In two months there will be no one—not even Chopin, if he were yet alive.

"Come out of this, and I 'll walk you round the middle division; and then if you 've got a dry stitch on you, I 'll walk you round again."

I HAVE reason to suspect he lived in several atmospheres, but of them all this was the most exalted, and in it I have seen him do wonderful things, one or two of which I hope I may tell you about later. Some of the other atmospheres were very different, as you will doubtless see. In the meantime it was the same A♭ Major Polonaise, or rather the inevitable reaction from the A♭ Major Polonaise, that led us into various complications. Such is the power of music even on the rebound.

On the morning of the second day following, the sun came up cleanly out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence into a sky like blued silver; so that as it rose higher, the whole country-side glared as it can only in the autumn. By noon that sky was an even, dead white, and the sun himself was silvering down until, by three o'clock, very fine cirrus clouds, very far away behind the veil, were moving slowly across his face, and the cold, faint shadows of bare branches on the fallen leaves would die out for a time and come up again, only to die out for longer, until at last they returned no more. Instead, came a soft breath of wind out of the southeast, and by five o'clock it was raining.

The pianist evidently deemed it a fitting afternoon on which to labor, and he labored tremendously. Toward the last he fell on a portion of the A♭ Major Polonaise which ye know, at least by reputation. That morning he said, "I am not satisfied with the evenness of the *crescendo.*"

It is a left-hand accompaniment to a clanging melody, and it consists of only this:

played thirty-five times at the rate—to be mathematical—of, say, 140 times to the minute; or you strike those octaves at the rate of 560 in a minute, till your left hand is a blur, like the dancing crank-rod of a little boy's steam-engine. It begins *pianissimo,* very soft, and proceeds *poco a poco crescendo,* increasing little by little, until it becomes *fortissimo,* very loud. Then you continue something similar very loud for ten times, and all this while that melody in the right hand is booming through it; and then immediately you do it all over again, including the something similar very loud ten times again at the finish. Taken altogether, it is very impressive. It is something like being out at nine o'clock on the night of full moon and seeing for the first time the tidal bore of the Bay of Fundy come up the Petitcodiac. All this description is not as musical as it might be, but it will serve to show that there are difficulties in this passage. The truth of the matter is that to do it properly requires a left wrist and forearm like tempered steel, with the will of Napoleon Bonaparte and the self-control of the Foreign Office.

This is all important, for it shows why the pianist was so much affected by it that he felt he needed a change.

At half-past five o'clock symptoms of serious unrest began to develop. He had played it through from a murmur to a roar many times when, without warning, he rose up, seized me by the coat, and undertook to stuff me up the chimney. I threatened violence.

"Well, then," he said, "what do you propose doing to keep me 'mused? Did n't you hear it? Does it seep into your indurated cerebrum that unless y'r guest gets some new form of cooling excitement, the fly-wheel of his world-impresser will explode and triturate his untamed virtue?" I said it seeped, and, after some talking, directed at finding out what he really wanted, ended by promising to do what I could.

He went to his room with a book, and

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I, clad in a large mackintosh against the rain that was now sifting steadily on the windows, went down the hill, ostensibly to get the mail, but really to have the *Rorqual's* crew ready to go out on a shooting-trip at dawn, independent of all weather.

It was exceedingly dark. The rain was yet southeast, and on the wharf it slanted lightly in my face, and I could hear the water clucking mysteriously among the crib-logs and the short slap of the chops against the *Rorqual's* bow when that ship was invisible in the gloom ahead. Then a blackish figure, presenting the generous outlines of oilskins and a sou'wester, moved out from behind a pile of laths.

"Where might you be goin'?" it said.

"Hello, Henry, is that you?"—It was Mr. Simpson—"Where were *you* going?"

"Aboard the *Rorqual* huntin' for you; but I can see it would n't have been any use." This seemed evident. There was a reticent pause.

"What was it especially?" I said. The pause continued. Then:

"I 'm comin' to think I 've degenerated," he began sadly. "My morals don't seem to be what they used to be. You remember about a year ago how constitutionally opposed you an' me was to nettin' salmon? We could tolerate spearin' enough to look on without takin' any active part,"—I recalled Mr. Simpson bearing a twelve-foot salmon-spear and dancing in a freezing river through the greater part of one joyful night,—"but the bare idea of nettin' sort of struck us here,"—he laid his hand on his iron-buttoned bib,—"and made us feel sickish. We said we could understand an' sympathize with spearin', but we could n't see any sport in nettin', and, besides, it was unfair to the country an' to everybody. Well, I 'm goin' up river, to-night with Humphrey Kidderson an' a bag of bricks an' a net a hundred an' twenty feet long an' sixteen feet deep: an' I was thinkin' that perhaps you might like to come." Here he held up an open hand as if to block an interruption I had no thought of making, and continued rapidly: "*As* a spectator, of course. I could n't think of you as touchin' a salmon-net with those lily hands when it 's against the law of this great country, *but* as a spectator. Ye see, if y'r oatmeal-fed conscience is liable to get a cramp, ye can clinch y'r fists an' shut both eyes an' keep thinkin' that if the salmon get caught at all, they 'd get caught anyway, whether you was present or not, an' that 'll keep ye from breakin' down and weepin' in the boat." Here Mr. Simpson retired partly behind the laths again, where I could see his face in ghostly shadow, and paused for developments. I had been thinking rapidly, but not along these lines. In times of great stress it seems always that the gods prepare a way.

"Henry," I said, "could you take also a pianist?"

"What is that?" he inquired, startled out from behind his barricade again.

"A man that plays the piano."

"Oh, is that all. Never heard 'em called by that name. I thought it was a sort of female fortune-teller. Yes, we can take him; but I don't think he 'd like it. I 've only seen two or three, an' I never been really close to one. But to me they looked delicate an' seemed to flush up awful easy round the gills. If it turns cold, as it 's likely to before morning, he 'd freeze to death; besides the chance of comin' in personal contac' with wardens an' havin' to exhaust the beggars by strategy through three paralyzin' hours, crawlin' through wet brush on your soakin' tummy with the net on the back of y'r neck at half-past two in the morning, while some one in the boat is explainin' to the wardens that they had no idea there was salmon in the Black River in the fall, an' that personally—scrapin' the ice off the oar with their mitt—they was just out for a row an' happened up here as they would anywhere else, an' the bricks was for ballast in case of a typhoon comin' up, an' bricks was n't evidence, anyway. No, I don't think he 'd enjoy it, besides bein' a nuisance."

"Henry," I said, "this time you 're mistaken. There are as many different kinds of pianists as there are other people, but they all suffer from what is called temperament. It 's a high-pressure development of the nervous system, and they have to be very strong to stand it. The great majority of them are n't strong enough. That 's the kind you 've seen, and that 's the reason there are, so few great pianists in the world. I suppose there are only about half a dozen or so on earth. This one is smaller than you are, but he could dance you like a baby on his

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knee whether you wanted to be danced or not." Mr. Simpson spat.

"My, how ferocious!" he interjected. "D' y' think he 's likely to?"

"No, I don't," I said; "but it 's probable he 'll do something outrageous. You never can tell what he is going to do next. The only weapon he carries is a pair of nickel-plated wire-pliers in his hip pocket. Why, I don't know, except that he used to be a sort of electrician also. His present work is very wearing, and this evening he has been begging and praying me to find him some new and interesting excitement. Between you and me, if we were so unfortunate as to run into the wardens, I think all we should have to do would be to turn him loose in the woods, and drop back to the opposite side of the river, and he 'd hang the lot of them."

"Well, he sounds pretty good," Mr. Simpson commented, "an' I don't much mind what he does so long as he don't complain that his hands is cold. If he can help the excitement, so much the better. I think that 's what we go for more than salmon. You can fetch him along. And look: better bring along some blankets an' sleeping-bags. If everything 's quiet, we can have a sleep for a while when the net is down. This rain is goin' to let up before morning. I 'll go an' tell Humphrey. He was feelin' pretty good the other night, an' walked out the front door o' my shop an' cracked two ribs,—did n't notice he was on the second floor,—so he won't be able to do as much work to-night as he might. I s'pose we had better take the *Porpoise* up as far as we can, an' row the rest of the way?"

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'WHY ALL THIS GEAR?' HE INQUIRED, FIGHTING TO GET THE ETERNAL WIRE-PLIERS INTO THE NEAREST HIP POCKET"

The *Porpoise* was the *Rorqual's* really silent motor-tender.

"Henry!" I said sternly.

"No, 'pon my soul," he said; "I only wanted you—an' I 'll see you, say, in an hour."

We went up the wharf together until he turned into a dark alleyway, splashing through some unseen pool of water, and disappeared. I went on up the hill, running. The pianist I found still in his room, reading and scowling. I had nicely closed the door when the book came fluttering at my head. I stopped it with both hands, ball-fashion, a foot in front of my mouth and somewhat mashed.

"*'Her hand fell like a curled pink rose-petal in her lap!'* Grrr-r-r! What did ye leave me alone with that for?" he roared.

"I did n't know what you had,—some one must have left it here,—but now listen—" and I unfolded the glittering prospect. First he insisted on waltzing round the room; then he turned to clothing himself under direction, partly his own things, but chiefly mine, which were much too large: rubber boots, a second pair of trousers turned up four inches, a crimson sweater that reached to his knees, a coat freely splashed with copper paint, and later, over everything, an oilskin suit, of which the overalls sat like the bellows of a concertina and rasped together when he walked.

"Why all this gear?" he inquired, fighting to get the eternal wire-pliers into the nearest hip pocket.

"Later," I said, "if you happen to be trying to go to sleep in a squashy marsh,

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lying chiefly in water and white frost, with nothing over you but the river steam, you 'll find out. What might you be going to do with the wire-pliers?"

"They always come in useful at the critical moment and save everybody's life. Never saw it fail yet; you wait and see. Now tell me something more about this salmon business."

I started to say that this was the time in the autumn when the run of big male salmon began to go up,—first the females, then the small males, then the big males till the ice made, and after,—and we might get them over forty pounds in weight—"

"And the wardens?" he interrupted.

"The wardens," I said, "are paid by the Provincial Government, ten dollars for each seventy-hours' service on the river, to keep poachers off—us to-night. Every family in the Black River country is brought up to the belief that it owns every salmon that comes into the Black River at any time of year. This is a profound secret known to everybody in the county, most especially the wardens, who are local men and don't wish to hurt anybody's feelings; but they feel that they require the ten dollars. Then there are the head wardens. The department calls them chief overseers. They come from other parts of the country; so as they don't have to live among the Black Riverites, and are better paid, they are very stern." The pianist pondered throughout the time it took me to get into a pair of waterproof boots and a suit of waterproof impenetrable to all conditions of weather. Then he said:

"D' ye know, I believe I 'd rather catch a chief overseer than I would a salmon! Do ye suppose there would be any way?"

"I don't know," I said; "but I imagine not." He lapsed into thought.

"Anyway," he said finally, "I bet you I 'll be stage-managing this expedition before we get home. You watch." For a start in the direction of an interesting trip this seemed hopeful. When I left him, to have a portable supper for five men prepared, he had turned out part of the contents of one large trunk, and was thoughtfully searching through what to me seemed to be a remarkable collection of rubbish. He came down-stairs bearing the wreck of a small, black leather bag, which he asked if he might take, explaining that he might get wet, and it contained a few dry clothes. I remember thinking of that bag only as a foolish and insignificant thing. Later it was to grow in my esteem.

In fifteen minutes, still blinded by the last of the street lights, we were groping our way to the edge of the wharf, carrying the bag, the supper, and two quart bottles full of hot tea. Within hand-reach of the *Rorqual's* gaunt awning-stanchions, long stripped of their awnings in deference to October gales, we stopped, and a towering, black figure arose painfully from a sitting position on one of the boat-chocks and groaned. Another figure was briskly removing the cover from the *Porpoise,* as evidenced by the sound of rubbing wet canvas, and still a third, very indistinct, seemed to be operating about the *Porpoise's* stern. Here was the night-covered expedition in full activity. A voice came from the last figure.

"Humphrey's ribs is awful bad to-night, but he says he 's goin', if it kills him." This was Mr. Simpson. "If Adam could spare one, surely, Lord, he 's long enough to do without a couple—ain't ye, Hump?" From Mr. Kidderson we gathered that if he had been Adam, this vale of tears would never have been brightened by the presence of woman.

"Henry," I said, "this is Mr. Kimborough." They acknowledged each other deferentially. When we had climbed on deck, and Mr. Kidderson, between groans, was conversing with the pianist, Mr. Simpson worked around to a position near my right ear.

"Ye don't mean t' tell me," he whispered, "that the fat mariner is y'r friend with the high-pressure nervous system an' the wire-pliers!" I nodded.

"All I can say," he commented, "is that he don't look it. He ain't the breed I was thinkin' about at all. To me he 'd look more natural eatin' pork and beans in a lobster factory." Then aloud, pointing to the figure that was now methodically rolling the boat-cover: "We have also our old friend Mr. Charles Anderson, who can navigate a flat, blindfolded, through hell in a thunder-squall, as you know, an' whose specialty is swimmin' in a mackintosh and rubber boots." This was a reference to an event of a year be-

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fore, and, seeing Mr. Anderson move, I undertook to change the subject.

"Netting salmon!" I said, affecting pained surprise.

"*As* a spectator only—like you!" said Mr. Simpson, with blistering sarcasm.

All together we swung the *Porpoise* outboard and lowered away until up out of the obscurity came a ponderous splash and the falls hung loose in our hands. After her we lowered the *Rorqual's* thirteen-foot dinghy, which was to carry us during the later operations. For evident reasons we worked without lights, with the exception of one lantern, invisible in the *Rorqual's* lazarette. Up the companionway, over the side, and into the dinghy were swiftly passed and stowed out of the wet one single and two double sleeping-bags and one pair of white Hudson's Bay Company's four-point blankets, uncut—a third of an inch of matted wool sixteen feet long by eight feet wide. (A full-grown Indian lives in one of these and a pair of moccasins and nothing else throughout a Northwest winter.) Because of long experience, we made all provisions for comfort. Then from the wharf's edge Mr. Anderson bore two late oat-bags, one giving forth the metallic, grating sound characteristic of bricks, which, as sinkers, are more desirable than rocks, and the other being soft and uneven to the touch, and said to contain the net. These were reverently placed. Last came the supper and the thermostatic bottle, Mr. Simpson evincing immediate concern for their safety. Throughout these activities the pianist, otherwise Mr. Kimborough, had watched with growing interest; but when I took out a pocket electric flash-lamp and swung it about on one final tour of inspection, he sprang to attention.

"Freddy wants lightning-bug," he said, and annexed it for the rest of the night. He had a new toy.

Mr. Kidderson, who had been content to hang on the *Rorqual's* rail and drip in silence, except for a groan that seemed to work itself every thirty seconds, like an automatic, compressed-air, diaphone fog-signal, now came to the decision that under a light tarpaulin, on the soft sleeping-bags, in the midst of the dinghy, was the place for him, and he lowered himself with curses, and composed his limbs for slumber. Mr. Anderson, rocking precariously on the *Porpoise's* stern, made fast the dinghy's painter, and everybody paused for five seconds.

"All ready?" inquired the pianist, suavely. I nodded.

There was a flash of light, and a bang that deafened my ears, smote my chest, thrilled the deck under our feet, and echoed back with a crash from the town, where without doubt it shook every window. I was facing Mr. Simpson, and saw him jump clear of the deck. He was of a nervous disposition.

"What the bl—" he began.

"I told you," I remarked, "that you could never tell what he was going to do next. How did ye do it?" I said severely, turning to the pianist.

"This way," said that person, flashing the electric lamp on half a ball of marlin, of which the end led into the far darkness forward. "Here, pull!" he said in a burst of explanation to Mr. Simpson. Mr. Simpson pulled. Another crash tore the air. Mr. Simpson danced again.

"Blast your shriveled soul!" he trembled (or words to that effect). "What did ye do that for?"

"I did n't do it: you did it yourself," wept the pianist, rocking on the rail in his glee. The *Rorqual* had a one-pounder repeating signal-gun of which we were very proud. While the others were bringing up sleeping-bags, he had been bringing up cartridges and marlin, though certainly we never saw him make his dispositions.

"Two guns having been fired, the mail will now sail," he said. "All aboard! The populace is about to arrive." By the time I had turned over the engine, and the dinghy, with Mr. Kidderson's startled head still above the tarpaulin, had swung into line on the *Porpoise's* wake, I looked up to see several figures in inquiring attitudes on the wharf's edge, silhouetted against the town lights. We left them to their questions, and fared out into the steaming blackness of the rain-hidden harbor.

Mr. Anderson quite naturally took the wheel.

"You steer?" he inquired. I indicated that my sphere lay in the open gulf outside Leith Head Light, wherever that might be at the present moment, our only view being the stiff tow-rope and the foam playing about the bow of Mr. Kidderson's

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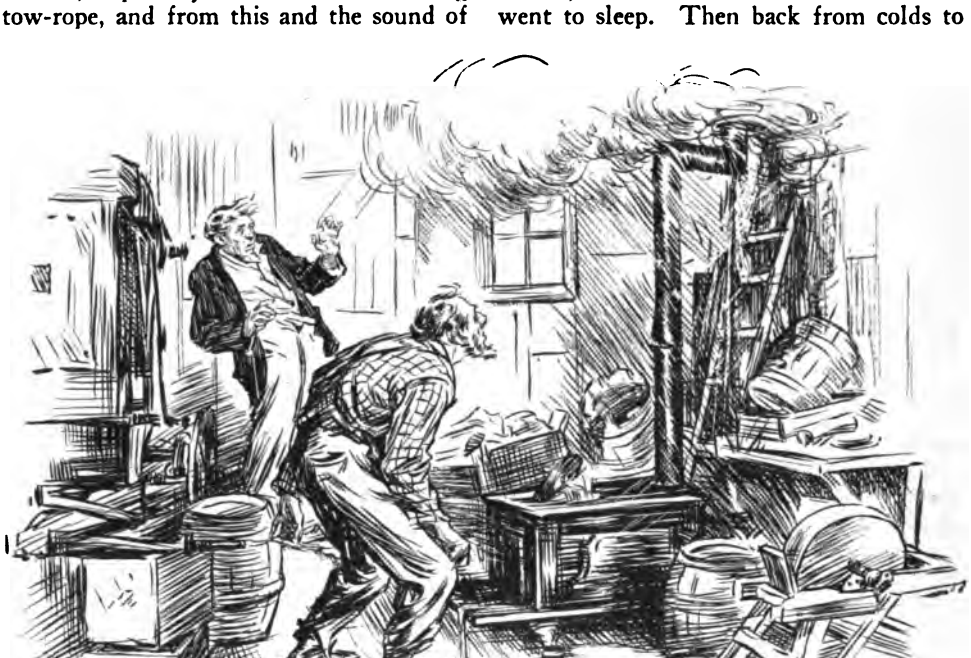
car, very faint astern. So he bent to his work.

Then it rained, and it blew.

We forgot that it had been raining before. We heard it roar in the woods on Granton Head five minutes before it reached us. When it arrived, it blotted out the eternal sea. Earth and sky had disappeared long since. Blinded and half-choked, I put my hand on the vibrating tow-rope, and from this and the sound of



Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'JUST THEN THERE WAS A PUFF AN' A BELCH FROM THAT ELBOW'"

wild splashing astern I inferred that Mr. Kidderson was still coming. We heard the swish and occasionally saw the snowy flash of the tops of short harbor seas, and sometimes as the *Porpoise,* running full in their trough, rolled down to her coaming, their crests lifted and blew in so that the exhaust-piping hissed louder, and the pianist and Mr. Simpson seated themselves on the floor boards with arms locked for better protection. Through the noise of the wind and the sea and the laboring engine I heard Mr. Simpson complain that it was raining under his left arm and he was not quite sure how it was getting in, though he thought there was a draft up his trousers leg. The subject changed smoothly to colds and their treatment. I could not catch Mr. Kimborough's method, but Mr. Simpson stated that when he had a cold, he hung his hat on the foot of the bed, left the light burning, and went to bed with a bottle of whisky. When he could see two hats every time he looked, he considered the cold cured and went to sleep. Then back from colds to wet feet, and from wet feet to fire departments, while we threshed up mid-harbor in a fully developed tempest, followed a tale by the pianist of how he had assisted at the celebration of the wedding of a neighbor who was an unfriend of his. I gathered that this happened in the West, and that while everything was in full progress in the house, he found his way to a small but important outhouse with four copies of the Winnipeg "Telegram," a bottle of kerosene, and a match. The celebration was a jubilant success. Mr. Simpson, clinging to Mr. Kimborough and the seat, addressed himself to me:

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"Y'r friend has got a stupendous mind," he said. "His last reminds me of just before Billy Clink an' me dissolved partnership in the carriage business an' I become pure blacksmith.

"Our shop was in the old Jamieson building, and John McKeever an' his wife lived overhead. When they was sober, their only ambition was to get rid of us, an' when they was drunk, the same, only more so. The old woman could n't bear the smell of paint, an', anyway, she said they owned the whole building by *habendum*, whatever that might be, because she 'd lived there for twenty-six years without payin' any rent. I told her, if that was the only qualification, she owned the whole town.

"War was declared one Saturday night when she got John to come down an' board up our door an' windows while she held the nails. Every Sunday mornin' regular old Billy used to go down to see that the tide was comin' in all right, an' this mornin' he seen the damage. John an' his wife was away at church, so he borrowed a hatchet and wire nails, an' took off them boards, an' used 'em for boardin' up their front an' back doors so they could n't get in, an' boarded 'em proper, too. Then Billy went home to dinner. That was all we heard for a while.

"By-an'-by October come along, an' one morning Billy saunters in an' says: 'Well, I s'pose we need a fire.'

" 'I s'pose so,' I says; 'but what 's the matter with that elbow?' "—Mr. Simpson pointed toward an imaginary ceiling in the rocking and water-swept sky—"Of course our stovepipe went up through the McKeevers' drawing-room, an' Mrs. McKeever, with a woman's nasty but inconsequent mind, had unshipped the pipe at the elbow so we could n't have a fire. Or we thought we could n't for about forty-five seconds. I s'pose old Billy was as painstaking an' pig-headed as anything ever born in Nova Scotia of Scotch parents, an' the trouble an' the time he took in collectin' titbits to put in that stove was awful to see. Rags an' boiled oil, an' an old pair of rubber boots, an' a pretty good pair of leather boots, with three pairs of my socks an' some varnish, an' several other things I don't remember. On top of the lot he put in a crane—All right, then, great blue heron—that I stuffed with oakum, which he said never looked natural, an' now, to the well-known properties of oakum would add the odor of cremated feathers. Is that better? When we lighted it we had some misgivin's as to whether the whole mixture would n't explode: but it burned perfectly natural. Up-stairs windows began to go up at once, an' water began to come down through the pipe-hole; but it ran out through the elbow, an' did n't hurt the fire. Then they stuffed up the hole, but Billy built a slow fire of rags,—havin' faith that the smoke might percolate,—an' we closed up shop for the day an' went smelt-fishin'. Billy only went back once to take in part of an old hair mattress he found an' some glue he said we could spare.

"The next day the stovepipe was back all right.

"Then things went very nice for about two weeks till a cold snap come along, an' the old woman, backed by the old man, thought she 'd have another try. I noticed in the morning the pipe was gone, but the hole was n't stuffed, which struck me as sort of curious, considerin' the amount of experience she 'd accumulated. Then one of the boys from the laundry sauntered in to say that about 6 A.M. he 'd seen John luggin' two empty kerosene casks up-stairs, an' that for an hour an' a half steady afterward he 'd been carryin' up water in buckets.

" 'So that 's his stupendous plan, is it?' I says to myself. 'See here, Henry, the time is now ripe for you to add y'r personal councils to these manœuvers.' So I lowered the elbow a little so that no amount of water in it could get to the stove, an' in that elbow I put, I s'pose, seven pounds of good-sized lumps of calcium carbide—belongin' to *this* boat's search-light an' borrowed from the engineer of the *Rorqual.*" This last to me. "All it needed was frequent rains to make thirty-six cubic feet of pure acetylene gas, which, measured by stink alone, is an awful lot, to say nothin' of the chance of its gettin' afire an' liftin' the roof off. Then I went away with the firm's book an' the foldin'-slate.

"About four o'clock I seen Billy goin' down, so I made it convenient to go down, too. It took him about six seconds to see that stovepipe was off an' the hole open.

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He winked at me just once, an' started collectin' stuff for a fire, an' I winked back. I forgot to mention the carbide an' the two casks of water. All the time Billy was collectin' choice morsels I could hear quiet but determined footsteps paradin' about up-stairs. When he lit the match I got as near the door as I could without it bein' noticeable, and about half a minute afterward there began what you might call a mutual surprise all round. That stovepipe hole began to run an eight-inch stream of water, but over the noise it made you could hear a noise like a tea-kettle boiling over on a hot stove, an' then instantaneously from up-stairs come some gaspin' an' a little swearin' an' the water stopped. By this time, though I was standin' in the draft of the door, the gas had me by the windpipe an' Billy was smotherin' inside, an' the stove was beginnin' to burn up bright an' interestin'.

" 'What is it?' he says, chokin'.

" 'Some chemical you 've made by your mixture,' I says. 'Ye can't cook overboots an' turpentine together for nothin'.'

" 'It 'll kill the beggars,' he says.

"I says, 'All the better.'

" 'It smells to me like acetylene,' he says.

"Just then there was a puff an' a belch from that elbow, an' a quiet sort of bluish-yellow sheet of flame spread over the ceiling and run about half-way down the walls—quite slow: I suppose it was half a second before it was all over. We was sort of startled for a minute, an' when we looked again, everything had settled down an' there was a pillar of fire, yellow an' white, sizzlin' up through the pipe-hole, an' up-stairs all they needed was the fiddle t' make ye think they was about the middle of the last figure of a set of quadrilles.

" 'Now you 've done it!' I says, an' started on the gallop for the engine-house. Simmy told me that when he got there with the hand chemical, John and Mrs. McKeever was dancin' round what from his readin' he judged was a natural-gas well, with a flame about eight feet high, an' throwin' water at each other with buckets an' cryin' with excitement. He said the more water they threw, the better it seemed to burn, and it needed the chemical to do it any good.

"That night the stovepipe went in for the rest of the winter."

(To be continued)

RITUAL FOR A MARRIAGE

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

The persons to be married shall present themselves before the person worthy to marry them, who shall be called the Speaker. Then, if there are others present, the Speaker shall say to all:

LOVERS, here gathered warm upon a star
Out of an over-sweetness in the skies,
Behold with deeper witness than these eyes
Between the fires and shadows from afar
The middle rapture between bud and seed,
Born of the old need,
Is re-arisen young with a new song
And a great light as of a scroll unrolled
Bearing things holy and old
And shining promise of things tender and strong.

For in this manner also do the flowers
Petal to petal come, and breath to breath,
And so of old upon the earth beneath,
By the slow matings in the ancient hours

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On many a beach where the lost laughters ran,
Dim marriages were made within the shells,
Whereto the waves were bells,
Murmuring of things to be one to another,
Hallowing their bonds until this latter time,
When in a long ascent these lives shall climb
Out of the deep, tremendous, toiling heart
Of earth our mother,
Also to do and share their patient part.

Not with these only, but in all the air
Were the strong dreamers seeking nests for dream,
Eagle with splendid eagle, bee and bee,
To whom the daylight was a mighty tree
Whose glorious branches bore
Songs upon every stem,
Signals and cries for us to follow them.
They gave us much, shall we not give them more?

Then, speaking to the persons who are to be married, he shall say:

The old moon guides the impulse of your feet,
And it is tender; but the moon may fade.
The unenchanted calms lurk in the shade,
And acmes bitter as this hour is sweet.
Love has its seasons, and the summer's heat
Rests into winter, but the sky remains,
And the next season's purest flowers are made
Out of the weariest rains.
Therefore be warned; being true, be unafraid.

Also take thought of triumph or defeat
For those unborn for whom your love was lit,
When, with the heritage your flesh shall give,
They shall arise and live.
You are the seed; shall they be tares or wheat?
Shall they then curse your love because of it?
Or glorify you as fit to be their seed?
Let none stand here with dumb lips overkissed,
The limp excessivist,
And let the weakling at this gate take heed.
I charge you at the sowing, oh, be fit!

Then, if no impediment appear, the Speaker shall say to the man:

Wilt thou have this woman
To be called wife of thine,
To love, to honor, to believe,
Because of what is half-divine;
To cheer, to solace, to forgive
For what is wholly human,
To be thy nearest comrade, dearest friend?
Wilt thou be faithful to the end?

The man shall answer:

I will.

Then the Speaker shall say to the woman:

Wilt thou have this man
To be thy husband and thy friend,
In thy glad hours and lonely
To love, to honor, to believe;
Because of what is half-divine
To cheer, to solace, to forgive
For what is human only?
Wilt thou be faithful to the end?

The woman shall answer:

I will.

Then the Speaker shall say:

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

Then the woman, if she chooses, shall say:

I give myself.

And she shall put her hand in the hand of the man. Or if she chooses, her father, or guardian, or any friend of the woman, shall put her hand in the hand of the Speaker, who shall cause the man to take the woman by her hand and to say as follows:

I —— take thee ——
By the law within, by the outer law,
To hold by what I am to thee
Through bitter paths and sweet,
To live for what is best to be
Beyond the ashes of defeat.

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I in this faith renew
My kinship from of old with life
And take thee for my wife.
Trust thou my love to keep me true.

Then shall they loose their hands, and the woman, taking the man by his hand, shall likewise say after the Speaker:

I —— take thee ——
By the law within, by the outer law,
To hold by what I am to thee
Through bitter paths and sweet,
To live for what is best to be
Beyond the ashes of defeat.
I take thee husband from this hour,
And will to make my ways a vine
Whereon shall ever bud and flower
The little things that are my test,
And by the wisdom that is mine
I pledge to give thee what is best.

Then, if a ring be provided, it shall be given to the Speaker, who shall return it to the man, who shall then put it on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, saying after the Speaker:

And thereto I plight thee my troth.
With this ring I thee wed.

And the woman shall likewise say after the Speaker:

And thereto I plight thee my troth.
With this ring I am wedded to thee.

Then the Speaker shall pray, saying:

Love, the morning and the evening are
As the chambers of thine endless grace;
Thy two children watch thee as a star,
Take them home into thine ancient place.
Let them at noonday find thee not afar
And in the secret night show them thy face.
Thou gavest the heavenly flower of their desire;
Show them thy lily Duty where she grows,
Make bright their fields of service with thy fire,
Lift up thy countenance within the rose.
Lead them by ways beyond their sight, and call them,
Teach them to know of thee that thou art good,
And when the quiet evening shall befall them,
Give them thy peace not to be understood.
Amen.

Then shall the Speaker say to all present:

By the authority committed unto me as an executor of the laws that these two persons have invoked I declare that ——— and ——— are now husband and wife according to those laws.

Then, causing the husband and wife to join hands, the Speaker shall say:

While, therefore, Love joins you together, let nothing put you asunder.

Then shall the following be either read by the Speaker or chanted by singers as a choral:

Lo! two go forth as light in the morning
To the end that earth shall fulfil the law
That the old men dreamed for the world's adorning
And the young men in a vision saw.

Let us sing of life when the time appointed
Shall come to pass through such as these,
When she shall be as a field anointed
With flowers of labor and of ease;

When the day of alarm and hours made cruel
That darken the path for the feet of Love
Shall sink and be cast in the fire for fuel
And a child shall stand in the place thereof.

Then shall the hills of our endeavor
Lift up the mists where they seek to hide
And we shall hear on the heights forever
The voice of the bridegroom and the bride.
Amen.

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THE SILVER CORD

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

I RECOGNIZED it all with a peaceful sense of never having left it—the wide, familiar street, the late sunlight slanting between the elms, the decorous lawns before the old, white houses. I smiled as we passed the new Colonial Inn on the ample grounds of the abandoned Academy. How inconceivable to stop there or anywhere else but at Miss Fanny's! All that the old town held of mellowed charm—the dignity of its vine-covered university walls, the gracious reserve of its quiet homes—seemed epitomized in "Miss Fanny's." We always spoke of it as Miss Fanny's, in spite of the existence of her more negative older sister, now slowly and peacefully drifting into the great silence; even she was "Miss Charlotte." They had remained Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte, perhaps through some delicate general recognition of their essential youth, as the scent of lavender lingers in an old chest of girlish garments laid by when their wearer was young. Miss Charlotte had never talked much, although she, like Miss Fanny, had always listened exquisitely over the simple New England tea to the tales of our boyish adventures. They still expected us to recount them when we came back for our brief visits. How incredible it was—that rare sympathy with our relations in the noisy outside world that they could scarcely even apprehend!

Constructing in anticipation the beloved interior toward which the dignified livery horse was deliberately bearing me, I saw as harmonious, blended elements of a portrait group the three figures, Miss Fanny, Roger Hepworth, and a little in the background, in a lower tone, as it were, gentle Miss Charlotte.

Roger Hepworth! Most of all was he the embodiment of the old town and all its memories; beyond that, of a lost golden age of simplicity. Roger Hepworth, the friend of Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, himself the author of some quiet classics, the last of that democratic aristocracy of American letters. Poor, rich Roger Hepworth, with his high thoughts, his serene memories, and his small royalties! Roger Hepworth, who, wherever or however he lived, must inevitably suggest the background of a high-pillared house, between tall elms, its rooms furnished with old mahogany and family portraits, its library shelves filled with warm leather bindings. He could be served, one felt, only from old, flowered cups and time-thinned silver, and he walked, one knew, in a box-bordered garden of old-fashioned flowers, centering about a sun-dial.

For twenty years now he had made his home at Miss Fanny's, for since their father's death, a quarter of a century ago, Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte had been obliged to take "guests." Yet daily familiarity had never lessened the reverence with which they mentioned his name. He was admittedly their worshiped source of prestige. People identifying Miss Fanny's never failed to add, "You know, Roger Hepworth lives there." These recommendations had passed with a gentle exclusiveness from friend to friend, for through all the twenty-five years Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte had been protected from any gross consciousness of "taking boarders." Then, too, visitors of the insensible class had little to draw them to this bygone path of culture. Indeed, many of those that came, came for no other reason than to meet Roger Hepworth, to say they had stayed in the house with him. And the realization of this derivative fame was the greatest pride of Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte.

For twenty years now, undisturbed by the rude forces of the swift outer world,

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Roger Hepworth had occupied the large "south chamber" that had belonged to Miss Fanny's father, a university professor, until his death. From time to time new guests with larger incomes than those provided by the sale of out-of-date American classics had offered Miss Fanny inducements for the occupancy of the sunny front chamber. But Miss Fanny, ordinarily so soft and feminine, hardened instantly at the barest suggestion. It simply was "Mr. Hepworth's room," as it had become when it had ceased to be "father's."

It was not until we were approaching the house that I recalled the actual lapse of time, and remembered that they had all seemed a little feebler, perceptibly older, on my last visit the year before. The old house I had realized as a little shabbier, the parlor carpet a little more threadbare, the gilt frames on the family portraits a trifle more tarnished. I had had a sense that they were all failing, fading slowly together, yet rather as the tones of a fine picture darken with time, with such dignity, such grace, that the process was robbed of all the sadness of age. As we drew up before the small porch, with the green fan-light over the door, Miss Fanny herself stood there between the pillars to welcome me, just as I always remembered her, in her old black silk, with the bit of fine lace at her throat and the little cap with the light-blue bow. Miss Fanny had been a blonde in her youth.

The cordiality of her greeting was unchanged, although she looked so frail. "You dear boy! How good it is to see you again!" I should never cease to be a boy to Miss Fanny.

Miss Charlotte, she assured me, seemed no weaker, although she did not leave her room now. And Mr. Hepworth? We were in the dimly lighted parlor by this time, where the green shutters were drawn to protect the carpet from the afternoon sun. Miss Fanny straightened the tidy on the back of the haircloth rocker.

"You will find him changed—somewhat. He stays in his room a great deal now." Something I could not just define arrested my attention in her voice.

"You mean he is not well?" I asked. The thought of Roger Hepworth as in any way changed sent a pang through me.

She nodded. I saw that she was agitated, yet she summoned the invariable courtesy of her fine smile as she continued:

"Dear Miss Ferry is with us,—you remember her, of course,—and such a delightful little widow, Mrs. Williams,—she has a son in the university,—and Mrs. Day. Professor Day, you know, died last winter. He is very much missed."

A little maid appeared and picked up my bag. I took it from her, she was so small.

"What room have I?" I asked the usual question happily. It seemed like home to be there again. I told Miss Fanny so. She smiled.

"Of course, dear boy, it *is* home." But now that the glow of meeting was past, I seemed to feel something like the encroaching touch of a shadow upon her face.

"Your old room, the east chamber," she directed me.

I started up the half-lighted spiral stairs, telling the little maid that I knew the way. Just before I reached the second landing I became aware of some one coming down, an old gentleman, stepping a little carefully. As we met, he looked at me, yet without recognizing me. There was a faint smile upon his face.

"Why, Mr. Hepworth!" I exclaimed; but he passed me without speaking. I stopped in surprise and looked back, but he had disappeared round the turn of the spiral staircase. Could I have been mistaken? If it was Mr. Hepworth, he certainly was changed, as Miss Fanny had said. An effect of it came to me even through that silent meeting. Then I forgot the impression temporarily in my pleasure over the Wedgwood bowl full of Miss Fanny's sweet-peas on my dressing-table. It was almost tea-time. I had just finished washing in the cracked blue china wash-bowl, and accomplished a change of linen, when I heard the familiar tinkle of the tea-bell.

They were seated when I reached the table. I looked about at the faded, fine old faces, all of a class and generation save the self-conscious, swollen countenance of an overgrown boy, one of the students. This young cub was obviously, piteously out of his element. He was treated by all with a uniform, punctilious courtesy which, while it recognized his claim as a

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member of society, yet definitely held him in his place as a minor. Mr. Hepworth's chair, I instantly noticed, was vacant, and again I had a troubled recollection of his strange, unrecognizing smile. He had always been so cordial with me. Indeed, remote as he had been from my actual life, and formal, in a sense, as our relation had been, he had had a very real influence on my development. Perhaps his sight had become dimmer; yet the light from above had been on my face. Possibly it was his memory that had begun to fail; but that thought was intolerable in connection with the mind of Roger Hepworth, that clear-toned, delicately attuned instrument.

All through the quaintly decorous table-talk I was aware underneath of missing his high-bred, scholarly presence, his cultivated voice, and quiet comments, which were never just what any one else would have said.

We had had our supper by daylight, and lingered talking while the light faded. Miss Fanny did not call for the lamp. They had all drifted away, one by one, except Miss Fanny and myself, when Mr. Hepworth came in. I did not hear his step, and my face was turned toward Miss Fanny, so I did not see him enter, but while I was talking I realized a change in her expression, and then, following the direction of her eyes, I saw him sitting in his place. I exclaimed my pleasure, and started to put out my hand, but something in his face, imperfectly as I saw it, inexplicably arrested that natural impulse.

"Mr. Hepworth, I believe you don't know me in this dim light."

He did not speak even then, but smiled back at me with a curious gravity. That smile gave me the strangest sensation of my life. I glanced in my confusion at Miss Fanny. She was moving her hands about among the teacups, and somehow, at that moment, knocked one over—one of the old Dresden cups. It was an unusual accident for Miss Fanny, whose hands were so deft and careful. I sprang to the rescue, but it was too late; the cup was broken. I could only hand her the pieces.

"I am so sorry!" I exclaimed. Her cheeks were flushed. I knew how she loved the old china. It had been her grandmother's. She never permitted the servants to touch it. She rose while I was expressing my sympathy.

"Accidents will happen. The old cups will last as long as we shall. Shall we go into the garden? The evenings are so warm. We have a beautiful Bermuda lily Mr. Wendell sent us from there." She moved toward the door as she spoke, evidently expecting me to follow her. I hesitated a moment, it seemed so strange not to speak to Mr. Hepworth, and her words had reminded me of the trip to the West Indies he had taken since I had last seen him. I followed Miss Fanny out of the room, however, transferring the question to her as we passed through the hall on our way to the garden. Had he enjoyed it, or had it, perhaps, been too much for him? He had enjoyed it, Miss Fanny thought, very much; but I was aware of some constraint in her voice, and did not pursue the subject. It came to me with a sense of surprise, while we stood in the garden admiring the rose, that she had left Mr. Hepworth to take his supper alone. It was unheard of. Could it be that his mind had become affected? He had not seemed to recognize me. Possibly he did not even know Miss Fanny. I recalled that they had exchanged no words. She was obviously sensitive on the subject. She had evaded my questions. But inevitably such a state of affairs would cause her the keenest suffering. Painful as the idea was to me, it must be vastly more so to her. I decided that she had purposely drawn me away that I might not realize her old friend's infirmity. I must not pain her with any more questions. Later in the evening, however, I brought up the subject to Miss Ferry as she sat before a certain small mahogany table playing her after-supper game of solitaire, as she had done from my earliest recollection of her.

"Mr. Hepworth seems so changed," I said.

She gave me a quick look, but answered a little slowly: "Yes, I felt it, too, when I came back."

"He seems to have failed. I thought he did n't know me." I paused, for I shrank from putting it into the definiteness of words. "Is his memory, perhaps, affected?"

Miss Ferry hesitated. "I don't just understand, myself. We see him so seldom." I looked up startled. "He keeps such irregular hours," she said.

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I wondered about it as I lay awake in the shabby, kindly room, familiar to me even in the darkness, and resolved to try the experiment of speaking to him the next time I saw him. But he did not come either to breakfast or dinner. I spent the morning seeking out old spots and memories, finding the rare consolation of few changes. Here, if nowhere else in this restless country, the mellowing touch of time had not been arrested.

In the afternoon Miss Fanny brought me word that Miss Charlotte would see me. I went up into her cheerful, sunny room a little apprehensively. Even at my last visit a year ago I had felt Miss Charlotte near the borderland. But her quiet, soft old face lightened at the sight of me, and she greeted me lovingly, as Miss Fanny had: "You dear boy!" Then as we talked, or as usual, when I talked and she listened, I realized that she had traveled still farther along that road, and that the affairs of this world, always more or less remote to her simplicity, had almost entirely slipped away from her. It was when I was speaking of the sweetness of seeing them all again, mentioning inevitably Mr. Hepworth,—and instinctively I did not speak of the change in him to Miss Charlotte,—that she made one of her rare responses.

"Dear Mr. Hepworth has been away so long, I have not talked with him since he came back. He passed once through the hall when my door was open, but he did not stop." But I saw that this, to me, extraordinary conduct on the part of their old friend did not seem strange to Miss Charlotte.

At supper Mr. Hepworth's place still being vacant, I ventured to remark upon it to Miss Fanny.

"Mr. Hepworth is not ill? I have not seen him to-day."

"Oh," she answered, her hands busy with her cups, "about as usual." She did not look at me. That was curiously unlike Miss Fanny. "He so seldom comes to the table now."

I exclaimed: "I can't realize it—in connection with him."

She continued a little hurriedly, I thought, "We see so little of him—comparatively—now." Her eyes met mine an instant, and I was aware of something like a cloud across their faded clearness. I had a baffled sense of something less simple behind it all than the sad, but not unusual tragedy of failing powers.

"How you must feel it!" I exclaimed inadvertently.

"Ah, yes"—there was a profundity about her light sigh that touched me inexpressibly;—"but it is such a comfort to have him with us still—at all."

"Of course," I repeated. "One cannot think of the house without Mr. Hepworth."

"Yes," responded Miss Fanny, gravely, —not happily, as she used,—"that is what every one says. So many people, strangers to us, have heard of our little home because of Mr. Hepworth. Sister and I have always been so proud of that." The tremulous suffering in her voice caused me to exclaim how we all loved her, how she *was* the house; but she shook her head. I saw that she preferred it the other way. "And it has meant everything to Charlotte," she added, "just to know that he is in the house."

On our way out of the dining-room I thought I saw Mr. Hepworth passing out of the glass door at the back of the hall opening into the garden. Instinctively I glanced at Miss Fanny. I saw that she had grown paler. She was obviously unnerved. But, then, what could be more painful to contemplate than the gradual disintegration of a mind like Roger Hepworth's?

The next morning, having overslept, I found myself at breakfast *tête-à-tête* with the cub. In a perfunctory conversation he explained his presence in the house: his mother had wanted him to live at Miss Fanny's. His father had been a pupil of Miss Fanny's father, and had lived there. It was beastly hard on him; the fellows all laughed at him for living at an old ladies' home. He evidently expected my sympathy, but he was disappointed. It was a great honor, I told him sternly, to live in the house with Miss Fanny and Mr. Hepworth. The cub stared at me uncouthly. "Mr. Hepworth? Who 's he?"

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that you don't know who Mr. Hepworth is—Roger Hepworth!"

"Oh, I 've heard of him," the cub replied sullenly; "but I don't see what he 's got to do with it."

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Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'MR. HEPWORTH, I BELIEVE YOU DON'T KNOW ME IN THIS DIM LIGHT'"

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"He is the old gentleman who sits next to you," I exclaimed, marveling at his incredible stupidity.

He glanced at the empty chair on his right. "That is Miss Ferry's seat. Oh, on the other side? Why, that place is empty."

I scarcely knew why I prolonged the explanatory conversation, but I continued to enlighten him. "He is n't here very often. He takes his meals usually in his room. But he sat there last evening. He came in after you were gone. You must have seen him about."

The cub stared at me as if I were the one to be marveled at. "I have n't seen any old man about the place at all," he grumbled.

His density was certainly fantastic. "Perhaps you have just come," I suggested, as by way of excusing him.

"Been here two weeks and three days," he recorded with bitter accuracy.

After breakfast I wandered out on the little porch, where Mrs. Day, with some triangular adornment of mingled purple and black and white worsted across her shoulders, was enjoying the morning sun. The bleached bloodlessness of her gentle face was accented to an almost transparent whiteness in the strong morning light by the lavender bow in her cap. The subject of Mr. Hepworth still possessing me, I spoke of him without prelude:

"It is so sad finding Mr. Hepworth so changed. I can't realize it. It does n't seem right. It is the last thing that should have happened to him."

Mrs. Day looked at me with her vague, light-blue eyes. They were surrounded by a network of radiating fine wrinkles, but her high forehead, a curving triangle between thin bands of gray hair, was quite unlined. "Yes, he is sadly changed," she answered.

I lowered my voice so that Miss Fanny could not possibly hear. "Have you noticed anything—well—strange or unusual about his condition?"

I fancied she avoided my eye. "How —strange?" she asked.

"I can't explain exactly; I have n't had a chance to talk with him." She did not help me out. "Have you?" I pursued.

She shook her head. "He has been different," she said at length, "ever since he came back."

"Since he came back?" I repeated. "Oh, from Barbadoes, you mean."

"Yes." She said no more for the moment, then the strangeness of the recollection evidently impelled her to break the mysterious reserve they all seemed to maintain on the subject. "His return was so curious,"—I waited, expectant,— "so unlike him," she concluded.

"How do you mean?" I asked. I felt a sense of suspense, excitement, over the revelation she was about to make.

"Why—" she began, and paused. "It was one evening last May, just coming on twilight. I was walking in the garden with Miss Charlotte—it was while she was still able to walk about—when I happened to look toward the street,—I was standing over there by the strawberry shrub,—and I saw Mr. Hepworth come up the walk and go into the house. At first I thought it could not be Mr. Hepworth because he did not come over and speak to us; then I realized that he might easily not have seen us in the dim light. But Miss Fanny was in the parlor with Miss Ferry at the time, and Miss Ferry said afterward that he passed right up the stairs to his room without stopping at the door to speak to them. I went away the next day,—no, I think it was the day after,—and I have only been back—"

"Had he sent any word?" I interrupted. She looked at me vaguely, her mind undetached from her recollection. "Had he sent word that he was coming back that night?" I explained.

"No, he sent no word. They only heard from him twice, when he first went down there."

"And since your return—" I led her gently back to the thread of her story.

"Since my return, nearly three weeks, now, he has never once spoken to me."

"How tragic! how inconceivable!" I exclaimed. "Why, when I was here last fall he had not failed in any way—indeed, he seemed only to have grown mentally and spiritually."

"He was never more himself than the day he went away," she recalled.

"The trip," I reflected, "must have been too much for him. He was so unused to hurry and rough usage." My mind went mournfully over the various aspects of the subject. "Is he changed in

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his appearance? I have n't really seen him in the light."

"I have n't ever seen him in the daylight, either, precisely," she replied. "He seems usually to go out at twilight."

"He was always fond of a little walk after sundown," I remembered. "Yet he used to take long walks in the early morning, too. Sometimes he would let me go with him." My phrase, unconsciously chosen, expressed, I realized, absolutely one's attitude toward Roger Hepworth. There was a remoteness about him that was not the result of intentional exclusiveness. It would never have occurred to me to suggest accompanying him, yet he was not what one would call unapproachable.

"Yes, he was always fond of you; he often spoke of you," Mrs. Day responded. I perceived a moisture in her faded eyes. How they all loved him!

"We feel it very much, of course, Miss Ferry and I, and I fear dear Miss Fanny suffers deeply. But we have n't liked to speak of it to her, because she seems so reticent about it."

"Yes, I have noticed that, and I have felt the same way," I said. "I have n't liked to question her about it."

The desire grew upon me after that to see him again, face to face, in the daylight, to speak to him, to gage the extent of the change in him. Perhaps we had exaggerated it. And even the fragments of Roger Hepworth's mind must offer more than the unimpaired completeness of others. An opportunity came late that afternoon. As I was strolling in the little garden at the back, I suddenly caught sight of him sitting on the old, wrought-iron seat under the althæa-bushes. I walked over toward him, yet as I came up to the seat and was about to speak, I saw that it was empty. The obvious explanation was that he had caught sight of me, and, wishing to avoid me, had slipped away. Yet it was odd, the possibilities of escape offered by the little garden were so limited. And how unlike him! Well, I would respect his desire for isolation. Perhaps he realized the change in himself. Then I repudiated that thought as too sad. Rather it must be that, like Miss Charlotte, he was loosening gradually, half unconsciously, the cord that bound him to earth. His spirit, perhaps, had already partly gone on before. Yet a sense of strangeness in the little episode, in the whole situation, grew upon me.

The next morning as I was walking along Broad Street I met Maitland coming out of the stationer's. I had thought he was still in the West Indies. He had just come back, he said. We hailed each other joyously, exclaiming loudly upon our luck in happening there together. We might have planned for it forever, and not have accomplished it. We walked on down the street, comparing notes, until we reached the little wooden bridge over the creek at the end of the town. We paused there by unspoken consent to lounge over the railing and throw an occasional pebble into the current as we used to do in the days when the problems of the world were new and untried and tempted discussion. Then the thought of Roger Hepworth came back to me, but just as I would have spoken, Maitland exclaimed: "Dear old Roger Hepworth—I somehow can't realize it! The place can never be the same without him."

"I was just going to speak of it," I said. "It is so unbelievable—the last thing in the world that should have happened to him."

Maitland dropped a pebble softly into a shimmering pool of golden-brown light. "I don't know. I think he would have preferred it so. He was so ripe, so perfect. And surely nothing in life is sadder than a gradual disintegration." He looked up, and the expression on my face evidently conveyed my confusion, for he added, "I mean he would have wished to go out like that, quickly, before his powers had in any way failed."

"What are you talking about?" I gasped.

He gave me a puzzled look. "His death. Is it possible that you did not know?"

I remember in that breathless moment after Maitland's words how loud the gurgle of the little brook was in my ears.

"His *death!*" I echoed.

Maitland looked at me curiously. "You know, of course, that he died down there last May."

"But," I exclaimed when I could command words, "you are mistaken. He is not dead."

Maitland stared at me. "How strange

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that you should not have heard of it! I don't understand. Where have you been? Why—"

"But," I interrupted, "he is *not* dead. It is you who are mistaken. He is at Miss Fanny's."

Maitland glanced at me queerly. "Impossible, old man. I saw him dead. I spoke with him just before he died. He gave me instructions about some papers. It was an epidemic of fever in a little out-of-the-way settlement. I was ill afterward myself. Why, is it possible that people don't know! Perhaps my cable never reached the papers; but—" Then something in my face must have stopped him.

"Nevertheless, he is here in the house," I said. "I have seen him." We looked in each other's eyes; then the mystery of it swept over both of us overwhelmingly.

"You have *seen* him?" Maitland exclaimed in a low tone.

I nodded. "They have all seen him—Miss Fanny, Miss Ferry, Mrs. Day." Then I remembered the cub's answer: "I have n't seen any old man about," and broke off, my mind in a whirl of strange thoughts. "Do you suppose they know?" I said aloud. "Surely they can't, because—" Then I stopped.

"Do you mean"—he felt his way slowly; it plainly seemed so preposterous—"do you mean that they actually believe him to be there—in the flesh?"

"I don't know; that is what I can't understand," I said.

"They talk of him as if he were still there?" he questioned.

I nodded. "But he has never spoken to us," I said.

We looked about at the old landmarks in the quiet September sunshine. "You give me the creeps," said Maitland. He glanced at me hurriedly, then looked away. "If such things can be—how about Miss Fanny's part?"

"That is what I was wondering about," I returned. "She must have discovered. Why should she keep it back?"

"She is the soul of truth," agreed Maitland. "What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied inadequately.

We were both silent for some time, then Maitland turned in the direction of the town. "He left some statement with me about his things. He had something on his mind about them at the last—his memoirs, I imagined. It is what I really came here for. In fact, I was on my way to Miss Fanny's when I met you."

"Oh, must you?" I cried. "Can't she be spared?" I shrank, without analyzing my reasons, from the idea of that interview with Miss Fanny.

Maitland stared at me. "Neglect Roger Hepworth's papers!"

"Of course not," I agreed instantly. "I did not realize. I am a little dazed with it all."

Then a sense of possible recompense in the situation struck me. "Was he unchanged at the last?" I asked.

"He was never more wonderful," Maitland replied solemnly.

A wave of thankfulness swept over me. "What a comfort to know that!"

"Yes, is n't it?" he responded. Then we turned and walked slowly and silently in the direction of the house.

In the shaded parlor when Miss Fanny entered I arranged so that she sat with her back to the dim light as we talked, so that even our loving eyes might not surprise too ruthlessly the revelation in her face. I saw that it was difficult for Maitland to come to the point of his visit, self-conscious as he was with our strange discovery. But at last, clearing his throat, he began:

"Before I leave, dear Miss Fanny, I must arrange with you to go over Mr. Hepworth's papers. I have rather a short allowance of time here, unfortunately."

I did not look at Miss Fanny's face, but I saw, in her lap, her frail, blue-veined hands tremble. It was a moment before she spoke. "Yes, you have always helped him so beautifully with his work."

There was a pause. Maitland looked down into his hat and turned it slowly about. "You know I was with him down there, in Barbadoes"—he paused—"at the last."

The words, one would have said, did not reach Miss Fanny with their full significance, yet there was a strained sound in her voice. "I think he is not in his room now," she began hurriedly. Then, for we had both looked up quickly, involuntarily, at her, she met our eyes. She looked from Maitland to me, then back at Maitland; then her eyes fell, and slowly a dull flush crept up to the roots of her hair. I could

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see it even in the half-light. Then suddenly she sank back in her chair with a little cry, pressing her handkerchief over her face. We both sprang up and went to her; but she put up her hand to ward us off, as if she protected something that we would take from her. I went into the dining-room and poured out a glass of water and brought it to her. After a moment she took it and drank a little. As she handed the glass back to me, her eyes met mine fully, piteously, and I saw that the fine cloud that had obscured their candor had passed.

"He was so a part of the house—of everything," she whispered.

I looked back into her eyes. "I understand," I said.

NOTRE DAME OF ROUEN

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

ROUEN CATHEDRAL FROM THE HILLS ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SEINE

I

FOR the first view of most great cathedrals, the approach should be by road. But there are a few to which one can come by train without fear of loss, and Rouen is one of them. I know that William Morris, a true lover of France and its churches, thought differently, and said so in a letter, written many years ago and since published:

All the roads (or nearly all) that come into Rouen dip down into the valley, where it lies, from gorgeous hills which command the most splendid views, but we, coming by railway, crept into it in the most seedy way, seeing actually nothing at all of it till we were driving through the town in an omnibus.

If the journey is made from Paris, however, the railway also dips down into the valley. The country through which

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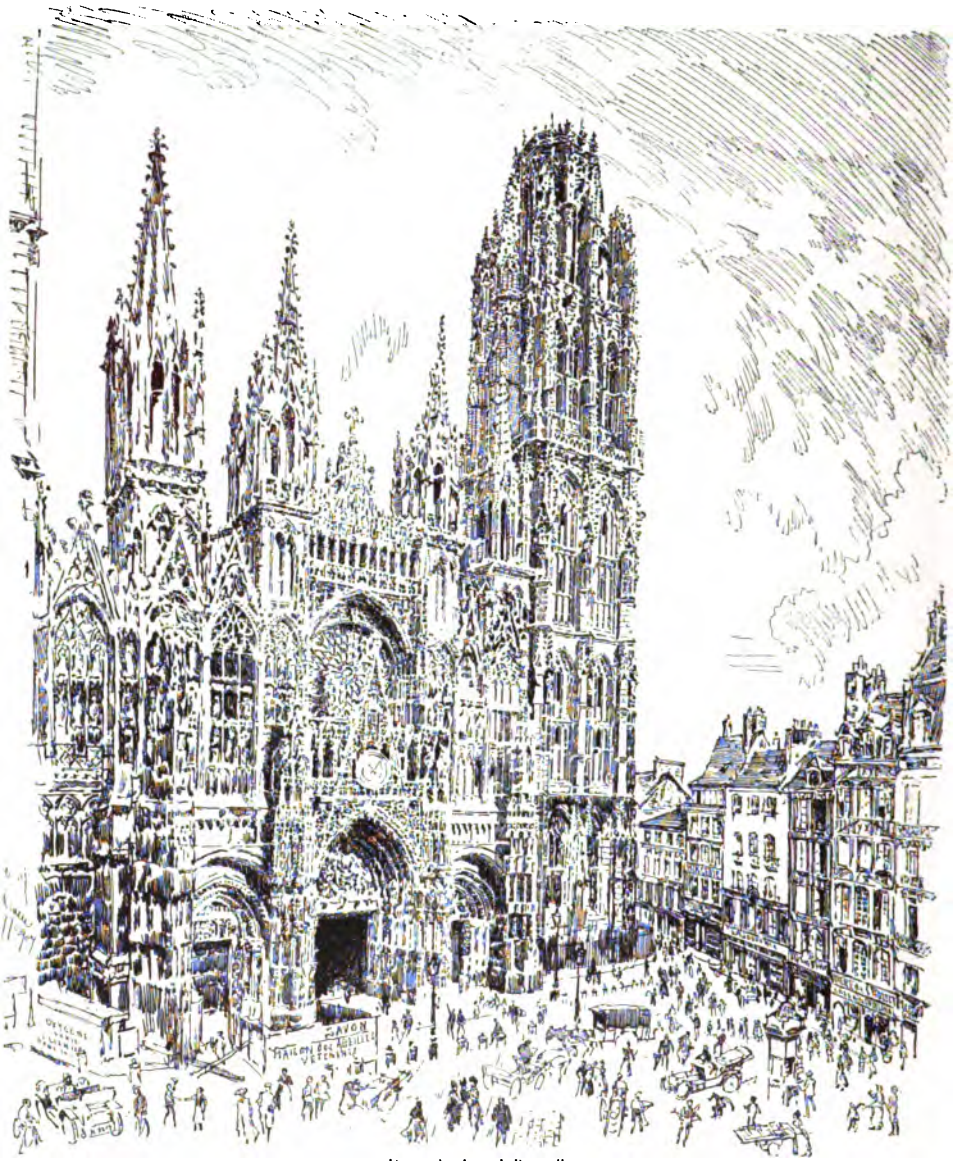

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE WEST FRONT OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL

the traveler has passed hardly prepares him for the moment when, from his carriage window, he looks to the Seine far below, long narrow islands dividing it into two streams, bridges spanning it from shore to shore, a big modern town spreading from it to the low hills on the horizon, and, out of the midst of houses and factories and chimneys, the cathedral towers rising in their beauty. Before he has time for any impression save that of the grandeur of it, or for any criticism of the cast-iron central spire that adds immeasurably to the effect of height, the train plunges into a tunnel, and he does not see the cathedral again until he is almost at the door. Nothing could be more dramatically planned.

Rouen is the most dramatic of cathedrals, not only from the near hills, but when its door finally is reached. If the hour and the way could be deliberately chosen, I should prefer to come to it first toward dusk on a May evening, and from

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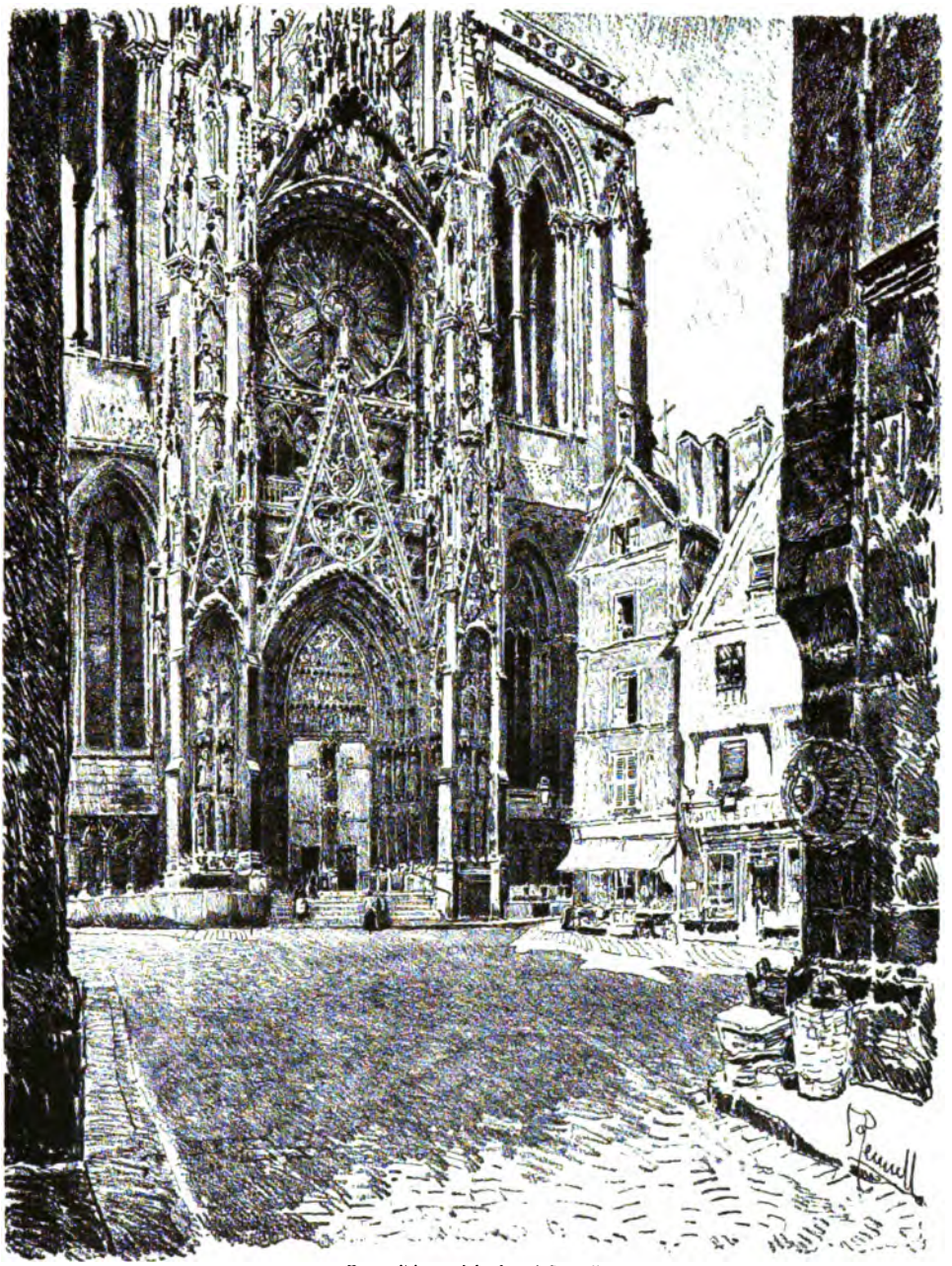

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE SOUTH TRANSEPT PORTAL OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL

the rue de la Grosse Horloge, one of the most historic of Rouen's historic streets, with the old tower of St. Romain, ghostly white in the blue twilight, at the far end. Because the month is May, the cathedral doors will be open, and candles burning on the altar of the Blessed Virgin. On my last visit at this season, the nave, too, was ablaze with light, and it was crowded from end to end; for, as it ever has been and ever will be, to persecute the Church is to stir the faithful to new ardors. Rouen is a big manufacturing town, and, as a rule, piety languishes in the modern

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industrial atmosphere. The Month of Mary is not a service of obligation, but never of old, at the most important ceremony, have I found people assembled in so great numbers and so fervent in prayer. To surprise the cathedral thus in its most intimate devotions, is to see in it something more than a monument existing by the care of the state and for the curiosity of the tourist. It helps one then to understand, better than when you study it, guide-book in hand, why its builders made it beautiful and why its history is one of all the tears and laughter of Rouen since it became Christian, until now, when statesmen would have it cease to be Catholic. The interior is never so solemn as at this hour, the great piers and arches in shining light leading the eye straight to the fires of the altar, while choir and chapels are lost in the shadowy space beyond, where the white columns loom dimly, and the priest, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, passes and disappears as the acolyte's little bell tinkles faintly and ever more faintly into silence. The mystery of the sanctuary colors and deepens the beauty of the vast church.

Daylight gives less mystery, but intensifies the drama of the architecture, which is in no cathedral so overwhelming. Even Fergusson, chary with his enthusiasm, describes the west front as "a romance in stone." Even Ruskin, quick to detect uselessness in ornament, describes the central door as "the most exquisite piece of pure flamboyant work existing." The whole façade is an incredibly flamboyant array of sculpture and statues, tier above tier, of niches and canopies, gables and pinnacles, arcades and traceries open to the sky; and it is unlike all other west fronts, with its turrets and spires, and with its two towers, set beyond the aisles and the doors, adding to the effect of width and size, the difference in their design increasing the magnificence of the architectural confusion.

One cannot go further back in the architectural records of the cathedral than the base of the Norman tower of St. Romain to the north; one comes to the end of fine Gothic in the Tour de Beurre—the Butter Tower—to the south. Some think that it also marks the end of the people's piety, because it was paid for from the dispensations granted to the weak who could not do without butter in Lent, the reason for the name. But the Church, which insisted upon sacrifice of some kind in the season of penance, was merely exchanging a light for a heavier one, and again proving its wisdom by the alternative. All Rouen might have gone butterless, and there would be nothing to show for its abstinence; but to the sacrifice of its purse was raised as monument one of the loveliest towers in the world.

The transept doors blossom as luxuriantly into decoration. The apostles are grouped about the southern portal, Portail de la Calende, as if summoned to bear witness to the truth of the story of Christ told in the tympanum above; at the northern portal,—the Portail des Libraires,—St. Romain, with Gargouille, who is own sister to Tarasque of the Midi, presides over nothing more serious than the capricious fancies of the most capricious genius who ever carved in stone. On a series of little panels about the door, acrobats tumble, strange monsters play on violin and lute, mermaids balance on their curling tails, dogs gnaw and worry their bits of bone, grotesques upon grotesques reach up as far as the eye can follow, while, from near niches, Mary and Martha, Geneviève, Apolline, and Mary of the Desert, look on, as they have for centuries, and smile the pleasantest, gayest smile ever copied by the medieval sculptor from the smiling models who posed to him as saints. High steps descend from the Portail de la Calende to the *place*, where a flower-market is held to this day. The long, narrow court leading to the Portail des Libraires was once filled with the shops of the booksellers, who gave it the name, and whose tradition still lingers, if feebly, in the little shop where one can buy holy pictures and picture post-cards. In no French town does one realize better than at Rouen that the French cathedral was not, like the English, shut off from the life of the people, but belonged to them, theirs to use as they would. They made their home, they did their work, under its shadow. It was a national edifice before it became a historical monument. It should be respected as the symbol of democracy, and the endeavor is to destroy all traces of association between cathedral and people. There is rejoicing when the old houses and hovels that propped themselves up against

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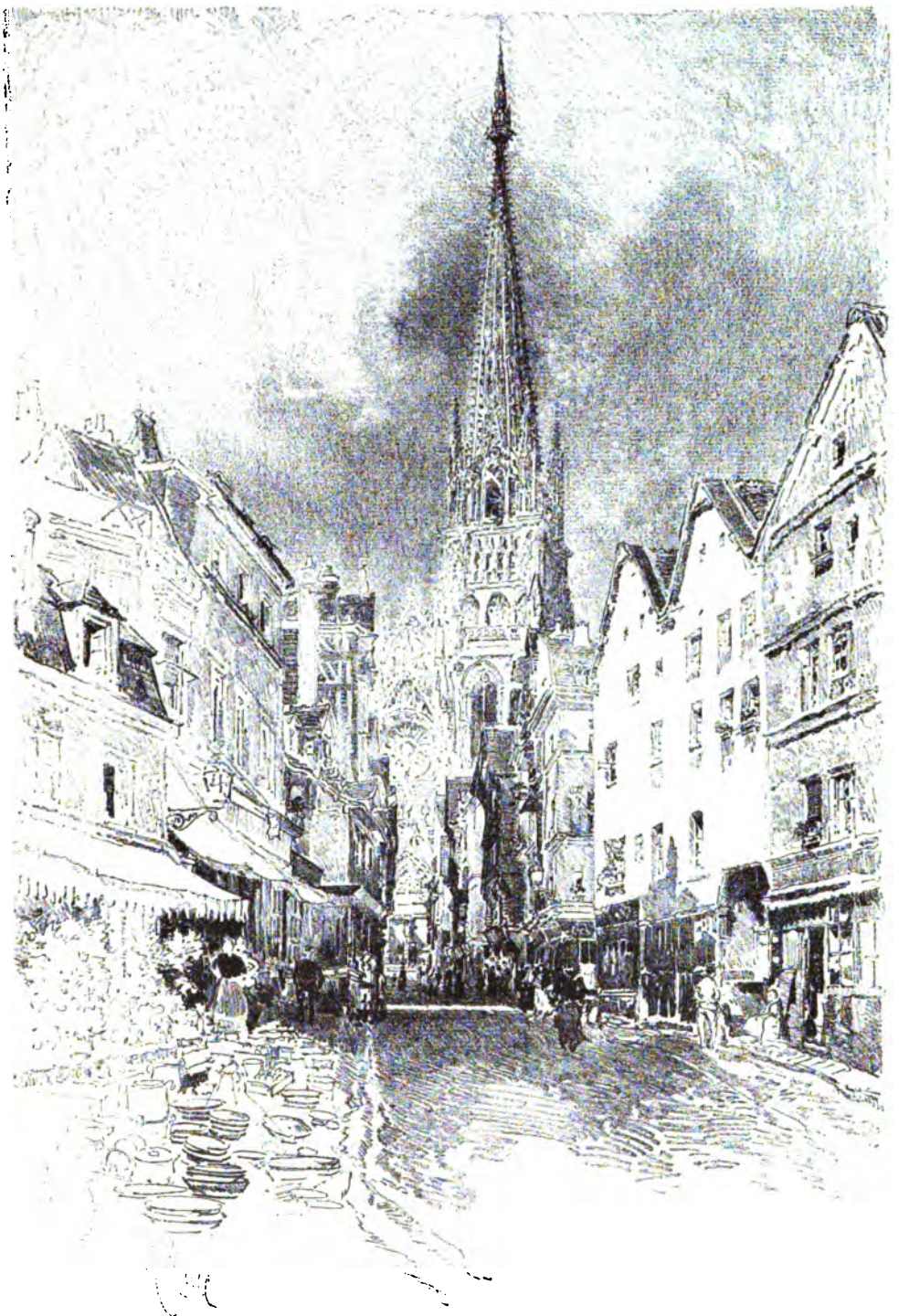

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE MARKET-PLACE, SHOWING THE CENTRAL TOWER OVER THE TRANSEPT

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its walls, or shoved themselves in between its buttresses, are cleared away, and yet they did honor to the Church, which could gather to itself all who were weary and heavy laden with poverty. Besides, their picturesque value more than counterbalances the architectural loss. I do not suppose anybody except the restorer would be eager to reduce to neatness and order the one old corner that remains in the Place d'Albane, to the north of the nave, as it is sure to be in the course of time. Now when one enters through an archway by the tower of St. Romain, he sees a little timbered, gabled house comfortably attached to, and protected by, the old eleventh-century stonework, and, opposite, the remnant of the old cloisters with, above, an amazing medley of stone wall, timbers, dormer windows, and waving tiled roof, and here and there flowers blooming gaily on a window-sill. When I last saw the *place,* it was inclosed by a wooden fence and was used as a workshop for the masons who were restoring the west front behind a huge screen of scaffolding, which I should rather keep there forever than exchange for the old stone done up to meet the restorer's ideal of finish.

The interior, in its architecture, is simpler than the exterior, for it was built mainly in the more austere thirteenth century. But the piety of the people kindled it into warmth, and, though time with its changes and revolution with its brutalities have stripped it barer than it should be, it is still rich in the incident that fills a great church with color and life and variety—the incident of chapels and shrines and tombs, of stained glass and sculptured stones and carved stalls. I cannot remember, even in Italy, statelier and nobler tombs than those in the Lady Chapel of Rouen, where, on one side, in a sculptured recess, the two cardinals of Amboise kneel with priestly dignity, their hands clasped in prayer, their robes spread out behind them in official splendor; and, on the other, the Duke of Brézé is seen above, in armor, sitting gallantly astride his horse, while below, between his wife, Diane of Poitiers (bent in the grief royalty was to comfort), and the Madonna with the Child in her arms, he reappears, lying on his shroud, naked, shorn of all earthly goods, in the poverty that Death, whose supreme gift is equality, brings alike to the rich and to the poor. The monument is said to be the work of Jean Goujon, and it most likely is. There are other tombs, some older, all of interest, but none quite so fine as these two.

Usually, a cathedral has some one point which distinguishes it from all others—the choir heights at Beauvais, the windows at Chartres, the nave at Amiens, the clustered towers at Laon. But the distinction of Notre Dame of Rouen is, if anything, its many-sidedness. It has everything a cathedral should have—beauty of architecture, beauty of incident, beauty of history, beauty of sanctity, beauty of picturesqueness. Within and without, it is as inexhaustible in interest as the west front is in ornament.

II

THE cathedral does not put its surroundings to shame. Rouen is a town of much history, and also, as Mr. Henry James has said, of "much expression." To Ruskin it was one of the three centers of his life's thought; to William Morris, one of the greatest pleasures he ever had, such a hold did it take upon him, with its mingled history, beauty, and romance, which it still keeps in evidence for a later generation. It does not let one forget, if one would, the Norman pirates who stormed its gates, or the French and English kings who made it their battle-ground, or, above all, the Maid who saved France and who found her reward in the flames kindled at Rouen. One is reminded of its great and stirring past not only by the statues set up in public places and the names given to streets and squares, but by the ancient and picturesque aspect of the town. In spite of Haussmann, it has not entirely wiped out the signs and marks of age. It is astonishing that a big, busy manufacturing center should have preserved so many relics of its less practical days. Narrow streets, shut in by tall houses, gabled and timbered, are by no means the exception. The visitor cannot escape them for long in his walks through the town. Even in my hotel, I could not mount or descend the stairs without looking from the windows on a confused pile of ancient, battered, time-stained masonry, almost within reach. Everywhere one comes upon old buildings that, each in itself, might make the fame

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. OUEN, SHOWING
THE TOWER OVER THE TRANSEPT

of a bigger place: the Palais de Justice, flamboyantly imposing; the Hôtel du Bourgthéroulde, with the sculptured story of the Golden Fleece told upon its wall; the donjon of Philip Augustus, the oldest in France, with tragic memories of Joan of Arc, whose name it now bears; the cloisters of St. Maclou, where grass grows peacefully over those who perished of the pest centuries ago, and where, on the inclosing gallery, the wood-carver leads Death through the awful measures of his medieval dance—the *Danse Macabre;* the square of the Haute Vieille Tour, with the chapel where every year the canons of the cathedral set one criminal free in the name of St. Romain; the Grosse Horloge, the town's time-keeper for ages. A step from the boulevards, with their trams, from the quays with their cafés, from the new markets and latest shops, and one is in the heart of medievalism.

Old customs also linger. The first evening I came back to my hotel from the Month of Mary, a bell from the belfry of the Grosse Horloge began to ring, and rang for fifteen minutes. I asked the *patron* what it was. "The belfry bell," he said.

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"Yes; but why is it ringing?"

He looked surprised. "It 's nine o'clock," was his only answer.

It was quite natural to him that, when the clock struck nine, the belfry bell should ring for no better reason than because it always has rung thus during a thousand years and more.

To me it is more astonishing that so much of the religious past should survive not only in tradition, but in solid stone. Rouen is a city of churches. One stumbles upon them at every turn. The abbey church of St. Ouen is only second to the cathedral, though, when one recovers from his disappointment before the rigid and mechanical west front of the nineteenth-century vandal, and steps inside, he would hesitate to call it second. It is unusually empty of incident. It may be that the monks were the careful guardians the present sacristan would make them out, and that they allowed nothing to take away from the simplicity of the architecture; it is quite certain that a church could hardly be anything but empty after the Protestants of the sixteenth century had swept through it like a cyclone, and the Republicans of the eighteenth had made of it a smithy; but a church never stood less in need of incident. The slender shafts of its columns rise straight from floor to roof, unbroken by capital or ornament, with a simplicity that is the charm throughout. A tremendous effect of height is thus obtained. One is not overwhelmed by it, as in the choir at Beauvais; one feels only the great grace, the perfect balance, of a well-proportioned design. "Its proportions bring tears to the eyes," Mr. James has written of St. Ouen, and after this Fergusson's praise of it as "the most beautiful thing of its kind in Europe" seems lukewarm. The exterior has a loveliness we associate with English rather than with French churches, for the transepts and apse are surrounded by a garden of shady walks and many flowers. It is a place to idle away a spring morning in, looking to the walls that seem built of glass, to the bewildering arrangement of buttresses and pinnacles, and, higher, to the lantern that Ruskin's abuse cannot make anything but beautiful in its lightness and delicate elaboration. While one looks at the beauty created by the monks of Rouen, children are playing round the statue of Rollo, who ruled its fortunes, the air is filled with the fragrance of wallflowers and lilacs, and the stately avenue is all abloom with the horse-chestnuts that, in their sweetness and beauty, are neither of heathendom nor of Christianity, but of all time.

St. Maclou is third in size, but in no other respect, for it has an individuality that puts it in a place apart. It is original in its name, which is that of a Scotch saint, though no authority I have consulted seems to know just who he was or what he is doing as patron of a French parish. Better still, it is original in its architecture, for though it may be classified as flamboyant, neither its architect nor any other of the fifteenth century ever again built a church quite like it. He rounded the west end so that it looks almost like another apse; he squandered the wealth of his, and his sculptor's imagination, grave and gay, on the three great portals and their wooden doors; he filled the interior with the same flamboyant exuberance, adding a spiral stairway to the organ-loft that could not be excelled for grace and lightness; and made it, within and without, so beautiful and so complete that the central spire of the modern restorer cannot ruin it, nor the high winds of Rouen, sweeping traceries and pinnacles to the ground, altogether deface it.

Rouen's old churches do not end with St. Maclou. St. Godard, St. Eloi, St. Vincent, St. Patrice—all have some rare beauty of architecture or painted windows, of tapestry or carving. One may find bits of the most primitive churches of all, if one goes far enough; no one can miss the beautiful remains of the old abbey of St. Amand, or the tower of St. André, or the walls of closed, dishonored St. Laurent, where, just outside, in a little green space, the statue of Flaubert helps one to remember that the associations of Rouen do not end with Norman barons and Gothic architecture.

From these many churches, from Rouen's other famous monuments, one comes back to the cathedral to find that it loses nothing by the comparison; that it unites in itself the beauty scattered among them, that it is ever the center of interest, as of the town. There is nothing they give that it does not offer in double measure.

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From a photograph by Mayall. Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

ALFRED TENNYSON, BORN AUGUST 6, 1809, DIED OCTOBER 6, 1892

Dr. Henry van Dyke has stated that the photograph from which this portrait was made was preferred by the poet, Lady Tennyson, and their son, to any other that had been made at the time of his visit to Tennyson, in August, 1892.

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MR. CARTERET'S ADVENTURE WITH A LOCKET

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

MRS. ASCOT-SMITH knew that Mr. Carteret had been attentive to Miss Rivers, but she had never known how attentive. She never suspected that Miss Rivers had refused him. Her belief was that the girl had not enjoyed the opportunity. If she had known the facts, she would not have invited Mr. Carteret to Chilliecote Abbey when Miss Rivers and Captain Wynford were there. Yet the presence of Miss Rivers and Wynford was not the reason that Mr. Carteret gave himself for declining the invitation. He did not dread meeting Miss Rivers; she was nothing to him but a mistake and an old friend. Whether she married Wynford or some other man, it was the same to him. The affair was over. He even had it in mind to get married before very long, if only to prove it. Such a mood absorbed him as he walked down the passage to the smoking-room with Mrs. Ascot-Smith's note crumpled in his hand. His eyes looked straight before him and saw nothing. Behind him there followed the soft, whispering tread of cushioned feet, and that he did not hear. Perhaps it was not because he was absorbed that he did not hear it, for it was always following him, and he had ceased to note it, as one ceases to note the clock ticking. But as he sat down, he felt the touch of a cold nose on his hand and one little lick. He glanced down, and looked into the sad, wistful eyes of the wire-haired fox terrier. With this, Penwiper dropped gravely upon the floor, gazing up adoring and mournful, yet content. Mr. Carteret was used to this idolatry, as he was used to the patter of the following footsteps, but on this occasion it provoked speculation. It occurred to him to wonder how in a just universe a devotion like Penwiper's would be repaid. Then he wondered if, after all, it was a just universe. If so, why should Penwiper have that look in his eyes? He got up presently and took the newspapers. He was annoyed with himself and annoyed with Penwiper. It was the dog that called up these absurd ideas. The dog was irrevocably associated with Miss Rivers, for he had given her Penwiper as an engagement present, and when the affair ended, she had sent him back. He ought not to have taken him back. He felt that it had been a great mistake to become interested again in Penwiper, as it had been a great mistake to become interested at all in Miss Rivers. He continued to peruse the newspapers till he found that he was reading a paragraph for the third time. Then he got up and went out to the stables.

MARCH was drawing to a close, and with it the hunting season, when there dawned one of those celestial mornings that are appropriate to May, but in England sometimes appear earlier. It brought to the meet five hundred English ladies and gentlemen, complaining that it was too hot to hunt. In this great assemblage Mr. Carteret found himself riding about, saying good morning, automatically inquiring of Lady Martingale about the chestnut mare's leg, parrying Mrs. Cutcliffe's willingness to let him a house, and avoiding Major Coper's anxiety to sell him a horse. He was not aware that he was restless or that he threaded his way through one group after another, acting as usually he did not act, until Major Hammerslea

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asked him if he was looking for his second horseman. Then he rode off by himself, and stood still. He had seen pretty much everybody that was out, yet he had come upon none of the Chilliecote party. However, as he asked himself twice, "What was that to him?"

A few minutes later they jogged on to covert and began to draw. A fox went away, the hounds followed him for two fields, then flashed over and checked. After that they could make nothing of it. The fox-hunting authorities said that there was no scent.

At two o'clock they were pottering about Tunbarton Wood, having had a disappointing morning. The second horsemen came up with sandwich-boxes, and, scattered in groups among the broad rides, people ate lunch, smoked, enjoyed the sunshine, and grumbled at the weather, which made sport impossible. And then the unexpected happened, as in fox-hunting it usually does. Hounds found in a far corner of the wood, and disappeared on a burning scent before any one could get to them. Instantly the world seemed to be filled with people galloping in all directions, inquiring where hounds had gone, and receiving no satisfactory answer. Experience had taught Mr. Carteret that under such conditions the most unfortunate thing to do is to follow others who know as little as one's self. Accordingly he opened a hand gate, withdrew a few yards into a secluded lane, pulled up, and tried to think like a fox. This idea had been suggested by Mr. Kipling's Gloucester fisherman who could think like a cod. While he was thinking, he saw a great many people gallop by in the highway in both directions. He noted Major Hammerslea, who was apt to be conspicuous when there was hard riding on the road, leading a detachment of people north. He noted Lady Martingale, who liked fences better than roads, leading a charge south. And following Lady Martingale he noted Captain Wynford. Apparently, then, the Abbey people were out, after all. "Perhaps Mrs. Ascot-Smith will turn up," he said to himself, and he followed Wynford with his eyes until he was out of sight, but saw neither Mrs. Ascot-Smith nor any one else who might have been under his escort.

After a while there were no more people going by in either direction. Then he lit a cigarette.

"If I were the hunted fox," he said to himself, "I think I should have circled over Crumpelow Hill, and then bent south with the idea of getting to ground in Normanhurst Wood. I 'll take a try at it."

He rode off down the lane to the eastward, riding slowly, for there was no hurry. If he was right, he would be ahead of the fox. If he was wrong, he was miles out of it. So he jogged on up and down hill, and smoked. He rode thus for about two miles when his hope began to wither. On every side stretched the green, rolling country fenced into a patchwork of great pastures. In the distance, to the south, lay the brown-gray mass of Normanhurst Wood. The landscape was innocent of any gleam of scarlet coat or black figure of horseman on hilltop against the sky. "I 'm wrong," he said half-aloud. "I guess I could think better as a codfish than as a fox."

A moment later he saw fresh hoof-prints crossing the lane in front of him, and it burst upon him that his theory was right, but that he was too late. A dozen people must have crossed. They had come into the lane through a hand gate, and had jumped out over some rails that mended a gap in the tall, bushy hedge. Beside the hoof-prints was the evidence of a rail that was freshly broken. He contemplated the situation judicially.

"How far behind I am," he said to himself, "I do not know; whether these people are following hounds or Lady Martingale I do not know: but anything is better than going down this interminable lane." So he put his horse at the place where the rail was broken. The next instant, the horse, which was overfed and under-exercised, jumped high over the rail, and jammed his hat against an overhanging bough, and, on landing, ran away. When Mr. Carteret got him in hand, they were well out into the field, and he began to look along the farther fence for a place to jump out.

In doing this he noticed at the end of the long pasture a horse grazing, and it looked to him as if the horse was saddled. He glanced around, expecting to see an unhappy man stalking a lost mount, but there was no one in sight. So he rode toward the horse. As he came nearer he

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Drawn by C. F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SHE WAS NOT DEAD. HE REALIZED IT WHEN HE BENT OVER HER"

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saw that the saddle was a woman's. The horse made no attempt to run away, and Mr. Carteret caught it. One glance showed him that there was mud on its ears, mud on its rump, and that one of the pommels was broken. Immediately, although he had never seen horse or saddle before, a strange and unreasonable apprehension seized him. He felt that it was Miss Rivers's horse; and yet his common sense told him that the idea was absurd. She was probably not even out hunting. Nevertheless, he opened the sandwich-box strapped to the saddle and took out the silver case. It bore the inscription S. R. from C. C. If he could believe his eyes, the thousand-to-one chance had come off.

He looked about him dazed. There was no one in sight.

"It must have happened back a way," he said half-aloud, "and the horse followed the hunt."

Mounting, he led it by its bridle-reins, and began to gallop toward the place where the fence had been broken. Once he questioned his haste, but did not check it. Approaching the broken rail, he began to pull up when his eye caught something dark upon the grass close to the hedge.

One look, and he saw that it was a woman and that it was Sally Rivers. She was lying on her back, motionless, her white face looking up, her arms at her sides, almost as if she were asleep. The apprehensive intuition that had come to him at the sight of the broken saddle came again and told him that she was dead. It must be so. That afternoon they were in the grasp of one of those terrible pranks of fate that are told as strange "true stories." But she was not dead. He realized it when he bent over her and took her pulse. It was reasonably strong. The injury was obviously a concussion, for her hat lay beside her, crushed and torn off by the fall. Her breathing, though hardly normal, was not alarming, and it seemed to be growing deeper and more peaceful even as he watched. There were indications that she would come to presently. After all, it was only such an accident as happens almost daily in the hunting countries. It was nothing to be alarmed about. As the strain relaxed, he became aware of its tensity. He was limp now, and shaking like a leaf, and then the question put itself to him, Was this because he had found a woman that he believed dead or because that woman was Sallie Rivers? There was only one honest answer. He made it, and in his inner heart he was glad.

Nevertheless, he still protested that it was absurd, that the affair was over. Even if there were no Wynford, he knew that she would never change her mind; and, then, there was Wynford. Even now he was sitting beside her only because her eyes were sightless, because she herself was away. When she came back, it would be trespass to remain. He was in another's place. It was Wynford who ought to have found her.

If he could have stolen away he would. But that being impossible, he fell to watching her as if she were not herself, but a room that she had once lived in—a room, delightful with associations and fragrant with faint memory-stirring perfumes. And yet, after all his argument, it was her very self that was before him. There was the treasure of her brown hair, with the gold light in it, tumbled in heaps about her head; there was the face that had been for him the loveliness of early morning in gardens, that had haunted him in the summer perfume of clover-fields and in the fragrance of night-wrapped lawns. There was the slim, rounded figure that once had brought the blood into his face as it brushed against him. There were the hands whose touch was so smooth and cool and strong. Presently he found himself wiping the mud from her cheek as if he were enacting a ritual over some holy thing. He looked around. No human being was in sight. The afternoon sun shone mildly. In the hedgerow some little birds twittered pleasantly, and sang their private little songs.

Suddenly she opened her eyes. She looked up at him, knew him, and smiled.

"Hello, Carty," she said in her low, vibrant tones. A thrill ran through him. It was the way it used to be.

"You 've had a bad fall," he said. "How do you feel?"

A little laugh came into her eyes. "How do I look?" she murmured.

"You 're coming out all right," he said; "but you must n't talk just yet."

"If I want to," she said slowly. Her eyes laughed again. "If I want to, I 'll talk."

"No," said Mr. Carteret.

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"Hear him boss!" she murmured. She looked up at him for a moment, and then her eyes closed. But it was not the same. The lashes lay more lightly, and a tinge of color had come into her cheeks. He sat and watched her, his mind a confusion, a great gladness in his heart.

In a little while she opened her eyes as before. "Hello, Carty," she began, but Mr. Carteret's attention was attracted by the sound of wheels in the lane. He saw an old phaëton, driven by a farmer, coming toward them.

The man saw him, and stopped. "Is this the place where a lady was hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret. "How did you know?"

"A boy told me," said the farmer.

"I see," said Mr. Carteret.

At first she was independent and persisted in walking to the trap by herself. But as they drove off, she began to sway, and caught herself on his arm. After a moment she looked at him helplessly; a little smile shone in her eyes and curved the corners of her mouth. At the next jolt her head settled peacefully upon his shoulder. Her eyes closed. She seemed to be asleep.

They drove on at a walk, the led horses following. The shadows lengthened, the gold light of the afternoon grew more golden. They passed through the ancient village of Tibberton and heard the rooks calling in the parsonage trees. They passed through Normanhurst Park, under oaks that may have sheltered Robin Hood, and the rooks were calling there. In the silent stretches of the road they heard the first thrushes and the evening singing of the warblers. And every living thing, bird, tree, and grass, bore witness that it was spring. For two hours Mr. Carteret hardly breathed. He was riding in the silver bubble of a dream; a breath, and it might be gone. At the Abbey, perforce, there was an end of it. He roused her quietly, and she responded. She was able to walk up the steps on his arm, and stood till the bell was answered. When he left her in the confusion inside she gave him her hand. It had the same cool, smooth touch as of old, but its strength was gone. It lay in his hand passive till he released it. "Good night," he said, and hurrying out, he mounted his horse and rode away. He passed some people coming back from hunting, and they seemed vague and unreal. He seemed unreal himself. He almost doubted if the whole thing were not illusion; but on the shoulder of his scarlet coat clung a thread that glistened as the evening sun fell upon it, and a fragrance that went into his blood like some celestial essence.

When he got home, the afterglow was dying in the west. The rooks were hushed, the night was already falling, and the lamps were lit. As he passed through his hallway, there came the touch of a cold nose and the one little lick upon his hand. "Get down, Penwiper," he said unthinkingly, and went on.

That week, before they let her see people, Mr. Carteret lived in a world that had only its outward circumstances in the world where others lived. He made no attempt to explain it or to justify it or yet to leave it. Several of his friends noticed the change in him, and ascribed it to the vague abstraction of biliousness.

It was a raw Sunday afternoon and he was standing before the fire in the Abbey library, when Miss Rivers came noiselessly, unexpectedly, in. Mrs. Ascot-Smith, who was playing piquet with the major, started up in surprise. Miss Rivers had been ordered not to leave her room till the next day.

"But I 'm perfectly well," said the girl; "I could n't stand it any longer. They would n't so much as tell me the day of the month." Then for the first time she saw Mr. Carteret. "Why, Carty!" she exclaimed. "How nice it is to see you!"

"Thank you," he answered. Their eyes met, and he felt his heart beating. As for Miss Rivers, she flushed, dropped her eyes, and turned to Mrs. Ascot-Smith.

"My dear young lady," said the major, impressively, as he glanced through his cards, "it is highly imprudent of you to disobey the doctor. Always obey the doctor. I once knew a charming young lady"—

"I hope I 'm not rude," she interrupted, "but I might as well die of concussion as die of being bored."

"But you had such a very bad toss, my dear," said Mrs. Ascot-Smith.

"What one does n't remember, does n't trouble one," observed the girl. "In a sense it has n't happened." She paused

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and then went on with a carelessness that was a little overdone: "What did happen, anyway? The usual things, I fancy? I suppose somebody picked me up and brought me home."

Mr. Carteret's face was a mask.

"But you remember that!" exclaimed Mrs. Ascot-Smith.

"I don't remember anything," said Miss Rivers, "until one evening I woke up in bed and heard the rooks calling in the park."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ascot-Smith, "you said good-by to him in the hallway, and thanked him, and then you walked up-stairs with a footman at your elbow."

"That is very strange," said Miss Rivers. "I *don't* remember. Who was it that I said good-by to? Whom did I thank?"

Mr. Carteret walked toward the window as if he were watching the pheasant that was strutting across the lawn.

Mrs. Ascot-Smith folded her cards in her hand and looked at the girl in amazement. "Mr. Carteret found you in a field," she said, "not far from Crumpelow Hill and brought you home. You said good-by to him."

At the mention of Mr. Carteret's name the girl's hand felt for the back of a chair, as if to steady herself. Then, as the color rushed into her face, aware of it, she stepped back into the shadow. Mrs. Ascot-Smith continued to gaze. Presently Miss Rivers turned to Mr. Carteret, "This is a surprise to me," she said in a voice like ice. "How much I am in your debt, you better than any one can understand."

He turned as if a blow had struck him, and looked at her. Her eyes met his unflinchingly, colder than her words, withering with resentment and contempt. Mrs. Ascot-Smith opened her cards again and began to count mechanically: "Tierce to the king and a point of five," she muttered vaguely. Her mind and the side glance of her eyes were upon the girl and the young man. What did it mean? "A point of five," she repeated.

Mr. Carteret hesitated a moment; he feared to trust his voice. Then he gathered himself and bowed to Mrs. Ascot-Smith. "I have people coming to tea; I must be off. Good night." His impulse was to pass the girl with the formality of a bow, but he checked it. With an effort he stopped. "Good night," he said and put out his hand. Her eyes met his without a glimmer of expression. She was looking through him into nothing. His hand dropped to his side. His face grew white. He went on and out. As the door closed behind him he heard Mrs. Ascot-Smith counting for the third time, "Tierce to the king, and a point of five."

He reached his house. In his own hallway he was giving orders that he was not at home when he felt the cold nose and the one little lick, and looking down, he saw the sad eyes fixed upon his. He went down the passageway to the smoking-room, and the patter of following feet was at his heels. He closed the door, dropped into a chair, gave a nod of assent, and Penwiper jumped into his arms.

When he could think, he constructed many explanations for the mystery of her behavior, and dismissed them successively because they did not explain. Why she should resent so bitterly his having brought her home was inexplicable on any other ground than that she was still out of her head. He would insist upon an explanation, but, after all, what difference could it make? Whatever reason there might be, the important fact was that she had acted as she had. That was the only fact which mattered. Her greeting of him when she first opened her eyes, the drive home, the parting in the hallway, were all things that had never happened for her. For him they were only dreams. He must force them out into the dim region of forgotten things.

On the next Tuesday he saw her at the meet—came upon her squarely, so that there was no escaping. She was pale and sick-looking, and was driving herself in a pony trap. He lifted his hat, but she turned away. After he had ridden by, he turned back and, stopping just behind her, slipped off his horse. "Sally," he said, "I want to speak to you."

She looked around with a start. "I should prefer not," she answered.

"You must," he said. "I have a right—"

"Do you talk to me about your right?" she said. Her gray eyes flashed.

He met her anger steadily. "I do," he replied. "You can't treat me in this way."

"How else do you deserve to be treated?" she demanded fiercely.

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"What do you mean?" he said.

"You know what I mean," she retorted. "You know what you did."

"What I did!" he exclaimed. "What have I done?"

"Why do you act this way, Carty?" she said wearily. "Why do you make matters worse?"

He looked at her in perplexity. "Don't you believe me," he said, "when I tell you that I don't know what you mean?"

"How can I believe you," she answered, "when I have the proof that you do?"

"The proof?" he echoed. "What proof?"

His blank surprise shook her confidence for an instant. "You know well enough," she said. "You forgot to put back the violet."

"The violet?" he repeated. "In Heaven's name what are you talking about?"

She studied his face. Again her conviction was shaken and she trembled in spite of herself. But she saw no other way. "I can't believe you," she said sadly.

He made no answer, but a change came over his face. His patience had gone. His anger was kindling. It frightened her. She summoned her will and made an effort to hold her ground. "Will you swear," she said—"will you swear you did n't open the locket?"

Still he made no reply

"Nor shut it?" she went on. She was pleading now.

"Sally," he said in a strange voice, "I neither opened nor closed nor saw a locket. What has a locket to do with this?"

She looked at him blankly in terror, for suddenly she knew that he was speaking the truth. "Then what has happened?" she murmured.

"You must tell that," he said.

"I only know this," she began: "I wore a locket the day of the accident. There was a flower in it." The color began to rise in her cheeks again. "When I came to, the flower was gone, so I knew the locket had been opened."

For a moment he was speechless. "And you treat me as you have," he cried, "on the suspicion of my opening this locket!"

She made no answer.

He laughed bitterly. "You think of me as a man who would open your locket!"

Still she made no answer.

His voice dropped to a whisper, "O Sally! Sally!" he exclaimed.

"There are things on my side!" she said protestingly at last. "You can't understand because you don't know what was in the locket."

"I could guess," he said.

She went on, ignoring his remark: "And you have no explanation as to how it was opened and closed again. What am I to think?"

"Sally," he said more gently, "is n't it possible that the locket was shaken open when you fell and that the people who put you to bed closed it?"

"My maid put me to bed," said the girl; "she says the locket when she saw it was closed."

"Then perhaps the flower was lost before, and you had forgotten," he suggested.

She shook her head. "No," she answered, "the maid found the flower when she undressed me. She gave it to me when I came to. That is how my attention was called to it."

"Then strange as it seems," he said calmly, "the thing must have jarred open, the flower dropped out, and the locket shut again of itself. There is no other way."

"Perhaps," she said.

"Perhaps!" he repeated. "What other way could there have been?"

"There could n't have been any other way," she assented, "if you say you did n't see it when you loosened my habit."

He looked at her in amazement. "Loosened your habit?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "you loosened my habit when I was hurt."

"No," he answered.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you did n't loosen and cut things?"

"Most certainly not," he replied.

"But, Carty," she exclaimed, "some one did! Who was it?"

Just then Lady Martingale rode up to inquire how Miss Rivers was recovering, and Mr. Carteret mounted and rode away. The hounds were starting off to draw Brinkwater gorse, but he rode in the opposite direction toward Crumpelow Hill. There he found the farmer who had brought them home. Through him he found the boy who had summoned the farmer, and from the boy, as he had hoped, he discovered a clew. And then he fell to

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wondering why he was so bent upon clearing the matter up. At most it could only put him where he was before the day of the accident. It could not make that drive home real or change in her utterances what she had said that afternoon. She would acquit him of prying into her affairs, but beyond that there was nothing to hope. Everything that he had recently learned strengthened his conviction that she was going to marry Wynford. It was a certainty. Nevertheless, from Crumpelow Hill he rode toward the Abbey.

It was nearly four o'clock when Miss Rivers came in. He rose and bowed with a playful, exaggerated ceremony. "I have come," he began, in a studiedly light key, "because I have solved the mystery."

"I am glad you have come," she said.

"It is simple," he went on. "Another man picked you up, and put you where I found you. Your breathing must have been bad, and he loosened your clothes. Probably the locket had flown open and he shut it. Then he went after a trap. Why he did not come back, I don't know."

"But I do," said Miss Rivers.

He looked at her warily, suspecting a trap for the man's name. He preferred not to mention that.

"I know," she went on, "because he has told me. He did come back part way—till he saw that you were with me."

Mr. Carteret looked at her in surprise.

"More than that," she went on, "he did close the locket, and, after thinking about it, he decided that it was best to tell me. If he had only done so before!"

"I see," said Mr. Carteret. He did not see at all, but it was a matter about which he felt that he could not ask questions.

"You know," she said, after a pause, "that the man was Captain Wynford."

"Yes," he answered shortly. His tone changed. "Wynford is a good man—a good man," he said again. "I can congratulate you both honestly." He paused. "Well, I must go," he went on. "I 'm glad things are right again all round. Good-by." He crossed to the door, and she stood watching him. She had grown very pale.

"Carty," she said suddenly, in a dry voice, "I 'm not acting well."

He looked back perplexed, but in a moment he understood. She evidently felt that she ought to tell him outright that she was going to marry Wynford.

"In treating you as I did," she finished, "in judging you—"

"You were hasty," he said, "but I can understand."

She shook her head. "You can't understand if you think that there was only a flower in the locket."

"Perhaps I have guessed already that there was a picture," he said—"a picture that was not for my eyes."

She looked at him gravely. "No," she said, "you have n't guessed. I don't think you 've guessed; and when I think how I misjudged you, how harsh I was, I want you to see it. It is almost your right to see it." Her hand went to her throat, but he shook his head.

"It pleases me," he said, "to be made a confidant, but I take the will for the deed. If there is anything more you might wish that I would say, imagine that I have said it—congratulations, good wishes, and that sort of thing; you understand." His hand was on the door, but again she called him back. She paused, with her hand on the piano, and struggled for her words. "Carty," she said, "once I told you that it was all off, that I never could marry you—that I should never marry any one. You 're glad now, are n't you? You see it is best?"

"Would it make you happier if I said so?" he replied.

"I want to know the truth," she said.

"I am afraid the truth would only hurt you," he answered.

"I want the truth," she said again.

"It is soon told," he said; "there is nothing new to tell."

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"Is n't it clear?" he answered. "Do you want to bring up the past?"

"You love me?" she asked. He could hardly hear, her voice trembled so.

He made no answer, but bowed his head.

When she saw, she turned, and, throwing her arms along the piano, hid her face, and in a moment he heard her crying softly.

He paused uncertainly, then he went to her. "Sally," he said.

She lifted her head. She was crying

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still, but with a great light of happiness in her face. "There is no Captain Wynford," she sobbed. "If you had looked in the locket—" A laugh flashed in her eyes.

And then he understood.

THEY were standing close together in the mullioned window where three hundred years before a man standing on the lawn outside had scrawled with a diamond on one of the little panes:

If woman seen thro' crystal did appere
One half so loving as her face is fair

And a woman standing inside had written the answering lines:

Were woman seen thro', as the crystal pane,
Then some might ask, nor long time ask in ——

The rhyme word was indicated by a dash, but neither the tracings of those dead hands, nor the ancient lawns, nor the oaks that had been witness, did these two see. When many things had been said, she opened the locket.

"You must look now."

"I will," he said. As he looked, his eyes grew misty. "Both of us?" he whispered.

"Both of you!" she answered. And it was so, for in the corner of the picture was Penwiper.

IMITATION IN MONKEYS

BY MELVIN E. HAGGERTY

WITH PICTURES OF MONKEYS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY MR. E. R. SANBORN, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

POPULAR literature abounds in stories of the imitative tendency of monkeys. Doubt as to the scientific truthfulness of such anecdotes was raised by Professor Thorndike's experiments, which failed to reveal any imitative ability on the part of the three monkeys which he studied. His work, and that of succeeding investigators, has been set forth in a recent article[1] by Professor Robert M. Yerkes, and need not be repeated here. It is sufficient to note that experimental evidence, as produced by Thorndike, Kinnaman, Hobhouse, and Watson, has been of a conflicting nature. It leaves the question still unsettled, and strongly suggests the need for further investigation. Within the past year the writer has conducted a series of experiments the aim of which was to further the solution of the imitation question. Specifically, the aim has been to discover if monkeys learn to do things by seeing other monkeys do them.

My work began in the psychological laboratory of Harvard University in 1908. Jack and Jill arrived in Cambridge one November day, and took up their abode in the animal room of the laboratory. They had been purchased in New York, and all concerned were delighted to find them fine specimens of Cebus monkeys, apparently about three years old. This is the genus with which we are all familiar as consorts of organ-grinders.

Jill was happy from the start, and on the third day would sit on my knee and eat her banana out of my hand. Within a short time she would ride on my shoulder as I walked about the laboratory, thus being sure to keep near whatever food I might have in my hand. Jack, however, was more cautious, never coming near unless Jill was preceding him, and retreating whenever he got his food. His favorite position was sitting on the floor of the cage, with Jill sitting in front, and his arms clasped tightly about Jill's body. When Jill moved, Jack would start nervously and try to keep close to her, never once taking his sparkling brown eyes off

[1] See "Imitation among Animals," by Professor Yerkes in the July CENTURY.

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the persons in the room. Gradually, however, his fears wore off, and with Jill he went curiously about the cage, biting at every piece of wood, and poking his fingers into every crack and cranny. A small tree was placed in the cage, and the animals could then stretch their tails by wrapping the tip-end around a branch and suspending their whole weight from the limbs, a performance apparently as enjoyable to the monkeys as swimming is to the average boy.

The animals did not like to be separated. Jack was especially concerned when Jill came out to get food and he was left alone. Often when alone he would utter a shrill, piercing sound, a veritable bark. This was much unlike their usual noises of whistling and crying, and I took it to be a danger-signal, for Jill never failed to climb the cage, window, or anything else near her, when the cry was given. Even when, after a day's fast, she was greedily eating her banana, it would be left with startling suddenness, and she would make no delay until she was at the highest point in the room. She never looked about to discover the danger for herself and never ran on the floor. Her action was always an impetuous scramble to get *up*. She never remained up long, and often came down immediately. I never heard her utter the cry. Jack sometimes gave it when she was out of sight, but again when she was in plain view and when there was no disturbance in the room. In the wild state, such a cry is probably the signal that some enemy is near, and when given, all that hear it scud to the tree-tops as the place of greatest safety.

After a few weeks in the laboratory, Jill acquired a pugnacious attitude toward certain persons, usually strangers. I first noticed it one day when the expressman called to leave a package. He entered without noticing her, and when he turned to leave, she was on a cage which he must pass in going to the door. Her mouth was open, her teeth showing, and her body was drawn into a crouching attitude, as if about to spring. I intervened, for fear she might bite or scratch him; she was of course incapable of doing serious harm. A day or two later she behaved in the same way toward the laboratory mechanic who came in to do some work. As he went toward the door, her fury increased like that of a dog after a retreating enemy. I began to suspect there was more of bluff than fight in her behavior, and my doubts as to her courage were fully justified a few days later. Experiments were over for the day, and Jill was having her freedom about the room, to the delight of the several persons present. A stranger entered the room. She was at the opposite end, and on top of a six-foot cage, when he entered. She immediately prepared for war, and her scolding and threatening began. She advanced toward him with short leaps, which grew shorter as she neared him. Her scolding increased; her hair became erect; her lips drew back; her keen teeth were ready to bite, and although her jumps shortened, her anger increased. Suddenly she leaped from the cage toward him (most men would have dodged or struck, but this man did neither) and landed plump upon his chest. Instantly her harsh cries became more like the purr of a cat, and her hand found its way to his jeweled tie-pin and on up to his mustache. They were to be friends!

One of the happiest days in Jill's laboratory experience was the day I hung a rope in the experiment cage. It was an inch rope suspended from the top. Jill leaped to it from the wire side of the cage, and grasped it with hands, feet, and tail. As she swung, pendulum-like, back and forth, her eyes were bright and the corners of her wide-open mouth were drawn back as if she were trying to laugh. It was evidently the expression of delight, and although she uttered no sound, it came nearer to a laugh than I have seen on any other animal except the apes. Ever after, the swing was a favorite bit of sport for her.

Jack never assumed the bluffing attitude toward persons, and he never learned to climb the rope during his life in Cambridge. The animals always seemed hungry, though they were fed each day with a good supply of raw peanuts, sunflower seed, apples, and bananas. Cornmeal mush, meat scraps, milk, and hard-boiled eggs were given occasionally. Meal worms were a delicacy offered for good work.

As soon as the monkeys were accustomed to their new home, I began some preliminary experiments. The desire to get food was used as a motive to induce them to work, about as constant a motive

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with a Cebus monkey as one can well imagine.

A somewhat detailed account of the first regular experiment will set in relief the method which I used. The first experiment cage was approximately three by four by six feet. The back and one end were of boards, while the front and the other end

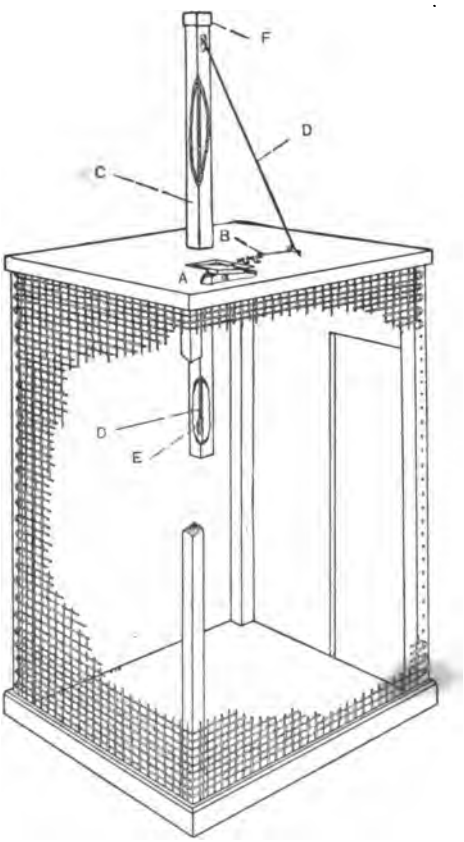

DIAGRAM OF THE FIRST EXPERIMENT CAGE

A, trap-door; B, device to hold door closed; C, chute; D, string, the pulling of which opened the trap-door; E, piece of iron fastened to the end of the string; F, cap covering top of chute.

were of mesh wire. In the top of the cage, near the wire front and the wire end, was a door four inches square which opened inward, and was held shut by a device on top of the cage. At a point in the top, nearer the board end and the back, a hollow chute two and a half inches square projected perpendicularly into the cage about two feet. From the device which held the door shut, a string passed to the chute, and hung down on the inside to within four inches of the bottom. The top of the chute was covered so that no light could come through. In order to secure food, the monkey must leap from the wire part of the cage to the chute, and, while holding to it, must thrust a hand up inside and pull the string, thereby releasing the small door in the top of the cage and allowing the food which had been placed on it to fall to the floor. He must then descend to the floor to get the food.

To give the monkeys a fair chance to learn the act, each was tried alone for thirty minutes a day for several days. Jack was first put into the cage on January 4. Within a few minutes he had jumped to the chute, but he took no notice of the end of it. On the second trial, his random leaps so jarred the cage that the food-door in the top of the cage dropped open and the peanuts fell to the floor. He ate the nuts and then climbed the wire. Holding with his feet, he reached the swinging door with his hands, and thrust his head up through the opening. He had made one necessary association on the road to solving the problem: he knew where the food came from. On January 8 he made more progress. He was active about the cage, and on his seventh leap to the chute he threw his head and shoulders downward while hanging by his tail and feet. He looked up the chute; then up went a hand, and a moment later there came a vigorous pull which opened the trap, and the peanuts rolled on the floor of the cage. Down he went for the food, and I thought Jack had learned. However, I was too generous in my interpretation, for during the remaining twenty minutes he played about the cage, jumping to the chute twenty times, but never once displaying the slightest indication that he knew of an opening in the end of it. It required three more days for him to learn to satisfy his hunger by pulling the string. On January 20 he operated the mechanism ten times in twenty-seven minutes. I then counted him to have learned the trick.

Jill was not so fortunate. She had her first experience in the experiment cage on January 7, and being hungry, she scolded and chattered most of her thirty minutes. Despite her impatience, she searched the floor for food and climbed the wire, but I could not tell that she even looked at the

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JACK. *CEBUS LUNATUS*, THREE YEARS OLD
He solved three of the problems alone; the other four he learned by imitation.

chute. For eleven days she repeated this behavior, during the later days scolding much less and examining the cage more. Every corner and crack on the floor, sides, or top of the cage that could be reached was explored by Jill's curious nose and fingers. Yet in all the fifteen half-hours, on as many different days, Jill paid no attention to the chute. So impossible did it seem that in her vigorous activity she should leap all about the cage, almost directly past the chute at times, and never once jump to it, that on January 23 and January 24 I called in other observers to verify my reports. On these days her behavior was the same, and we were all agreed that it was not probable that Jill would learn of her own accord. We were also agreed that the conditions were excellent to test whether Jill could learn from Jack.

Accordingly, on January 25, I placed the two animals in the cage together. Jack was quick at his work, and with great dexterity he set the copy for Jill seven times within a few minutes. Jill saw the entire performance twice and in part at least four other times. Jack was then removed from the cage, and Jill was left alone for thirty minutes. I quote here from the notes for the day: "After a few minutes of climbing about, Jill looked up at the chute from the floor; she stood on her feet, lifted her body and face upward, climbed the side of the cage as if she were making straight for the side of the chute, but she did not jump across. During the remainder of the interval there was no evidence that Jill was influenced by what she had seen."

Jack was again placed in the cage and allowed to operate the mechanism. Each time Jill got food, and at times took all of it. Twice again she saw the entire performance and four times saw it in part. Jack was then removed. During the thirty minutes that followed there was not the slightest thing to indicate that the performance of Jack had influenced Jill.

These imitation tests were repeated on sixteen different days. Jack operated the device a total of two hundred and fifty-three times, two hundred and four of which Jill saw entire. On no day did she see the entire performance fewer than three times nor oftener than twenty times, and after each day's observation she was given thirty minutes. The nearest approach to imitation was on February 6. After Jack was taken out, she climbed the cage near the chute. Holding with feet, tail, and one hand, she threw her head and body out from the cage, extending the free hand as if reaching for the chute. She did not jump. Poor stupid Jill would apparently have starved to death with a load of bananas on top of the trap-door, and

JACK GETTING FOOD IN THE CHUTE EXPERIMENT

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NO. 4. *CEBUS FATUELLUS;* FEMALE, EIGHT YEARS OLD

The "boss" of a large cage full of monkeys and very strong. This animal was so quick in movement that it was impossible to get a clear picture of her.

only a leap to make and a string to pull to drop them into the cage.

If one should come fresh from reading some of the current stories which tell of the imitative habits of animals and how "monkeys are the most imitative creatures in the world," to an observation such as I have recorded, he would doubtless be surprised. I myself, as hour after hour I watched Jill's indifference to the means of getting food, could hardly believe it credible that she should not perceive the relation between her hunger and the so apparent means of satisfying it. Nothing in her behavior, however, led me to believe that she would have learned from Jack if she had seen him do it a thousand times.

Yet the experiment might not have been quite fair to Jill. Imitative as human beings are, they do not imitate everything they see. Before one could set Jill down as thoroughly stupid, he should present to her the opportunity for imitation under other conditions: he should give her various other problems and devices. This I was about to do when, on entering my laboratory one day, I found Jack doing not as the fabled hero of childhood, who preceded his beloved mate down the hill to destruction, but, alive and well, standing by the prostrate form of Jill. She had died in the night.

The loss of Jill at this time was a serious handicap. Nothing could be done without getting more monkeys. Another pair was obtained by purchase from New York, but neither of them was in good condition, and only one of them was retained. The situation was somewhat discouraging. My year was nearing an end; I had obtained but few results. The best animal was dead, and the new one was a poor specimen. Then a bit of good fortune came along. Through Professor Yerkes, arrangement was made with Dr. Hornaday whereby the investigation could be continued during the summer at the New York Zoölogical Park, where there were monkeys in abundance.

In order to make the most of the facilities at the park, it was necessary to have the apparatus well prepared beforehand. Accordingly, the next few weeks were spent in devising and constructing a new experiment cage.

The new cage was slightly smaller than the old one. The frame was made in sections and put together with bolts. The front and one end were covered with galvanized mesh wire; the back and the other end were covered with twelve-inch, half-tongued boards, placed vertically. These boards were fastened to the frame by bolts with wing-nuts, and could therefore be

NO. 4 PUSHING BACK THE BUTTON IN THE BUTTON EXPERIMENT

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easily removed. The mechanical devices which were to be used as problems for the monkeys to solve were adjusted in separate boards. The cage was made ready for an experiment by removing one of the plain boards and substituting in its place a board containing a device. In all, there were seven problems, which I designated as follows: chute experiment B, rope experiment, paper experiment, screen experiment, plug experiment, button experiment, and string experiment.

Chute experiment B was a modification of the device used in the chute experiment A, which I have already described. The food-door, instead of being in the top of the cage, was placed inside the chute. A feeder, which was operated by the experimenter's pulling a string, was adjusted so that it would drop food to the trap-door in the chute. The animal could get this food by leaping to the chute, thrusting a hand up inside, and pulling the string.

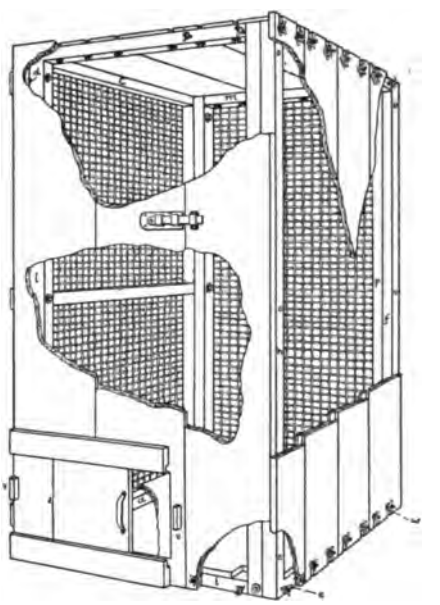

DIAGRAM OF THE NEW CAGE

For a description see page 548-9

For the rope experiment, an opening two inches square was cut near the top of one of the boards at the back of the cage. Into this opening was fitted a door which was hinged to open outward, and which, when closed, was flush with the inside of the board. Before this door a rope was suspended from the top of the cage to the floor. Outside the door was food. The monkey could get food by climbing the rope and pushing open the food-door.

For the paper experiment, an opening about seven inches square was cut in the end board so near the floor that the monkeys could reach it easily when standing upright. On the outside of this board was adjusted a door, in the center of which was a circular opening two inches in diameter. The food-box was fastened to the outside of this door below the opening. With the door open, a sheet of ordinary letter paper was laid over the opening in the board, and the door was then closed upon it. In this way the opening and the food behind it were obscured by the paper. The monkey could get the food by tearing the paper away from the hole.

This same device, with the paper omitted, was used for the screen experiment. The hole in the food-door was obscured by a wooden screen, which was adjusted on the inside of the board. The screen was arranged to slide up and down in a frame. In order to reveal the opening, it must be pushed up at least eight inches. The only way the animal could do this when standing on the floor was to place his hands flat against the screen and give an upward push.

For the plug and button experiments an opening was made in the back of the cage, near the floor, and near the wire end. It was covered by a slide door adjusted on the outside of the board. The door was glass, and the monkeys could see the food on the outside of the cage. In the plug experiment, a string, attached to the slide door, passed down underneath the cage and up the corner post opposite the door. The end of the string was fastened to a plug which fitted into a hole from the inside, half-way up this post. The animal could open the door by pulling out this plug. He could then get food by going to the door.

In the button experiment the slide door was opened by a wooden button on the inside of the cage and about thirty-six inches from the door. From the back of this button a string passed out through an opening and along the back of the cage to the door. The button was near enough to the floor for the monkeys to reach it easily. To open the door, the button, which was fastened to the board by a bolt at the top,

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NO. 5. *CEBUS CAPUCINUS;* FEMALE, SEVEN YEARS OLD

She was an old inhabitant of the Park, always hungry, always working to get food, afraid of persons, but her record in learning was equal to that of Jack's.

must be moved to the right through an arc of about 30 degrees.

The apparatus for the string experiment was arranged as follows: Strings were dropped from the top of the cage downward along each of the corner posts to within eight inches of the floor. In a similar manner three other strings were dropped from the top along the back of the cage. In the back of the cage near the bottom was a circular opening two inches in diameter. On the outside of the cage was a small chute, the bottom of which was on a level with the circular opening in the cage. In this chute was a trap-door to which could be attached any one of the strings which hung on the inside of the cage. It was originally intended that the experiment could be varied by attaching the several strings in succession. In the actual carrying out of the experiments, there was time for using only one string. Food was supplied to the trap-door by the feeder used in the chute experiment B. When the monkey pulled the string, the food dropped to the bottom of the chute and rolled into the cage through the circular opening.

The seven problem devices which have just been described were perfected only after extended preliminary experimentation with the two monkeys in the old cage. Provisional devices were set up, and the monkeys were given opportunity to manipulate them. As a result of observations on their behavior, the devices were improved and adjusted in the new cage. When all was complete, the new cage and the two animals, each of which had been trained to get food in one or another of the experiments, were shipped to New York. Thanks to the generous interest of Dr. Hornaday, director of the park, it was possible to continue the investigation under exceedingly favorable circumstances.

From the large number of monkeys in the Primates' House, eight were selected for the investigation. Five of these were Cebus monkeys similar to Jack and Jill, and three were Macacus. The latter is an Old-World genus embracing about twenty-five species. They are larger than the Cebus, have short thumbs and nonprehensile tails. They are strong, very vigorous, and less inclined to be tamed.

The method of experimentation was as follows: First, a monkey was given an opportunity to solve a problem by itself. For this purpose it was put into the experiment cage, fifteen minutes at a time, on five successive days. In case it did not learn to get food alone, it was given an opportunity to see another monkey manipulate the device. After this, it was given another opportunity to do the trick alone. The imitator was given ten minutes after

NO. 5 GETTING FOOD IN THE PLUG EXPERIMENT

She has just pulled the plug, which hangs down the post in the new cage.

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NO. 6 GETTING FOOD IN ROPE EXPERIMENT
He has just pushed open the door in the new cage.

the other had been removed. In case the monkey still failed to get food, this imitation test was repeated. No monkey was counted to have failed until it had seen an act performed a hundred times and was still unable to do it alone. During all this procedure, both in the preliminary trials and in the imitation tests, a careful record of the monkey's behavior was made.

In this manner experiments were continued for ten weeks. The monkeys were given hundreds of tests, and the records of their behavior amounted to thousands of words.

At the beginning of the experiments I tried to keep an open mind; but in spite of my efforts, I found myself anticipating negative results. Professor Thorndike's monkeys had failed to learn by imitation, Jill's behavior had confirmed his reports, and soon after I reached New York, there came to my hand the report of Professor Watson's work at the University of Chicago, in which he declared "without the slightest hesitation" that in his experiment on monkeys there was "never the slightest evidence of inferential imitation." However, I was determined to try the case out, to give the monkeys another chance to exhibit their intelligence, and, if they failed, to pile up yet more evidence on the negative side.

It came as a surprise, therefore, when, within a week, No. 3 learned to get food in the paper experiment by watching Jack. The first-named monkey had had his five preliminary trials, and the paper had remained untouched. Then Jack was put into the cage. When Jack tore the paper and got food, No. 3 saw him. The paper was replaced, and Jack tore it again; No. 3 became more attentive. The next time Jack tore it, No. 3 went to the paper. In the eleventh performance No. 3 helped tear the paper, and after the thirteenth he bit a hole in the paper and got food.

A few days later Jack learned to get food in the rope experiment by watching No. 3. Then followed two cases of imitation in the plug experiment, and two more in the rope experiment. But I was still skeptical. A few isolated cases might be merely accidental, and might not denote any general imitative ability on the part of the monkeys. All of the cases so far had been delayed imitation; it had required successive performances of one monkey before the imitator finally succeeded.

NO. 6 TEARING PAPER IN ORDER TO GET FOOD

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NO. 11. *MACACUS RHESUS;* MALE, THREE YEARS OLD

He was very vigorous, learned to get food in the chute experiment by watching No. 4, and was a good fighter.

I resolved to try the chute again, and with this experiment I was led to believe that the imitative tendency in monkeys was very deep-seated.

No. 4 was a large, vigorous, female Cebus monkey. She was given her preliminary trials, during which she gave no attention whatever to the chute. Then to make sure that she did not merely follow her companion about the cage and to the chute, she was placed inside a wire-covered observation box. This box was set on the floor of the experiment cage. Jack was set free in the cage to get food. No. 4 was alert, for he was a stranger to her. Whenever he moved, she jumped at the side of her box, as if to get hold of him. Jack was frightened; he shrank into a far corner of the cage, and squeezed himself into the smallest possible space. It was so for an hour. If Jack moved, No. 4 jumped, and Jack always retreated. Once something outside the cage attracted her attention; when her head was turned away, Jack gave one leap to the front of the cage and another to the chute. Like a flash he swung down, pulled the string, and dropped to the floor. No. 4 turned her head just in time to see him grab up a peanut and retreat to his corner. She was frantic to get out of the box, and Jack was so frightened that he did not go to the chute again during the morning.

Late in the afternoon the test was repeated; Jack was hungry, and went at once to the chute. No. 4 was all attention. She did her best to get out of the box. When Jack had obtained food, he was taken out, and No. 4 was released from her box. At once she climbed the wire front and leaned toward the chute. She quickly drew back, and descended to the floor. She climbed the wire end of the cage opposite the chute, and, throwing her head and shoulders toward it, caught hold of the lower part of it. She swung loose from the wire, caught the rungs in her feet, wrapped her tail about the chute, threw her head down, looked up the inside of the chute, and thrust up a hand. The iron rattled against the chute, and her arm gave a vigorous jerk. The peanuts fell upon her chest and then to the floor. All of this occurred within forty seconds from the removal of Jack. She repeated the performance a dozen times as rapidly as she could eat the food.

My conversion to a belief in the ability of monkeys to learn by imitation soon received further justification, for, shortly after, two other monkeys duplicated the behavior of No. 4, and No. 11 learned to get food from the chute by a process of gradual imitation.

What I mean by "gradual imitation" may be illustrated by the behavior of No. 13 in the string experiment. No. 5 had been taught to pull the string to get food from

NO. 13. *MACACUS CYNOMOLGUS;* MALE, FOUR YEARS OLD

He was very attentive to other animals, a good fighter, imitated in the chute experiment and in the string experiment; a very intelligent monkey.

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the circular opening. After No. 13 had failed to solve the problem in his preliminary trials, he was allowed to see her pull the string. During the first tests he was confined, as No. 4 had been in the case of the chute. After four tests he still failed when left alone in the cage. He was then put into the experiment cage with No. 5. The two animals were strange to each other, and No. 13, being the larger, was inclined to follow No. 5 about the cage, punishing her as opportunity offered. Because of this, he was usually near No. 5 when she pulled the string, and often frightened her away before she could get the food. After she had been removed, No. 13 repeatedly searched the food-opening, and worked alternately with the three strings nearest it. He seemed to have associated the strings with the getting of food. No. 5 was put back into the cage, and was allowed to get food again. No. 13 was even more attentive than formerly. After No. 5 had been removed, No. 13 worked more continuously at L and at the strings. He now singled out string 2 from the others. He seized the knob at the end of the string in his hands, he pounded it against the board, carried it up the wire, and pounded it against the knobs attached to the other strings. Frequently during this behavior he dropped the string and searched L for food. He had advanced one step in his learning: it was not strings that were associated with the getting of food, but a particular string. The only possible explanation for this centering of attention on a particular string was that No. 13 was imitating the act of No. 5.

NO. 13 PULLING THE STRING AND GETTING FOOD

His tense position indicates the eagerness with which he worked.

Imitation, however, was not yet perfect. No. 13 withdrew up the front of the cage, and, perching upon a brace, sat looking at L and the string. He seemed puzzled. He went to the floor and sat down in front of L, looking intently, but he did not touch the string or the opening. Again he perched on the brace and looked at the string and at L. Again he went to the floor and sat in front of the food-opening. Quite deliberately he looked the situation over. Then in the same deliberate manner he looked up to string 2, took hold of the knob in his left hand, and gave a steady and vigorous pull. The food dropped to the bottom of the chute, and his right hand shot into the opening and pulled it out. He ate the food, and immediately pulled the string again. Then for fifteen minutes he sat before L and got food. He never forgot the trick. Such ability to learn by watching the behavior of other monkeys must be of great importance in the normal life of primates, and goes far to account for the high position that they hold in the scale of animal intelligence.

That the tendency of monkeys to learn by imitation is deep-seated, is shown by the total results of my investigation. No one of the seven experiments failed to yield at least one case of imitation. Four of the experiments yielded imitation, successful or partly successful for every animal given the full series of tests. The other three gave a total of five failures. As a whole, the investigation yielded sixteen cases of successful imitation, three of which were immediate.

Of the eleven animals used, all but two

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exhibited imitative behavior. Seven of them were successful in each experiment in which they were used.

Jack vied with No. 5, a female Cebus, for the best record, but lost because he failed to learn the string experiment alone, and time did not permit his being given the imitation tests. No. 5 solved three of the problems alone or with slight help from me, and learned the other four by imitation. Four other animals imitated at every opportunity, but they cannot be compared with the two above because they were given fewer tests.

The monkeys exhibited five levels of imitative behavior, which may be summarized as follows: (a) simple arrest of attention; (b) following; (c) reaction to locality; (d) reaction to an object; (e) exact repetition in detail of an act witnessed.

By the "simple arrest of attention" I mean that the monkeys watch one another. One animal walks across the floor of the cage or climbs a pole, and another animal looks in its direction. That monkeys manifest this sort of reaction requires no extended experimentation to prove. Every moving object, and much more every moving monkey, catches their attention.

A level of social response more advanced than mere *looking* is *following*. Closely akin to this is behavior of the sort in which one animal performs an act, and another animal at once repeats the act. It requires but little observation of monkeys to show that the tendency to imitate in this way is present. Not one of the species which I have studied failed to follow, and there were cases in which the monkeys repeated the act of another when it was unaccompanied by any profitable result.

More complicated than looking or following is what I choose to call reaction to locality. It often happened that one monkey would go to a certain part of the cage, get food, and go away. Another monkey which had observed this behavior would then go to that portion of the cage and hunt about, but would not attack the button, string, or plug necessary to get the food.

It denotes a level of behavior distinctly higher when the observing monkey not only goes to a certain locality, but attacks a particular object in that locality. In the rope experiment, No. 4 climbed the rope after she had seen Jack get food. She looked all about that portion of the top of the cage. She smelled about the edges of the food-door. She put her hand on the door, and rubbed it up and down. She did not, however, push on the door to open it. Here the particular object was singled out, but the exact movement was not repeated.

Of a distinctly higher grade would seem to be the behavior of No. 3 in the button experiment. That animal had failed during his preliminary trials to move the button or to be interested in it. After seeing another monkey push the button in the imitation test, he went to it, and, seizing it in his hand, gave a vigorous push to the right, just as he had seen the other monkey do. Here we have exact repetition in detail of the act witnessed.

In conclusion, let me indicate in what direction such investigations lead. The experimental movement which has characterized the last quarter-century of human psychology has, within ten years, been rigidly applied to the study of the psychic life of animals. The animal mind, hitherto a region of myth and a field for human fancy, has been subjected to severe experimental conditions, with a view to determine accurately what it involves. Studies have been made on the senses, on memory, on the power of association, on the presence of ideas, and on the ability to learn by imitation. Activities in the field have become so numerous that animal psychology may fairly be termed a current scientific movement, a movement in which American universities are holding a foremost place.

As yet, to be sure, the amount of established data is not large, and the data concerning almost any single animal or any single problem is very meager. In view of this scantiness of established facts, most investigators in the field are somewhat chary about hazarding opinions as to what are the psychic accompaniments of any kind of animal behavior. I feel this hesitancy about making any psychic interpretation of the behavior which I have witnessed. I am content at present with the more modest task of describing the behavior of the monkeys, of indicating the levels of perfection of imitative behavior which they exhibited, and of setting forth the conditions under which imitation took place.

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PAINTINGS FROM THE "EXHIBITION OF THUMB-BOX SKETCHES" SHOWN AT THE

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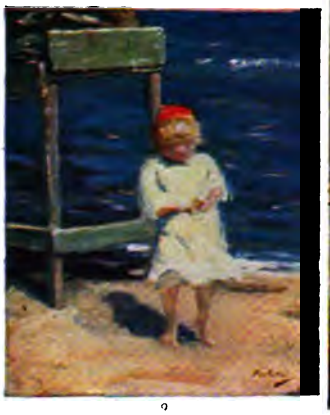

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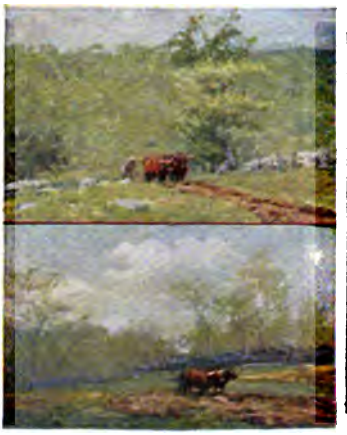

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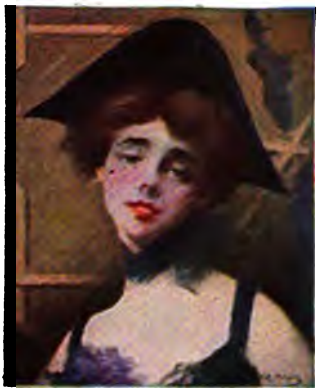

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SALMAGUNDI CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, IN APRIL, 1909. FOR TITLES SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

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THE FOURTEENTH GUEST

A STORY OF THIRTEEN AT TABLE

THE LAST OF THREE STORIES WITH THE SAME MOTIVE, BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING WRITERS: MARGARET DELAND, S. WEIR MITCHELL, OWEN WISTER

SOME time ago when discussing the influence of a point of view on human judgments, it was suggested that in various ways it would be interesting to ask two or more writers to write separately each a short story on a chosen subject, such as a proverb. Finally it was agreed that the subject should be the still surviving superstition in regard to a dinner of thirteen at table. The stories were composed without any one of the three having knowledge of what the other two had written.—THE EDITOR.

"DO try to come home early this evening," said Mrs. Woodburn, as she sat at breakfast.

"Yes, yes, my dear; certainly," her husband said in an absent way, the morning paper he was glancing over being between them. Then aware that he had heard without clearly understanding, and being a man with perfect marital manners, he laid the paper aside as he said: "Pardon me. You were saying, my dear—"

"I meant to say that I am a little nervous about this dinner. I did say that I hoped you would come home early because, if anything happens—"

"But what can happen?" he asked, ignoring the state of mind in which any such mild enterprise as a formal dinner always found the mistress of their well-ordered household. Experienced middle age, ample means, and unquestioned social place had not sufficed, as he knew, to set her mind at ease.

"What can happen?" he repeated, as he cracked an egg-shell. "Your dinners are always pleasant. Why do you worry yourself?"

"You know, Harry, I never worry; but I am a little anxious when we have fourteen. Some one is sure to fall out just at the last minute."

"Has it ever happened—to us, I mean?"

"No; but it might."

"Of all the absurd superstitious survivals, this does seem to me the maddest."

"Of course; but it does survive. I have it, and so have a good many people who have not the courage to admit it."

"That is no doubt true, and of course one does have to consider anything that may make a guest uncomfortable. You are quite right. But now I must go. I saw that you had a letter from Sarah."

"Yes. She finds Albany pleasant and gay, and her aunts delighted to have her. I wish she were here."

"Still uneasy? Well, I shall be at home early in case of trouble about that fourteenth man or woman. How is your stenographer doing? You have had her three days. Is she useful?"

"She is very well dressed," said Mrs. Woodburn, inconsequently.

Her husband laughed.

"What a feminine criticism! But is the young woman what you wanted?" He knew that her household was well managed, but at cost of too much toil, due to his wife's want of method. She, too, lamenting what her incapacity cost her, was quite unable to correct the evil. When her husband had insisted on her using his

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stenographer, she had been amazed, as are such natures, at the accuracy and easy business ways of the highly competent secretary. She had now, as she answered him, one of the outbursts of enthusiasm to which unstable feminine temperaments are subject. She had little humor and in large and small matters she lacked sense of proportion; for inevitably these two defects exist together.

"Harry, she is wonderful!"

"Oh, hardly that."

"Yes, invaluable! A very remarkable person. Oh, you may smile,—it was so like a man to smile,—I always want to stop when people smile."

"My dear, it is one of the forms of social punctuation—useful at times."

"I really don't understand you, Harry. Miss Smith *is* invaluable. She writes a ladylike hand, and for the first time in years my check-book balances to a penny. She is here on the stroke of five, and—"

"What a lesson in punctuality, my dear! I must say for the young woman that, excepting Mr. Ware, she is the best stenographer in our office. She does not talk unless addressed, and has a kind of reserve not always found in the office woman of her occupation."

"I confess she puzzles me a little."

"I am not surprised. She came to us with high commendation from the Union Business College. Mr. Eyton said in his private answer to my application that she had one drawback—she was too strikingly handsome."

"I should not speak of her as striking in any way," said Mrs. Woodburn.

Again her husband smiled.

"And I should. But men and women rarely agree about a woman's looks. This girl's ways—her behavior—are the more important matter. What my head clerk calls her business manners are all one could desire. She is quiet, industrious, accurate, and calmly repellent when any of the juniors speak to her of anything but her work. Certainly she is handsome."

"Is she your own stenographer?"

"Yes," he replied, slightly annoyed.

"Of course I had some little introductory talk with her the first day you sent her here. I thought her rather self-possessed for so young a woman. I suppose that she may be about twenty-seven; but it is only a guess."

"Oh, younger, much younger, I fancy. Have you never observed, my dear, that one handsome woman is apt to set the age of another rather in advance of the fact?"

"There is no fact in this case unless you asked her."

"Thanks, Madam," he said, laughing. "This witness did not ask. Did you?"

"I did not—that is, not directly. She was uncommunicative. In fact, she has amazingly self-protective manners."

"Not a bad description. A valuable quality at need."

"There should be no need of it here."

"Unless her age were in question. That is a fair matter for feminine self-defense."

He readily understood that his wife must no doubt have been kindly curious about a young woman whom he himself felt to be an unusual person, and, too, that the girl had shown no inclination to talk of herself.

"There certainly is some mystery about her," said Mrs. Woodburn, reflectively.

"Well, that is no business of ours."

"Perhaps not." Mrs. Woodburn was in doubt. "Her manners are quite too good."

Her husband laughed. "What! Both dress and manners! Perhaps I had better tell her. Correction of too good manners should be easy."

"Oh, Harry, I said she was well dressed, not too well dressed." And then, with some dim apprehension of his meaning, "You really are a—a trifle exasperating at times."

"How literal you are, Helen! Good-by; I shall be here early."

A busy day and the decision of a large suit in his favor brought him home about seven o'clock in high good humor. He found his wife already dressed and in the drawing-room.

"Well," he said, "no thirteen at table to-night. Who have we, and who falls to my share?"

"You are to take in Mrs. Grey."

"Good!"

"And do not talk to her all the time. You have Miss Van Seckel on your left."

He made a wry face. "She is very absorbent of talk; and— Who else, my dear?"

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"I had trouble with the rest, but Miss Smith was helpful and really quite suggestive. She wrote the cards, and now, I think, it is all pretty good. Of course the bishop goes in with me, and the admiral is on my left, with Mrs. Welles. Then comes the French secretary, who speaks very little English; and between him and the German engineer, who speaks none, I put Miss Nelson, who can chatter in both tongues; and so on. It is all right, Harry; and I am so relieved. You had better go and dress."

As he rose, Miss Smith appeared, saying, as she entered:

"Very fortunately I stayed, Mrs. Woodburn, thinking you might need me. Miss Nelson 'phones that she has toothache and cannot come."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Woodburn. "Thirteen at table! What shall I do?"

"May I not 'phone for some one else?" said the tall girl.

"Yes," said Woodburn. "Come up to the library, Helen." His wife followed him, lamenting her ill luck. Miss Smith sat down at the 'phone while Woodburn turned over the directory.

"Try Mrs. Smallwood," said his wife. "Not Mrs. George—the widow."

"Number 3421 Madison," read Woodburn.

"Hello! hello! Give me 3421 Madison! They do not answer."

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Woodburn.

"Oh, yes. Central says wire is out of order."

"Of course," cried the hostess. "Then Madge Delaney, Harry."

"I have her, 209 West," said he.

"I am sorry," said Miss Smith, turning from the 'phone; "she is dressing to dine out."

"Oh, this is too dreadful!" wailed Mrs. Woodburn. "Try Helen Carstairs. Tell her I must have her."

"She is sorry, but the baby has whooping-cough."

"Well, I certainly do not want her," said Mrs. Woodburn.

"Of course not. Try 9202 Fifth Avenue—Miss Jane Crayton."

"Hello, Central! Give me 9202 Fifth Avenue! . . . The butler says out of town."

"Harry, what shall we do! I told you something would happen."

"If all fails, I can go to bed with a bad headache, my dear."

"Oh, don't joke about it, Harry!"

Miss Smith sat quiet at the 'phone, apparently an uninterested part of the mechanism of communication, while Woodburn, troubled by his wife's evident distress, said at last:

"No one will notice it, my dear."

"Every one will notice it. Miss Van Seckel will have a fit."

"Heavens! if she only would!" said Woodburn.

"Why not 'phone her," said the unmoved stenographer, "that you have thirteen at table? Then she would not come."

Woodburn repressed his mirth. His wife, silently indignant for a moment, said nothing.

"Come," said Woodburn, once more, "there is Cousin Susan Maynan. Oh, I have her, 423 Stone."

"Hello! hello! 423 Stone! I said 423—speak louder, Central!"

There was a long pause.

"She says she is engaged; very positively, I infer, sir, from her voice."

"I don't believe her," said the distracted hostess. "The cat! It is because we asked her so late."

"Don't go yet, Miss Smith," said Woodburn. "Come with me, Helen." He drew her into a back room.

"Now, what is it, Harry. We cannot dine thirteen at table. I know you would die, or some one."

"We are at the end of our resources. Suppose, my love, we ask Miss Smith—"

"Oh, Harry—"

"Now, listen! No one knows her. Your maid can dress her in one of Sarah's gowns. They are much of a size."

"What an absurd idea! And to put her between two foreigners, a girl unused to society, without a word of either man's tongue—"

"Well, rearrange the table."

"Now that is so like a man. How can I? It is half-past seven and later. Oh, twenty minutes to eight!"

"What else can we do, dear? As of course the girl can't talk to either man at all, there will be no social blunders. Come, dear, decide."

"But after dinner, Harry! Heavens!"

"She must be introduced as a young friend on a brief visit; and, by George!

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she will be at least the handsomest of the lot."

"Will she do it? What a dilemma!"

"To die or not to die," he murmured. "Wait a moment, my dear; I shall ask her —wait."

He went back to the 'phone. "Miss Smith, my wife is in despair; will you not take the vacant place at our dinner table? You can wear one of my daughter's gowns, and we shall be greatly obliged."

She rose, facing him as he spoke. For a moment her chin muscles twitched,—a certain sign of emotion,—her eyes filled. As he waited he wondered what caused her evident distress.

"Well?" he said. "I am sorry to hurry you—but, pray, decide."

"I will do it," she said, decisively.

"Thank you."

In a moment his wife had disappeared with the girl, and he went up-stairs to dress, a little anxious, a little amused, and very curious, concerning the outcome of this social venture. When dressed, he met his wife at the head of the staircase.

"How does she look, Helen?"

"Look? Terribly handsome. All the men will want to know her. Sarah's slippers are too large for her, but the gown is all right. Had I not better warn her about—about certain things?"

"Decidedly not. And, my dear, as Miss Van Seckel and more will be sure to ask who this young woman is, I suppose we had better agree that she is a young friend from the country with us for a day or two, as I said."

"Harry, we are committing a social fraud, and I am to fib to support it."

"A case of conscience for the bishop. You might consult him in strict confidence."

"I do wish you would take it more seriously."

"Serious! Indeed, I consider it so. But do not try to overmanage the actors in our comedy."

"Comedy! It is tragedy. It will end ill, I am sure."

"I am not so sure. Well, we go on first. I hear the door-bell."

As he spoke they passed together into the drawing-room, she still anxious, he with difficulty restraining the sense of humor of which not the gravest situation entirely deprived him.

"Delighted to see you, Bishop. Good evening, Admiral." Mrs. Woodburn's face cleared as the famous sailor said some pleasant trifle, and the guests came in rapid succession.

"I think they are all here, Harry."

"Except the leading lady," he said.

"Oh, Harry, I forgot, the butler! He will know. I never thought of that."

She glanced about the room. The attaché was struggling with a tongue unknown to man in which Mrs. Welles was trying to make herself understood. The German engineer officer, who had received a dinner-card with the name of Miss Smith, was awkwardly waiting, not at all comprehending what he was to do.

"Miss Smith," announced the butler with unusual lift of voice. In the doorway stood a young woman in full evening dress. There are some women for whom what is charitably described as full dress is a fatal test; there are others for whom it is the precisely perfect setting of a radiant jewel. The master of the house murmured, "By George!" and went promptly to meet her. He was at his courteous best, and felt that the young woman he had committed to an impossible task must be embarrassed by a social position to which she was utterly unused. If so, she showed no signal of distress, but said quietly as she approached:

"I am late, I fear, Mr. Woodburn; but the streets are so crowded."

More than Mrs. Woodburn were struck by this tall and graceful girl who came forward with her host, white-gloved, fan in hand, smiling, and apparently at ease.

"I have apologized to Mr. Woodburn for being late. I repent and promise to be better behaved the next time."

"The next time, indeed!" said to herself the amazed hostess, and then aloud, and with entire coolness:

"You are welcome late or early, my dear. Admiral, let me present you to our friend Miss Smith. She came in on us from the country just in time to save me from thirteen at table. Not that I care—"

"Oh, yes; but I do," said the admiral. "You are doubly fortunate in this case, Madam: you preserve life and enrich it."

"So happy to be a life-saving device!" said Miss Smith.

Mr. Woodburn presented the German engineer officer, and, to Mrs. Woodburn's

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relief, dinner was announced. The table was pretty, and not loaded with the high flowers which prevent a view of opposite neighbors. On the whole, the guests were felt by the hostess to be well seated except for the two foreigners between whom sat Miss Smith, the hapless sacrifice to a social difficulty. Mrs. Woodburn was more than merely sorry for her, and with some relief and more surprise saw her adjust her gown as she took her place. The hostess's fears made her uneasily watchful for the series of mishaps which she felt certain must soon or late betray awkward inexperience. Distracted into inattention to the bishop, she was only able to keep up an appearance of listening with the aid of exclamatory brevities of "Just so!" "Ah, really!" while she stole glances to left or kept watch to hear what would come after the quiet moment of adjustment of napkins. The ill luck which had pursued her dinner had obliged Mrs. Woodburn to place between the attaché and the admiral a dull, middle-aged woman, Mrs. Welles, who dined to eat and whose fragmentary French served to add for the diplomat the interest of answerless charades; so that at last he was driven to talk across his relieved neighbor to the famous admiral, who understood him readily and replied in French which had the courage and enterprise of the navy.

Hearing the young attaché say, "Pardon me, Admiral, does my neighbor Miss Smith speak French?" the hostess replied for him:

"Not a word—at least, I fear not." Her strange young guest appeared just then to be silently listening to the German.

"Ah, well," said the diplomat, still speaking across Mrs. Welles, "I shall at least try."

"It is a new face to me," remarked the admiral. "She has the beauty of unusual distinction and the distinction of unusual beauty." He felt that he had said something worthy of his reputation for gallantry.

"Ah, but what a charming description!" said the diplomat, repeating it in French.

"You are delightfully elaborate in your compliments, Admiral," said the hostess, overhearing them. She was not altogether pleased. Here was terrible certainty of attention to the guest whose correct rôle was to be silent and to excite no remarks. The admiral had spoken in French, and had a voice of command, trained to be heard at distance. To Mrs. Woodburn's amazement, Miss Smith turned from the German.

"Ah, Admiral, what woman could be so free from vanity as not to claim property in such a salute from the flag-ship."

This gay recognition of the sailor's phrase of admiration Mrs. Woodburn felt to be rather in the manner of middle age than what was fitting in a young woman.

"I should not have dared to say it, Mademoiselle," said the young Frenchman, "but I may at least venture not to disagree with the admiral."

"Merci, Monsieur," said Miss Smith.

Mrs. Woodburn missed his reply, but knew in a few moments that they were chatting in fluent French and discussing French country life.

The admiral, as he said later, was left stranded on the engrossing silence of Mrs. Welles's appetite. Mrs. Woodburn for a brief moment sat still, and then, a little bewildered, listened or tried to listen to the admiral. Presently she overheard the German say something, and while the Frenchman turned to Mrs. Welles and the admiral, Miss Smith, in easy German, talked with the enchanted engineer officer.

It was quite too much for Mrs. Woodburn. "A pencil, James," to the butler, and on the back of a menu-card she wrote on her lap: "I knew something would happen. It is bewildering! She is talking French and German. H. W."

"Take this to Mr. Woodburn," she said. The card came back.

"Send her down here. I will swop off Miss Van Seckel. My congratulations. H. W."

The wife tore up the card, threw it under the table, and, resolute to bear this calamity with Christian patience, set herself to the task she liked when at ease, the kindly manœuvers of a clever hostess intent on seeing to it that no one should have a dull hour. The mid-table guests were out of reach. Mrs. Newton, a middle-aged dame, was left to herself quite too long by the men beside her. It could not be helped. The gaiety at the farther end of the table was growing, as the hostess thought, quite beyond the tranquil tone of a formal dinner. Her husband was evidently in one of his moods of reckless,

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social enjoyment of which she mildly disapproved. Neither the German officer nor the attaché concerned themselves with any neighbor but Miss Smith, who took no wine, as Mrs. Woodburn noticed, but smiling, at ease, and low-voiced, kept up a polyglot exchange of what seemed to keep her dinner comrades in a condition of mirthful glee.

The admiral, accustomed to being considered, thought the woman on his left hopelessly dull, and calmly gave himself up to a good dinner, after remarking that Germany and France were contending for Alsace and Lorraine. Mrs. Welles said, "Yes, quite so," and returned into the seclusion of her mind to think it over. Now and then the hostess spoke across the corner of the table, making constantly defeated attempts to secure the attention of the diplomat to the woman between him and the admiral. The attaché, understanding her, did his responsive best to interfere with Mrs. Welles's earnest interest in the menu, but between the double difficulty of his own maimed English and the lady's halting French, he soon gave up and waited his chance to renew his gay chat with Miss Smith. The whole thing had got out of hand, and in despair Mrs. Woodburn turned to talk missions to her clerical friend, who preferred any other subject, and soon began to ask very embarrassing questions about the young woman who was so very handsome. There was relief and fear in Mrs. Woodburn's mind when, earlier than her husband liked, she rose to leave the men to their wine. As she passed him, she said, laughing:

"Now, Harry, small cigars," and then in a half-whisper: "Do come soon! What *shall* I do with her?"

As the women went up-stairs, Miss Van Seckel in an aside said to her hostess: "Who is that fresh young beauty, Helen? Your husband was provokingly mysterious about her. He made us all curious."

"Did he, indeed? So like him. There is not the least mystery," replied Mrs. Woodburn. "She happened to be here for a day, and saved us from thirteen at table."

"How fortunate! So Mr. Woodburn told us. It would not have mattered, he said, because he was twins."

"How confusing!" said Mrs. Welles, overhearing them.

Miss Smith had so managed as to fall in at the end of the women guests, and, entering last, went quietly across the drawing-room. Mrs. Woodburn, feeling pity for what she still felt ought to be the embarrassment of a peculiar position, took her hand and saying:

"This way, Miss Smith," led her to the sofa, where Miss Van Seckel sat in the glory of an expanse of sallow neck and many diamonds.

"Pray be careful!" murmured her hostess, the next moment vexed at herself as the girl, with a little hauteur in her voice, asked, "May I know why?"

"Our young friend, Miss Smith, Miss Van Seckel," said Mrs. Woodburn. Distinctly angry, and also aware of having made a blunder, she turned away, leaving her guest to the inquisition which she would gladly have had her escape, but which she knew to be soon or late unavoidable. Miss Van Seckel was rich, positive, accustomed to deference, and made curious by Mr. Woodburn's vague replies.

"Sit nearer," she said. "I am a little less able to hear than I used to be. The young people nowadays speak so indistinctly. You are here only for a day, I am told."

"Yes, only for a day."

"And where do you live, my dear?"

"Ah, Miss Van Seckel, not everybody lives. I exist." The girl laughed gaily. Miss Van Seckel felt that she was being disrespectfully trifled with.

"But you do not answer me. I am interested."

"And I. It is a question in geography, and I was never good at that. Just now I have been back in Germany and Paris. I found my two dinner companions most agreeable."

"You certainly seemed to be gay."

"Oh, not noisy, surely not noisy. Count von Kelser was telling me what the old Empress said about closing the gambling-rooms at Baden. It was really a very clever story. You have been at Baden?"

"Yes," said Miss Van Seckel, feeling that her investigation had not prospered.

"Then I will tell you in German; it is really so pretty in German. I suppose you have gambled at Baden—every one did."

"I do not gamble, and I do not speak German."

"Oh, but in Dutch. I can manage it in

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Dutch. I have an idea that all you old Knickerbocker people speak Dutch."

"Then you are mistaken." Miss Van Seckel felt that Miss Smith was amusing herself, and could it be at her expense? She lifted her glasses, and, looking at the young lady, said, "You seem to have been much abroad."

"Oh, never so much as now. Do tell me who all these nice people are. You see, I am quite an *ingénue* from the country, and if you would really be so good. Ah, I shall lose my chance!" she said, rising to greet a noble-looking, elderly lady, approaching with their host and the bishop, who said:

"I take the liberty of a house friend to present myself. I am Mrs. Grey; come and talk to me. We leave you the bishop, Miss Van Seckel. He has deserted the men."

Relieved to escape, Miss Smith sat down with Mrs. Grey.

"You are the blessed fourteenth who saved us all. Shall you be here long?"

"No; I am here only for a day."

"What a pity! Young, lovely,—pardon me, my dear, I am not a man,—you would enjoy New York. No?" Mrs. Grey detected a strange note in the pleasant young voice, and then heard with surprise:

"Could not I slip out unnoticed?"

"Are you ill, child?"

"Oh, worse. I must go."

"Keep quiet a little. I will talk," and she talked on until presently there were fresh groupings, and the girl, having lost her chance of escape, rallying, took a share in the light, after-dinner chat, aided by the clever hostess and the sympathetic, slightly puzzled elder lady. Then presently the men came in, and the admiral took his seat by the strange guest and fell into talk about the Mediterranean ports, with which she seemed to be well acquainted.

"What a fascinating young woman!" he said to his host as he moved and gave place to a younger man. "What charm, what distinction!"

"Yes, quite remarkable. What is it, my dear?" This to his wife, as she turned to speak to him.

"Count von Kelser will sing for us if some one will accompany him; but I can find no one." To her amazement, Miss Smith said:

"Perhaps I may be able."

"What next?" thought Mrs. Woodburn, as the girl, asking a question or two in quickly spoken German, sat down at the piano and swept the keys with a practised hand. The count sang fairly well two German songs, and then said:

"You sing—I am sure you sing."

"Yes, with Mrs. Woodburn's permission," said the girl. "Have you heard any of the modern Greek love-songs? They are rather unusual."

"No," said Woodburn, while his wife stood by in speechless astonishment, and a rare soprano rang through the room.

"Please, another!" said the bishop, and she broke into a soft Italian lullaby. Then rising and gathering up her gloves and fan, which she had laid on the side of the piano, she said:

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Woodburn, if I run away early." Then in a whispered aside, she added, "I must see you just a moment before I go." As she spoke, a number of young men and girls and an older matron came in, merry and talking.

"You promised us a little dance, Aunt Helen," said one of them; "and we left the opera early to come here."

"Ah, now!" said the German officer, "we are promised to dance. Is it not so, Madam?" And to Miss Smith, "You will do me the honor?"

Hoping that her amazing guest would now relieve her by leaving, as she had promised, Mrs. Woodburn, having secured a good-natured dame to play, turned again to speak to Miss Smith. The young woman hesitated a moment, and then with a look of elation said, "With pleasure, *mein Herr.*"

In a moment she was moving in the waltz with the officer, the light of wild enjoyment in her eyes and something, as Woodburn thought, of reckless abandonment to the intoxication of rhythmic movement with a master of the joyous art. It was impossible for any one to fail to note the grace of the two tall figures who shared equally the pleasure, and conveyed the impression of some quality of motion which set them apart from the other dancers among whom they moved.

"Ah!" she exclaimed of a sudden, "pray stop!" for in a quick reverse movement one of Miss Woodburn's slippers, far too

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large for the dancer's foot, flew off. Two young men ran to pick it up, but the old admiral was quicker, and, slipper in hand, bowed as the young woman sank on the nearest chair. He said merrily:

"May I have the honor?"

"It is I who am honored," said Miss Smith.

"I regret," he said, smiling, "that I am too old for the fairy prince, Miss Cinderella."

"Fairy princes are of no age," she returned, laughing.

"One more turn, Fräulein," said her partner, and for another minute or two of intense enjoyment she moved in the dance. Then at last, flushed and thrilling with a long-absent joy, as he released her she said to the diplomat, pleading for his turn:

"No, I shall dance no more; I must go."

"But later, presently, again," said Von Kelser.

"No—not again; never!"

"Ah, Fräulein, that is a long day."

"Yes, a long day."

Many eyes followed her as she crossed the room to Mrs. Woodburn.

"Now I am going."

"Certainly, my dear, if you must." And aside: "The maid will be up-stairs. I—I thank you. We are both obliged—greatly obliged."

"I shall wait to see you before I leave. Yes, I—I must wait—up-stairs."

With a courteous word or two to those who thanked her for the unusual pleasure of her song, she cast a look over the dancers and the well-dressed groups and with filling eyes left the room, murmuring as she went: "Cinderella! Cinderella! Ah, why did I do it! But the joy of it—the joy!"

While she was changing her dress, and in the hands of a wondering maid, there were those below stairs who were equally curious, and to whom the hostess was making a series of explanations which did more credit to her ingenuity than to her strict regard for truth. The new-comer had created an amount of admiration for which her hosts had been quite unprepared. What they expected was to see an obviously good-looking and clever stenographer avoid notice, make social blunders, and be glad to escape early from a society into which her inclination to oblige her employers had led her. To explain to their friends would have been easy.

They would be praised for their ingenuity, and when she had gone, would confess with laughter who was the shy, unnoticeable girl; but here on their hands was a quite different business. They were glad when the last of their too curious guests had left. Woodburn had felt it well to say to some friends:

"Yes, a pleasant little escape; so fortunate to have had her. I am sorry to say that she leaves to-morrow." He was aware that now the presence of Miss Smith in his office might require a quite different explanation; but the future concerned him very little when, the last guest having gone, he sat down in his library to smoke a contentful cigar. While he reflected with wonder, curiosity, and amusement upon the very dramatic outcome of the effort to secure the life-saving guest, Mrs. Woodburn was on her way up-stairs. For her there was wonder and embarrassment, but certainly nothing amusing, in the social comedy. She was a woman whose inexactness in statement had won her an undeserved reputation of being untruthful, whereas she was keenly sensitive as concerned departure from verity. Now she had to her discredit a dozen fibs and,—oh, to the bishop,—one or two full-blown lies.

Her mood was one of anger with every body concerned in this unpleasant experience. Above all, what business had this girl to pass as a stenographer and blossom so inconceivably into an accomplished woman? Whatever had been her unreasonable moods, as she went slowly up-stairs, they gave place to a sense of deepest pity as she entered her daughter's room.

Miss Smith, alone and dressed for the street, sat at the fire, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Woodburn, "what is the matter? Was it too much for you? We were—we are so much obliged—are you not well? Stay here and go quietly to bed."

The girl did not look up, and merely shook a hand in air, a wild gesture of negation.

Her trouble was the more distressing to the kindly matron because she could not explain it. She drew a chair to the fire, and, as she sat down, captured a reluctant hand.

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"I shall insist on your staying here. Let me send the carriage away—"

"No, no!" She made a movement as if to rise.

"But do listen, my good child!"

"I am not good, and I am not a child." Here she turned, facing Mrs. Woodburn. "I waited only because I did not choose to leave you without saying that we shall never meet again. You must thank Mr. Woodburn for his constant courtesy in the office."

"But, my dear, can we not help you? What is the matter? Why do you go?"

"Because I have again been with people of my own caste, and—and I have no right—no—right."

"But what is there—surely—I—"

"Oh, no, no! I will not be questioned. It is over. I shall see it no more. Let me go."

She would say nothing further, but went down the stairs silent, unyielding. At the door Mrs. Woodburn said:

"If we can in any way—"

"No. Never, never!" She passed out and into the carriage and disappeared.

When Helen Woodburn returned to her husband, and, much distressed, related this interview, he said:

"It is very sad. She is still so young and so beautiful; what possible explanation can there be?"

"I might, as a woman, guess."

"And I, as a man. Poor child! She will disappear utterly."

On inquiry at her lodging-house next day, this proved to be the case.

THE SAINTS AND MARY TOOLE AT THE BAZAAR

BY CASPAR DAY

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

IT was a winter when Duck Hollow saw plenty of trouble, and Barney Toole's widow had more than her share of it. Tommy's broken leg was her last misfortune. If it had been Cissie, or even both of the twins, that had stood in the way of calamity, things might not have been so bad; but Tommy's pay at the shaft had been the very prop and reliance of the Toole family. Tom was sixteen and bred to the mines; his time could not be turned into money at anything else.

Then, for fear troubles should run singly, down came the O'Halloran orphans, Barney's sister's children, from the Catholic Refuge at Enderly, to spend New Year's Eve and eat a New Year's dinner. In the course of their visit they broke the glass lamp and set the kitchen on fire. When the neighbors and the fire company had done with the house, the fire was out and the furniture was saved, but there was not a room in the place fit for anything but a frog to live in.

They finished along late in the afternoon, with a winter dusk closing down iron gray. Poor Mary was sitting out on the kitchen table in the middle of the road by the street-car track, with Tommy on the sofa, and her other three and the O'Halloran four hanging round her crying.

"Oh, mercy be to God!" said she. "What 's ever to become of me at all? Me that has n't a man in the world, nor a roof to put over me head!"

"If it was only a roof, Mrs. Toole," answered Eddie Cargrove, trying to think up something comforting, "you 're not so bad off. The roof 's all there yet. It 's only your windeys an' the west wall o' your kitchen that 's been taken from you. An' a shame it seems that you 'd be out so much as that, Christmas week as it is, an' you a widow-woman. Cheer up!" said he.

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Drawn by John Sloan

"'YOU 'RE NOT SO BAD OFF. THE ROOF 'S ALL THERE YET'"

Then Mary, who was always a great woman for cheerfulness, dried her eyes on her wet apron, and began to take hope.

" 'Deed, if that 's so, it 's not so bad as I thought," said she. "And I 'd take it kind if some of yous would take hold an' help me move in again. Oncet my few stick of things is out o' sight o' the whole town in the street, I 'll begin to feel some better. Only mind Tommy's leg when you lift him. There, now, a woman always thinks things is worse than they really do be. 'T will be the easiest thing in the world to mop up the floors a bit when we 've got the beds an' chairs put back where they do rightly belong."

No sooner had she said the words than she went into the burned kitchen and found poor Barney's mine-lamp (it had hung untouched on its hook this year and a half), and trimmed it for the men to see by. With a lantern or two besides, the neighbors slipped her things back into their places as neatly as a chain conveyor could have worked it.

"We 've all done our best by Mrs. Toole this day," sighed Mrs. Kinshalla. "Me own house next door was threatened entirely while I was over carryin' bureaus up an' down stairs for the orphans an' the widow. But I 'm no worse for it, I 'm glad to say. So I 'll just grease over a lot o' paper to mend up her windeys for the time bein'. I dunno how will she ever get glass again in them sashes, either, unless the Vincent de Pauls might buy it for her."

"I 'll be bringin' the fam'ly in some supper, good an' hot," suggested Annie Loughney. "*Her* with eight childern tonight! An' all tore up so!"

"I would if I was you," Mrs. Kinshalla ordered. " 'T is too bad, indeed. Mrs. Toole is a nice woman, though too easy-hearted, like."

"Mis' Evans is moppin' up floors, too."

Mrs. Kinshalla nodded her head until her chin smote upon her breast.

"Indeed, why would n't she? Neighbors the Evanses is, like the rest of us. An' I says to her, 'Martha, you mop,' an' she did it. The Welsh is so great for the

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cloth an' bucket. Well, I must be goin'. We got them settled in their own home again—what 's left of it. An' you can leave their windeys to me."

The next morning found Mary Toole very cheerful, and determined to look on the bright side of everything. But the bright side was plainly very small. Even when the house was once more thoroughly dry, and the kitchen boarded in with some planks that one or two of the men found lying about useless in the colliery-yard, Barney's widow was not as well off as she had been. A house can hardly come through a fire and be the same for it, even when your own friends and neighbors have charge of the catastrophe. So it happened that Elmer Mangan, on his way home from a bit of work with the night-shift, came by the widow's house late one evening, and heard Mary crying at her prayers.

Elmer was a soft-hearted chap, and he hurried into McCormick's saloon to unburden his mind to the boys. He found a company of twelve, all Duck Hollow men, as was McCormick himself.

"Well, I can assure you it hurt me feelin's bad," said Elmer, after he had told them of his discovery, "to stan' by them blame paper windeys an' hear Barney Toole's wife beggin' all the saints for a bag o' salt, an' shoes for the kids, an' a pair o' blankets."

"It don't seem right," McCormick agreed with him. "Here 's two dollars for her, if the boys want to take up a collection. I guess we all knew Barney."

" 'T would be a mistake entirely," spoke another, who knew Mary well and understood her independent ways.

"He 'd do the same by one of us, Barney would, I bet you. I 'll join you, Mac, if you want to send round the hat."

"No, no, now! If you was to go to her with money like that, you 'd about break her heart. She 'd think 't was charity, an' contrary to a decent bringin' up."

"But they can't be left to theirselves alone," put in McCormick, "like as if they was livin' amongst heathens."

The rest of the boys seemed to agree with him.

It was then that Elmer Mangan had the brilliant idea that no one could have expected of him; he was a slow man usually, and not handy with his mind.

"It was the saints she called on," said he, "and I guess we 'll have to manage it through the blessed saints themselves. There 's the bazaar, now, that 's bein' run for the St. Mark's buildin' fund; it 's got a stock o' shoes an' blankets an' 'most anything you can name in the way of useful articles. An' a church bazaar is the suitablest place in the world for the saints to op'rate in, besides."

"I think I tumble," answered the bartender. "But supposin' we was to buy her a washtub an' a rockin'-chair an' a bunch o' bananas an' a pair o' blankets on the strictly quiet, what then? How 'd you make her think you was the saints? Hey, Elmer?"

"Buy nothin'!" repeated Elmer, disgusted. "Who *buys* the things at a church bazaar? Ain't people after you all the time to take chances on everything, from roosters to *pi*-anas an' oil paintings? 'Cause they been after me all this week, if they ain't you. Well, what 's to hinder takin' a chance here an' a chance there for Mary Toole, d' ye see? The big drawin' ain't till next Saturday night; an' if we done our best, there could be quite a few numbers on the books in her name 'fore the week 's out. When it comes time, the saints can have an eye out for her numbers, if they take a notion to. All we do is to give 'em the chanct. See? Well, then."

Of course everybody was favorable. McCormick said that no man with any sporting blood could refuse to come in on such a charitable proposition; he gave the bartender orders to advertise the scheme to customers. Rob McCutcheon, who was footman in Red Ash vein at Number 6 (the mine where Barney worked before he was killed), undertook to mention the plan to every friend of Barney's as the men came down the shaft to work in the morning. Carlie Loughney, the secretary of his union, said that he could bring this charitable speculation into "unfinished business" when the Carpenters' Local met next Tuesday evening. Then McCormick himself promised he would see Father Macarty and put the matter in a reasonable light to him, so as to get a word said from the altar at late mass on Sunday.

Thus the baker's dozen of them there in the saloon laid their scheme for poor Mary, and took a glass round to the success of it before they broke up the session.

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As for the women, they were shortly as eager as the men. The next morning was Saturday, and the Sodalities met in the basement of the church to work for the great fair. It was not five minutes before Mrs. McCormick had told all of the helpers and set them to talking about it. Then in came the Angel Sodality from the Sisters' school, twenty little girls all pink and smiling, to hand over what money they had collected, and to get a new set of books for the chances. Two or three of the Angel Sodality lived in Duck Hollow, and it did not take long for the young collectors to understand the plan to help Mary out of her troubles.

By Wednesday noon women and girls were everywhere through town, ringing door-bells and following customers into stores, asking everybody to take two chances on some particular article—"One for yourself, please, and one for Mary Toole that 's a widow-woman." Of course the part the saints were to take in the raffle was never mentioned among Protestants and outsiders; nobody but the Duck Hollow people knew of the undercurrent of theology in the case.

Luck seemed to run marvelously in favor of that bazaar. It was a time of year, of course, when merchants are looking over their stock and have half a mind to give away things that they have not been able to sell. But this year, goods fairly poured in on the committee. New chance-books had to be sent out every few days, till the secretaries were likely to lose their wits entirely. As for the collectors, they had learned the appeal by heart; they wrote down chances for Mary Toole even when the article at stake was only a safety-razor.

The fair began on Thursday and lasted three nights, though Saturday evening was the great occasion of all. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. McCormick went down at a quarter to six, and knocked on the door of Barney Toole's house.

Drawn by John Sloan

"'THEN YOU 'LL BE OFF, AND GO MAKE THE BEST OF IT, MRS. TOOLE, IF YOU ASK *MY* ADVICE,' PROCLAIMED MRS. KINSHALLA"

Mary opened it for her and let her in, and took her out into the kitchen because the front room was cold; but Mary's eyes were red with crying, and she had her ironing-sheet spread out over the table to hide the lack of a supper. Not even a pot of tea was stewing on the stove.

"I hear the St. Mark's bazaar is doin' fine," Mrs. McCormick ventured, after she had done what was polite, and asked

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after Cissie and the twins and inquired for Tommy's broken leg. "They say it 's very gay indeed. Have you been to it yet, Mrs. Toole?"

"I 've been kept home pretty steady," said poor Mary.

"That 's so. Tommy 's a deal of care. Oh, I can sympat*hize* with you; I mind when Mac himself broke his two ribs. But it would do you good to get out a bit—to have a change. Now, would n't it?"

"It might, maybe; but I don't feel just for it, someway."

"Well, now, if you ain't too busy, why would n't you make a beginning? 'Jen,' says Mac to me, 'Barney's Mary is piddlin' an' pinin'. She 'll lose her good health this way. Go you down an' tell her to get ready to go down to the St. Mark's fair along o' us to-night. It 'll do her good to eat a meal outside her own house again. I 'll get out the bob-sled an' drive the both of you over when I go to the station for some freight.' So I hope you 'll cheer up an' go with me, Mrs. Toole. 'T will give Mac all the pleasure in the world, him bein' such a friend o' poor Barney that 's gone."

"Indeed, it 's kind of you; but I had n't ought to leave the childern alone."

Just at the moment, Mrs. Kinshalla knocked firmly upon the kitchen door and opened it for herself the instant after. She was in her working dress of red gingham; a stay-at-home look dwelt over her full figure like a mantle. Mrs. Kinshalla had, by some serious oversight on the part of Providence and the committee, been left out of consultation upon the conduct of the bazaar. The scheme to succor Mrs. Toole had not originated with a Kinshalla nor been elaborated by a Kinshalla; on this important Saturday evening, therefore, the matron and her clan remained away from the scene of festivity. Sheer curiosity, nevertheless, goaded her into the Toole kitchen after she had seen Mrs. McCormick step inside the door. She divined that Mrs. McCormick must in some way "break it" during this call.

"Childern, is it?" cried Mrs. McCormick, understanding the situation at a glance. "And with a neighbor like *you* have next door, that could manage the whole of a city governmint with no trouble! Mrs. Kinshalla is the one could make the twins toe the mark for this evenin'."

"I 'd like to know why I could n't, *if* not," returned the masterful lady with gratified humor.

"And as for Cissie, she 's fourteen; that 's an age can stay alone the few hours, if it has to."

"'T is true," murmured Barney's widow.

"Then you 'll be off, and go make the best of it, Mrs. Toole, if you ask *my* advice," proclaimed Mrs. Kinshalla. "O' course 't is nothing to me; but I just thought I 'd drop in an' tell you you 'd be the fool o' the world to stay back from it. For bazaars may not be *swell* comp'ny; but they 're pleasant."

"Thanks," spoke Mary, finally. "Oh, it might do me good. But I 'll tell ye the very worst of it. 'T is that I 'd hate to go up there an' spend nothin' for the good o' the new church. An' yet I 'd hate worse to be spendin' any o' the little that 's left outen Tommy's last pay. We might want for it, him an' me an' the childern, before he gets back in the mines again. There, that 's God's truth for you, Mrs. McCormick, though I say it about meself."

"It 's no matter at all," asserted the next-door neighbor. "They ain't likely to tell you to yer face you ain't gen'rous enough to the church; an' if they felt like sayin' it behind yer back, why, they would anyway. You 'd as well go, I take it."

Mrs. McCormick hastened away from these home truths.

"There 's another thing Mac told me —and, dear knows, I hope you won't take it amiss from him, an' say the poor man was makin' too free with your name, Mary Toole, for he meant no manner of harm by it; an' it may come to nothin', after all. Well, the point is, Mac had to take a few chances on a cook-stove that there was up. You know how business is, Mrs. Toole. Folks expect you to put a little money here an' a little there, just for the good-will o' trade. So when a young man that knowed him well come in an' ast Mac would n't he give his name for five tickets at a quarter apiece, Mac felt he had n't ought to refuse. 'But *I* don't want no cook-stove,' says he. 'But Mrs. Toole's got broke in three places durin' the fire, so I 'll take the five chances; you just put 'em down to

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Drawn by John Sloan

"'THE FIRST PRIZE, DRAWN BY NUMBER ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWO, GOES—TO—MRS.—MARY—TOOLE'"

Mrs. Mary Toole, an' say nothin' to nobody,' says he. Which the young man did. Afterward, Mac was scairt you 'd be offended, kind o', supposin' your name was drawed from the hat. I told him you was too sensible to get mad at what was done to help on the new church."

"Indeed, no. He meant it very kind."

"Hark at her!" cried Mrs. Kinshalla in deep-toned admiration.

" 'Course, there 's lots o' chances again' you even on a cook-stove; but it does kind o' give you a part in the fair. Come along, won't you, Mary? You always used to be such a one to go everywheres."

"I 'm obliged to you, Mrs. McCormick. I will, then, with the height o' pleasure."

"I 'll hustle right back an' tell Mac. You goin' now, Mrs. Kinshalla? By six we 'll be here for you, Mary, in the bobsled."

THERE was a wonderful excitement at the St. Mark's fair when people learned that Mrs. Toole was down at the supper-table. Word was passed out on the street, too, so that the hall was packed with spectators by half-past seven. The Widow Toole seemed likely to be the belle of the occasion.

"Just you pass the hint, Annie," whispered McCormick to a waitress, "that they ain't to scare her. Till they get to the drawin's, she 's to have a breathin' spell."

"I will. For it 's natural she 'd be on to something, if she was to have so many hand-shakes every time she turns round."

At half-past eight the hall and passage and even the stairs were so crowded that no one else could get in; and then the drawing of prizes began. Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Toole, and a few others sat in chairs out in front near the committee's table. The rest of the audience stood. Around the sides of the room, on tables, hooks, shelves, or platforms, were the articles which were to be chanced off that night.

With one accord people stopped talking,

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and turned toward the front of the long room. There, behind the committee's table and up where everybody could see, was a ten-year-old boy, the priest's own sister's son. A man was tying a great towel about his curly head and binding his left hand behind him. An empty hat, and thirty-two candy boxes, full of the numbered slips for each contest, stood on the table. Squire Kearney stood by to call off the numbers and prizes. It was the truly interesting hour of the whole bazaar.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Squire Kearney, getting up on a chair, "I 'll not keep you waitin' to tell you what a splendid bazaar we 're havin', because I can judge from the number of you that 's packed yourselves in here that you appreciate it as much as I do. We 'll proceed directly to the drawin' of the first prize—numder 1 down yonder—that splendid cook-stove, as you can all see, if you have room to turn your heads at all. Eight hundred an' eleven chances taken, at twenty-five cents a chance. Who 's the lucky person to draw that jewel of a range for twenty-five cents? His quarter 's well spent, whoever he is."

The room was as still as if it were empty while the umpires took up the first box and dumped the eight hundred and eleven slips into the hat for the priest's nephew to draw from. When the boy pulled out a slip, the first umpire took it and read it.

"One hundred and two."

The second umpire read it: "One hundred and two."

"One hundred and two it is," said Squire Kearney, taking up the first of a little pile of blank-books that had the names and numbers all written out. He turned over a page or two before he found the place, and for a minute he looked puzzled. Then he handed the book to the umpires, all open, and began a speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I 've a good reason of my own,—which I think you 'll excuse me from tellin' you when I say it 's given me in confidence and strictly private,—for asking you to keep the room very still and orderly while I announce these prizes. Whether you 're pleased or not when you hear a name, just be quiet and civil and bear it. My nerves are not the best, now I 'm gettin' on in years, and I 'm not a the*ay*ter to be clapped one minute and hissed the next. You 'll make my business easier for me if you 'll not show whether you 're pleased or not with the drawin's. The first prize, drawn by number one-hundred-and-two, goes—to—Mrs.—Mary—Toole."

A kind of long wheeze went through the hall, as if all the hundreds of people were sucking in a deep breath; but except for that they minded Squire Kearney.

"Have n't you the luck, though!" said Mrs. McCormick in a whisper that could have been heard across Main Street, digging Mrs. Toole in the ribs as she said it.

Poor Mary, completely overcome, cried out before she knew:

"Glory be to God this day! *Me* to draw the cook-stove!"

"The second prize," said the squire, speaking up briskly and rapidly, as if he were in a hurry, "that handsome pair of corduroy pants with suspenders to match,—given by one of our best clothing houses,—a splendid article!"

The umpires emptied the hat, shaking it carefully into a waste-basket, and put in the slips from the second box for the boy to draw as before.

"Only seventy-seven chances taken, at ten cents a chance," said the squire. "Indeed, it 's almost a sin to let the article go at that. Still, it 's too late now. Number four gets that handsome pair of pants for ten cents. Number four has a foreign name. If Adam Barnokowicz is here and understands English, let him step up an' get 'em. If he is n't, somebody that knows him send him word."

The audience was restless; nobody seemed to take any particular interest in the foreigner, though he was a tall, good-looking fellow who blushed when he had to step up and carry off his clothes on his arm.

The third prize, a full box of laundry soap, was drawn by Freddie Domenico, a limb from the Italian colony who needed it.

The fourth drawing was a matter of importance, a parlor organ, second-hand, but as good as ever a new one could be, that a music-dealer had given out of his very store.

"Six hundred and twelve chances taken," said Squire Kearney, "and a good thing for the church, too, at a quarter apiece. What 's the number?"

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"Two-eighty-one," answered the umpires together.

"Two-eighty-one it is," said the squire, turning the leaves of his little book. "Here we have it. Well! This is the lady's lucky day, and no mistake. I will say, though, that a friend or so must have been workin' for her, because I see her name three or four times in the pages. Well, the organ goes with the range—and that 's to Mrs. Toole."

"Hear that, now! I wonder whoever could 'a' put your name down for that!" said Mrs. McCormick. She was as cool and easy as if the idea was brand-new to her, for, indeed, it takes an excellent woman to do the hypocrite completely.

But Mary Toole could say never a word. She just sat there, staring, with her jaw hanging down.

"Fifth lot! Those magnificent, pink-striped, all-wool, warranted, luxurious California blankets, fit for the White House itself. Who 'll get 'em? The only blankets the bazaar has got from anywhere. Four-hundred and seventy-five chances at ten cents!"

"Twenty-four," said the umpire, taking the slip from the boy.

And just at that minute, to the disgrace and confusion of everybody who knew about her sore need, Barney Toole's widow broke down and began to sob. It could n't be a secret to anybody how she wanted those pink-striped, all-wool, warranted blankets. And when the squire called out her name the third time, the whole hall just cut loose and howled for pure pleasure.

"There, now, the boys has gone an' gave the whole scheme away!" grunted Elmer Mangan. "She won't touch a one o' the things, an' her feelin's 'll be hurted besides. But, say, it *did* work to a charm, did n't it?"

"Don't you worry," McCormick answered him. "She 'll stay, an' she 'll take 'em. Her sportin' blood 's just about gettin' warmed up by this time. You can make a genu-*wine* gambler out o' most any woman by the free gift of a cook-stove an' a nice organ."

"Well, I guess she 'll be took care of. I told ye, I thought we could leave the saints look out for her, if we started it oncet."

McCormick winked at him.

"Yes, I guess they 're beginning to show their hand," said he, dryly.

"Too bad she did n't get the box o' soap. That Dago could ha' gone a year or two longer an' not spoiled."

"Well, yes. That is, I s'pose her chances was pretty good. I ain't seen the committee's books, o' course, but from what I hear I would n't be scared to bet even money on her against the field in lots of contests. I would n't wonder if she had an even half of the slips in her name, whether she draws the prizes or not. You see, there 's been a pretty thorough job made of it—not to run too much risk on her prayers bein' answered."

"Hark, there 's Father Macarty himself goin' over to talk to her."

It was true enough, and everybody stopped yelling to listen to what was said.

"Oh, I don't know what it 's all about at all!" cried Mary. "But, Father, I can never take their things. They 're never mine, no matter how bad I want 'em. I never paid for the single chance on a thing. They 're the grand articles; but it would be the black cheat to purtend I did. Oh, dear, dear, this is the sorryful day!"

"It 's all right, Mrs. Toole; it 's no cheat. Why, I told a few of your friends myself that they 'd do no harm if they wanted to take a chance for the widow and the fatherless. Indeed, it seems as if the Holy Powers above us had just looked down and guided the child's hand for you. You should take what comes to you, Mary, and keep a meek and thankful heart under God's mercies to you."

"But ain't it again' the law? I ain't paid for 'em."

"The squire, there, is an alderman," whispered Mrs. McCormick in her ear. "An alderman knows what 's against the law, if anybody. Would n't he tell you, if it was?"

Then Squire Kearney spoke up from behind his table.

"You 're quite within the law, Mrs. Toole. The things are yours, and your friends are just delighted to see you drawin' them. Ain't you, boys?" So of course the room yelled again.

When they had quieted down, the drawing went on, but matters were very tame for a while. A handsome plush rocker was put up, and people wanted

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Mary to have it; but it was chanced away to some one else in spite of them. Along about the fourteenth round she drew a fancy picture; and next time, by the absent-mindedness of the girl that booked the entries, she acquired a man's summer suit, size thirty-nine in the coat. Of course there was a great laugh about that, and everybody steadied down and felt better. The widow and the fatherless are a weight on one's mind at a big fair like this, and keep one uneasy when one should be taking pleasure.

Presently along came a barrel of flour, and Mary drew that. Then there were five pairs of shoes chanced off; Mary drew rights of ownership in two of them, though, as they were men's sizes and extra heavy, she would have to take them back to the dealer for exchange before they would be worth anything to her.

Then up to number 30 she did not win a thing, and began rather to lose interest.

"Them two handsome pairs o' lace curtains goes next," said Mrs. McCormick in her ear.

"I wonder if my name would be down for them, too," said Mary. "My! It 's the awful puzzle not to know what you 're down for an' what you 're not. Still, not that I 'd mean to say nothin'; my friends has been just awful kind to think o' me."

"An' ain't it the wonder how your luck has held, Mrs. Toole? Just to think of it! The one chance here an' the one chance there, taken just for the good of the church by an old friend o' Barney's on pay-day, an' you to haul in them beautiful things against the whole town! It must be the merciful saints themselves had an eye on you an' gave the priest's nephew your slips."

"Ah, I hope to God I could be grateful! My! but those is handsome lace curtains. I suppose there 's lots a-sittin' here waitin' that wants 'em. But if I was to say, you know, I think I 'd choose 'em to go to Mrs. Hoy, down our street. She 's got her house fixed up so nice now, all but some curtains, an' she told me she did n't just feel to buy 'em, being as the boys had n't had such steady work this winter. She was to see me yesterday, was Mrs. Hoy; an' a kind, sweet woman, too."

"Why would n't yourself want 'em?" inquired Mrs. McCormick. "There, there, it 's a thing anybody could use, ma'am. Why would n't you want 'em for your own house?"

"Oh, I just want Mrs. Hoy to get them," said Mary, looking confused. "There 's such a plenty come to me a'ready. And 't is more interesting to have the prizes fall to somebody you know, on your own street."

But when the slip was drawn, it was the last number in the contest-book; and, as luck would have it, that last entry was written to Mrs. Mary Toole. Everybody stamped and clapped hands and made a tremendous to-do about it. There was no manner of doubt that Mary Toole was the people's choice that night.

But Mary herself just looked at Mrs. McCormick with sad reproach, the tears running down her face.

Mrs. McCormick stopped clapping her hands long enough to lean over and whisper:

"Did you ever see the likes of it! I don't mind tellin' you, now it 's over, that I took one chance on them curtains for you meself when I was payin' for the single chance o' my own. So don't go to hurt my feelin's by sayin' you don't want 'em. I don't take no interest in Mrs. Hoy at all."

"See, now, what you 've done for me! And you get nothing for yerself at all. Was there ever luck like what I have this night? Oh, but why did n't you take the both for yerself? Then you 'd get the curtains. You deserve 'em, too, an' I 'd as lief you 'd have 'em as Mrs. Hoy or anybody."

"Hand over the two pairs of lace curtains to the lady!" called the squire. "Put 'em down with the blankets an' the picture an' the shoes an' the summer suit. Make room, there; let 'em through to give the lady her lace curtains."

Number 31 was a paper entitling the holder to go up to the jeweler's and get a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles fitted free. People had backed Mary for that event, too; but when another person won, they sensibly consoled themselves that it made little difference; for Mary never wore spectacles at all, with her excellent eyesight.

Number 32 was a lady's gold watch, hunting-case, set on the back cover with garnets. It was an elegant piece, and

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quite the treasure of the evening, after the cabinet organ. There were more than seven hundred chances taken on it; and a safe three hundred, so it was said, were written to Barney's widow. There was a tense silence when the umpires called, "Two-forty-three."

"Two-forty-three," said Squire Kearney. "That 's a man we all know—Elmer Mangan."

Not a sound came from the people; it was plain they were disappointed. The one truly delighted person present was Mrs. Toole.

"Why, I know him!" she cried out aloud, beginning to laugh and clap her hands. "He 's an awful good boy to his mother. It 's a fine piece of jewelry altogether, an' I 'm just delighted to see him get it."

Then all at once she stopped short, realizing that hundreds of people were looking at her and listening; for she had thought, in her excitement, that she was speaking for Mrs. McCormick's ear alone.

"Three cheers, boys!" yelled the squire, jumping upon a table. The umpires were up beside him, too, and led off.

It was a noise that left nothing to wish for; only at the end some called out Elmer Mangan and some Mary Toole and some St. Mark's and some just plain "Yi-yi!" But it was a celebration of good-will, whomever it was meant for, and it answered to show the town that Christian unity reigned at the bazaar.

"There!" gasped Mrs. McCormick, wiping her eyes on her best pair of gloves. "I 'll never believe Elmer was n't remembered o' purpose. It was Elmer got up the whole idea of—"

"Shut up!" warned her husband in her ear. "Don't you spoil the game. You leave religion to Father Macarty, Jen, and come on home. It 'll be Sunday morning now before I get you an' her in the bob-sled."

"Oh, ain't it beautiful! Ain't it beautiful, Mr. McCormick? Why, dear, dear! I ain't never thanked you for the cook-stove! My manners is leavin' me in the excitements."

"How so, ma'am?" the man inquired.

"Oh, she told me how you took the five chances for me. Then the luck I 've had! Oh, from the bottom o' my heart I thank you, I do!"

Drawn by John Sloan

"'I 'VE HAD THE BEAUTIFUL EVENIN',' SAID SHE"

"Come, come, Mrs. Toole," said he, "there 's very little credit to me if I did. Come along down. The horses 'll get cold if you keep them standing much longer; an' think o' poor Tommy back there in bed. You 'd ought to get home an' tell him the news. He 'll be as glad as ever a grown man would, I bet you. An' most o' these here things can go in the bob; somebody comin' down our way might make it convenient to haul you the flour an' the stove on Monday. I 'll fetch you the organ Tuesday."

He was in a hurry to be off, and Barney's widow made haste to pick up her little black cape and hook it round her. But leave the room she would not until she had stopped stock still in the doorway and ducked a courtesy, as was the Old-Country fashion for good manners.

"I 've had the beautiful evenin'," said she. "I 've not felt so good sincet me Barney died. An' the luck I 've had, all thanks to the kindness of me friends that I did n't half know I had, either! So I thank ye kindly, all. Squire Kearney, I 'm much obliged. Well, good evenin'."

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"NAMOOSE"

THE STORY OF A MISSIONARY ROOF IN ADANA

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "The Battle," etc.

Once there was a man who wanted a piece of string, so he went to a neighbor to borrow some.

"I am very sorry," said the neighbor, "but I have spread all my string out to dry flour on."

Turkish Fable.

IF you happen to be a missionary in Turkey, and want to build a house or school or other desirable structure for your business, this is what you do. You go to the government building, which they call a palace, no matter what it looks like, and you tell somebody that you want to see the Muti Sarif, and after a while you see him. The Muti Sarif sits in a red velvet chair behind a table and salutes you from his heart and his lips and his eyes, and invokes various blessings upon you and your little ones. You return the compliment in your best style, and presently a bare-footed attendant in a fore-and-aft apron brings coffee, which you suck in with a noise, as etiquette requires. Then, while he thumbs his beads, you tell the Muti Sarif about the house or the school that you want to build. You imagine from his manner that there is nothing in the world he is so anxious about as to see your plan carried out, at least you do if you are a new missionary. He tells you to make a presentation of your condition, —what they call an *arz-ou-hal,* more simply a request for a permit,—and hopes that all your purposes will prosper.

You go your way delighted, and a couple of weeks later learn that your petition has been referred to the superintendent of construction, who will act on it immediately. You get more salaams and coffee when you learn this. A month later you get no satisfaction at all when you call on the superintendent of construction. You go back to the Muti Sarif, who is on the same red velvet chair and three times as polite as he was before. He rings bells and whispers to people (after the coffee, of course), and at last informs you that your petition has been sent on to Constantinople, and will doubtless be approved in a few days. He hopes that your sons will grow into noble men, like yourself.

During the next six months you write to the American Minister in Constantinople and urge him to help you. You also write to friends in Constantinople, and urge them to urge the Minister to hurry up. And the outcome of the whole matter is that sometimes you get your permit, and sometimes you get nothing but coffee. There are now lying in the archives at Constantinople petitions to put up buildings that were sent in by missionaries way back in the eighties. They are still waiting to be acted on because—well, to use the popular saying when you want to make a poor excuse serve, "The man is drying flour on his string."

Now Miss Caroline Dodge knew nothing at all of this because she had not been in Turkey very long, and at the time of this incident was still struggling with her "Redhouse" and trying to learn thirty-six conjugations of the verb, which is the first duty of every missionary. Still, she had ideas of her own, as befits a woman with red hair who hails from a Texas ranch, and as she happened to be principal of the Adana School,—the board had voted unanimously that energy was the thing most needed at Adana,—she was in a position to carry them out or know the reason why. At this time the force inside the compound walls, in addition to Miss

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Dodge, comprised the missionary, Mr. Fischer; the housekeeper, Miss Lawson, who also taught mathematics; and a corps of native teachers, headed by a handsome young woman, a Greek, named Haiganoose.

In the school there were about forty girls, mostly Armenians, with many little whip-cord braids hanging down their backs.

The first aggressive idea that took root in Miss Dodge's mind was in connection with the flat mud roof over the building. Every time it rained, this roof leaked, and muddy water came trickling, sometimes pouring, down into the bedrooms.

"Could not that roof be fixed, Mr. Fischer?" asked Miss Dodge. "It 's a shame to have such a roof on the school."

"I 'll see to it," said Mr. Fischer, and ordered thirty donkey-loads of earth to be spread upon the roof and rolled down hard.

That was the beginning; but before long there came on a heavy downpour which washed the earth away and inundated the upper rooms. Worst of all, this came the very day after Haiganoose had been thrown from her horse and received injuries which held her helpless in bed. So she was obliged to lie there, with water streaming over her. To be sure, they spread rubber blankets on the bed and kept her measurably dry, but Miss Dodge said it was an outrage and announced her intention of having a new roof put on the building.

"These mud roofs are a relic of barbarism, anyway," she said; "we 'll have tiles now."

"Tiles are unquestionably much better," said Mr. Fischer, "but I doubt if you can get a permit." He had lived in the country over twenty years, and knew things.

"Why should any one need a permit to fix a roof? Besides, you say the tiles are better."

"That, Miss Dodge, might be exactly why the Turks would object to your putting them down." He said this with a smile of superior knowledge which the young principal was beginning to find exasperating.

"Well, suppose I went ahead and had the tiles put down, anyway, what would they do about it?"

Mr. Fischer lifted his shoulders in an Oriental shrug, and intimated that it was utterly impossible to tell what the Turks would do about anything.

"But they might not interfere at all?"

"They might not."

"And they probably would n't give the permit without a lot of fuss and delay."

"You may be sure of that."

"Then I 'll take chances without any permit. We 'll see if it 's against the law here for people to have dry roofs over their heads."

"Dry roofs are a good thing," said Mr. Fischer, and made no other comment, for he believed in letting each person organize his own trouble.

So the tiles were ordered, and workmen were employed, and sooner than any one would have thought possible, thanks to the new principal's vigorous direction, the job was in a fair way to be accomplished. And there might never have been any trouble, and this story would never have been written, if the pretty Greek teacher had not suddenly grown worse, so that it was necessary to move her to Tarsus without delay, where she might have skilled attention in the hospital there. This was before the railroad had gone through to Adana, so the moving of a very sick woman to Tarsus was no trifling matter. Some other time I will tell the details of that journey; it is sufficient to say now that Haiganoose was put into a little house, with glass windows, supported by two springy saplings, and was borne in this way over mountains and plain, with two sure-footed horses between the thills, one in front, and one behind. Mr. Fischer and Miss Lawson went with her.

"I 'm sorry to leave you short-handed," said Mr. Fischer, "especially with the roof on your hands, but you see the emergency yourself. If they make any trouble for you, I should recommend following Ali's advice; you can trust him." Ali was stable-man, gate-opener, and general factotum about the compound. Although a Turk, he had been so long in the missionary service that he had picked up an American view of things from the contact, and some said he was more than half Christian.

"Oh, they won't do anything; the roof is half done now."

"Half a roof is no roof. They would make you take it off quick enough, if they

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got started. But I 'll tell you one thing that is good to remember: the law provides that as soon as any building has a finished roof over it, no matter how the inside may be, that building is regarded as completed, and may not be interfered with, permit or no permit."

"Really?" said Miss Dodge. "I 'll remember that; but I guess we 'll have the roof done, all right, by the day after tomorrow."

She spoke confidently, which goes to show our common fallibility, for hardly an hour after Mr. Fischer's departure, there came a loud knocking at the gate, and a Turkish policeman, with his whip and rusty uniform, asked for Mr. Fischer. Ali replied that Mr. Fischer had gone away. Then the officer asked for some one else, and Miss Dodge saw him. He salaamed in surprise at seeing a new face, but went on to say that the Effendis had made a mistake in putting up a new building without permission, and that the work must be stopped. This Ali translated.

"Tell him we are not putting up a new building; we are only mending the roof."

The officer was sorry to contradict, but the roof with tiles was slanting, and was higher than the old one; therefore it was a new roof, and that was the same as a new building.

"Tell him he 's talking nonsense, ridiculous nonsense. This is our building, and we shall do what we please with it. Tell him this is American soil."

The officer looked at her in amazement, and in his perplexity he went away, and reported at the palace.

"H'm," said the Muti Sarif when he heard the officer's statement; and then he gave orders based on the assumption that woman is a creature made to be imposed upon by man.

Meantime Miss Dodge was studying the situation anxiously. Ali had told her that the officer would certainly come back in the morning, and she had very vague ideas as to what might happen. She was not worrying so much about the roof as about being blocked in a purpose that she had set out upon. She wanted that roof to go on to show that she had not made a mistake. There were enough things already where Mr. Fischer had asserted a calm superiority: there was buying provisions at one time for the whole year (who ever heard of such a thing?) and stitching sheets fast to the quilts, and the way the girls oiled their hair. She could n't be expected to know about all that; but now in the simple matter of repairing a roof it did seem too bad that she could n't have her own way. She could just see him in his bland, accurate manner smiling at her when he found the work stopped, and inwardly chuckling at her discomfiture.

"I 'll make a fight for it, anyway," was her last thought before going to sleep, and the first thing in the morning she had Ali drape an American flag over the arch of the big gateway. Then she put her rocking-chair at a good observation-point, and sat down as calmly as possible to await developments. She wore a close-fitting, dark-blue gown and a trim little hat with a white feather in it. That was the only white feather about her.

"I 'm alone here," she thought, as she rocked, "with a palace full of Turks against me, and I don't know the language, or the ways, or anything, and I 'm only a woman; but never mind."

Scarcely had she braced herself in this resolute attitude when the girls came clattering up from breakfast, their wooden sandals making a great racket on the stone floors and the stone-paved courtyard, and a few minutes later there came a loud summons at the heavy door in the compound wall, and she heard some one asking for the *hanum effendi*; that is, herself.

The officer was there with instructions from the Muti Sarif. Very well, the officer could come in. What did the officer want? The officer made a long speech through Ali's mouth, the main point being that, unless work on the roof was stopped at once, the building would be burned over their heads that night.

At this Miss Dodge stood up to the whole of her five feet two inches, and looked the Turk right in the eyes.

"I am glad you have warned me," she said through the interpreter, "for now, if the building *is* burned to-night, I shall know whom to hold responsible. I believe the telegraph is still working to Constantinople, and I believe *that* still means something."

She pointed to the stars and stripes over the gateway, and looked like a little general. The officer went away.

"I score one there, anyhow," she said

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to herself as the policeman went out, and she tingled with the excitement of the encounter. Was n't it fine, one American girl holding her own against a whole palaceful of Turks! And she could do it, too; of course she could, with the flag to protect her and the wires open to Constantinople.

Suddenly she thought of Mr. Fischer, and had a misgiving, for he was always so provokingly right about things.

"Ali, *bourda ghel,*" she said to one of the Armenian girls, and when Ali had appeared, she asked him if he did n't think it would be all right now.

"*In-shall-lah,*" was Ali's non-committal reply; he hoped that such would be the will of Allah.

"Well, anyhow, we 're on American soil, are n't we, or just about the same? I mean, they can't come in without our permission?"

Ali said they could come in if the Muti Sarif ordered it. Miss Dodge's face fell.

"Then I should telegraph at once to the American Minister," she said with decision, throwing herself upon this diplomatic life-preserver with the ready confidence of those new in the country.

Ali told her that they might refuse to transmit her despatch, and added, as if to complete her chagrin, that the nearest American consul was two hundred miles away.

While Miss Dodge was surveying this gloomy prospect, the policeman was in a scarcely more cheerful state of mind. He realized that he had bungled his instructions, for of course no sensible Muti Sarif would announce in advance his intention to burn an American building. He had made himself ridiculous and the missionary *hanum* angry, whereas his orders had been to frighten her into stopping work on the roof. There was the difficulty: she would n't frighten. In his ill temper he twirled his official whip and cut across the back a crazy man who just then passed, chattering like an ape. Then he sat down to think the problem out over coffee and mastic; and as the matter was urgent, and it was only about noon, of course he did nothing more that day. To be strictly accurate, he did one thing: he arranged a plan that would settle the whole business in the morning. He would be at the gate early, and arrest every workman who attempted to go inside. The workmen were mostly Armenians, and whenever a Turk is in doubt about anything, he arrests an Armenian or two, and relieves his mind.

This plan of the policeman would have worked well enough but for the fact that Miss Dodge had made a counter-move which prevented it from working at all; for she kept the workmen overnight on the mission premises, and had them out before daylight with promises of double pay. The job was two thirds done, and could be finished by nightfall if all hands did their best.

"What I 've got to do to-day," she said to herself, "is to gain time, and the first thing they know it will be too late for them to do anything. I 've got Mr. Fischer's word for that. Now, let 's see what I can do to gain time."

Then she sat for a long time at her observation-point, knitting her brows as she rocked, and from time to time looking up words in her Turkish dictionary. When the expected summons came at the gate she had apparently decided on a line of action; for she said to Ali, with quite the air of being master of the situation:

"You will say to the officer that the *hanum effendi* is here alone in her house, that she refuses to open the gate, and that she sends him this one word"—she paused and opened the dictionary—"the word is *namoose.*"

She pronounced it distinctly, rather triumphantly, but Ali's face remained blank.

"Don't you understand?" she said sharply. "*Namoose,* or—wait a minute; perhaps this one is better—*namahren.*"

Ali's face brightened, then broadened into a smile.

"*Namahren?*" he repeated, pronouncing the word with a guttural "h" that would have made a German gasp.

"Yes," she said; "tell him I send him that one word." Then she listened eagerly for the result of this order.

There was some parleying, and then came a silence. Miss Dodge smiled as she glanced upward at the busy roof. The Armenians had caught the spirit of the game, and were working like beavers. The flat mud roof was gone, and a sloping surface of clean red tiles met her eyes. Only one end showed the boards bare underneath. It was now merely a question of hours.

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"Has he gone?" she inquired of Ali.

"*Yoke,*" answered Ali, lifting brows and chin and, clucking his tongue, as Turks do, for a decided negative. "There are four soldiers with him, and they are writing out a long paper. I think they will throw it over the wall."

"If they do, you throw it right back."

Ali went down into the courtyard, and within five minutes about a yard of beautifully printed Arabic characters came fluttering over the wall, and instantly went fluttering back. At the same moment Miss Dodge herself called out in clear tones the word *namahren.* Ali looked at her in astonishment and admiration, especially as the sound of retreating footsteps was now distinctly heard.

"There they go; that 's the last of them, I guess."

Ali said *yoke* again, and was firm in the conviction that the men would soon come back.

"I don't see how they *can* come back," she said; "for that word *namoose* means honor or law, and I said *namahren,* which is derived from it, and in good American might be translated, 'Keep off the grass.'" She laughed nervously, and then read the dictionary definition to Ali, who listened gravely, and understood about one word in four:

"*Namahren.* 1. Who is familiar or intimate, used especially for those men and women who are not blood-relations, and are therefore debarred from social relations with each other. 2. Uninitiated. 3. A muffler put on by a Moslem adult female before engaging in divine worship or before speaking to a stranger."

"Now," she continued, "I 've heard somewhere, Ali, that this word *namahren* has an astonishing effect upon a Turk, if a woman says it. I forget how I know that, but you can see that it does."

There was no question that the word had produced an astonishing effect in this instance. Here was a Turkish policeman, supported by four soldiers, carrying an order from the Muti Sarif that authorized him to enter certain specified premises and stop work on a certain specified roof that was grievously interfering, etc., with the well being of the Sultan's realm, and so on, through the whole yard of Arabic characters; and this policeman, on hearing a certain word spoken by a small, red-headed woman, turns and goes away with his men, leaving the roof-building to go on as before. Now, how could that be?

The explanation was perfectly simple. Miss Dodge, by some happy inspiration, had used against this policeman the talisman word that protects every woman in Turkey, at least in theory; for the first principle of Moslem law is that no man, except the husband, may look upon a woman or address her against her will. Among derivatives of the word *namoose* having this significance are the *namoosiyehs,* or little curtains on street-cars and ferry-boats in Constantinople that shut off the men from the women. A touch of the hand would push these curtains aside, yet no man gives that touch, since the command of *namoose,* or honor, restrains him. And the same is true of the *namoosiyehs,* or tent coverings, used on the roofs of Turkish houses, when families sleep there in the summer, to screen the women from prying glances. The Turkish policeman had grown up on this principle, and when he heard the word *namahren,* he went on his honor at once and left the premises. Of course it may be said that an intelligent man would not have done so; but then it may also be said that an intelligent man would not have been a Turkish policeman.

In about two hours, however, the gentleman with the whip realized that throwing an order over a wall and getting it thrown back to him was not stopping work on the school roof, which he had been instructed to do. So, with his four men, he marched back to the school in a very determined mood. Ali at once told Miss Dodge that the time for yielding had come; the men would certainly break the gate down if they were refused admittance.

"Then we must stop the work, after all, when it is so nearly finished?"

"We must," said Ali, using the "we" with pleasure; "they will make us."

"And if we do stop, then what happens?"

"Then we must get a permit, and pay the fine for not having one now."

"How much is the fine?"

"About two *medjidiehs.*"

"Very well, go down to the officer and tell him we will yield. We are sorry we have no permit, but will apply for one at

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once. And we are anxious to pay our fine immediately. You go with them and attend to all that. But find out first how long it will take."

Ali came back in a moment and said that the policeman was very glad to get the *hanum effendi's* message, and that he would bring the receipt for the fine in person after three hours, and that he kissed the *hanum effendi's* feet."

"He wants a bakshish," was Ali's comment on this.

"He said he would be back in three hours, did he?" asked Miss Dodge, with a peculiar look.

"Yes," said Ali; "in three hours."

A few minutes later the Turkish policeman with his whip and his soldiers marched off triumphantly, leading Ali to the palace. The missionaries had given in, the Christians had been out-manœuvered. The policeman fairly purred to himself as he thought of the Muti Sarif's satisfaction, and he led the whole company forthwith into a place where they could have some refreshment. Now that the main point had been decided, there was no need of hurrying with the details; they had all the afternoon before them.

It was true that the main point had now been settled, but not as the Turkish policeman imagined. The roof of the girls' school was destined to be completed that day, the Muti Sarif was destined to fly into a temper, Mr. Fischer was destined to be very "pleasantly disappointed," and Miss Caroline Dodge, who did not know Turkish, but came from Texas, was destined to monopolize all the satisfaction that was floating about. While Ali was paying the fine and coffee was going the rounds, Miss Dodge was playing her last trump-card. No sooner were her enemies out of sight than she sent for the head workman, who was seated on the ridge of the roof, busily laying the first row of tiles in a bed of cement.

"How long will it take you to finish the job?" she asked.

The head workman made a slow calculation, and said it would take four hours. It was now about midday.

"Can't you do it in less time? I 'll give every man of you triple pay if you finish the roof in three hours."

"It can't be done; the men are making every effort already. You see, we waste so much time carrying up tiles."

Like a flash Miss Dodge saw her way out of the woods.

"Listen," she said. "If the tiles were all brought up for you, could you finish the work in three hours?"

"Easily," said the head workman; "but who will—"

She interrupted him by putting a whistle to her lips and sounding a long call for the whole school to gather. The tiles were piled in the courtyard; they had to be carried to the top of the house. In two minutes she had formed a line of girls reaching from the one point to the other. In five minutes they were passing tiles along the line from hand to hand at the rate of about one a second. In eighteen minutes by the clock the last tile had reached the last girl, and the whole force of workmen could devote themselves to their laying. And in two hours from that time, such is the contagion of enthusiasm, the last tile was securely in place, the job was done, the roof was on, the battle was won. But long before that, in fact, even while the Armenian girls, with all their braids flying, were working like a bucket brigade, the Armenian workmen on the roof, realizing suddenly the beauty and simplicity of the thing, waved their fezzes in delight, which is an unusual thing for Orientals to do, and cried out, "Long live the *hanum effendi!*"

And when the Turkish policeman came back an hour later with the receipt for the *medjidiehs,* he let his hands fall in amazement and made the usual reference to Allah's greatness. Then, after a pause, he said, speaking to Ali: "I tell you, whenever a little American *klug* [girl] comes here, up goes a new school-house, and every time one of their school-houses goes up, one of our mosques comes down."

Which was perhaps the best thing a Turkish policeman ever said.

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AN OLD PLANTATION GARDEN

BY HAMILTON WITHERSPOON

COLDSTREAM Plantation, in Sumter County, South Carolina, was the home of Robert Witherspoon, who settled there in the early years of the nineteenth century. In 1800 he was treasurer of his State, in 1806 a member of its legislature, and in 1808 he represented his district in Congress, but declined a re-election. The name of the new home was given in recollection of an ancestor who had been an officer of the Coldstream Guards.

A student of atavism would account for the unique individuality of this Southern planter from the fact that he was a descendant of John Knox. One of his first acts after establishing himself in his own house was to give the land for the neighborhood church, which, with its simple dignity of architectural lines, may still be seen from the windows of Coldstream, amid oaks draped in Spanish moss. The high-backed pews, and the slave galleries extending around three sides of the interior, have been preserved. Among the hoarded treasures of Coldstream is a "token," an oblong piece of metal stamped with the inscription, "Do this in remembrance of Me." In antebellum days, the church officers, known as elders, stood at the north and south doors of the church, and received from the slaves who were members these tokens, which admitted them to the communion-table, in front of the pulpit.

A bundle of letters, yellow with age, contains the first mention of the planter's garden. They were written to his betrothed not long before their wedding. In a combination of stateliness and tenderness, he looks into the future, and pictures her in the garden, fairer than any flower she will ever gather there. Later, as his wife, she shared his ardent zeal in his favorite pursuits, and wrought changes and improvements in the place, after the fashion of modern brides.

It is recorded that it was she who found what were called "love-apples" among the flowers, and had them removed to the kitchen garden, where they were reclassified as vegetables, and soon afterward served on the table as tomatoes. She brought with her, too, a colony of plants from her girlhood home.

Though the planter became absorbed in public matters, there were occasional references in his letters to his beloved garden. Once, during a stay in Washington, he found the President's wife a fellow-enthusiast in horticulture, and wrote home, asking that certain seed "be carefully saved for Mistress Madison."

In 1837, Robert Witherspoon died, seventy-one years of age, leaving the plantation to his son, a boy of eleven, who spent his minority mostly away from home, in traveling and in study. In 1849, the old roof-tree welcomed another bride, and the garden again came into prominence in the life of the plantation. There are those living who remember how the young master and mistress, and the servants whom they truly believed "God had given them," worked together to make their corner of the universe a pleasanter place to live in. Master and mistress knew the joys and sorrows of their numerous slaves as well as their names, and the ties between them were never severed except by death. It is perhaps deserving of mention that the pride of those servants in all that pertained to master and mistress continues to-day in their great-grandchildren. The member of the family who now owns Coldstream, and lives

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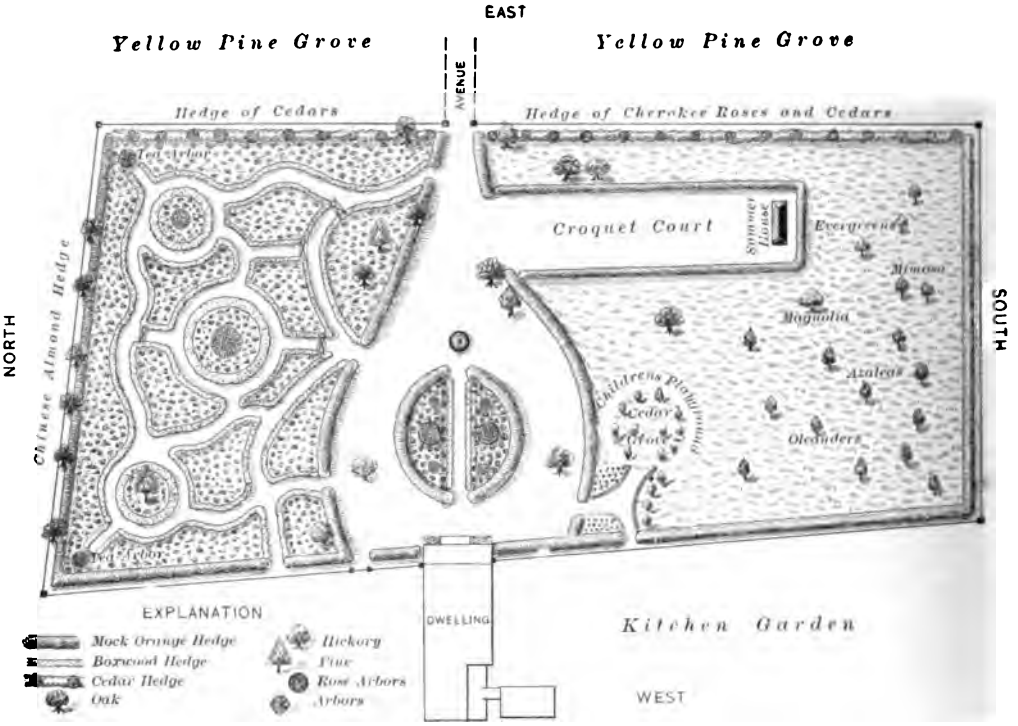

PLAN OF THE OLD GARDEN AT COLDSTREAM PLANTATION

there, esteems the faithfulness and affection of her dark-skinned friends as a valuable part of her heritage.

In that halcyon time before war-clouds gathered, the garden attained its greatest loveliness. A German gardener was employed, and his thorough knowledge of the needs of plants enabled him to succeed equally well whether their habitat was in South American forests, the Himalaya Mountains, the Cape of Good Hope, China, Japan, or bonny Scotland. The acreage of beautiful life broadened in many ways. In our earthly paradise, where mortals dwell for a brief period, the young husband and wife felt that there was no fairer employment for hours of leisure than the cultivation of flowers. They frequently pruned and transplanted with their own hands; and about this pe-

VIEW FROM THE BROAD DRIVEWAY INTO THE NORTHERN PART OF THE GARDEN

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VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF THE DWELLING ACROSS THE GARDEN TO THE AVENUE IN THE PINES

riod it was customary for guests to bring gifts of seeds and cuttings, bulbs and roots.

In the planning of the gardens of that time widely differing ideals prevailed. Some were intended as the abode of peace, the home of plants and birds, some as a shrine for cherished friendships; but there are only a few that to-day express the accumulated taste of generations of the same family, and bear the imprint of the souls they have sheltered and gladdened. The blessed seclusion of the garden at Coldstream has saved it from most of the chances and changes of human life, and its charm of forgotten days falls on the tired spirit as softly as a benediction. A stranger might easily drive along the quiet country road through the plantation, which the old servants still call "the King's highway," and never dream that the garden was near. But the guest who drives the seven miles from the railway-station in the ancient family coach, still in good condition and in constant use, is instructed where to pause a moment and look, under the curving branches of trees, along a straight, level avenue, running like a ribbon through stately pines. The avenue ends at a latticed gate, and the gate opens into the most tranquil, the most reposeful garden human eyes ever beheld.

Fronting the garden stands a quaint, white dwelling-house of striking simplicity. It faces the east, that it may get all the cheerfulness of the morning and the glory of every full moon rising above the crested pines that form the garden's setting. To one who gazed on it for the first time, Cowley's lines came to mind:

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house, and large garden have,
With a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful, too.

It is indeed true that many good gardens have been planned in subordination to the house, but this house was planned with reference to the garden. The visitor steps directly from the low-ceiled library to the piazza, and descends steps the balusters of which are wreathed in roses. He finds himself in front of a circle of evergreens spanned by two evergreen arches,

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THE CROQUET COURT

making the driveway to the door and forming the garden's center. Walking underneath the arches, he discovers a broad, box-bordered pathway, inclosing beds fragrant with magnolias, oleanders, camellias, tea-olives, lilacs, gardenias, and laurestinus. Here year after year birds nest in trellises covered with white and yellow *Banksias*, and the airy wings of butterflies flutter over a tangle of moss-roses.

To the left of this central circle, in the southeastern part of the garden, there is a leafy hedge, trimmed like a wall, ornamented with rounded posts of evergreens at regular spaces. At the eastern end of this evergreen wall is the croquet-lawn.

ARCH COVERING THE PATH TO THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

GROUP OF CEDARS, THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

Mild winter weather invariably carpets it with lesser bluets, or innocence, of which Timrod wrote:

> Already here and there, on frailest stems,
> Appear some azure gems,
> Small, as might deck upon a gala-day,
> The forehead of a fay.

In spring, bees hum there in the scented lights and shadows of locust blooms, and every autumn squirrels feast among the golden hickories.

The western end of the evergreen wall terminates in an arch through which there is a glimpse of a circular grove of cedars, which is the children's playground. There the soft earth now gives back no sound of footfalls, no voices wake the echoes; but the sunshine, as it

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WALK LEADING TO THE OLD MAGNOLIA-TREE

filters through the branches, seems to reflect the delightsomeness of the days when it rested on little heads at play.

West of the cedar grove is another tall hedge, twice the height of the tall gardener. This divides the garden of flowers from the gay kitchen garden, where figs, raspberries, and strawberries share honors with an unending sequence of vegetables. There the herbaceous borders of the beds exhibit a variety of rich hues the year round; and beyond the kitchen garden is the old Dutch oven, the fortress-like walls of which have withstood earthquakes, bearing testimony to work well done.

The northeastern end of the garden is the social center of the household. The broad walks, one of its main features, wind among flower-beds of geometric designs (ellipses, oblongs, quincunxes, lozenges, circles, and triangles) and are bordered with box, *Euonymus,* imperial fleur-de-lis, old-fashioned scented violets, tea-plants, *Yucca filamentosa,* and mock-orange. The pathways are arched by drooping *Spiræa,* and delicate tendrils of yellow jasmine have woven themselves from tree to tree. Under sheltering deodars, laurels, and magnolias are cozy nooks, and easy-chairs and benches invite to reading and contemplation. Beyond a snowy mound of pearl *Banksias* the path makes a sudden turn, and there, walled in by Chinese almonds, is the green little tea-arbor. Those who drink tea in that privileged world of flowers, use spoons purchased with the first instalment of a congressman's salary in 1808. The tea-service rests on a tray that is a fine specimen of Sheffield plate used by the family for five generations.

From the coign of vantage afforded by the tea-arbor it is readily seen that the garden has a well-arranged flower calendar. Every month has its blos-

A PATHWAY BORDERED WITH BOX

soms. For January there are eight varieties of white and blue violets, Roman hyacinths, and the ephemeral beauty of crocuses, and many simple, common, little flowers, which are without family traditions, but which have kind, consoling ministries to their credit. These antiquated flowers are becoming rarer than those called rare to-day. In February the trellises are covered with golden stars of leafless jasmines; there are tulips and narcissus in warm spots; and elsewhere the subtle odors and white blossoms of Chinese almonds, burning-bush, and the misty white of plum-blossoms, looking like a bridal procession, while violets and hyacinths continue to bloom profusely, and maples are feathered thick with reddened buds. In

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March there are poet's narcissus, daffodils, snowdrops, white-robed dogwoods, blue-bottles, iris, *Forsythias,* ringing the golden bells heard by no human ear, three varieties of *Spiræa,* the most beautiful of the latter called the bridal-wreath, a fountain of white bloom with clusters of from twenty to thirty florets set close among the drooping stems making the raceme. In March also the bluebells show their spikes of flowers, having the distinction of being among the few plants that len to the March winds, powdering the air with amber haze, and flecking the brown carpet beneath them with gold-dust.

But the bewitchment of the garden is greatest in April. Then the flowers proclaim the royal affluence of the soil that feeds them. The star-of-Bethlehem strays over the symmetrical borders, and the beds are filled with flowers in spendthrift luxuriance. There are Chinese magnolias, with their purplish-pink, white-lined pet-

THE ANCIENT FAMILY COACH

thrive under pine-trees, and the sky-blue flowers of the periwinkle, or trailing myrtle, carpet the earth.

In the transition days between March and April the forest trees in the garden come to their flowering. Oaks, hollies, maples, cypresses, mimosas, some poplars, and sassafras, are fringed in tenderest green, brown, rose, bronze, tawny red, and saffron. The evergreens, too, though botanists say their flowers are incomplete, clothe themselves in vernal beauty. The arbor-vitæ have queer, fascinating little things on their flat twigs that are not lacking in either color or fragrance. The conifers display clusters of tiny fresh-green cones. The pines intrust their pollen to the March winds, powdering the air with amber haze, and flecking the brown carpet beneath them with gold-dust.

But the bewitchment of the garden is greatest in April. Then the flowers proclaim the royal affluence of the soil that feeds them. The star-of-Bethlehem strays over the symmetrical borders, and the beds are filled with flowers in spendthrift luxuriance. There are Chinese magnolias, with their purplish-pink, white-lined petals, inclosing purple cones which bear the seed; banana-shrub, the small, creamy, conoidical flowers of which give out their fruity odor only when the spring sun shines warm upon them; full-blossoming *Weigelias,* pink and white; handsome, dark-green *Pittosporums,* with waxy, star-like clusters of blossoms; snowball bushes, with their brief and spotless beauty; bright, golden balls of the globe-flower; diminutive white bells on the aromatic spicewood; bush and climbing honeysuckles; yellow and coral woodbine; white and purple lilacs in six varieties; the spicy odor of clove-pinks, and the incense of *Calycanthus;* camellias strewing their jewels in dazzling heaps; and carnations

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TEA-ARBOR IN THE NORTHEASTERN CORNER OF THE GARDEN

the pungent sweetness of which long ago consoled "the Great" Condé in exile.

The festal day in the April calendar is the day the Azaleas burst into bloom. It is impossible to describe their gorgeousness. Some of the bushes are fifteen feet through and ten feet high. The flowers come out before the leaves, and are packed so close together that there is no sign of either stem or branch, no glimpse of green to weaken the intensity of color. The masses of rose and magenta tower above the head, round out in swelling curves of bloom, and trail satiny petals on the earth beneath. Artists who are soul-famished for color may come here and feast on this miracle, and go away satisfied.

Roses in varieties too numerous to catalogue begin to bloom in April. There are white roses, from the modest little musk, to the pure and perfect Niphetos; pink roses, from the palest to great, glowing Paul Neyrons; red roses from the ever-blooming Louis Phillippe and Agrippina to the glory of General Jacqueminots; yellow roses, from the faint, cream centers of Zelia Prædels to Maréchal Niels, with hearts of gold. A hedgerow of Cherokee roses blooms gloriously. The Southern smilax covers the ghostly arms of a dead cedar with its silken leaves. Crêpe-myrtles, with flaming torches, light the green dusk of arbor-vitæ. And the April syringas resemble Venetian chandeliers, resplendent with gems.

In May, the dynasty of the Rose continues, and reaches the height of its power. Then there are garden lilies, yellow, bright-crimson, pink, and dull-red, blooming at the top of thick stalks. And space is given the humble lily of the field, as well as the immemorial white lily, with its six-petaled silver chalice. Great bushes of gardenias gleam white against spikes of gladiolus, and foxglove, or digitalis. Hydrangeas bloom profusely in immense white panicles. And there are many flowers of yesterday in close proximity to the sweet-peas, those immigrants from Sicily more than a hundred years ago. Masses of periwinkle lift up their pretty faces to the majesty of full-blown *Magnolia grandiflora*. The pink and the white oleanders are bending under their fra-

THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ON THE PLANTATION

One of the doors giving access to the slave galleries shows white near the end, at the right.

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grant burdens, and the old English custom of "bringing in the May" can be observed here annually, as the English hawthorne has never been known to disappoint its South Carolina friends.

As in June the family at Coldstream usually went to their summer home, the garden was so arranged that in that month it also packed away its gayest clothing, and took what was called a "rest." The roots of the plants were carefully weeded, and then covered with soft, cool leaf-mold, as a protection during the heated term. But there were roses that bloomed with little respite from April to December, and amaryllis, dahlias, August lilies, tuberoses, and other old favorites that continued to translate the joys of the garden into visible and tangible delights. Some faithful servants were left there as caretakers, and to them it owes much of its present beauty. No one was admitted through the closed gates without the closest scrutiny. The birds and squirrels were also guarded, and, to this day, birds that are rarely seen near human habitations, and are usually found only in the depths of unfrequented forests, nest in the vines and shrubbery at Coldstream, perch on the balusters of the porches and on the window-ledges, and sing as though none had ever dared dispute their rights.

Perhaps the best way to know the magic of the garden is softly to push ajar the white gate some afternoon in spring, follow the beckoning of the Wistaria, with its graceful clusters of purple and its languorous fragrance, and turn aside in the westering sun, and wind among the dim paths that thread the garden's labyrinth. The sun's rays slant; the smell of the warm earth mingles with the amber sweetness of myriads of blossoms; a mocking-bird breaks the silence with his wild and thrilling rapture; far away there is the sound of doves and the rarely heard call of the hermit-thrush, with its threefold note rising higher still and higher. A light breeze comes from the distant marshes, and the tree-tops tremblingly sigh out their evening hymn. The stars shimmer faintly in heaven's mantle of blue, the soul soars beyond all worldly care, and here, as in that other garden, eastward in Eden, man feels himself gently freed from the unrest of earth.

THE GREATER SPEECH

BY RHODA HERO DUNN

"I NEED you." All the other words I say
When desolation haunts the summer moon
Or when the long-hushed emptiness of noon
Brings home the lack of you, what use are they!
"I need you. Oh, I need you!" naught can stay
The hungered heart save such words set attune
To memories of life's love-ensweetened June
When but to need was to all need allay.
"I bless you, praise you," These are words as fair,
As full of soft confession of love's creed.
"I love you." Such are love's dear words of prayer.
"I worship you." Love's very votive meed.
But, oh, the beating heart of love is there
In those great words that tell of love's great need!

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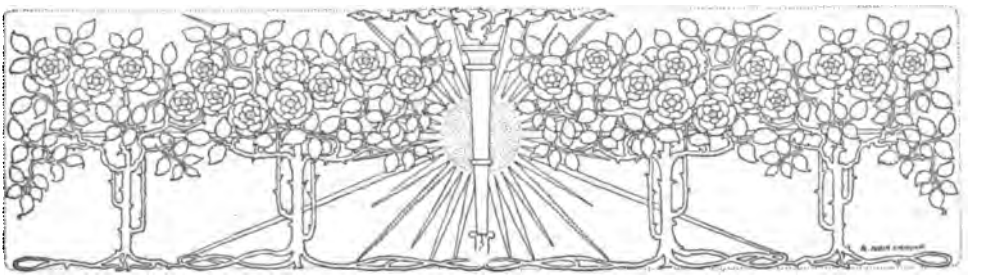

HEROES AND SERVITORS OF PEACE

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE CARNEGIE HERO AND RELIEF FUNDS

BY CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

WHETHER with cynical or humorous intent, an old Turkish proverb runs: "God help the rich!—the poor can beg." Those were days, perhaps, when a rich man was always menaced with the rapacity of the powerful and the lawless, and the only labor always sure of a return was begging. In contrast to that Oriental view of compensation stands W. S. Gilbert's comparison of himself with the Archbishop of Canterbury: "His Grace is paid a large annuity for being good, while I have to be good for nothing—and usually am."

Time, and the Western world, have wrought a great change in the relations of the rich and the poor, who in the broad practical sense are now classified as capital and labor. We shall see in what follows how sentiment is being added as a human ornament to the business relation between employer and workers, with the institution of a "relief fund," and also how a "hero fund" can compensate human beings for being good to their kind.

At last the heroes and servitors of peace are being placed on a footing with those of war, who, up to the beginning of this new and buoyant century, have had nearly a monopoly of pensions and laurels. Doubtless the world has grown more benevolent, and statesmen and capitalists have become aware of a broader responsibility for the general welfare; but the deeper influence, the real yeast in the bread of improvement, is necessity, that old-time and never-failing factor for good. In an era when the workmen of a single corporation are as numerous as were the standing armies of nations before steam was made to turn the wheels of civilization, and the fleets of several shipping firms are each comparable in numbers to a respectable navy of fifty years ago, it becomes a necessity that new means shall be devised to strengthen the manual, mental, and moral efficiency of the hosts arrayed in perpetual competition. If industry and commerce are to fulfil their expanding missions, skill must be cherished like duty, and fidelity like patriotism.

In line with public policy, and in some ways leading it, private philanthropy has grown more and more insistent that the results of its giving must be obviously beneficial; that the helping hand shall not prove a weakening hand, and that a distinction in terms shall stand for a real difference in treatment, as when help to the drones is defined as "charity," and succor to the workers as "organized relief." Men who have amassed great fortunes, and feel the promptings of an "unwritten law" of obligation to their less fortunate fellowmen, no doubt contribute regularly to the charity funds of secular and public bureaus of distribution; but some of them, with individual plans of benefit, have established independent funds, and have provided for their administration according to those strenuous rules of common sense which were the mainspring in the accu-

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mulation of their fortunes. Notable examples bear the names of George Peabody, Baron de Hirsch, Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Bernhard Nobel, and Andrew Carnegie. Of the latter's many benefactions, one fund illustrates the idea of aid to humble assistants, and another fund is a scheme for rewarding self-sacrifice. Both possess elements of novelty that are of special interest at the present time.

THE CARNEGIE RELIEF FUND

SEVENTY-FIVE years after George Washington covered the retreat of Braddock's little army, the actual ground on which the French and their Indian allies made their effective application of cold steel had become the center of a local industry which, with seventy-five more years of growth, has made Pittsburgh the capital of the iron and steel trade of the world. Two natural advantages were at the base of this rapid and unprecedented prosperity. The same reason of location which indicated the confluence of great rivers breaking through mountain barriers as a spot in the wilderness to fortify and fight for, made Pittsburgh the center of converging and far-reaching lines of river and road traffic, and in that place might most easily be assembled the coke and the ore derived from the boundless coal and iron deposits in the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania, and even from the glacial ore bins in far-away Minnesota.

When Andrew Carnegie sold out to the Steel Corporation in 1901, and retired from active stock-holder to serene bond-holder, he reflected that the benefits which had accrued to his thirty-odd junior partners emphasized the lack of any special provision for the humbler servitors of the Carnegie Company. A distribution after the old manner of dividing the prize-money of a naval cruise would have savored of a loose-handed patronage, and on ordinary grounds of policy might have done more harm than good. But a fund established in perpetuity for the aid of workmen and those dependent on them, when accident or old age should put an end to active service, would be a lasting benefit, and at the same time reward and dignify the fidelity of labor. A plan to that end was embodied in the iron-master's letter of March 12, 1901, offering five million dollars for the benefit of his former employees, the income of one million of which was to be devoted to the maintenance of the libraries already founded by him at Braddock, Homestead, and Duquesne, and four million dollars to be held as the "Carnegie Relief Fund." His letter closed with the profession of a motive which may have a lasting influence on other employers of labor. In words of remarkable import he says: "I make this first use of surplus wealth upon retiring from business as an acknowledgment of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success."

At the outset the fund was given in trust to the President and Board of Directors of the Carnegie Company for the benefit of all employees of that company, who in 1902 numbered thirty-five thousand. In the following year that corporation was reorganized as the Carnegie Steel Company, which, with its constituent companies, has at present eighty thousand men on its rolls, thus forming about two fifths of the working force of the main company which is the United States Steel Corporation; but the other three fifths—one hundred and twenty thousand workmen—do not participate in the fund. In 1906 the original trustees were supplanted by a body judicially appointed as the "Board of Trustees of Carnegie Relief and Library Fund," but without changing the form or manner of the administration. In effect this change separated the benefactions, for all time, from the business management of the Carnegie Steel Company. But the direction of the fund had from the first been lodged in an "Advisory Board," which was reappointed under the new legal status, on its part reënacting its former rules and regulations, and holding, as may readily be understood, the same position in the founder's intimate knowledge and confidence out of which grew the original appointments.[1]

[1] From the beginning, in 1901, the Chairman of the "Advisory Board" has been Mr. Charles L. Taylor, formerly Assistant to the President of the Carnegie Company, and one of the junior partners. It was in his honor that Mr. Carnegie gave Taylor Hall to the Lehigh University, Mr. Taylor's alma mater. The other members of the "Advisory Board," as at present constituted, are E. H. Utley, Vice-Chairman, W. W. Blackburn, A. R. Hunt, D. G. Kerr, and Thomas Lynch. These gentlemen, as a board, supervise the operations of the fund, the executive work of which is conducted by F. M. Wilmot as manager.

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Each year a broadside annual report is posted in every office and mill of the vast organization of eighty thousand beneficiaries, so that each workman may see what sums have been distributed on account of deaths, accidents, and pensions, and be reminded of the prop to himself and his family which resides in the Relief Fund, independent of the assistance rendered by the operating company in case of accident. How impressive such a report can be is indicated by the fact that these disbursements for 1908 totaled $210,423.70. More than half that amount was on account of death benefits, and about two fifths for pension allowances. These items of a private benefaction for workingmen show that the perils of peaceful industry are, in the long run, greater than those of war.[1]

The reality of the help extended may be inferred from the yearly total disbursements: for 1902 (the first year) $48,213.85; 1903, $180,652.17; 1904, $241,988.32; 1905, $266,290.15; 1906, $175,208.75; 1907, $216,764.05; and 1908, $210,423.70, making a grand total in the first seven years of $1,339,540.99. At the close of the seventh year (December 31, 1908), disbursements had been made for the benefit of 9270 families, on account of 7559 cases of injury, 1027 instances of death from accident, and 684 pension allowances. As indicating a desire to remain in active service as long as possible, it is interesting to know that the average age of those on the pension list is sixty-eight. One pensioner of seven years' standing on the list had been in the steel mills for twenty-seven years, and relinquished his work only at eighty-one. Economical administration of the Relief Fund has been possible owing largely to the cooperation of the Carnegie Steel Company, which has assigned its ninety-eight surgeons to act as medical inspectors under the direction of the managers of the fund.

A large permanent poster in every office and mill controlled by the Carnegie Steel Company instructs the employees as to how and when benefits from the fund are paid, and what must be done to obtain them.

Accident benefits are paid to employees injured in the performance of duty, but only after the lapse of a year, inasmuch as the operating company provides for injured workmen for that length of time, and is so attentive to what it conceives to be its duty in that respect that not a dozen accident cases have been carried into court. If not restored to wage-earning health before a year has elapsed, the fund then aids the injured employees by granting seventy-five cents a day to unmarried and one dollar a day to married men as long as the medical inspectors certify that they are unable to work. In December, 1908, the accident list included sixty-three men, who were being closely watched with the view of improving their condition by treatment or surgical aid; or, in case the injury promised to result in partial disability, of providing easy employment or positions as watchmen. Recipients of accident benefits must not leave the jurisdiction of the company surgeon in charge or fail to yield obedience; nor will the fund give aid in case of injuries due to, or prolonged by, intoxication or immoral acts.

The same conditions apply also in the awarding of death benefits, which go only to the dependent families of employees who, being *in proper condition for work,* are killed while in the performance of duty or die from injuries so received. In no case is more than $1200 awarded as a death benefit, and the exact sum, up to that amount, is determined on a scale of $500 for the widows, and $100 for each child under sixteen years of age at the time of the father's death. Thus, seven children are as many as the fund will recognize, but a claim for the maximum amount has been possible only in fourteen cases. One of these was paid to the widow of a coal-miner of American stock who was killed by a fall of slate, and who left eleven children under sixteen. This instance aside, the highest awards have gone to the widows of foreign laborers; but in the first seven years, in 309 cases of payment to foreign widows, the children averaged only a little above two to a case; in forty-eight of these cases there were no children. A large majority of these 309 foreign widows had never come to this country, and

[1] The United States Bureau of Labor at the end of 1908 estimated that from thirty to thirty-five thousand workmen in the United States each year lose their lives through accident in the course of employment. These casualties of peace seem large in comparison with those of war: the deaths in action and due to wounds in the Union Army, during the Civil War, for each of the four years averaged twenty-eight thousand.

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for the most part resided in Austria, Hungary, and Italy; the effect on them, in their state of general poverty and ignorance, of a voluntary indemnity as large as an ordinary peasant's competency, must have been to confirm the emigrant agents' rosiest pictures of America as a land of promise and bounty. Death benefits are not limited to widows; where an unmarried employee has been the sole supporter of, or a regular contributor to the support of, relatives, the latter are paid $500 to help them meet the hardship of losing such a bread-winner. As a rule, death benefits are paid monthly in such sums as are thought to afford needed relief for as long a time as possible, according to the number of dependents and their circumstances in each particular case. When a widow is believed to be unworthy of confidence, or incompetent to care for her children, the money granted is placed in the hands of a trustee appointed by the manager.

Pension allowances are not made in the way of charity, but as a reward for service; and in that view they are paid to employees who at sixty years of age are found by physical examination to be unfit for labor; but even then the applicants must have been at least fifteen years in the employ of a constituent organization, the obvious purpose being to place value on steadiness of employment. Yet those who have left the service, or have been dismissed, do not forfeit the years of service to their credit, if they secure reinstatement within two years. Also those who have served the requisite term, yet have become permanently and totally disabled before reaching the pension age of sixty, are eligible to pension allowances. Once on the pension list, an employee must leave, and may not reënter, the service of the company; but he is encouraged, without impairment of his allowance, to accept suitable employment in other lines of business. The rate of monthly payment is one per cent. of the average regular monthly pay for the entire term of service, multiplied by the number of years of service. Thus the least a pensioner receives is fifteen per cent. of his average monthly pay during his entire term of service, a sum which may range from five to one hundred dollars. The highest sum received by a pensioner, with a service credit of forty years, has so far been $98.85 a month.

The fund,—the largest of the kind yet devoted to the organized relief of bread-winners and their families, and to which the men make no contribution—is not administered under a charter, and its benefits are wholly voluntary. The trustees are under no liability, no employee within the range of its benevolence has any legal right to benefits and allowances, and the awards cannot be assigned or attached.

THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND

WITH his newest issue of securities in the business of doing good, Mr. Carnegie reverses a popular proverb by showing how "A man may be a valet to his hero." It does not matter that in this adaptation of the proverb he selects his hero according to certain firm views of conduct, and waits upon him with a precision compounded of fate and Scotch thrift, for on both sides the relation is voluntary.

By a deed of trust, dated March 12, 1904, countersigned by Louise Whitfield Carnegie as witness, five million dollars were placed with a commission of twenty-one men intimately known to the founder, who, without personal liability or legal obligation to the public, were named self-perpetuating trustees of the "Carnegie Hero Fund,"[1] having for its purpose, first,

[1] For weight of experience, and influence in practical affairs, the "Hero Fund Commission" is exceptional. It comprises: William L. Abbott, formerly President of Carnegie, Phipps & Co.; Taylor Allderdice, Vice-President of the National Tube Co.; Albert J. Barr, Editor of the *Pittsburgh Post*; Edward M. Bigelow, formerly Director of Public Works, Pittsburgh; W. W. Blackburn, Vice-President of the Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh; Joseph Buffington, Judge of the United States Circuit Court; Ralph M. Dravo, Contracting Engineer; R. A. Franks, President of the Home Trust Co., Hoboken, N. J.; W. N. Frew, President of the Carnegie Library and Institute, Pittsburgh; W. J. Holland, Director of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh; Thomas Lynch, President of the H. C. Frick Coke Co.; Thomas N. Miller, Retired Manufacturer, an early partner of Mr. Carnegie; Thomas Morrison, formerly General Superintendent of the Carnegie Steel Co.; Robert Pitcairn, formerly Assistant to the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; F. C. Perkins, Attorney-at-Law; H. K. Porter, President of the Porter Locomotive Works; ex-Judge J. H. Reed, Chairman of the Carnegie Steel Co.; W. L. Scaife, chairman of the Scaife Foundry and Machine Company; W. H. Stevenson, Merchant; Charles L. Taylor, formerly Assistant to the President of the Carnegie Steel Co., President of the "Hero Fund," and F. M. Wilmot, Secretary and Manager of the "Hero Fund."

The two latter were selected by Mr. Carnegie to be the executive officers of the fund.

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"To place those following peaceful vocations, who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until again able to work" (and, in case of death, the widow and children or other dependents of the hero to be cared for); second, "no grant is to be continued unless it be soberly and properly used, and the recipients remain respectable, well-behaved members of the community, but the heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial, no matter what their antecedents. Heroes deserve pardon and a fresh start"; third, "a medal shall be given to the hero, or widow, or next of kin, which shall recite the heroic deed it commemorates, that descendants may know and be proud of their descent." (Even when the hero escapes injury the medal is given, and also in special cases a sum of money.) The fourth, fifth, and sixth sections recite that, as many cities and some employers give rewards for acts of heroism, or pensions on account of accidents, care should be taken by the commission "not to deaden, but to stimulate employers or communities to do their part, for such action benefits givers themselves, as well as recipients." Any surplus of income may be devoted to persons in want through exceptional circumstances, due to no fault of their own, "such as drunkenness, laziness, crime, etc." The seventh section declares that "the field embraced by the Fund is the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, the Colony of Newfoundland, and the waters thereof," as "the sea is the scene of many heroic acts"; and the remaining three sections of the deed concern details of business.

Thus within the outlines of the fund range the higher qualities of human action and human feeling. Hopefulness and compassion are the dominant notes in the expression of purpose, yet with no intention of coercing human nature, for in another place the founder has said: "I do not expect to stimulate or create heroism by this fund, knowing well that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that if the hero is injured in his bold attempt to serve or save his fellows he and those dependent upon him should not suffer pecuniarily thereby." And the method of executing the purpose is wholly practical, as will be inferred from the records which show how the beneficiaries are chosen and sustained.

On April 15, 1904, the commission held its first meeting, for which reason that date marks the beginning of the era of heroism eligible to its ministrations. On May 20, the commission organized for work with an assured annual income of $250,000 from the endowment of five millions. Later a thousand dollars in a year was fixed upon as the maximum payment to any one family or dependent, no payment to be made in any case, however, "unless it shall be clearly shown that the dependents or disabled need such assistance." With respect to this limitation the president of the commission has said: "It is our object to do good, but not to place funds in large amounts in the hands of those who, possibly unfamiliar with the use of money, would be injured rather than benefited."

The medal to be given with every award, whether money is given or not, bears on the obverse the head of the founder and the inscription "Carnegie Hero Fund. Established April 15th, 1904," and on the reverse a tablet for the special inscription, imposed on an outline of North America (excluding Mexico) in slight relief, decorated with the coats of arms of Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States, and circled with the motto: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The medals, three inches in diameter, are in bronze, silver, and gold, the latter having a metal value of $200.

During the first five years of the fund, 3219 cases of alleged heroism were considered. Of these 2059 were refused as being below the standard of unpremeditated self-devotion, or else performed in the way of duty; or, as to a very few, because the acts of heroism occurred outside the geographical limits of the fund. The cases still pending numbered 914, while the actual awards were 246. Of the latter, in ninety-eight cases, medals alone were granted; the medals with death benefits numbered forty; the medals with disablement benefits comprised thirteen; the medals with an educational award numbered thirty-eight; and the medals with a special award were fifty-seven.

No award has ever been made without the previous personal investigation of a

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paid agent of the fund. When an heroic act is reported to the commission, directly, or possibly through the twelve or thirteen hundred Carnegie libraries scattered over the same field, inquiry is first made by letter as to the place, time, persons, and circumstances, including complete information in regard to the performer of the deed and the dependent family, and as to the names of at least three eye-witnesses of the act. The person addressed is informed that "newspaper clippings may be sent with your statement, but they cannot be accepted as part of it."

Thus many cases are dismissed through correspondence; but when an answer is received which calls for investigation, the fact is noted in the records, and a colored tack is placed on an ingenious geographical chart of "business on hand." This chart of the field, which is on a large scale, is divided into many sections, each fitting into a shallow drawer of a special cabinet. A blue-headed tack indicates the place where the act to be investigated occurred; red and black tacks the residence of persons who witnessed the act; green tacks, the residence of persons to be interviewed in regard to acts in another State; and pink tacks the place of residence of an original reporter of an act, not living near the scene. The chart enables the manager at a glance to lay out an economical itinerary for the investigation of innumerable varieties of facts. The section devoted to the Canadian Northwest has not been neglected, and recently a case was pending in Labrador. The much-traveled agents are five in number, young and unmarried, and are all ex-newspaper reporters, their previous experience being thought conducive to thoroughness of investigation and lucidity of statement. They go forth, each armed with a kodak and a type-writer, to interview, to analyze, and to summarize; in short, to unite in one unique messenger the functions of the winged Hermes, the fastidious Diogenes, the Muse of History, and the Angel of Mercy. In appreciating the tactfulness of performing such a mission without criticism, one must consider the warmth with which an investigator is welcomed in any community.

At the time of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906, an agent was in Santa Barbara. The home office transferred twenty-five thousand dollars to him by telegraph, with instructions to hasten to the scene of disaster and distribute relief to actual sufferers, thirty thousand more being afterward added to that special mission. Similar disbursements were made at Brockton, Massachusetts, in 1905, of $10,000; and, in 1908, of $35,000, at the Monongah mine, $25,000 at the Darr mine, and $10,000 at the Lick Branch mine, the last three being disasters in the Pittsburgh district. The commission has held that a good use of surplus income may be a general award to sufferers in a great catastrophe, as was exemplified by Mr. Carnegie in his contribution to the Harwick mine disaster in January, 1904.

Seventeen of the first thirty-one awards were for successful or heroically attempted rescue from drowning. A girl student of seventeen, for diving from a rowboat in Boston Harbor and rescuing a man from under a float, received a silver medal, and $500 toward her education; another girl student of sixteen was awarded a silver medal, and $2500 as school expenses, for a most courageous rescue of a woman; a school-boy of fifteen received a silver medal, and $600 toward his education; a matron having been drowned in a futile effort to save a negro laborer who had broken through treacherous ice, $2000 was placed in trust for her four children; three widows of rescuers who perished received from $500 to $600 each; and another with two children was awarded $1000. Timothy E. Heagerty, the master of a tug on Lake Erie, was awarded a silver medal for venturing out into a frightful sea and rescuing the crew of a foundering schooner, and a mortgage of $1200 on his property was canceled. His engineer, firemen, and sailors received bronze medals, and payments "as needed" up to $500 each.

The first gold medal award is number twenty in the records, and signalizes the highest order of devoted courage. On January 14, 1906, the steamer *Cherokee* was sighted fast on the Brigantine Shoals, off Atlantic City, at the mercy of a gale. Mark Casto, aged thirty-six, master of the *Alberta,* a sixty-foot fishing schooner, with five fishermen and his cook, worked his boat into the furious sea and rescued fifty-two persons, two dories and a boat being swamped during the transfer. Captain Casto's money award was $5000 for the education of his son, and $1500 to

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liquidate a mortgage on his property. Each of the six forming his volunteer crew received a silver medal, and $500 in trust.

Even more memorable as a deed of spontaneous daring by heroic fishermen was the rescue of eight of the survivors of the steamer *Larchmont,* which was cut down by a schooner off Watch Hill, Rhode Island, near eleven o'clock in the night of February 11, 1907. Passengers and crew numbered about one hundred and seventy-five, many of whom escaped in the boats. As the steamer settled, about thirty passengers and a few of the crew gathered on the forward part of the hurricane-deck, the highest structure out of water. When the steamer went down, this deck was torn from the hull, owing to its buoyancy and the prodigious force of the waves, rolling twenty feet high, and, driven before a fifty-mile northwest gale, started on a twelve hours' drift out of Block Island Sound into the open sea. As the temperature was falling to near zero, and the raft was incessantly washed by icy billows, the huddled group grew smaller, until those who remained alive were only two women and six men, grimly favored by a rampart of seven bodies frozen to what remained of the wreckage, a raft about twenty feet square. A more vivid picture of "life without hope" it would be hard to imagine; yet eight men, a hero to each survivor, were equal to the almost superhuman rescue.

Hardy fishermen dwell on Block Island, who ply their vocation in any ordinary winter weather. At four o'clock in the following morning, John W. Smith, the gray-haired master of the schooner *Elsie,* and his crew, consisting of two brothers, three nephews, a brother-in-law, and the latter's brother, gathered at Old Harbor on the easterly shore of the island, for their daily cruise. Until nearly eight o'clock they waited for a subsidence of the icy gale, and, as the signs were unfavorable, decided to return to their homes; but just at that time news of the *Larchmont* disaster was cabled to the village from the mainland, and Captain Smith's suggestion that they venture forth to look for survivors was seconded by every one of his crew. The sails of the little sixty-footer were double-reefed, and just as they were ready to cast off, word came that a raft had been seen drifting seaward, a mile from the lighthouse on Sandy Point, four miles north of the island harbor.

Steering northeasterly into the open sea, they came in sight of the raft, shortly after ten o'clock, and noticed feeble efforts to signal. As their decks and rigging were covered with ice from spray and from the seas which broke over the bow, and to run alongside the raft was impossible, their daring mission might have failed except for the schooner's eighteen horse-power gasolene auxiliary, which enabled the captain to hold a position in the wind several hundred feet in the rear of the raft. One fishing-dory was in tow, another was put over the stern, and in these the captain's brothers, Albert W. and George E. Smith, and the brother-in-law, with the latter's brother, Jeremiah M. and Edgar Littlefield, achieved the perilous rescue.

Drifting to the lee of the raft the four, though drenched and benumbed, succeeded in hauling the dories upon the icy platform; the eight scarcely living forms in frozen clothing were torn from the raft and placed in the bottom of the dories, which were shoved off, and kept drifting, head to the gale, down to the schooner, which meanwhile had changed position to the leeward of the raft. From the stern of the *Elsie* more acts of difficulty and daring brought the helpless eight, by means of ropes and straps fastened under the arms, to the uncertain deck, after which a run was made for Old Harbor, where they arrived before noon. One of the rescued succumbed to the hardships of that awful night. All of the crew of the *Elsie* were frost-bitten, but none was disabled.

Each of the eight courageous rescuers was awarded a gold medal; twenty thousand dollars was apportioned equally to the education of the ten children born of the six fathers in the family group of heroes, and a thousand dollars in trust was placed to the credit of each of two of the nephews, one of whom was childless and the other unmarried.

So far, thirteen gold medals have been awarded. Nine instances have already been mentioned: three of these medals, with $1500 each, were given to Harris G. Giddings, captain of a Milwaukee fire-boat, Lawrence A. Hanlon, assistant-chief, and Peter Lancaster, captain, in the fire department of that city, for descending a fifty-five-foot shaft and rescuing a labor-foreman

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who was imprisoned in an air-chamber of a tunnel under the Milwaukee River into which water was leaking. The thirteenth gold-medal hero was Andrew J. Hedger, a county superintendent of schools in Kansas, who at great risk went into a caved-in well-hole, and after two hours' labor rescued a man buried to his armpits, and recovered the body of another who was suffocated. Hedger, though a stranger to the place, undertook the rescue after failing to induce the friends of the unfortunate men either to lead or follow. Besides the gold medal, he received $600 in the discharge of debts, and $3000 was applied to the education of his children.

The name of a boy of eleven, and names of girls and boys of thirteen and fifteen, adorn the honor-roll in drowning accidents which comprise two thirds of all the cases crowned by the commission; and the frequency of gifts for the education of young heroes, or the children of heroes, indicates a preference for a method of benefit the farthest removed from possible abuse, or discussion as to its utility and helpful effect. Of the two hundred and forty-six awards, only fifty-three (of which forty included a money grant) have been made to widows, parents, and dependent relatives of heroes who lost their lives in efforts to save. The percentage of self-sacrifice (about twenty-two per cent.) is certainly large, and is mostly due to physical exhaustion, but when we contemplate the extreme peril that was uniformly faced, the records of the Carnegie Hero Fund teach us that a valorous spirit will usually conquer the most direful obstacles.

Sometimes the terms of an award place emphasis on a human virtue in addition to that of courage, as when a blacksmith in Kentucky received a silver medal and $1500 for going into a vault filled with gas to drag out a lawyer whom he knew to be his political and personal enemy, while the latter's friends stood by inactive from fear; or on a dog's sense of duty, as in the case of a housewife in Oregon, who rescued two girls from drowning, but, after taking one ashore and going for the other, became exhausted, and would have failed, possibly with the loss of her own life, if her dog had not followed her in and lent the aid of active legs and a firm mouth to the work of rescue.

Three silver medals were awarded to three Cornell students for heroism in the fraternity-house fire of December 7, 1906. One of them, after escaping, returned for his room-mate, and received injuries from which he died; the second, after three attempts to save a fellow-student, fell backward over a balcony, but was not seriously injured by the fall; the third succeeded in dragging out the student the second had failed to reach. The rescued student was the room-mate of the third rescuer, and later died of his injuries; and the successful rescuer was the son of one of Mr. Carnegie's lifelong partners.

At least three awards have been made to railway men for climbing out to the pilot of an engine and snatching little children from impending death. In the first instance the rescuer was the fireman, who, as he brushed the little three-year-old from the track fell alongside the train and sacrificed a foot. When the fireman had recovered, the father of the child arranged a group of the identical locomotive on the exact spot, with the fireman reaching out from the pilot to sweep aside the same little innocent in the same bib and tucker. Photographs of the realistic tableau were sold to raise a fund for the maimed benefactor, to whom the commission awarded a bronze medal and $250.

Every act that has been the subject of an award is charged with human interest, and many of them possess peculiar features. A cripple sprang in front of a fast train to save a child of six, and fell alongside in the very nick of time; a farmer saved a negro from an enraged bull by goading the animal with a pocket-knife, and would himself have been gored to death, after being knocked down, if his dog had not joined in the mêlée and frightened the brute away; a blacksmith, seeing his son bitten by a mad dog, which then made a dash for another child, saved the latter by attracting the animal to himself, grabbing it, and holding it under his knees until it was shot; a student of twenty dropped into an unused cistern after a child of two, which was at the bottom under six feet of water, raised the child above the surface, and sustained himself by treading water, for several minutes, until a rope was lowered. Several dramatic and successful struggles with would-be suicides are recorded; and no

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parts of the thrilling records are more inspiring than the rescues due to the indomitable courage of girls and women.

Many acts of unquestioned merit brought to the notice of the commission are not recognized, either because they were done in the course of duty to protect and to save, or because they were unaccompanied by that process of thought which renders a person aware of purpose, and of the danger encountered in the attempt to attain the purpose; but the records imply no extreme effort to discriminate against heroism due to impulse. Information in regard to acts of real heroism always comes from a source independent of the hero; but human nature would not be quite its old self if numerous appeals to the fund were not made directly by persons willing to be classed with the heroes. Most appeals of that character are innocent of guile, and some of them in their naïveté form a mock-heroic section of the records, and include such services to humanity as these: A man swimming out to the aid of a friend loses a set of false teeth, and asks to be supplied with a new set; a man having given a strip of skin from his arm for grafting on the face of a young woman who had been burned, wonders if the fund's medal is large enough and broad enough to cover his self-sacrifice; a man having pulled his wife from a siding as a car that was being switched approached her, would like to have the impulse to preserve a spouse crowned with a medal; a woman having seen two men thrown from an overturning automobile, and not waiting to put on wraps, carried pillows to the rescue, asks the commission to consider the fact that her heroic rashness might have brought on pneumonia; a man having performed a simple act of assistance disclaims any purpose to pose as a hero, but expresses a willingness to accept an award of $5000 to invest in business, and adds: "If you can't give that, for God's sake send me money enough to buy a rocking-chair for my old mother."

BRITISH AND FRENCH HERO FUNDS

In August, 1903, Mr. Carnegie gave to his native place, Dunfermline, Scotland, two and a half millions of dollars for the maintenance of a park with baths and places of recreation (he had previously given the park and baths and a library), so that those born to the scenes of his own childhood might grow up under pleasanter conditions and broader influences than pertain in towns less happily endowed. The success of that trust, and the satisfying results of the American Hero Fund, led him, on September 21, 1908, to devote a million and a quarter of dollars to a Hero Fund for "the British Islands and the waters thereof," which was also placed in the hands of the Dunfermline trustees.

The objects of this second hero endowment are in the main like those of the American "Carnegie Hero Fund," but few medals are awarded, for a reason indicated in a paragraph of the letter of gift, which contains the following direction to the trustees: "When the King presents medals for heroism in peaceful pursuits in the United Kingdom, you will make immediate and careful inquiries into the circumstances of the recipients, and wherever needed, make provision for their wants, or those of their families." King Edward, in a letter to Mr. Carnegie, gave cordial indorsement to the plan of supplementing the royal awards of medals with financial aid. The Scottish trustees are granted the same freedom of action as the American, and may devote surplus of income to the relief of the victims of accident, "preferably where a hero has appeared"; also doctors and nurses who volunteer their services in case of epidemic, and railway employees generally are mentioned as persons among whom heroism is a common virtue worthy of their recognition.

In May, 1909, announcement was made from Paris of a third Hero Fund which Mr. Carnegie will establish for the French nation. It has been stated that the endowment will be a million dollars, which, with the income, is to be administered by a commission of French trustees on lines similar to the method of controlling the American and British funds.

It may well be that Mr. Carnegie with his three hero funds has initiated a new form of doing good in honor of the heroes of peace, which will be taken up by other benefactors until the field of such effort becomes as large as the world itself, with heroes on every hand doing multifarious services for humanity in all the expanses of the earth, of the air above, and of the waters beneath.

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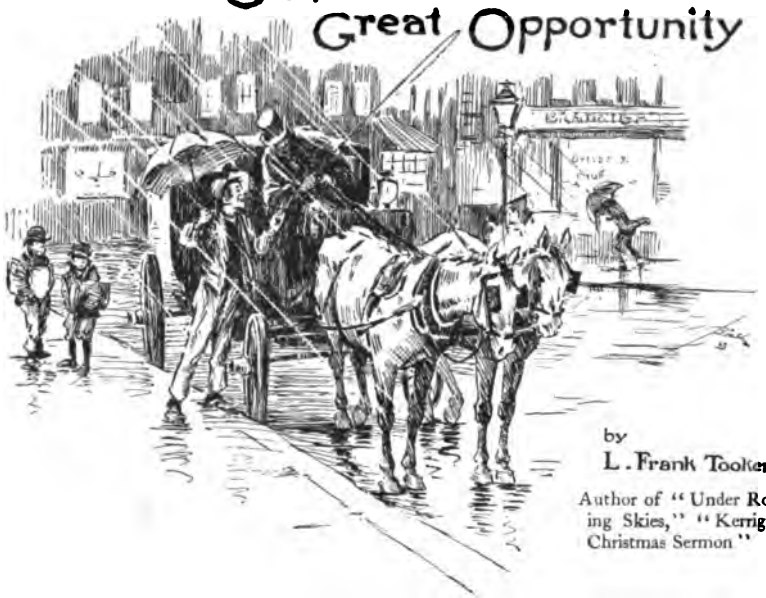
O'HARA'S Great Opportunity



by
L. Frank Tooker
Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon"

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

FOR a dozen years Larry O'Neill had been the leader of his district, and never once had he failed to crown his election work with his usual impressive majority; but a strain of obstinacy in his nature had always made him difficult to manage, and at last the ax had fallen: a young lawyer named Steinmetz was brought forward by the machine for his place. Scarcely had the district learned the news before it also knew that O'Neill would enter the primary elections as an independent candidate.

Now, above all things else, O'Neill loved a fight, and he was in the full tide of the most glorious battle of his political existence when late one evening of a hot day in the middle of August he entered his saloon from the street, and passed near the open door of the small rear room where O'Hara, with Con Melody and a friend, in their shirt-sleeves, sat playing a game of spoil-five. The thump of their knuckles on the table, as they led trumps, reminded O'Neill of the sound made by a butcher softening a tough steak with the back of his cleaver.

"If anny wan was to learn the game from you fellers, he 'd want to wear boxin'-gloves," he said genially. He seated himself, laying a hand on O'Hara's shoulder. "I 've a job for ye, O'Hara," he added abruptly.

The old man received the news phlegmatically enough. He thumped a card on the table, and looked up.

" 'T is twistin' the lion's tail," continued O'Neill—"no worrk, an' less pay, but plenty of glory. Ye 'll be in all the papers."

"Is it the reciption?" asked Melody eagerly.

"It is," answered O'Neill. He explained to O'Hara. "Ye see, the Hon. Terence Fogarty 's tourin' the counthry. He 's in Parliament, an' the bitter Home Ruler. Faith, he 'd sooner punch an English head than dhrink a glass of whisky, an' him from Cork, which the people are dry by nature, from bein' contagious to the salt wather. The Clan-na-Gael is to give him a reciption Thursday, come a week, and you 're to be wan of the speakers. 'T was decided to-night. I brought it up before the commity. 'He 's fresh from the owld sod,' says I, 'an' up to a certain point not Burke himself was the greater orator. He 'd rock all England wid his fiery worrds.' " O'Neill generously allowed an indifferent truth to creep into a good lie, after the incomprehensible fashion of man.

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Melody sniffed.

"I 'd like better to rock the Prince of Wales wid the half of a brick," he declared.

"Ye would, ye would," said O'Neill, dryly; "but I 'm thinkin' the poor man will not be losin' anny sleep through fear of ye, if ye keep to your present long range."

But O'Hara had risen from his chair and was thoughtfully pacing the room.

" 'T is the great opportunity," he said at last. "I 'm thinking I can stir them."

"An' if ye can bring in a worrd about that Steinmetz, I 'd take it kindly," suggested O'Neill.

"I 'll do me best for ye, Larry," replied O'Hara. "Ye know that."

For three days O'Hara haunted the Astor Library, reading the lives of O'Connell and Emmet, the campaign of Cromwell in Ireland, and the Battle of the Boyne. To himself he had proved conclusively that Cromwell was no soldier and William a coward, and that if Sarsfield's men had been armed with anything more deadly than hay-rakes, within a month an Irish king would have been sitting in the Tower of London dictating a new Doomsday Book. Then suddenly the hot spell of that year descended upon the city.

"I 'll trust to me natural eloquence and to me hereditary hatred of the Sassenach for me exordium and peroration," O'Hara decided, and in his shirt-sleeves, in O'Neill's back room, meditated on his great opportunity in the pauses between cooling drinks.

From time to time O'Neill looked in upon him.

"An' where arre ye now, O'Hara?" he asked one day.

"Smiting them hip and thigh, laad—hip and thigh," O'Hara declared.

"Faith!" exclaimed O'Neill, with a grin, "the bloody Saxon will not have a leg to stand on!"

"Ye 've got the wrong pig by the ear," retorted the old man, "and ye 've missed the point of me logic. Who won the Battle of Waterloo? A man born in Ireland, and his father before him, though they call them Sussex men, the lying hounds. Who made the Soudan as safe as Hampstead Heath? An Irishman. Who fought the best in Spain, in the Crimea, in India, and everywhere a British army ever fought? Irish regiments. Who was the grreatest statesman that ever came out of the three kingdoms? Burke. Who 's MacMahon, Sheridan, Kearny? Irish all. Men sprung from the sod of the little green isle have won battles for every nation under the canopy of hiven; but what have they done for themsilves? Fought the Battle of the Boyne and Vinegar Hill. 'T is shameful. Oh, I 'm giving it to them strong, Larry. 'Do as ye 're doing and been done,' says I, 'and ye 'll continue as ye arre, another race of wandering Jacobses. Faith! 't would not be harrd for a learned man to prove ye the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Unite—' "

"An' ye mean to tell the Clan-na-Gael they 're Jacobses?" interrupted O'Neill.

"I am, to that extint," replied O'Hara, with great firmness.

O'Neill roared with laughter.

"Then Hiven help ye, O'Hara, for no wan else can. There 'll be no need for the ambulance, but Calvary Cimet'ry an' five hundhred hacks followin' the remains to see ye safe underground."

"Then they 'll be united for wance," coolly replied O'Hara. " 'T is the wan thing I 'm striving to have them do."

"An' what would ye have thim unite on?" queried O'Neill.

"On passive resistance. Let every Irishman, woman and child, boycott England and English goods. Let them refuse to enter Parliament or the British arrmy, or wash a dish in an English kitchen or put foot to spade in British sod. And let every Irishman, wherever he strays in the wide world, unite in painting the black conduct of England in the brightest colors, and in twelve months the green flag, with the harp without the crown, will be floating over Dublin Castle, and they 'll be pasturing Conemara cows in the grass-grown streets of Belfast and Londonderry."

"I wonder now if the Prince of Wales has got an Irish cook," was O'Neill's only comment. "I 'm thinkin' he 'd be harrd hit if he came down to breakfast some mornin' and found the kitchen stove cold."

"Ye may flout me worrds, but ye 'll heed them in the end," said O'Hara, "or die as ye 've lived—a man without a country."

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"Well, it 's worth tryin', I dinno," O'Neill declared. "An' if thim that knocks off worrk can't get meat, they can eat grass."

THURSDAY, the day of the reception, broke gray and wet, with a gale from the east driving the sheeted rain through the streets. When O'Hara came down in the morning, O'Neill was at the window, gazing out at the dismal prospect. O'Neill turned at the sound of approaching footsteps.

" 'T is the bad day we have," was his greeting.

"But the fine omen," declared the undaunted O'Hara. "Regular County Clare weather. Beganny! I could shut me eyes and fancy I smelled the smoke of the peat."

All the morning he went about lightheartedly, muttering parts of his speech, and shortly after his noonday meal began his preparations for the evening. He arrayed himself like a bridegroom. His tall white hat and brown frock-coat were brushed till they were speckless; his white waistcoat irradiated distinction.

At four o'clock a messenger came in with a note from the committee for O'Neill. It stated briefly that the Hon. Terence Fogarty had kindly consented to reply in full to the opponents of Home Rule, and therefore only five minutes could be allowed to each of the other orators. He was asked to inform O'Hara.

O'Neill tore the note into bits.

"I 'll not let the old man know till we reach the hall," he muttered. "It 's sore grieved he 'll be. I 'm thinkin' they was afraid the ol' man would get in a worrd for me—as I intinded. Eyeh! 't is a worrld an' all of disappointment!"

But he told his daughter Molly, and, an hour later, he was not surprised when O'Hara came in to say that Molly would go, after all. O'Neill understood. It was with some tender desire to comfort the old man by her presence that she had changed her mind. O'Neill's face now lighted up.

"Then I 'll ordher a carriage," he said. " 'T is only wance in a blue moon that she 'll take an outin' at all, the little Saint Elizabeth; so we 'll go in state, O'Hara. It 's plazed I am."

The two men were waiting when she came down in the evening, dainty and sweet, in a pale lavender organdie that was like a cloud about her. O'Neill's heart swelled with pride, but he looked anxiously out at the drenched streets, through which the storm still drove. Melody came forward with an umbrella.

"I 'll convoy ye out—all of ye, so ye 'll not get the lass wet," he said. He hustled them into the carriage. "Yes, yes, I know; I 'll give the driver the directions. I 've rid in carriages in me time." He slammed the door, whispered to the cabman, and then stood back with a chuckle as the carriage clattered away.

But inside there was no chuckling, for, as they rumbled on through the darkness, O'Neill told O'Hara the import of the

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'WHAT 'S QUEER?' HE DEMANDED BELLIGERENTLY"

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note from the committee. It was only with the greatest persuasion that they kept the old man from going back then and there.

"Have I wasted me time for two weeks to stand up an' gibber like a b'y with a text only?" he demanded. " 'T is shameful. 'T is the way with us Irish always—no unity or conseederation."

"Wance ye 're started, belikes they 'll not stop ye at all; it 's the eloquent man ye are when ye 're on yer feet," said O'Neill, hopefully. "Forby they 'll forget the clock when ye preach them your passive resistance."

"Will ye tell me how to get an Irish crowd fixed on passive resistance in the space of five minutes?" scornfully asked O'Hara.

"True; it 's the true worrd ye speak," acknowledged O'Neill. "Ye 'd have to dinnymite thim firrst, I 'm thinkin'. Well, well, we 'll see; we 'll see," he temporized. " 'T is never so bad but it might be worse. There 's no tellin' how deep is the bog till ye 've crossed it."

A throng was pouring in through the entrance when they reached the hall; but thinking of nothing but of getting a good seat for his daughter, O'Neill strode up to a policeman standing by the inner door. He knew the man.

"Hogan," he said, "get them to find good seats for two. O'Hara goes on the stage; he 's wan of the speakers."

Hogan looked at O'Hara blankly.

"Is he?" he said. "That 's dom queer."

O'Hara's face reddened.

"What 's queer?" he demanded belligerently.

"Nothin'," said Hogan, stolidly; and led the way through the door. He paused an instant to whisper to an usher, and then, turning to beckon them on, went forward with the usher to the front of the hall, apparently with the vague notion that a man of O'Neill's standing should have an official escort.

"Ye 'll hear the *worrds* here, annyway," he ventured to whisper hoarsely as O'Neill and his daughter were settling themselves in the front seat. Three rows had apparently been reserved for special guests, for they were empty. The rest of the hall was packed.

O'Neill stared at him.

"An' what should we be hearin' if not the worrds?" he asked curtly.

"The sinse," replied Hogan, and walked away.

"Would ye listen to that, now!" wrathfully exclaimed O'Neill to his daughter. "I 've the grreat mind to go after him and hand him wan in the jaw." He looked up quickly. Hogan was coming back with a broad grin on his face.

"It just kem to me," he leaned over to whisper. "It kem to me as I was walkin' away. Sure, ye 'll l'ave that Steinmetz at the post." He walked off chuckling.

"What *does* he mean?" asked Molly.

"Sure, 't is something on his mind," replied O'Neill. "He 'll be thinkin' next he knows."

A tall, handsome young man came down the aisle and, seating himself hesitatingly at Molly's side, held out a handkerchief.

"You dropped it, getting out of the carriage," he explained.

"Oh, thank you," replied the girl, with the easy unconcern with which women receive back their scattered trifles.

"You did n't hear me when I offered it to you in the lobby, you know," he went on.

"Oh, did you?" she exclaimed. "I did n't notice, we came in with such a rush. I 'm sorry I made you all this trouble."

"I did n't call it that," he replied.

O'Neill was looking at him with a preoccupied air. Suddenly he leaned forward.

"Ye 're wan of thim reporter b'ys," he said, with conviction. "I 've seen ye somewhere, I 'm thinkin'."

"Yes," the young man confessed. "I interviewed you about your candidacy, you know. My name 's Devereux."

"I remimber," said O'Neill. " 'T was the fine yarn ye spun."

Devereux laughed as he said: "You did n't give me much information."

"Sure, ye did n't need it," declared O'Neill. "You 'd been hampered by the facts."

"Father!" murmured Molly reproachfully.

"An' why not?" demanded O'Neill of his daughter. "Sure, 't was the fine tale. I hope ye 'll do as much for the old man when he speaks. They 've cut off his time, but he 'll give ye the whole for the paper."

"I think he 's trying to attract your attention now," Devereux informed him.

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He was. A part of the front of the stage was set with palms, and through the green fronds O'Hara's face was peering anxiously at them. He beckoned as O'Neill looked up, and that gentleman stepped forward.

"It 's the fine potted plant ye make, O'Hara," he declared, but O'Hara ignored the remark.

"Larry," he whispered, "how long does it take the American climate to change a peaceful Irishman into an Italian bandit? 'T is the small matter if ye don't know; but it 's the queerest dom lot of Clan-na-Gael men that iver came out of the four baronies. Will ye look behind ye!"

O'Neill stared at him, and then sniffed.

"Go back to your seat, foolish mon!" he admonished. "Arre ye thinkin' to find the blue cloaks of Macroom on the ladies, an' the men all red-haired like yourself? It 's the stage fright ye 've got, I 'm thinkin'." He turned and sat down. "He 's like Hogan, the cop," he informed his daughter: "He 's got something queer on his mind." Then he entered into pleasant conversation with young Devereux.

O'Neill glanced up casually as a short, thick-set man mounted lightly to the stage, and shook hands with O'Hara with much enthusiasm; but five minutes later, when the man came down to greet him, he could not keep the surprise out of his face as he recognized Ventura, a young Italian contractor.

Ventura shook his hand with all the affable magnificence of his race.

"Mr. O'Neill," he exclaimed, "you un'erstand how this greatest pleasure—honor unspeak'? *Bacco!* yes. An' like-wise Mr. O'Hara for great kindness to make oration." He looked up toward the rear of the hall as a commotion arose about the doors. "Aha! they prepare to advance. Pardon; I am in the request; but later—" He waved a hand and darted away.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"A TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG MAN CAME DOWN THE AISLE"

A band began to blare in the gallery at the rear, and the three in the front seat turned their heads sharply. Up the aisle paced a slow procession, Ventura at the head. At the steps leading up to the stage he stood aside while four men mounted to the platform and seated themselves with O'Hara, then the rest slowly filed into the three front rows of seats. All, to a man, were Italians, with broad sashes of the

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red, white, and green of Italy over their shoulders.

O'Neill stared blankly, then turned to his daughter. Her face was demure and downcast, but her eyes were dancing.

"Ye see it, too, I perceive," he whispered; "then I 'm not dreamin'. It 's that limb of Satan, Con Melody, who 's directed the cabman to the wrong hall, thinkin' to play us the joke. It 's a poor wan." He half rose, then sank back with a groan. "How am I to get out widout offindin' the Dagoes, I dinno. An' there 'll be Melody at the Clan-na-Gael goin' round tellin' ev'ry wan. 'T would be the jolly I 'd get to go back there now. An', then, there 's O'Hara's speech—O Lord!" He tried to catch that gentleman's eye, but it was placidly directed toward the ceiling. O'Neill leaned over toward Devereux. "Have ye a score-carrd?" he whispered.

Devereux shook his head.

"Well, what is it all about?" he demanded, adding hastily: "Of course I know in a way."

Devereux looked embarrassed, then laughed.

"Why, to tell the truth, I don't know," he confessed. "I was going by to police headquarters, but seeing Miss O'Neill drop her handkerchief, came in to give it to her. It looked interesting, so I stayed. Thought I might get a good story."

"Oh, it will be great," O'Neill declared. He dropped back into his seat. "I wonder now," he thought, "if ev'ry last wan in the hall came in because he was goin' somewhere else." Then he glanced up as Ventura came down toward him.

"Mr. O'Neill," he whispered, " 't will be considered greatest honor to conduct you at the stage. Highly appreciate', you know, by ever'body."

O'Neill smiled.

"Thank ye kindly, but I could n't think of it, Ventura," he replied. "It 's modest I am beyond r'ason. I was wishin' meself back in the rear of the hall this minute—by the door."

"But bimeby you must be introduce'," Ventura declared. He went through the hall, explaining in a whisper the presence of the strangers. In his excited joy he dropped into English. "Mr. O'Neill," he said, "great politich, great contractore, you know; giva the job to ever'body, both commersh and politic. My great friend and guest. *Bacco!* you un'erstand the honor!" Ventura had imagination, and was not afraid to use it.

It seemed to O'Neill that he was hedged in by a wall, so impossible was it now to escape. He made one last despairing attempt to catch O'Hara's eye, but O'Hara was oblivious of him. His resentment over his curtailed oration seemed a plausible reason for his indifference. O'Neill settled back in his seat with a sigh, accepting the situation.

For nearly two hours his thoughts wandered as, one after the other, with Ventura's introduction, the four Italians who had mounted to the stage poured forth a flood of incomprehensible eloquence. As the last one ceased, and O'Neill straightened up in his seat with relief for an ordeal past, Ventura rose. He spoke in Italian, then turned to O'Hara.

"Friend and *compagno* of our great hero, which we celebrate to-night, I desire to maka you acquaint' with us." He turned to the audience. "My friend, I introduce the great Mr. O'Hara." He raised his hand, and a storm of applause swept through the house as O'Hara stepped lightly forward, bowing low.

Molly touched her father's arm.

"What *is* he going to do?" she whispered.

"Keep the straight face if ye can," he muttered, "for he 's past prayin' for."

The orator began sedately, with one hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, the other resting lightly on his hip.

"When I heard to-night that the noble countrymen of that heroic brother of mankind, Garibaldi, were to meet to consider the advisability of raising a statue to him in this land of our adoption, my heart was enlisted at wance, and I came hot-foot to unite meself to the cause." He paused, and then said impressively:

"Ladies and gintlemen, I was born of the people, in the parish of Ballymogh, in the County of Clare, in a little shtone cot, where, as a child, I nestled among the fleas, and rejoiced in the boon companionship of the pig under the bed. So nurtured, I airly became inoculated with the principles of liberty and fraternity, and a foe to the tyrant and the oppressor. Destined for the church, I learned manny strange things, but niver continence, and

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so fell by the wayside, the saints be praised! before I brought a single shame upon the holy office. 'T is me wan warrant to pass St. Peter at the gate."

By this time he was no longer standing quietly, but running to and fro, waving his hands wildly. Suddenly he leaned forward, shaking an admonitory finger.

"But, mind, for the tyrant and the oppressor I had the hot hatred of me race. Now, we 're queer, we Irish, for though we have the Saxon oppressor at home, we let that pass, only making faces at him behind his back; but wherever else in the world the serpent tyranny lifts its head, there a devoted and outraged band of me countrymen will be found assailing it with deadly blows. In the days of me youth, when the call of the brotherhood of humanity rang in me ears night and day, and the landlords were evicting me friends on every hand, what was the wan name to bring the hot blood of enthusiasm to the face of the b'y eager to right every wrong but his own? Gar-r-r-ibaldi. Before what name did patriots cheer and tyrants tremble? Garibaldi.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'FOR THE TYRANT AND THE OPPRESSOR I HAD THE HOT HATRED OF ME RACE'"

"Ladies and gintlemen, I heard the call, and went down into Italy to enroll me name with the band of your hero; and on the fertile plains of—of that land of blue skies I fought with him; on the rocky heights of—of the aforesaid country I stood by his side. I walked with him and talked with him, and by his side slept under the stars and the rain, and burned with the malaria that was then the best-known product of your beautiful land."

Ventura said afterward that the panegyric that followed was the most eloquent and intimate revelation of Garibaldi's character that had been spoken since Crispi pronounced his funeral oration in Rome.

But O'Hara had not ended. Lifting his hands as if in benediction, he cried:

"From the far-off days when I walked with that grreat soul I bring ye a message. 'T is not in nature for the men of Italy, or of the green isle of me nativity, to be ruled with the grasping hand of a son of usury. Shall the shtone that the Czar of Russia rejected become the corner-shtone of the temple of freedom in this New World? Shall that Russian outcast Steinmetz be a lamp to our feet, an oriflamme for them in whose veins flows the blood of Cæsars and Catos, O'Connells and Emmets? Shall the eyes that in youth burned at the recital of the deeds of Sarsfield, or saw the red baldric of Garibaldi flame like a beacon-star, falter before the minions of the sweat-shop and the push-cart?" He raised his hands high above his head and closed his eyes. "Shame be thy portion, O Italy, eternal thy disgrace, O Erin, if from the hands of wan of thy sons falls a ballot for Steinmetz! May the sacred trust of office niver be theirs! May their children be forced to lisp in Yiddish, and Purim and Yom Kippur be their only heritage."

Larry nudged his daughter.

"He 'll turn the trick for me yet," he whispered hoarsely; "he 'll win me the votes of iv'ry wan in the hall. Faith! 't is the ganius he is!"

O'Hara opened his eyes and, leaning forward, said solemnly:

"Some of me countrymen have so far forgotten themsilves as to strike hands with the destroyers of your hiven-born right to hold office, and wish to elevate this Steinmetz above ye; and the ignoble throng of me countrymen have followed them blindly; but we have still our Emmets as well as our MacMurraghs, and there is niver wanting some true-hearrted Irishman who is willing to put public duty above private greed, and sacrifice himself on the altar of humanity. 'Unite with me,' says he, 'and go to the primaries pre-

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pared to overthrow this Steinmetz,' says he, 'and the pay-roll of the city will no longer look like a record of the mimbers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and a list of the patrons of a Hebrew charity ball, —the purse-proud creatures!—but the names of your Venturas and Roccos and Vannos will add a classical luster and grace to the roll.' " He turned abruptly, letting his glance fall for an instant upon O'Neill.

"He may niver forgive me for mentioning it here," he continued, with a note of sad determination in his voice—"here where he has come in his shrinking yet eager modesty to make a substantial contribution to the proposed statue of your hero, with no thought of any ulterior or selfish purpose,—God knows I speak the truth,—but the high sense of duty I learned from your heroic Garibaldi has not permitted me to be quiet. Manny a time, me friends, have you and I seen this man on the streets with your little children clustered about his knees. Ah, they know, the little children! Have ye iver seen them hanging from the coat-tails of Steinmetz, their bright, laughing faces decorated with the surplus of his gifts? Ye have not."

He dropped his hands to his side, and faced his audience with great solemnity.

"Me fri'nds," he said quietly, "it was iver me fault to express meself too guardedly, to be too careful of overstepping the strict bounds of sobriety and truth, thereby weakening the force of me argument, and I says to ye now, with all humility, and with a sad consciousness of me weakness, that if ye neglect this omen that the intuitive sense of the blessed children give, and support Steinmetz, you will be nursing a demon of unrighteous oppression in your midst, and laying the corner-shtone of a grasping tyranny that shall speedily rise like a flood and overwhelm ye in its flames."

His voice rose like a clarion call as a roar of applause filled the room.

O'Neill ratified O'Hara's promise of a generous subscription from him for the proposed statue, and it was at Ventura's suggestion that he hurried down the hall to the door to be presented to the audience as it came out.

"Kind o' reception—offecial reception, you know," he explained—"lika the President. Ever'body shaka the hand."

It was a great success, and as O'Neill bade Devereux farewell, he beamed down upon him like the god of hospitality.

"Ye 'll come around soon an' talk it over, lad," he said. "Ye 'd like to know the inside story, but not for thim papers, mind." He chuckled.

"Nothing could keep me from coming," Devereux declared openly; but only Molly knew how little the "inside story" would have to do with his coming; for their eyes met in one swift glance. Her own fell.

As Ventura conducted the party to their carriage he paused for a last word at the door.

"Ver' great speech it was," he said to O'Hara—"ver' great."

O'Hara was still in the pleasant glow aroused by its enthusiastic reception by the audience.

" 'T was the great pleasure to make it," he replied, "the audience was so judicious in its applause. I niver saw anything like it."

"You think so, yes?" cried the delighted Ventura. " 'T is arrange' by me; yes, sir —all." He tapped O'Hara's knee affectionately. "I hava the front seat, ver' elevated, so all can behol' me; an' I maka the sign: one finger hold up, clappa the hand; two finger, clappa the hand an' stampa the feet; all finger spread broad, clappa the hand, stampa the feet, and yella lika hell. Those peop' un'erstand good Eenglish not a little bit; but me, eh?" He paused, smiling in upon them in his delighted appreciation of his own subtle management, and then, with a last affectionate good night, closed the carriage-door upon the dazed occupants.

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DIVORCE

A COMMENT BY BISHOP DOANE

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR: Can you find a little space in the columns of THE CENTURY for a few words dealing with two papers in the May number of the magazine, one by Cardinal Gibbons and the other by Professor Ross? The Cardinal's paper, it seems to me, needs certain qualifications and corrections, first, in the interest of truth, and then in the interest of its influence. Sincerely as I respect the writer, who, from my remote knowledge, seems to me "the noblest Roman of them all," I am pained to see how the two Roman elements inhere in him and detract from the value of a most valuable paper. And by two elements I mean, first: the assumption that the Roman Church is *the* Catholic Church, and that everything else, called by whatever name, is quite outside the pale; and secondly, I mean the strange taint, derived perhaps from the "forged Decretals," which, with a calm assurance, conceals and covers up any qualifying decisions or doctrines, and gives a color to facts which change their whole bearing. The paper is none too severe in its denunciation of the sin and evil of divorce, and of the intolerable discredit of its frequency and facility in America. Its summing up of the New Testament statement of the indissolubility of marriage is strong and true; but even here it is not fair to imply that Protestant commentators are responsible for the interpretation of St. Matthew's account of our Lord's teaching. The wide divergence of the East and the West on this subject goes back to the time of Constantine, and since then the teaching and practice of the Church have differed between the East and the West. I think I am correct in stating that there is no decree of any ecumenical council which deals with the question at all. Trent did, but Trent was not ecumenical. And while the Tridentine council anathematized those who claimed that "the bond was dissoluble by adultery and that the innocent party could remarry," it also anathematized those who *denied* that "the Church could dispense from or add to the Levitical prohibitions, by decreeing diriment impediments." And these diriment impediments, with the declarations of nullity, and the dispensations for marriage afterward, dilute, if they do not destroy, the value of the Tridentine declaration of indissolubility, and really open up more opportunities for remarriage during the lifetime of the former husband or wife than are dreamed of in our theology or in our legislation. When we remember the very doubtful and even contradictory attitude of the Roman clergy as to the validity of baptisms not administered by themselves, and realize that Rome regards as dissoluble the marriages of all unbaptized persons; and when one adds to these facts the number and variety of the diriment impediments, often not known until discovered and used as reason and excuse for getting rid of an unhappy marriage,—really more in number than the causes for divorce in the worst of our States,—it seems to me that it is a play on words to hold up the Roman Catholic Church, in its teachings or in its practice, as the one protector of the sacredness of the marriage tie.

Turning from the abstract to the concrete, I remember four or five years ago,

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what I think was a notorious case, the declaration that a marriage between a baptized and an unbaptized person was null and void, used in New York to annul a marriage, as scandalous as any of the conspicuous divorces. And two cases have come under my own knowledge: one of a young girl, a member of the Episcopal Church, obtaining a divorce against the warnings of her parents and her pastor on the ground of desertion, and then finding that she could not be married in her own church; becoming engaged to a young Roman Catholic, and being received into the Roman Church in order that she might be married, as the priest told her she could, not on the ground of her divorce for desertion, but because her husband had never been baptized and therefore the marriage was null and void. Only the other day, here, with curious inconsistency, one of my own clergy was asked to give a Roman priest a certificate from the register, of the baptism of a woman in our Church, in order to protect her from being put away by her husband, on the grounds that she was unbaptized when she was married to him.

Still more questionable in my mind are the premises of facts which the Cardinal uses to prove his contention. He begins with the instance of Henry VIII. Let me take, first, the notorious scandal of Louis XII of France. Wanting to marry Anne of Brittany, he succeeded in getting from the Bishop of Rome a dispensation, on the ground that his wife was his fourth cousin, that she was deformed, that her father had been his godfather; and the plea was backed up by gifts of money and of land, and by the gift of a French dukedom to the Pope's illegitimate son, Cardinal Cesare Borgia. As to the matter of Henry VIII, the Cardinal says that Pope Clement refused to sanction the separation between Henry and Catharine; but this is not the statement of the *whole* fact. It is a glaring instance of the results of the entire system of impediments and dispensations. Henry's original marriage to Catharine was a violation not only of the law of the Church, but of the law of God, because she was his brother's widow. But the Pope had dispensed with the law, and allowed the marriage, in spite of Henry's own protest; and *then*, because of a flaw in the form of dispensation, or because it was held that the Pope could not dispense with the law of God, the marriage was declared null and void, not by the Pope, but by the Church, along strictly Roman lines. It is also to be borne in mind that two of his other matrimonial performances (with Jane Seymour and Catharine Howard) after Anne Boleyn's beheading, were made possible by ecclesiastical dispensations, in strict accordance with the Roman teaching of pre-nuptial impediments.

The statement of the marriage of Napoleon I is certainly not fully—I think it is not *fairly*—stated by the Cardinal, who merely says, "He did not even consult the Holy Father." But so far as I can get at the facts, his marriage to Josephine was annulled by an ecclesiastical council, composed of cardinals and bishops, on the ground that the nuptial blessing given at the marriage lacked the formalities prescribed by the canon law, namely: the presence of the priest of the parish and of witnesses, and also lacked consent on Napoleon's part. This being done, a proxy marriage was performed by the Archbishop of Vienna in the Church of the Augustines; the civil ceremony of his marriage at St. Cloud was attended by twenty-seven cardinals, fourteen of whom were present at the religious ceremony, which was celebrated afterward, in the court gallery of the Louvre, by the Cardinal Grand Almoner of France, assisted by the Grand Almoner of Italy; and the baptism of the King of Rome was solemnized in Notre Dame by the Cardinal Grand Almoner, twenty cardinals and one hundred bishops, it is said, having been present in the sanctuary at the service, certainly thus recognizing the marriage.

In our own memory, a recent flagrant instance of the risk and wrong of papal dispensation is the case of the marriage of the Duke of Aosta to his own niece. I contend, therefore, that it is unfair and unjust to ascribe the violation of the Christian law of marriage to the interpretation of Protestant commentators of the passage in St. Matthew's Gospel; that for fifteen hundred years a difference had existed between the Eastern and Western churches as to the authenticity and interpretation of that passage; and that while Rome has spoken boldly and nobly in the Tridentine decrees on the indissolubility

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of marriage and the impossibility of divorce from the bond, she has, by creating innumerable impediments, and allowing annulments and dispensations for countless causes, made virtually possible the parting of man and wife and the taking of another wife or husband, which, to all intents and purposes, amounts to the same thing as divorce. The rose by the other name smells no sweeter.

Turning from this paper to Professor Ross's article on "The Significance of Increasing Divorce," it seems to me to reveal quite as strange "a confusion of thought" as he ascribes to some of those who speak or write on the divorce problem. He thinks "a new legal cause for divorce cannot be stigmatized as an assault upon the marriage compact," because "divorce never broke up a *happy* home," and to say that "it undermines the very substratum of society," he says, implies "that *nothing but* coercion holds man and wife together"; and he adds that it is unconscious cynicism to denounce divorce as "threatening the very foundations of the home," and that one who wishes to " 'protect the poor from the evils of loose divorce statutes,' evidently conceives permission to separate as a malignant entity going about rending *harmonious households*," and so on. Now, surely such language either conceals or confuses thought. Happiness and harmony are not the sole ends of marriage. Surely home is home, to be kept inviolate, even if it is not happy and harmonious; surely it does not follow that *only* coercion holds man and wife together, and yet coercion there must be, if that means the assertion and administration of law, human and divine. Surely permission to separate "from bed and board" is not to be confused with divorce from the bond.

It is treading upon pretty dangerous ground to put contempt upon "Holy Writ." It is cutting away too many safety ropes to say that "no harsh requirement or rigid arrangement can hedge itself about with a divine sanction." Nor is it fair to charge lawmakers and theologians with standing "ready to bind upon hapless persons heavy burdens and grievous to be borne," or to speak of "the callousness of the well-wed to the woes of the mismated." Law is the authoritative expression of the will of God. It commands or it forbids things which our natures dislike or desire. That it is hard, and sometimes hurts, is no argument against its value; and that principles which are essential to the welfare of the many are painful in their application to the few, does not change the right or the truth of the principle.

> No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

But the professor's statement of the causes of increasing divorce and their significance is interesting and original; his expectation that they will decrease is encouraging; and the closing words of the article ring true and strong.

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SAINT-GAUDENS THE MASTER

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

A SUMMER HOME—TEACHING SCULPTURE—THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE LOGAN UNVEILING—THE SHERMAN—THE SHAW UNVEILING—TO EUROPE—REMAINING YEARS—ART

"NOW let me turn to my coming to Cornish, New Hampshire, which made the beginning of a new side of my existence. I had been a city boy, a boy of the streets and sidewalks, all my life; so, although no one could have enjoyed the country more deeply when I was in it for a few days, I soon tired, and longed for my four walls and work. But during this first summer in the country,—I was thirty-seven at the time,—it dawned upon me seriously how much there was outside of my little world.

"We hit upon Cornish because, while casting about for a summer residence, Mr. C. C. Beaman told me that if I would go up, he had an old house there which he would sell me for what he paid for it—five hundred dollars. When I first caught sight of the building on a dark, rainy day in April, it appeared so forbidding and relentless that one might have imagined a skeleton half-hanging out of the window, shrieking and dangling in the gale, with the sound of clanking bones. I was for fleeing at once and returning to my beloved sidewalks of New York. However, as Mrs. Saint-Gaudens saw the future of the sunny days that would follow, she detained me until Mr. Beaman agreed to rent the house to me at a low price for as long as I wished.

"To persuade me to come, Mr. Beaman had said that there were 'plenty of Lincoln-shaped men up there.' He was right. So during the summer of my arrival, and in the one-hundred-year-old barn of the house, I made my sketch for the standing Lincoln, and for a seated Lincoln which was my original idea, as well as another sketch, the study for the mural monument to Dr. Bellows in All Souls' Church, New York. I had several assistants with me, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies and Mr. Philip Martiny, besides my brother Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, and we worked on until November.

"Therefore, as this experiment had proved so successful,—I did such a lot of work, and I was enchanted with the life and scenery,—I told Mr. Beaman that if his offer was still open, I would purchase the place under the conditions he originally stated. He replied that he preferred not, as it had developed in a way far beyond his expectations, and as he thought it his duty to reserve it for his children. Instead, he proposed that I rent it for as long as I wished on the conditions first named, which were most liberal. But the house and the life attracted me so that I soon found that I expended on this place, which was not mine, every dollar I earned, and many I had not yet earned, whereas all of my friends who followed had bought their homes and surrounding land.

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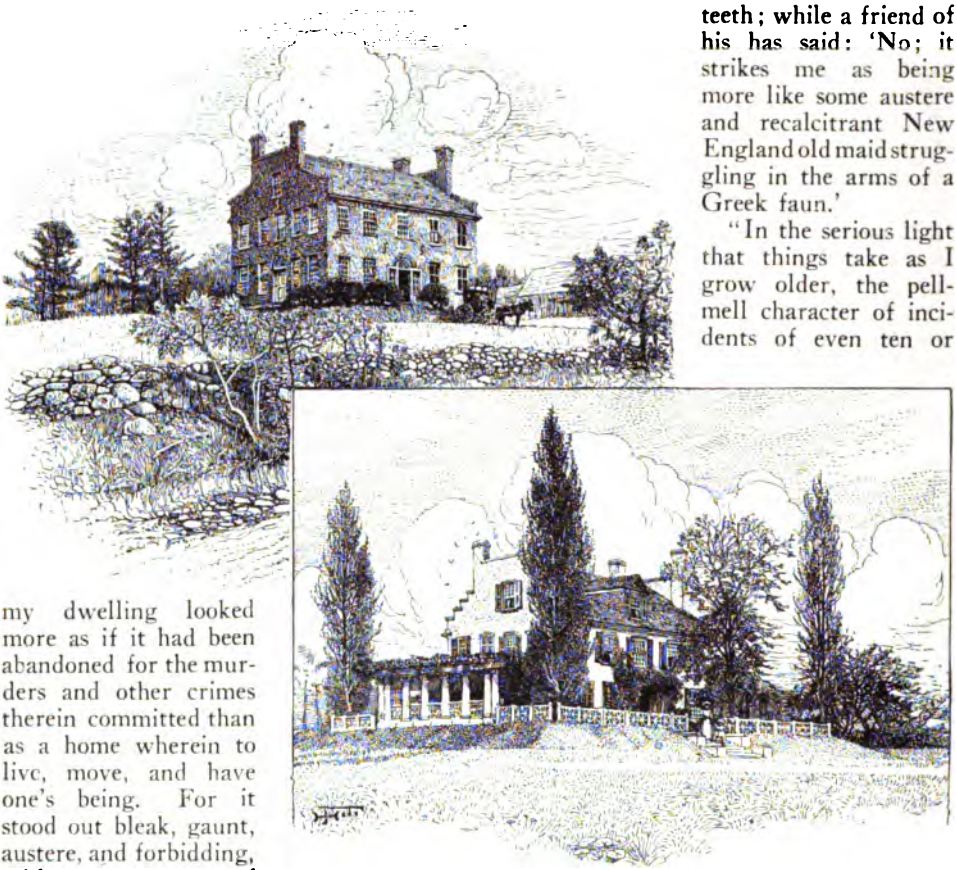
So I explained to Mr. Beaman that I could not continue in this way, and that he must sell to me, or I should look elsewhere for green fields and pastures new. The result was that for a certain amount and a bronze portrait of Mr. Beaman the property came to me.

"As I have said, despite its reputation, my dwelling looked more as if it had been abandoned for the murders and other crimes therein committed than as a home wherein to live, move, and have one's being. For it stood out bleak, gaunt, austere, and forbidding, without a trace of charm. And the longer I stayed in it, the more its Puritanical austerity irritated me, until at last I begged my friend Mr. George Fletcher Babb, the architect: 'For mercy's sake! make this house smile, or I shall clear out and go elsewhere!'



Drawn by Harry Fenn

HOME OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS AT CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

The upper picture shows the house as it looked before it was reconstructed.

"This he did beautifully, to my great delight. Inside he held to the ornaments of one or two modest mantels, which seemed pathetic in their subdued and gentle attempt at beauty in the grim surroundings, while outside, as our idea was to lower and spread the building, holding it down to the ground, so to speak, I devised the wide terrace that I know was a serious help, since before its construction you stepped straight from the barren field into the house. So that now my friend Mr. Edward Simmons, of multitudinous and witty speeches, says that it looks like an austere, upright New England farmer with a new set of false teeth; while a friend of his has said: 'No; it strikes me as being more like some austere and recalcitrant New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun.'

"In the serious light that things take as I grow older, the pell-mell character of incidents of even ten or fifteen years ago strike me as strange and bewildering. It was not long after our coming up here that Mr. George de Forest Brush, the painter, decided to pass the summer near us. He lived with Mrs. Brush in an Indian tepee he built on the edge of our woods, by a ravine, about five hundred yards from the house; for he had camped with the Indians for years and knew their habits. Also the year following my arrival my friend Mr. T. W. Dewing, the

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painter, was casting about for a place to pass the summer, when I told him of a cottage that could be rented from Mr. Beaman about twenty minutes' walk from my habitation. Mr. Dewing came; he saw; he remained. And from that event the colony developed, it being far more from Mr. Dewing's statements of the surrounding beauty than from mine that others succeeded.

"For the year after Mr. Dewing's appearance, his great friend Mr. Henry Oliver Walker bought land, and the year after that Mr. Walker's friend Mr. Charles A. Platt joined him. Mr. Platt brought his friend Mr. Stephen Parrish, and so on, until now there are about thirty-five families. The circle has extended beyond the range of my acquaintance, to say nothing of friendship. The country still retains its beauty, but its secluded charm has been swept away before the rushing automobile, the uniformed flunky, the butler, and the accompanying dress-coat.

"But summers have their end; and, after all, it was in New York that I belonged, and where I constantly faced my serious work.

"An interesting side of my occupations there lay in my teaching at the Art Students' League. It was of the greatest interest to me to watch the growth and development of talent among the pupils, the majority of whom were women. I noticed what others have noticed before me, that unquestionably women learn more rapidly than men, but that subsequently men seem to gain in strength and proceed, whereas women remain, making less progress. Men always seem to compose better than women, and are more creative. Women can copy more quickly what is before them.

"It was also a singularly amazing fact to me that every pupil who is studying a model posed for the nude will show a marked tendency to bias the drawings in the direction of his own physical—I might almost say mental—peculiarities. That is, assuming the model to be a well-proportioned man, the long, thin pupil will more likely make a drawing long and thin than the short and stout pupil, and *vice versa*. A pupil with stubby legs will draw his man short-legged; while the long-armed, the big-headed, the lame, in fact, all personal traits, can almost invariably be detected in the work. Of course as the student acquires power this is more or less overcome, but it holds to a greater or less degree in the productions of even the highest men. It is seen also to a certain extent in the likings of other men's work. I have in mind a sculptor of great effeminacy whose men in all his drawings have an effeminate quality, he himself liking in a picture anything with that note. This characteristic obtains also in criticism. If the teacher is long-legged, he is likely to find the legs of his pupils' work too short, and insist that they be made longer; and so on, in bewildering diversity."

In his class, Saint-Gaudens stood as the apostle of serious academic work, especially of the study of the nude, which from his point of view inevitably brought lasting results. For instance, he wrote to Mrs. Homer Saint-Gaudens regarding Mr. George de Forest Brush:

"I *know* that drawing from life is invaluable, and that if he had not done that so thoroughly he could not do the masterpieces he does."

To his pupils so applying themselves Saint-Gaudens gently urged that the influence of the Greek would be of more avail than that of Michelangelo and his school. But his vital fight in his teaching Saint-Gaudens based on his determination to turn his class from Rodin-like tendencies, from cleverness or superficial surface modeling, and from photographic results. Such a letter as this, written to Mr. John W. Beatty, on July 10, 1905, names the ten men he set before his followers as greatest in sculpture from the time of the Greeks to our own day:

"Phidias—Praxiteles—Michelangelo—Donatello—Luca della Robbia—Jean Goujon—Houdon—Rude—David d'Angers—Paul Dubois. These are the names that occur to me at once. Of course if we knew the names of the sculptors of the portal at Chartres or 'le beau Christ d'Amiens,' they would replace two of the more modern Frenchmen.

"It is interesting when one makes up such a list to find so many French. I know of no great modern German or Italian."

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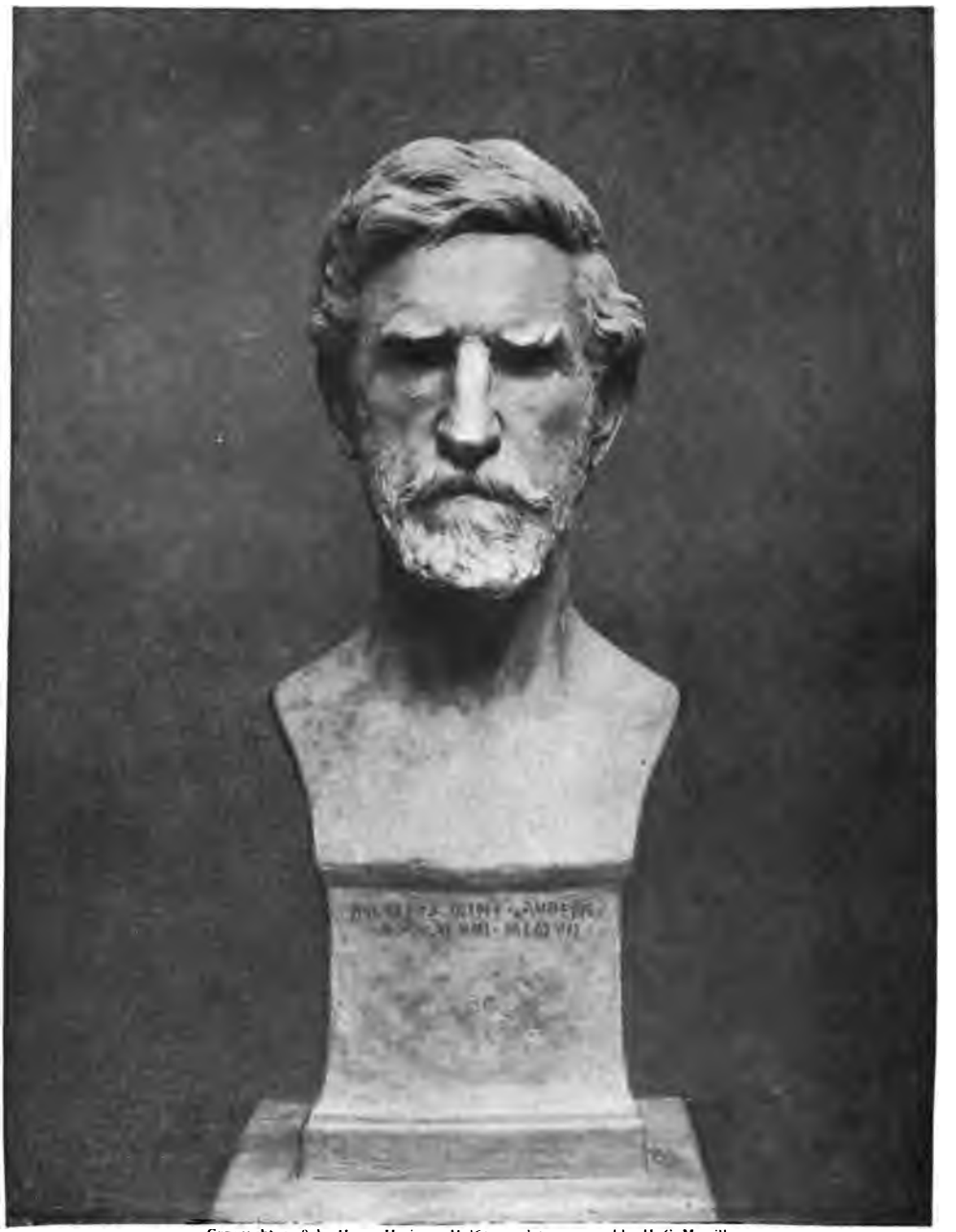

Copyright, 1908, by Henry Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BUST OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, MODELED BY HENRY HERING

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Therefore, as the beauty that resulted from the knowledge of deliberate construction in these men appealed to him, Saint-Gaudens would often say to his pupils:

"You are not going to make or ruin your imagination while here. That is something that will remain if you have it in you; that you cannot acquire if you are not blessed with it. But here you may learn to handle your tools. So measure, copy, plumb. A carpenter who constantly uses a foot-rule can guess the length of a foot better than one who seldom refers to it."

Yet Saint-Gaudens disliked results that appeared labored. He wished work to seem "soft," "generous," and "easy." Texture he preferred "fat and juicy," with the lines of the folds blurred or "flued," so that they should not be too hard. While taking exceptions to subjects in this vein, he often said that the work looked like "tin," "lead," or "paper." Again he characteristically remarked, "This reminds me of a soap box," or, "All yours needs is a little perfumery and lace." Or on another occasion he wrote, "It is hard in treatment, as well as what is called 'tight' in modeling." And, "The kneeling man is very handsome, but it is all too defined."

Following the work from the nude, Saint-Gaudens regarded the study of drapery and its construction of chief importance. Following drapery, came compositions, for which he often asked his classes to submit subjects. Of these, Biblical or mythological motives specially pleased him, while disassociated suggestions for titles drove him to the attitude expressed in this bit of writing: "I think the idea you wished to express a thoughtful and admirable one, but one that belongs to an order that can hardly be expressed in a group. It is too abstract."

With bas-reliefs he had a few marked criticisms. For instance, to the pupil who made the background flat, he would say: "Remember that your background is your atmosphere, and part of the composition, and that the composition should extend from edge to edge of the frame." Or, as when writing on another occasion: "The outline of the face is much too sharp, and cut against the ground as if it were something shaved off and pasted against the back. The body is slovenly in treatment, and the lettering much too big and heavy, particularly that below the medallion."

Busts should be begun from the rear, Saint-Gaudens insisted, the sculptor working toward the front, outlining the profile carefully as he shifted. This way of modeling he thought preferable, since the first simple measurement of the mass and ears makes the start easy, and lays a good foundation for the details and subtleties to come.

And, for a final summing-up, Saint-Gaudens's pet phrases were: "After all, you can model anything. It all depends on the *way* it is done." Or, "You cannot reproduce things absolutely; so, since you must err, err only on the side of beauty."

To turn from actual criticism of work to more general advice, when it came to that much-vexed question of competitions, Saint-Gaudens used to remark to his pupils: "Don't waste time on them. If you do a good piece of work, the knowledge of it will run through the country like a drop of oil on water." Nevertheless, since competitions did exist, he always endeavored to better them. For instance, on May 2, 1906, he wrote to me:

"With regard to the competitions, the 'p'int' is this: the Von Steuben will certainly show that there are six or seven men of distinguished ability in this country who can do good monuments. And it is a shame that they should not be employed, when all over the land statues are being erected by contractors who produce deadly work; whereas, if they had competitions, based on the line of the Detroit one, they would be sure to get things that would be dignified and honorable, provided always it be distinctly understood that the findings of the committee are abided by and not gone back on. That has been the cause of terrible distress and fear among the sculptors who enter competitions. . . . Of course I am talking of the younger sculptors who are unknown. The principal men, once they get their reputation established, obtain their work directly. But there are other artists, and they are the ones to be encouraged, and thought about, and worked for."

Finally, in reply to the constant inquiry of his pupils as to whether they should study abroad, he often expressed himself as in this letter to Miss Isabel M. Kimball, dated December 7, 1905:

"The older I grow, the more and more

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I am convinced that as thorough and adequate training can be had here as abroad, that the work by the students here is equal to that produced by those in Europe, and that belief in this by the students will help greatly in their education. Of course Europe, with its wealth and glory of art, must be seen and imbibed sooner or later. That goes without saying. But I believe for the American the best time for that is after he has had a sound academical foundation here. It is time to realize that the training here is excellent, and that we are constantly adding to the list of men of high achievement whose education has been at home."

Nevertheless, his words must not be taken as signifying any lack of appreciation for what Europe has done for the cause of American art. On the contrary, in one of the very few speeches he ever made, he said:

"I know that I am expressing the sentiment of the majority of my confrères, as well as of the painters and architects, when I add that we feel for France the deepest gratitude for the generous instruction she has extended to us so lavishly in her academies and schools of art.

"Her hospitality has been without bounds, and her guidance most enlightening and inspiring under the masters of our day—Barrias, Dubois, Falguière, Frémiet, Mercié, Rodin, as well as under the masters of her past, Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon, Houdon, David d'Angers, Rude, Barye—a glorious list.

"It is a great pleasure to be able to express to the representative of that great nation what I know so many of my fellow-sculptors would wish expressed. And although we are like the strong youth who feels his strength as he breaks away from his mother's side to make his own path in the world, nevertheless, like him we honor and cherish our alma mater, and feel for her the deepest love, respect, and gratitude."

STATUE OF COLUMBUS BY MISS MARY LAWRENCE (NOW MRS. TONETTI)

This statue for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago (now in the Field Museum) was modeled and executed under the advisory direction of Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

To return to the reminiscences:

"In the midst of this period came the Chicago Exposition, before which, at the invitation of Mr. D. H. Burnham, I made a famous visit to Chicago together with Mr. R. M. Hunt, Mr. C. F. McKim, and others, and conferred with regard to the laying out and development of the plan.

"Mr. Burnham was extremely anxious that I should undertake the entire development of the sculpture of the whole exposition. But this being entirely out of the question, he arranged that I should act as general adviser in the matter. It was under those conditions that I suggested the making of the colossal statue of Liberty in the lagoon by Mr. Daniel Chester French. The scheme for the peristyle opening out on the lake is also an enlargement, on a vastly nobler scale, of a line of columns, each representing a State, which I suggested for that place, and which pleased Mr. Burnham greatly.

"The monumental fountain at the other

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end we also decided on at that time, and Mr. Burnham greatly desired that I should execute it. For this fountain I had in mind one or two schemes. But in consideration of calls on me I agreed to undertake it only on condition that I could be helped by MacMonnies. He decided he would rather not. I then urged that the execution be placed in his hands; and there is no other piece of work with which I have been in any way associated that approached this in the satisfaction it has given me to have counseled its execution by him. It seemed to fit in absolutely with his temperament, with his appreciation of the joy of life, beauty, and happiness; and I consider his composition as a whole, and particularly the central motive of the boat, the rowing maidens, the young figure of America on top, the most beautiful conception of a fountain of modern times west of the Caspian Mountains. It was the glorification of youth, cheerfulness, and the American spirit, and I think it is a calamity greatly to be deplored that it should have gone to ruin. It would have made a remarkable monument to that extraordinary exposition.

"My direct relation with the sculpture I confined to the figure of Columbus in front of the entrance to the Administration Building, even there acting only in a purely advisory and critical capacity. My pupil Miss Mary Lawrence, now Mrs. François M. L. Tonetti, modeled and executed it; and to her goes all the credit of the virility and breadth of treatment which it revealed.

"The days I passed at that exposition linger in the memory like a glorious dream, and it seems impossible that such a vision can ever be recalled in its poetic grandeur and elevation. Certainly it has stood far beyond any of the expositions, great as they have been, that have succeeded it.

"Meanwhile, I was fast moving through my fifteen years in the Thirty-sixth Street studio, progressing with the ups and downs, misgivings and enthusiasms, which follow all work or production of that kind, be they masterpieces or be they inanities. By now the statue of Peter Cooper had followed the Rock Creek Cemetery figure upon the memorable scaffolding, and consequently, as with this and the Shaw and the other commissions, the

From a photograph by F. O. Pemm, Chicago

STATUE OF JOHN A. LOGAN, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

studio became crowded, I hired a loft in Twentieth Street wherein I could model the equestrian statue of General Logan for Chicago and the Memorial monument to President Garfield for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

"The unveiling of this monument to General Logan was most impressive; the bright sun, the sound of cannon near the lake, the music, and the tattered flags, giving me a sensation which stands out vividly; while touching in the last degree was the marching by of the veterans of Logan's division. Of course the great majority of them were probably farmers from the country. To see them, dressed in their Sunday frock-coats, browned by age, turn to salute as they marched past the monument to the sound of the famil-

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iar old military music of the war, was a scene to bring tears to one's eyes. Yet the spectacle also had its hopeful side for those who had doubts about things, since they could not have escaped realizing that these men who had gone forth to fight from their farms and workshops, when the big job was done, returned to their occupations with no more thought of militarism.

"After this unveiling, there was given to Mrs. Logan and to me, in one of the public buildings of Chicago, a reception, which in another way I felt to be almost as touching and pathetic as the parade, though it possessed a sparkle of humor that will allow me to attempt to describe it. It took place in a long hall, I should say about one hundred feet from end to end. The public entered at one door, were ushered before Mrs. Logan, about twenty-five feet away, from there walked over to me, and then went out of another small door at the other end of the room. I am told that the great crowd trying to get in down-stairs was jammed in a compact mass up to the little door, out of which they were squeezed very much as ointment is squirted out of a tube.

"At first I was very much frightened and alarmed at it all. Soon, however, I lost sight of the fact that I was being observed, and became the principal observer.

"The interest of the occasion to me lay in the extraordinary diversity of characters and types that filed by and shook hands, since the people were of all classes, sizes, shapes, dimensions, and characters. There were tall men, short men, stout men, thin men, veterans, old maids, boys, fat women, thin maidens, generals, private soldiers. There were diffident girls, who approached the great panjandrum himself with fear and trembling. There were assertive men, just as frightened, but who showed a stiff upper lip. There were those who became very formal, those who appeared just the reverse, those who smiled, and those who remained grave. There were the heads of families, who introduced their convoy one after another, blocking the free passage of the column as it went out of the room. And finally there was the kindly old woman, so interested that she wanted to have a good chat with me, while the crowd accumulated behind her until some one told her to move on. Although I seem to speak with a touch of levity, that is far from what I have in mind. I felt profoundly honored, and certainly very unworthy of so much distinction.

"My condition in New York all this while grew no better, however, with the Twentieth Street workshop now full and the Thirty-sixth Street studio still impossible because of incessant interruptions. Therefore I took yet another small studio on Twenty-seventh Street, where, immediately after the completion of the Shaw and while that was being cast in bronze, I began the equestrian Sherman.

"The figure of Sherman I created from an Italian model very much of the General's build. This model had great pride in his profession. He had *'le cœur au métier'* to such an extent that one day Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who was visiting me, after half an hour or so chatting, leisurely walked up to the model, who was seated high astride a barrel, and pinched his leg to see of what stuff the wonderful manikin was made. I am not romancing.

"At this time too Mr. William Dean Howells had been kind enough to speak in pleasant terms of the bust of Sherman which I had adapted to the statue. So in appreciation of that, as well as the deep admiration which I have for his achievement, his principles, and his delightful personality, I begged that he allow me to make his portrait and that of his daughter, Miss Mildred Howells. He kindly consented, and the medallion was modeled in that small studio, in the stifling heat of the tropical summer, which vastly increased my admiration for him and his patience. To show how uncertain we are, or I am, about our judgment of the work that is in hand, I will explain that when I made this medallion I felt very happy about his portrait and unhappy about that of Miss Mildred. Now, ten years later, I see that the reverse would be the proper state of mind.

"At last the long-looked-for day of the unveiling of the Shaw arrived. There had been much good-natured abuse of me for the time expended on the bas-relief. But it was impossible to carry out my idea otherwise, in a great degree because of the absence of sufficient remuneration.

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This I speak of without the slightest trace of regret or reproach, as the sum I consented to execute the monument for was ample to provide an adequate and dignified work. It was the extraordinary opportunity, the interest of the task, and my enthusiasm, that led to a development far beyond what was expected of me. And I held it a great joy to be able to carry out my idea as I wished. Whatever regret I have is that I could not achieve many things I felt might be done with the scheme, though much of it was to my taste, especially the inclosing of the monument between the two trees which frame the relief so admirably, and the felicity of that spot as well as the architecture which supports the monument, the thought and work of Mr. Charles F. McKim.

"Besides, I excuse my delay on the ground that a sculptor's work endures for so long that it is next to a crime for him to neglect to do everything that lies in his power to execute a result that will not be a disgrace. There is something extraordinarily irritating, when it is not ludicrous, in a bad statue. It is plastered up before the world to stick and stick for centuries, while men and nations pass away. A poor picture goes into the garret, books are forgotten; but the bronze remains to amuse or shame the populace and perpetuate one of our various idiocies; it is an impertinence and an offense, and that it does not create riots proves the wonderful patience of the human animal. I am sure that in certain cases it must have resulted in jibbering idiocy. Possibly the insane asylums of this fair land contain some helpless lunatic, some drooling idiot, brought to this pass by the contemplation of one of my results.

"The to me all important day dawned with a fine mist. It was a strange feeling arranging the last details for the unveiling, with a few men on the deserted sidewalks, the monument itself uncovered. Little by little the streets awoke. The monument was hidden by flags, and finally, at the appointed hour, I followed out what I was told to do, and made the beginning of a day of extraordinary excitement.

"I was assigned to a carriage in company with Mr. William James, the orator of the occasion, and we followed slowly at the tail end of a long line of regiments and societies. It soon dawned over me that to this great crowd, this monster that lined the streets, I was nothing more than the usual fellow or public official that one finds in carriages in processions. They generally appear very insignificant. Yet to see this long line of faces on each side of the streets continuing for miles and miles, and all the windows filled with persons gazing at you, is really a profound experience to have. And such it was as we drove to the State House, directly in front of the monument. Those of us in carriages were ushered up and stood immediately surrounding the Governor on the lowest platform of the steps that led down from the State House.

The regiment that came nearest the monument, virtually at the head of the procession, comprised the remaining officers and colored men of the 54th Massachusetts, whom Shaw had led; the bas-relief itself being within thirty or forty feet of where the colors were presented to the regiment by Governor Andrew, before Colonel Shaw started on his march to his death. At the unveiling there stood before the relief sixty-five of the original officers and men. Some of the officers were clad in the uniforms they had worn during the Civil War, and rode on horseback. But the negro troops, like those in the review at the monument to General Logan, came in their time-worn frock-coats—coats used only on great occasions. Many of them were bent and crippled, many with white heads, some with bouquets, and—the inevitable humorous touch—one with a carpet-bag.

"After a few words from Governor Wolcott, a signal was given, and a grandnephew of Colonel Shaw's pulled the string which caused the flags on the monument to drop. The salute boomed from the cannon on the Common, and was answered by others in the harbor. At the same time the head of the procession began to march by. The impression of those old soldiers, passing at the very spot where they left for the war so many years before, thrills me even as I write these words. They faced and saluted the relief, with the music playing 'John Brown's Body,' a recall of what I had heard and seen thirty years before from my cameo-cutter's window. They seemed as if returning from the war, the

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STATUE OF PETER COOPER, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

This statue stands in front of Cooper Union, New York City. The pedestal and architectural background were designed by Stanford White (Messrs. McKim, Mead and White).

troops of bronze marching in the opposite direction—the direction in which they left for the front, and the young men there represented showing these veterans in the vigor and hope of youth. It was a consecration.

"After the troops had all passed between the monument and the Governor and his staff, we were driven to the Old Music Hall, where the commemorative ceremonies took place. I so dreaded being set in a conspicuous chair on the platform that I stole away, and went in after I knew the others would all be seated, when I hoped to find a corner with the crowd at the back. But this was not to be. I was recognized, and brought forward to occupy the one chair in the front row conspicuous by its vacancy. As the others were already placed and the hall was packed, I naturally attracted much more attention than if I had gone in with the rest.

"At these ceremonies I heard Mr.

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Booker T. Washington, who created a great sensation. Of course, being a negro, his appearance was particularly appropriate. Mr. William James delivered the address, noble and poetic, and with such a depth of feeling that I would wish to embody it here and leave it absolutely with my impression. Otherwise I cannot describe what went on because of the fright that took possession of me, as I knew that sooner or later I should be called upon to say something or other; and if there is one thing I am helpless about, it is that of any utterance in public. The dreaded instant came. I was announced by one of the orators, and stood up. It was an awful moment, but it would be stupid to deny that at the same time it was thrilling to hear the great storm of applause and cheering that I faced. That also was a sensation worth having. I realized what an extraordinary feeling of triumph and power must come to a successful actor, when night after night he evokes and faces such enthusiasm, such spontaneous and convincing approval of his efforts and achievement, with the certainty that it is real, and not the polite compliment which bears no conviction.

"But the following morning, while bending over the basin in the bath-room, I was suddenly struck, as if with an ax, in the lower part of my back so that it was with the greatest difficulty that I crawled over to the bed and laid down. This was an attack of lumbago, followed by sciatica, which knocked in the head any tendency to pride or cockiness.

"I suppose through overwork I had become nervous and completely disaffected with America. And nothing, it seemed to me, would right things but my going abroad and getting away from the infernal noise, dirt, and confusion of New York City. Of course my Thirty-sixth Street studio could not have been worse situated in that regard, as any one will realize who knows the hell that exists on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, Broadway, and Sixth Avenue, with the elevated road discharging oil and cinders on the persons beneath, the maddening electric cars adding their music, the ambulance-wagons tearing by, jangling their diabolic gongs in order that the moribund inside may die in the full spirit of the surroundings, and the occasional frantic fire-engine tearing through it all, with bells clanging, fire, smoke, hell, and cinders. So I made up my mind to sail for Europe on October 26, 1897, and dragged up by the roots, so to speak, all the sculptor's paraphernalia for its transportation to Paris. I see now that what brought it about was the beginning of the illness which ever since has held me more or less in its clutches."

In Paris, Saint-Gaudens hired a studio in a quiet, garden-like alley at 3bis rue de Bagneux, where he remodeled the Sherman cloak, the figure of the Sherman Victory, and a variation of the Stevenson for St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh, Scotland, and where he began his studies for the figures of the Boston Public Library. For sometime he seemed unhappy and neurasthenic. But after a trip to his father's birthplace with his old friend M. Alfred Garnier, he returned in better spirits, and renewed his intimacy with Dr. Henry Shiff, with others he had known so well in younger days, and with the painter Whistler, who came often to the studio in the evening and chatted with his usual wit, or accompanied Saint-Gaudens and his friends to their dinner at Foyot's, an old café opposite the Luxembourg. So through such surroundings, through the gay life of the Parisian spring, through the benefit of a visit or two in Spain, and through the success accorded him by the French upon his exhibitions in the Salon, he regained his buoyancy—a buoyancy well expressed in this letter which he wrote to his brother Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, on May 15, 1900:

"I 'm very cocky about the Sherman, which has turned out well, particularly the Victory. It has cost me about $2000, though, getting all these things together and in the Salon, and many, many gray hairs; and I have often wished that I could be the Egyptian-like philosopher that you are, instead of the red-headed monkey that I am, jumping from branch to branch apropos of nothing, hanging on by my tail, and throwing cocoanuts at the other apes, also *'à propos de rien.'* ". . .

In the midst of his triumph, however, Saint-Gaudens learned that he had become

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a sick man and must leave for home. The period which followed he spent mostly in Cornish, New Hampshire, where, luckily, he continued his activity longer than was expected, by the aid of his life in the open air. Skating, skeeing, and golf he kept up while his health held out. And at last, when he could no longer walk, he would sit by the hour upon one of the porches, or would have himself carried from studio to studio in a sort of sedan-chair.

Copyright, 1909, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

CARICATURE CARTOON BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS SENT TO MR. JAMES WALL FINN ON THE OCCASION OF A DINNER GIVEN TO HIM PREVIOUS TO HIS WEDDING

Yet even as Saint-Gaudens grew more feeble, he constantly repeated that life was becoming more interesting and enjoyable every day. For up to this time he had restricted his thoughts in a large measure to his studio; while now, at last, he felt an increasing desire to relax his ceaseless insistence on his own work and to express the ideas concerning the arts about him that had always been with him in a half-dormant state.

First, of course, came Saint-Gaudens's interest in contemporary sculpture. To him Dubois and Gérôme stood before all others both abroad and at home. In this regard I will quote from a letter he wrote to Mr. Stanford White on December 29, 1904, and from a note which he had intended to incorporate in his reminiscences:

"I think Gérôme's 'Corinthian' simply stunning. I could go on adding adjectives, but they could not express anything more than that I admire it in the highest degree. It should be purchased by the Museum. But like many other treasures, it will be allowed to pass. If I had the power, I should buy it without an instant's hesitation. You know I am a great admirer of Gérôme, and I think this a remarkable example of the singular severity and nobility of his style."

And, concerning Dubois:

"Of the men of distinction among the French artists, the one of course that stands in my esteem perhaps higher than any other is Paul Dubois. . . . The first of his things I remember was the little 'St. John the Baptist,' which in early days seemed extraordinary to me, though of course at this writing it falls far below his final achievement. Then came his 'Chanteur Florentin,' which still remains a lovely masterpiece."

When Saint-Gaudens limited himself to the United States, however, aside from a number of the younger school in whom he took deep and watchful interest, he expressed his greatest respect for the work of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, Mr. Herbert Adams, and Mr. Daniel C. French. Here is a letter concerning Mr. Ward which Saint-Gaudens wrote to Mr. John J. Murphy on April 27, 1907:

". . . I regret that illness prevents my assisting in the homage being done to Mr. Ward this evening. His work and career, his virility and sincerity, have been a great incentive to me from the day when he exhibited his Indian Hunter in an art store on the east side of Broadway. It was a revelation, and I know of nothing that had so powerful an influence on those early years. I am very happy to be able to join in this testimonial to him."

Next to sculpture, painting naturally held place in Saint-Gaudens's thoughts. Of the artists abroad he spoke but seldom, though when he did, it was evidently the result of consideration. A letter written to Mr. Theodore Marburg on May 7, 1906, well presents one side of Saint-Gaudens's impressions upon this subject. Puvis de Chavannes, having died, is not mentioned; but if he had lived up to this time he would undoubtedly have stood before the others.

". . . It is difficult to give a list in the order of their importance of the principal living French mural painters, but I set them down here roughly: Besnard, Ra-

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phael Collin, Luc-Olivier Merson, Maignan, Chartran, and Blanc. The last man on the list you will know from the other Blanc by his having made the decoration in the Panthéon and also the remarkable colored terra-cotta frieze on the back of what they call the Grand Palais erected in 1900.

"I give you this list with diffidence, as there are no doubt others who are as talented that I do not think about at present."

But regarding the advance of painting in America, Saint-Gaudens showed most enthusiasm, as he invariably took greater interest in the near at hand than in the foreign or the abstract. Here is a letter, written to Mr. Charles F. McKim, regarding the decorations of the Boston Public Library, which shows whom Saint-Gaudens regarded as most fitted for the task at the time when they considered the decoration of that building.

"I 've just seen Abbey again, and he is all wound up as I am about the Library business, and if anything should turn up, he would come back from Europe next year for it. We have made up a list of names, all strong men, and he suggests having them meet at your office next week to powwow some evening—Wednesday, if possible. He suggests that White be there, and that all the photos of decorative work be got out—Masaccio, Carpaccio, Benozzo Gozzoli, Botticelli, &c., to show and to talk over. If you think well of this, let me know, and I 'll get the fellows together. Aside from La Farge, *'qui va sans dire,'* and to whom undoubtedly the big room should be given, the following are the names that you should consider in this matter: Abbey, Bridgman, Cox, Millet, Winslow Homer (who Abbey tells me has done some bully decorative things in Harper's office that we can go see together), and Howard Pyle. These are all strong men —every darned one of them."

With the painters mentioned above, Saint-Gaudens held in high esteem Mr. John Sargent, Mr. George de Forest Brush, Mr. T. W. Dewing, Mr. Abbott Thayer, Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, Mr. Henry Siddons Mowbray, Mr. Frederick Maxfield Parrish, Mr. Elihu Vedder, Miss Cecilia Beaux, and Mr. John W. Alexander. I am fortunate to be able to give letters that definitely express his admiration of four of them.

To Mr. Abbott Thayer:

"I wish I could tell you how I feel about your Vailima figure. It is a glorious inspiration, and when I came upon it unexpectedly at Albright's Gallery it took my breath away. It was inspiring when I saw it before, but your changes had sent it flying heavenward."

To Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, on October 22, 1905:

". . . I think the whole swing VERY fine. The figures over the oxen, with the straight-lined drapery, being a particularly noble overcoming of a big difficulty. . . . The group on the wagon seat is beautiful, and the gorgeous creature in the center a swell idea, giving the impression one gets of such a goddess as one sometimes finds in unexpected places. The sick child alongside is lovely in line and sentiment. Don't change it. . . ."

To Mr. Henry Siddons Mowbray:

"I want to dictate a word to you to tell you how much I admire that splendid painting of the Fates. It is a BIG thing, and inspiring for me to see it. You know how much I admire all your other work. The portrait of your wife is a gem, and your drawings are high in style."

To Mr. Frederick Maxfield Parrish, December 5, 1901:

". . . The three drawings for Milton's Allegro you have done for THE CENTURY are superb, and I want to tell you how they impressed me. They are *big*, and on looking at them I felt that choking sensation that one has only in the presence of the really swell thing. The shepherds on the hill, the poet in the valley, are great in composition, and with the blithesome maid are among the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

"It is always an astonishment to me how after all the fine things that have been done and after all the possibilities of

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beauty seem to have been exhausted, some man like you will come along and strike another note just as distinctive and just as fine. It is encouraging and stimulating."

In turning from his own art of pictorial representation, undoubtedly the next interest that held Saint-Gaudens was the stage. The following half-jocose note which he intended sometime to add to his reminiscences only partly reveals his often expressed feelings on the subject:

"I was really born to be either an actor or a housekeeper. I am convinced that if I could overcome the sense of consciousness, I should be a wonderful actor, and as to housekeeping, that I *know*. What I should like to have been is another question; a dramatic author, perhaps. I think it is one of the greatest experiences a man can have to see his creations and his puppets working before him as in life on the stage."

To Saint-Gaudens's mind, French work in the theater undoubtedly led by an enormous distance. Even setting aside their classics, he constantly referred to Coquelin the elder in "Cyrano," Bernhardt in "Tosca," Réjane in "Madame Sans-Gêne," and Jane Hading in "Thermidor." The Italians followed next with Duse and Salvini. But the English drama, aside from Shakspere and the work of Booth, Irving, and Forbes Robertson, appeared a constant disappointment to him. The following letter to Miss Rose Nichols typifies his attitude:

". . . Last night I went to see 'Candida' with Homer and Harry Thrasher. It is admirably well played. But there 's a kind of sickly intelligence about it that 's unpleasant. Still, it is the empyrean blue as compared with the rot that pervades the boards here."

Nevertheless, despite his high standard, he looked with fresh interest and hope upon each new play, and listened with attention to all his dramatist friends had to say, evidently anxious to admire where his deep critical interest held back his approbation.

Next to Saint-Gaudens's regard for the stage came his love of music. The concerts in the Thirty-sixth Street studio, where he reveled in Beethoven and Schubert, he has written of himself. But besides them, he went steadily to the opera whenever occasion offered. "Faust," "Carmen," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Don Giovanni," French and Italian scores held his ears. Wagner and Wagner's school he failed to understand. He demanded melody.

Finally to the art of writing Saint-Gaudens gave careful and attentive, though not very long, audience. Aside from the biographies which he industriously read in connection with his statues, he turned most willingly to Maupassant and Anatole France in French and to Stevenson and Howells in English, with an occasional much-relished dip into the humor furnished by men of the cast of Mr. Finley P. Dunne; for Saint-Gaudens's constant joy in laughter held strongly to the last. Novels that moved slowly had no attraction for him, though one book by Meredith, "Diana of the Crossways," remained long in his mind.

To shift now from Saint-Gaudens's general interests to his more specific activities outside of his own distinct work, two objects interested him most deeply. One was the founding in Rome of an American Academy to be devoted to such American pupils of the Fine Arts as had already laid a firm foundation with their work at home, much in the same manner as the Villa Medici school has been devoted to its most brilliant young men by the French government. The other was the artistic development of the National Capitol at Washington, where, in connection with the Park Commission, he spent much time and gave the best of his assistance in criticism and advice toward establishing the beauty of that city on an even firmer basis.

But Saint-Gaudens by no means slighted his work in Cornish, because of his growing tendency to interest himself in the world at large. For in Cornish he completed, besides his lesser commissions, his monuments to Sherman, to Lincoln, and to Brooks, and the caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, and in Cornish he renewed his thoughts upon the groups to go in front of the Boston Public Library.

His first serious occupation after his return from Europe lay in his modifying of the Sherman monument from the model exhibited in Paris, in his studying of the bronze after it had been set up in the field back of the house, and in his changing of it even then. As this undoubtedly will remain Saint-Gaudens's chief equestrian work, his interest

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in other such monuments may be recalled in connection with it. First, to his eyes came the Gattamelata by Donatello in Padua, then the Colleoni by Verocchio in Venice, and, third, the Joan of Arc by Paul Dubois in Rheims. Saint-Gaudens has written of this:

"His 'Joan of Arc' is, to my thinking, one of the greatest statues in the world. I know of but one or two that I should rank higher. For elevation, distinction, and nervousness of style, it is extraordinary, and it is one of the things that make one wish to strive higher and higher and to criticize one's own work to a degree which would not be possible if he and his productions did not exist."

The Sherman once disposed of, Saint-Gaudens again took up his studies for the groups to go before the Boston Public Library which he had kept by him in his studio where he could constantly turn over in his mind the question of their development. They had long troubled his conscience; yet he worked upon them slowly, since, despite his sickness and the smallness of the sum allotted, he desired that they be his highest achievement. Had he lived a year longer he would have finished them. One pedestal would have borne figures symbolic of Executive Power, Law, and Love. Upon the other base he planned figures of Science, Labor, and Music. I do not attempt to account for the discrepancy between the abstract subjects Saint-Gaudens selected here, and his written warning against such a choice on the part of a pupil which I quoted somewhat earlier. Perhaps he changed his mind.

The "Crerar" Lincoln, also for Chicago, was the next vital monument which Saint-Gaudens took up after the Sherman, and therein he carried out his old desire of representing the President seated, a Lincoln the Head of the State in contrast to his earlier Lincoln the Man. The monument is yet to be unveiled, but it went to the bronze founder some time before the sculptor's death.

It seems specially unfortunate, in view of Saint-Gaudens's ill health, that upon the night of October 11, 1904, his chief studio should have burned to the ground, not only with all the sculpture in progress, but also with most of his portfolios, containing the records of forty years. However, he bravely set about recovering his lost ground, and before long had his commissions again well under way.

Chief among his interests at that time was the Phillips Brooks Memorial, which he had studied since 1901, and which he carried so far before he died that he left only the mechanical enlargement and casting as necessary for its completion.

Strangely enough, this work, so near the end of Saint-Gaudens's life, brought about in him a change of attitude toward religion and ethics which would surely have assumed a definite form in a few more years. Though he had been educated as a Catholic, yet through his mature life he had looked upon conventional Christian religion as being both gloomy and insincere. But upon his coming definitely to Cornish, Saint-Gaudens received the suggestion that he substitute a figure of Christ for the angel which he had planned to stand behind the Brooks itself. The idea appealed to him, much as the angel had appealed to him, because of what he might develop in the composition and because of the fitness of the subject, and not because of any desire on his part to portray an idea of the character of Christ. However, as was his custom, he sought a "biography," and on being handed Renan's "Life of Christ,' read it eagerly. Next he procured Tissot's "Life of Christ," and then, as the story has it, he went to his friend Mr. Henry Adams, explained what he had been doing, and asked for another book on the subject. Mr. Adams promptly suggested one called the Bible.

Now Christ as Christ held Saint-Gaudens's attention; and once his thoughts had so turned, he added to them his usual energy and worked on this figure behind closed doors in the fear that the committee would get wind of what he sought, and would judge adversely before he was prepared. And then his enthusiasm over his subject growing to even greater proportions before his death, he nearly completed a figure of a seated Christ for Mr. George F. Baker, and had greatly desired to create a seated figure of Christ in a commission for Mrs. John Hay, though he ultimately yielded to her wish for a figure symbolic of Peace. The change of attitude had been deep and thorough. At last Christ no longer stood him as the head of a cult that announced bewildering self-contradictions and the misery of sin after death, but became the Man of Men, a Teacher of peace and happiness.

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Saint-Gaudens's work now drew to its close, his final tasks including chiefly the designs for three of the United States coins, and the caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery.

The coins, before the untortunate confusion arose through the antagonism of the Mint and through newspaper notoriety, awakened in him the interest he always took in any new problem. Here is a letter to President Roosevelt which explains how he hoped to attack the subject:

". . . You have hit the nail on the head with regard to the coinage. Of course the great coins (and I might almost say the only coins) are the Greek ones you speak of, just as the great medals are those of the fifteenth century by Pisano and Sperandio."

With the caryatids, also, he threw himself heart and soul into his task, since all his life he had longed to turn to monumental work. Besides, unconsciously he had found a medium, at last, which he could infuse with that peace and dignity that had become so characteristic of his attitude toward the world about him. He rarely talked or wrote of those deeper feelings, so it is all the more fortunate that sometime after his death I chanced to find among his papers the two notes which follow. The first I came upon in his scrap-book:

"I thought that art seemed to be the concentration of the *experience* and *sensations* of life in painting, literature, sculpture, and particularly acting, which accounts for the desire in artists to have realism. However, there is still the feeling of the lack of something in the simple representation of some indifferent action. The imagination must be able to bring up the scenes, incidents that impress us in life, condense them, and the truer they are to nature the better. The imagination may condemn that which has impressed us beautifully as well as the strong or characteristic or ugly."

The second paper which I discovered upon his desk is almost identical with part of a letter written to Miss Rose Nichols in 1898. The very fact that he kept these few phrases by him shows their importance to him as being his attempt to express his philosophy of life:

"The prevailing thought in my life is that we are on a planet going no one knows where—probably to something higher (Darwin evolution). But whatever it is, the passage is terribly sad and tragic, and to bear up against what seems at times the great doom that is over us, love and courage are the great things. I try to express it without entering into any philosophy or definition of art. I care nothing for the thousand philosophies about art, the intricacies of which seem too complex for me to delve into. The thing to do is to try and do good, and any serious and earnest effort seems to me to be, to our limited vision, a drop in the ocean of evolution to something better."

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THE WAR UPON THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

BY PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER

President of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health

TO those who in the last ten years have taken part in the fight, it gives a thrill of joy to note how rapidly the number of recruits is increasing, and to see the foe retreating; but before victory can be won, millions more of our countrymen must enlist, and millions of dollars be spent. We must learn to realize that our deadliest foes are not the great nations across the sea, but the tiny microbes that surround us. It is these microscopic enemies that destroy the major part of the human race; yet, as Pasteur said: "It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease." At present we are losing 150,000 lives a year from the "Great White Plague," and these lives flicker out after an average illness of three and a half years each. Could all these lives be saved, over a billion dollars would be added to our annual national dividend, the average lifetime would be two years longer, and national efficiency and happiness would be increased in a ratio which statistics cannot measure.

Tuberculosis must be stamped out by a combination of both public and private hygiene. Public hygiene must include not only more sanatoria, dispensaries, visiting nurses, model tenements, sterilized, pasteurized, or, best of all, *clean* milk, mitigation of factory dust, disinfection of infected houses, enforcement of anti-spitting regulations, cleaner streets, etc., but, what is probably of greatest importance, though least emphasized, a wide-spread system of *isolation homes for incurables,* such as have been advocated in Connecticut by Dr. Foster. The statistics of Newsholme show conclusively that the death-rate from consumption declines in proportion as infectious consumptives are isolated.

Private hygiene is even more important, and means a revolution in our habits of living. It means fresh air perpetually flowing through our houses and more of our lives spent outdoors. It means common sense in diet—the avoidance of bolting food, from which dyspepsia springs, and the re-education of normal food instincts, the avoidance of gluttony on the one side, and body starvation on the other, the avoidance of alcohol, the most potent of the predisposing causes of tuberculosis, and the avoidance of dirty, infected milk and meat. It means the "simple life," free from over-exertion on the one hand, and indolence on the other; the habit of normal sleep, and the emancipation from worry.

In giving this prescription, Dr. Trudeau once said to me: "It is as simple as bathing in the waters of Jordan, and that is why people are so slow to follow it."

But to-day people *are* following, and following rapidly. When they see a man, who only a few years ago was so ill of tuberculosis that he could scarcely drag himself out upon a porch, now run twenty-five miles for pure love of exercise, or when they see nine college men inside of half a year double their endurance through

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rational diet alone, or when they learn that ex-President Roosevelt developed from a weak and timid boy into the personification of strength and courage, and that Cornaro, about to die at thirty-seven, abjured all unhygienic habits and prolonged his life to one hundred and three, they begin to realize the practical value of personal hygiene.

This is an age dominated by ideals of work, not leisure; but our vices and unhygienic habits have been handed down from an age when leisure and even helplessness were fashionable. To be able to get drunk was once an object of ambition, for it indicated command of leisure; but to-day, when power to work is the ambition of all classes, it must come about that habits which promote that power will be adopted. The ideal of fashion is becoming efficiency, not idleness; and striving for such an ideal will not only wipe out the "Great White Plague," but many other scourges as well.

RHYMES OF AN OLD HOME

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

I

THE PASSER-BY

IN a cold, drifting rain,
On a dreary night,
I went hurrying by a house
With windows all alight;
Hurrying to my shelter
At a strange fireside,
I passed by the old home
Where my mother died.

There was my own room,
Where I dwelt for years,
Harbor of uncounted dreams,
Of unreckoned tears;
Ah, from its every corner
Shall not ghosts arise,
Moaning low to alien ears,
Frighting alien eyes?

In the rain, in the night,
Sped I past the place,
The lamps of a stranger's home
Shining in my face;
With me walked the dead days,
The woes forever gone,
And the old house seemed to sigh
As I hastened on.

II

THE NEW HOUSEHOLDER

WHO sits under my roof-tree?
One whom I have not known;
He dug not the old foundations,
He laid not a single stone.
Where a thousand echoes greet me,
He hears no word or breath,
And the walls that to me are lettered,
To him are as blank as death.

Here I come as a stranger,
Faring at his behest;
Here he rules as the master,
Greeting a haunted guest;
For, as I sit by his fireside,
Faintly I see and hear
The gleam of a bygone presence,
The call of an old-time cheer.

Here I wept in the darkness—
Hark, how the old griefs cry!
Here she lay in her beauty,
She who can never die.
Aye, though he pay the purchase,
I have the right divine;
His is the shell, the shadow;
The soul of the house is mine.

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WAS "SECESSION" TAUGHT AT WEST POINT?

WHAT THE RECORDS SHOW

BY COLONEL EDGAR S. DUDLEY

Judge-advocate, United States Army

Was the right of a State to secede from the Union taught at the United States Military Academy?

Was Rawle's work "A View of the Constitution of the United States" a text-book at the military academy at any time prior to the Civil War? Did that book advocate the right of secession, and did it inculcate the duty of the individual to be loyal to his State rather than to the Union?

Was this work the legal and authorized text-book from which General Albert Sidney Johnston (1826), Mr. Jefferson Davis (1828), Generals Robert E. Lee (1829), Joseph E. Johnston (1829), Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson (1846), Dabney H. Maury (1846), Fitzhugh Lee (1856), and others graduated at West Point between the years 1825 and 1861, received instruction in constitutional law?

THE above are questions which for years have been asked of the authorities at West Point as a result of statements made in public speeches, in newspapers, magazines, and books, that the right of "secession" of a State was there taught to the graduates named, and from the text-book mentioned above, and which, if unanswered, are tending toward being accepted as historical fact.

Several statements from various sources, made at different times, allege that Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and other prominent graduates who entered the Southern Confederacy, were taught at the United States Military Academy that any State had a right to secede, and that their duty at that time was allegiance to their States. It has been asserted that the doctrine of the right of secession was inculcated at West Point as an admitted principle of constitutional law and, in each case, it has been said that "A View of the Constitution of the United States," published in Philadelphia in 1825, by William Rawle, was the text-book used.

The year of graduation is placed after each of the names mentioned above, and it will be apparent therefrom, after noting them, that instruction in the right of secession, if such instruction was given, as has been alleged, must have extended over a period of thirty years or more, or from the cadet days of General Albert Sidney Johnston, 1826, to those of General Fitzhugh Lee, 1856.

An exhaustive and impartial search through the records of the military academy was necessary to gather all the facts and determine the whole truth as to this question.

The assertions as to the text-book being confined to the use of Rawle's "View of the Constitution," it was necessary to discover whether the records of the academy gave any information as to the adoption of this work by the academic board or as to its use as a text-book. The book itself speaks the author's views, and portions bearing on the question of secession will be quoted later.

While the records of the military academy do not give the names of all the text-books used in the earlier years, they do

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contain the record of each examination for every year, together with the subject of examination, so that the question as to whether a certain subject was taught may be verified.

The effort to give some reason or to find some justification for the action of these graduates in joining the Confederacy, through the statement that they were taught the right of a State to secede at the military academy, appears unnecessary and without any good basis. We all understand to-day, and can sympathize with them in their difficult situation, and the attempt to excuse their action seems without adequate cause.

The conflict in their minds and hearts was between two classes of duty; their decision was made for that which they believed to be most binding on them. They were called upon to decide between their *legal* and moral duty to support and maintain the Union and what they believed to be their moral and personal duty to their kindred, their homes, their locality, and their State. It seems to have been made a personal matter which each felt called upon to decide for himself according to the dictates of his own conscience as to what was right. Many realized, as did General Robert E. Lee, that "Secession is nothing but revolution," [1] and those who were in the United States Army at the time, feeling their legal obligation, endeavored to separate themselves from it by resigning their commissions.

In this conflict between two classes of duty requiring these graduates to decide which they felt to be the superior, many of those born in, and appointed from, Southern States, like Generals George H. Thomas, William Hays, Henry D. Wallen, John Newton, Barton S. Alexander, Thomas J. Wood, Richard I. Dodge, Stephen V. Benet, and many others, decided for what they considered to be their legal and moral duty, and remained loyal to the Union.

If the study of Rawle, if it was taught them, is urged as an excuse for the action of those who went to the Confederacy, what excuse can be made for these men who, receiving the same instruction, remained loyal to the Union under as great a pressure, and with a more intensified feeling against their action, because, in doing so, it severed them from home, kindred, and their native States?

Many of the authorities for the assertion as to the use of Rawle's work as a text-book at the military academy have been collected by Colonel Robert Bingham of Asheville, North Carolina, and are inserted in a preface to a pamphlet reprint of an article entitled "Sectional Misunderstandings," which was originally published in the "North American Review" of September, 1904. In this preface he says:

> The crux of the following paper is the historic fact, often asserted and never officially denied, that, from 1825 (the year during which Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis entered the U. S. Military Academy) [2] to as late as 1840, and probably later, the United States Government taught its cadets at West Point from Rawle's View of the Constitution that the Union was dissoluble, and that, if it should be dissolved, allegiance reverted to the STATES. Some conclusive documentary proof of this historic fact is hereby offered, for the first time, as far as the writer knows or has been able to ascertain.

This statement, with the documents quoted, covers the gist of the claim. To ascertain the truth of the matter, a thorough examination of the academic records has now for the first time been made.

The "documentary proof" following this statement of Colonel Bingham consists of letters from the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, from its librarian, some from descendants

[1] See "Letter to his son," January 23, 1861, "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," A. L. Long, p. 88; also letter to his sister, "The whole South is in a state of revolution," April 20, 1861, "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," by his son, p. 26; "Life of General Robert E. Lee," Cooke, p. 30; "The Life and Times of Robert E. Lee," Pollard, p. 51.

He said to Mr. Blair: "I look upon secession as anarchy," Address of John W. Daniel, LL.D., Lexington, Virginia, June 28, 1883, "Ceremonies connected with the Inauguration of the Mausoleum, etc.," pp. 29-33; and was "opposed to secession," see letter to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, February 25, 1868, "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," by his son, p. 27; "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," Thomas Nelson Page, p. 33.

These statements, and others in his letters, are at variance with the claim that he received and acted on instruction given him as a cadet that secession was a right reserved to any State.

[2] An error, as Jefferson Davis entered in 1824, and General Robert E. Lee in 1825.

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of the Rawle family, and from others, none of which states definitely and positively from certain knowledge that Rawle's "View of the Constitution" was used as a text-book, though some of them say that they have heard it stated as a fact, and believe it to be true. Among the letters are two from graduates of the period covered in this inquiry. Almost every statement is based upon "recollection" or "hearsay and belief."

In addition to these letters, there is quoted one from the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, inclosing a copy of one of his own publications entitled, "The Constitutional Ethics of Secession," in which it is said that "anterior to 1840 the doctrine of the right of secession seems to have been inculcated at West Point as an admitted principle of Constitutional Law. . . . Prior to 1840, his [Rawle's] *View* was the text-book in use at West Point."

General Adams wrote this upon information he then had at hand, and refers to correspondence with "the librarian and authorities at West Point."

A letter dated November 23, 1904, and written by the librarian of the United States Military Academy, is quoted by Colonel Bingham, to the effect that "the copy" of Rawle's "View of the Constitution" "owned by the Library U. S. M. A., contains Ms. notes which make it *very probable* that this book was used as a text-book at the Military Academy, inasmuch as there is a list of sections and lessons marked."

A rigid and careful examination of this book, with a decipherment of the pencil notes and marks in it, shows that the librarian, while correct in his statement as to the probable use of Rawle's work, was mistaken in his ground therefor as to this particular book, and that these notes and marks do not indicate a list of sections or a division of the text into lessons, as might have been the case if it had been used as a text-book.

The superintendent of the military academy wrote, November 14, 1904, that in the "Memorial Volume of the Military Academy," soon to be published, the following note would appear:

> The text-book of the law department, from (?) to (?). The copy of this book owned by the Library U. S. Military Academy makes it very probable that it was used as a text-book.

But the same superintendent, after a further examination of the matter, wrote later, July 10, 1905, to the Hon. W. A. Calderhead, Marysville, Kansas:

> The records of the Department have been carefully searched and they do not show that Rawle was ever used either as a text-book or work of reference.

General Adams published his pamphlet in 1903, and his letter inclosing it was written in 1904, so that it is very probable that he had the first statements given above, or similar information, upon which he based his assertion. In a personal letter to the writer hereof, dated March 4, 1908, he has since written:

> I freely confess, and with some mortification, that the reference in my booklet, "The Ethics of Secession," was too strong. I should have stated that Rawle's "View" "is said to have been used as a text-book at West Point" during the period named. As it stands, I have stated it as a fact. I did so on the authority of others, mainly Southern writers, including Jefferson Davis. He, however, gave different limits of time for its use.
>
> My own final impression on the matter is, that Rawle's "View" never was an established and authorized text-book at the Academy for any course of instruction; but, between 1825 and 1832, the question of Nullification and the right of secession were freely discussed among the students, and Rawle's view was that certainly accepted by the Southern students, and, in all probability, by the mass of both students and instructors. I have equally little question that frequent reference was made to the book.

The facts as above set forth remove the letters mentioned above, and quoted by Colonel Bingham, from acceptance as "conclusive documentary proof."

But two of the letters quoted later by Colonel Bingham contain direct statements from graduates of their recollection that Rawle's "View of the Constitution" was used as a text-book while they were cadets. As far as it relates to themselves, their assertion as to its use may be accepted as di-

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rect personal evidence based upon their memory, recollection, and belief. But others are named as using it who were not with them, or in their classes, at the academy, and what is said of them is therefore based upon "hearsay," and is not direct evidence, but depends upon the statements and recollection of others.

The two following extracts from the "Preface" of Colonel Bingham contain the most direct statements made, and name the individual graduates who are said to have been instructed in Rawle's "View of the Constitution"; they are therefore given in full:

(From Fitzhugh Lee)

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 5, 1904.

. . . My recollection is that Rawle's View of the Constitution was the legal text-book at West Point when Generals Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Stonewall Jackson were cadets there, and later on was a text-book when I was a cadet there.

(Signed) *Fitzhugh Lee.*

(From Gen. Dabney H. Maury)

In Vol. 6, p. 249, "Southern Historical Society Papers":

. . . It [Rawle] remained as a text-book at West Point till ——; and Mr. Davis and Sidney Johnston and General Joe Johnston and General Lee, and all the rest of us who retired with Virginia from the Federal Union, were not only obeying the plain instincts of our nature and dictates of duty, but we were obeying the very inculcations we had received in the National School. It is not probable that any of us ever read the Constitution or any exposition of it except this work of Rawle, which we studied in our graduating year at West Point. I know I did not. . . .

(Signed) *Dabney H. Maury.*

As stated above by General Maury, the subject of constitutional law was taught in the "graduating year." As Jefferson Davis was graduated in 1828, General Fitzhugh Lee in 1856, and General Albert Sidney Johnston in 1826, the examination of the records was from the year 1825 until the beginning of the Civil War, in 1861, and even beyond the latter date. Where the text-books used are not specifically named in the record, resort was had to the records of examinations, which give the subjects of each examination and the standing of cadets therein for each year.

The department of geography, history, and ethics, in which instruction in law was given during the period under consideration, was created by the Act of April 14, 1818, with the chaplain as professor. He seems to have had great latitude as to the subjects of instruction in his department. In the Report of the Board of Visitors, June 7, 1826, which shows that there was an examination that year in political economy and the Constitution of the United States, the Board says:

A department has, therefore, gradually grown up into which several branches have been successively crowded, little connected with each other, or with the rest of the studies pursued here, and which can find no suitable place in the Academic course, but at the expense of something more immediate to the wants and objects of the Institution. In this way there have been introduced, from time to time, English Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, Natural and Political Law, Constitutional Law, and Political Economy. Some of them have been taught every year, but in no one year have all of them been taught because it was impossible to find place and room for them all. During the last year English Grammar, Rhetoric, the Constitutional Law of the United States, and Political Economy, have been taught, each very imperfectly and superficially for want of time and means.

and the Board therefore recommended that "this department of studies be broken up."

It will be noted that the professor apparently selected from this list of subjects those to be taught in any one year, and those so taught were likely to be displaced by some other subject the following year. "In no one year were all of them taught."

Constitutional law was one of the subjects taught in the year 1826, and it became important to ascertain, if possible, the text-book used. The records mention no text-book; it was undoubtedly selected by the professor on his own motion, and it became a question as to which of two works, Sergeant's, published in 1822, or Rawle's, published in 1825, may have been

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used, copies of each being found in the academy library.

No authority is to be found in the academic records for the use of either of these works or any reference to either of them; but in the journal of S. P. Heintzelman, United States Army, kept while a cadet at the military academy, which is now in the academy library, reference is found to recitation and examination in "Rawle on the Constitution." General Heintzelman was graduated in the class of 1826, with General Albert Sidney Johnston, and it affords evidence, therefore, that Albert Sidney Johnston received instruction in this text-book.

The following year, 1827, and in 1829 and 1830, the records show that the examinations were in "Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy" only, there being no reference to constitutional law and no indication that it was taught in those years.

They do show, however, an examination in constitutional law in 1828. This was the year when Jefferson Davis was graduated, and he has stated in a letter to the Hon. R. T. Bennett of North Carolina, quoted by General Morris Schaff in "The Spirit of Old West Point," note, p. 229, as appearing in vol. 22, p. 83, "Southern Historical Society Papers," as follows:

> *Rawle on the Constitution* was the text-book at West Point, but when the class of which I was a member entered the graduating year Kent's *Commentaries* were introduced as the text-book on the Constitution and International Law.

There is confirmatory evidence of the correctness of his statement in the fact that while no text-book is named, the records show that his class was examined in "National and Constitutional Law," and there is no book of that period, to my knowledge, that in plan and character will fulfil the conditions of a work to be used for such instruction, or that corresponds to this description, so nearly as Kent's "Commentaries." The first volume of Kent begins, Part I, with "The Law of Nations," and is followed, Part II, by "The Government and Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States," or constitutional law. The use of the words "National Law" in the sense of the "Law of Nations" in connection with "Constitutional Law" as the subject of the examination pertains so closely to the description of Kent's "Commentaries" in its text that it seems impossible to escape the conclusion that this was the book used, and it is corroborative of the statement of Mr. Davis that he was instructed in Kent's "Commentaries," and evidence, therefore, that he did not receive instruction in Rawle's "View of the Constitution."

General Robert E. Lee and General Joseph E. Johnston were graduated the following year, 1829, and, as stated above, the record for that year shows the examination to have been in "Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy." Constitutional law was apparently not taught that class. If it had been, Kent's "Commentaries," being in use the previous year, would in all likelihood have been continued, as it was later, the report of the Board of Visitors for June, 1831, showing it then in use; and it is on the list of class books published in the register of the United States Military Academy in 1832.

Generals Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson and Dabney H. Maury were graduated in 1846, and General Fitzhugh Lee in 1856.

In the official "Cadet Register" in 1841, and for each successive year to 1862, and for several years later, Kent's "Commentaries" is specifically named as the text-book, and is the only work on constitutional law mentioned as used. No other text-book on that subject is referred to, and the statements made that Rawle's "View of the Constitution" was the adopted and legal text-book during that period is directly opposed to, and controverted by, these records, so that neither of these officers, nor any other graduating during this period, could, according to the records of the academy, have been instructed there from Rawle's work as an authorized text-book, but did actually receive instruction from Kent's "Commentaries."

It is undoubtedly true that the question of the right of a State to secede was under discussion by cadets and that Rawle's work was often referred to in these discussions and its views quoted in support of the right of secession. It is because of this fact that it is probable that the memories of these graduates are at fault in thinking

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and believing it to have been used as an authorized text-book. Their recollection and the records, however, are in conflict on this point.

General Fitzhugh Lee speaks from his "recollection," and while General Maury does not thus limit his statement, it is evident, as will appear, that he was also speaking from memory and not from the record.

That Rawle's work had its influence, although not used as a text-book, may be accepted as true; but the question here is not as to such influence, but as to whether it was the authorized text-book used at the United States Military Academy for the years in question, and, therefore, for the instruction of the graduates named, and which claim, as to its use, extends from 1825 to include at least the class of Fitzhugh Lee, who was graduated in 1856, and approximately up to the beginning of the Civil War.

General Maury, General Fitzhugh Lee, and Mr. Davis were all graduates of the military academy, and not for one moment will any one who knew them believe that an incorrect statement was knowingly made by any of them. But years had elapsed since they were cadets, during which events changed the whole tenor of thought of the entire country, and led many to endeavor to recall the origin of their earlier beliefs. Questions of great national importance had been discussed and decided, while the personal experiences of a great war, with its subsequent events and trials, had been passed through, so that if memory failed properly to connect the dates and events of those earlier years, it is certainly pardonable. It is unquestionable that they stated that which they believed to be true, whether speaking from recollection or from hearsay. It must also be remembered that at the period under investigation the question as to the right of a State to secede was not definitely settled. Even with Northern writers there was a difference of opinion on the subject, and it was finally adjudicated only after an appeal to arms.

An apparent injustice has been done to Judge Rawle by some writers in the inference to be drawn from their statements that he was an advocate of secession. It is important to bear in mind that this is far from being the case. He was, on the contrary, a strong advocate of the maintenance of the Union. While holding to the abstract right of the people of a State to withdraw from the Union in this work, "A View of the Constitution of the United States of America," he earnestly discourages it in forcible language as disastrous and parricidal. He says:

> The consequences of an absolute secession cannot be mistaken, and they would be serious and afflicting. . . . Separation would produce jealousies and discord, which in time would ripen into mutual hostilities, and while our country would be weakened by internal war, foreign enemies would be encouraged to invade with the flattering prospect of subduing in detail those whom, collectively, they would dread to encounter. P. 299.
>
> In every aspect therefore which this great subject presents, we feel the deepest impression of a sacred obligation to preserve the union of our country; we feel our glory, our safety, and our happiness, involved in it; we unite the interests of those who coldly calculate advantages with those who glow with what is little short of filial affection; and we must resist the attempt of its own citizens to destroy it, with the same feelings that we should avert the dagger of the parricide. P. 301.

A statement has also frequently been made, and Colonel Bingham quotes it from "The Republic of Republics," 4th Ed., 1878, Preface, p. V, and from a letter of the Rev. Dr. L. W. Bacon of Massachusetts, to the effect that in case of the trial of Jefferson Davis for high treason,

> the defense would have offered in evidence the text-book on constitutional law (Rawle's "View of the Constitution") from which Davis had been instructed at West Point by the authority of the United States Government, and in which the right of secession is maintained as one of the constitutional rights of a State.

It need only be said as to this that it was an unsupported proposition, *not acted on*, and which could not have been sustained from the academic records, and which, accepting Mr. Davis's own statement with reference to it, as given above, could not have been maintained. It was

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"in his own interest" for Mr. Davis to state that he was taught Rawle, if such was the fact, and when he says the contrary,—that Kent's "Commentaries" were introduced for his class,—it is "against interest," and must be accepted as stating the actual fact in the case.

CONCLUSIONS

THE result of this examination of the records of the United States Military Academy, and of the review of statements on both sides of the subject, shows conclusively, to my mind, that Rawle's work "A View of the Constitution of the United States" was introduced as a text-book by the professor of geography, history, and ethics for one year only (1826), and was then discontinued, never again being used; that it was never officially adopted as a text-book by action of the academic board; that of all the graduates named only one, General Albert Sidney Johnston, of the class of 1826, received instruction in that work; that the records show positively the use of Kent's "Commentaries" from 1841 until after the beginning of the Civil War, so that no one who was graduated during that period could ever have had Rawle as an authorized text-book.

There is no necessity to seek to assign "instruction at the military academy" as an excuse for the action of those who joined the Confederacy or for those who remained loyal to the Union. Each graduate made his choice in honest and conscientious belief that he was in the right, and, whatever the origin of his belief, fought for it, while many on each side of the issue died fighting for it.

The question of the right of a State to secede from the Union has been settled forever, and no defense is now needed for those who fought for their opinions, following the dictates of their own consciences.

The records are on file at the military academy, and speak for themselves; the conclusions drawn are of course my own, and made on my own responsibility.

A SOUTHERNER AT GETTYSBURG

SPEECH AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE REGULARS

BY THE HON. J. M. DICKINSON

Secretary of War

BELOW, printed in full for the first time, is the text of the address at Gettysburg, delivered on May 31, 1909, by the Hon. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, Secretary of War. Secretary Dickinson is a native of Mississippi, and, though now a member of a Republican cabinet, has been a lifelong Democrat. In this address he has helped memorably to complete the work of reconciliation of the sections that met in conflict on that battlefield.—THE EDITOR.

REPRESENTING the people of the United States, I intrust to you [1] and your successors the loving and perpetual care of this monument, which a grateful country has erected in commemoration of the heroic services of the soldiers of the regular army, rendered with such conspicuous valor upon those "dread heights of destiny" near where we now stand, in a battle which, more than any other, contributed to establish the perpetuity of civil government on our continent and the progress of our civilization in harmony with an ideal interpretation of the princi-

[1] The Battle-field Commission, Colonel John P. Nicholson, chairman.

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ples enunciated in the American Declaration of Independence.

The overthrow of the South, as always occurs after a fierce war, when the defeated are helpless and the more conservative of the victors are for a while dominated by the fiercest and most aggressive leaders, was immediately followed by sufferings and humiliations that for a long time admitted of nothing but lamentation over a result that could bring such woes. Keen and bitter as they were, time and a manifestation of a more generous sentiment brought a mitigation of sorrow and a clearer vision of the tremendous evils to all the States which would certainly and immediately have followed upon the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. Its very corner-stone was of laminæ preordained to disintegration. Commercial and other conditions would, as sure as fate, have brought about a dissolving confederacy. What would have come from this we can only conjecture, but it is well within the bounds of reason to assert that the good would have been dwarfed in comparison with the evil.

There would have been a hate and rivalry between North and South as intense as that between France and Germany, with a border-line far more extended, people less amenable to control, and causes for friction more numerous. A cordon of forts would have stretched from the Atlantic to the western border of Texas. Army and naval establishments would have devoured the substance of the people, and militarism would have dominated civil government. The civilization of all the States would have developed on different and more critical lines. It may be that in the logic of events the war had to come; that it was the fierce, cruel, and inevitable crucible which was to fulfil a destiny—that of making us, as it did, a stronger and harmonious people, united with a solid front to meet the great problems that now confront our race.

We are no wiser nor more patriotic than were the men who were conspicuous in that great drama. We look backward; our vision is not obscured by the tempestuous atmosphere which surrounded them, and we stand upon a different pinnacle in the march of history. They passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and we by their trials have attained to a mount of wider vision than was permitted to them.

God grant that in the great national drama which, act by act, "a blend of mirth and sadness," comedy and tragedy, is always in progress, developing day by day those things which will shape the destiny of our country, we may enact our part with the grandeur, heroism, and patriotism which they illustrated!

At this day there are but few, if any, dispassionate thinkers in the North who question the patriotism of those of the South who on this stricken field gave an example of American valor that will forever thrill the minds and hearts of mankind in all countries and in all ages. And at this day there are in the South but few, if any, who would not turn swiftly with sentiments of abhorrence from any suggestion that it would have been better for the South if it had succeeded in establishing an independent government. And this is true even of the survivors of those who on this very ground

> . . .—saw a gray gigantic ghost
> Receding through the battle cloud,
> And heard across the tempest loud
> The death-cry of a nation lost!

With one mind and heart the people of this great country, looking to the future with no rivalry but in generous patriotism,—and cherishing no hate, but only the glorious memories of this bloody field, can with hearty accord proclaim in the language of a Southern poet commemorative of this very struggle:

> Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
> Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
> A mighty mother turns in tears
> The pages of her battle years,
> Lamenting all her fallen sons.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

TENNYSON—A FORTUNATE POETIC DOMINANCE

"Poetry should be the flower and fruit of a man's life, in whatever stage of it, to be a worthy offering to the world." [1]

THESE golden words are the words of the golden poet, one of the group of immortals born one hundred years ago —the one who dominated the world of English song during a great part of the nineteenth century. It is the plaint of many a rhymer that his verse takes slight hold on the mind of his time. It is true enough that the din of the modern world shuts out, in sad degree, the finer voices; but the writer of verse whose standard of worth is below that expressed by the laureate can blame no one but himself if his art is lost to contemporary attention. When men and women of technical ability and practised artifice send forth their innumerable lyric appeals on slight and unworthy impulse, and without the fire of emotion, the art of verse is discredited. The popular taste is far from accurate, but the regard for the highest in the poetic art—for sincerity and genuine accomplishment, for the true "flower and fruit of a man's life"—is so profound; the instinct to detect "a worthy offering" is, in the ultimate, so sure, that the persistent verse-maker should search his own heart before he blames the world for failure in appreciation.

We need not inquire as to the comparative artistic merit of Byron and Scott and Wordsworth, of Keats and Shelley, of Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Whitman, and Emerson, of Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson, in order to determine whose genius of all these reached the wider, popular audience and influence in their times. Among these English-speaking singers each of us may name his special favorite and master, but all know which reached the greater number.

Fortunate indeed has been the English-speaking world in that the fascination for the masses of readers of the brilliant and irresponsible Byron—the effect of whose better deliverance was yet wholesome—was followed by the vogue of a master so golden-hearted and nobly inspired and inspiring as Tennyson. For many of those living who felt and long remained under the Tennysonian spell another music,—such as that of Fitzgerald's, even, or that of one of the mightier singers,—may later have assumed a more peremptory importance. Some parts of Tennyson's wide accomplishment may have, to these, lost something of its earlier charm; but his greater accomplishment, the diamond-like perfection and strength of his highest lyrics, the grave music of his most virile and most penetratively beautiful blank verse, the large and fit expression of his wisdom of life—these elements of his art endure; these are indestructible; these endear the laureate, and always will, to every soul that recognizes with welcoming rapture that which is eternal in the poetic art—the "worthy offering" of "the flower and fruit" of a blessed and beautiful nature.

AN OVERSIGHT OF PHILANTHROPY

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1901, was published an editorial article entitled "Multimillionaires in Thinking-Caps," calling attention to the new spirit that had then come over American men of surplus wealth, the similar desire of many that their vast accumulations, the growth of a nineteenth-century magic of business genius, should not be dissipated, but should become of substantial use to their country. We recognized their honorable ambition thus to connect their names indelibly with large enterprises of patriotic import, and we ventured to suggest some avenues in which there was crying need of private subvention, chiefly scientific research and

[1] See the new edition of Tennyson's "Works," with his own intensely interesting annotations, and the admirable additions of his son Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

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the industrial education of the Negro, both of which are still worthy of support.

It is noteworthy that, with some conspicuous exceptions, little has been done in America on a large scale for the advancement of literature, music, or art. In laying broad and deep the foundations of our educational and scientific future, scant provision has been made for the cultivation of that sense of beauty and style which, whether in letters, painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama, or music, is an enduring glory of civilization. Agencies exist through which the honor and well-being of literature and the arts might be greatly promoted by the employment of large means, so that these professions may have in this country the full recognition of dignity and usefulness elsewhere accorded them, and thus become of greater value to the people. Commercialism has great uses (one of which is to oppose needless wars), but its success in any age must finally be measured in terms of its support of literature and the arts.

The position of authors, painters, architects, sculptors, and other artists in America is far from what it should be. The ceaseless gossip about them of the newspaper reporter is no substitute for the regard which surrounds their confrères in France or Italy. It is not that our workers are inferior to theirs, for particularly in admirable painting and sculpture the production in America is larger than the consumption. The public simply has not yet learned to honor the function of beauty. The two Houses of Congress have taken a great forward step in placing paintings and statuary upon the free list in the preliminary drafts of the new tariff bill, provided the product is over twenty years old. All honor should be accorded to them for this action, and for the progressive spirit in which it was taken. It is gratifying to note that the Senate is recorded in favor of a liberal policy toward art by the vote of 53 to 14, and particularly so to find the initiative of Senators Aldrich and Lodge supported by Senator Tillman of South Carolina and Senator Money of Mississippi. A few intelligent Senators and Representatives have yet to recognize the national value of art, and to realize that it is to the artist that we must look for the designs that are to bring our manufacturers into the field of competition with the foreign product. It is a lamentable fact that Augustus Saint-Gaudens died without having had a single commission to make a statue for the streets of Washington. As a minor example of the general attitude, it is a humiliation to the craft, as well as to the individual artist, that, at a recent unveiling of a statue, the distinguished sculptor who made it was assigned to the last carriage and to the company of boys; while at another unveiling at a prominent university the sculptor was so far overlooked as to be only casually invited to the platform from the audience at the last moment. Such undervaluations of the artist are of frequent occurrence. And yet, in Dobson's phrase,

> All passes. Art alone
> Enduring stays to us;
> The Bust outlasts the throne,—
> The Coin, Tiberius;
>
> Even the gods must go;
> Only the lofty Rhyme
> Not countless years o'erthrow,—
> Not long array of time.

They do these things better in France, where the service of art is distinguished by the dignity that attaches to formality.

What great things remain to be done for the higher life of our people! There is crying need in New York of a permanent national Salon. American music needs to be stimulated beyond the vogue of comic opera. The deterioration of style in American writing needs to be arrested by giving distinction to the best models. The fine art of literary expression is in danger of being lost. There is no danger of the imposition of pedantic standards: the drift is all toward slipshod writing, due in part to the incursion into the ranks of professional writers of men already prominent in other walks of life.

But it is in the drama that we are most lacking. Here, unlike France, the support of the stage largely comes from an unthinking and inartistic world. It is well known that our cultivated classes go little to the theater. The quality of amusement is the chief standard, and a new play is rarely regarded from the point of view of art. Personal preferences, not the principles of the drama, have the final word. A few are struggling against this current, and against the filth that it often carries, and

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hoping for a better state of affairs through such an agency as the New Theater; but both in literary and dramatic criticism we are greatly in need of a Lessing, who by his personal authority and his clear perception of principles shall educate not only the artist, but the public. Till such writers appear, the best criticism is to give honor to the best work the country has produced.

It must be confessed that the artist in all these professions is partly responsible for this state of affairs. He has too often failed to regard his art seriously, and though in general he would rather starve than lower his standard to insincere work, he is likely to be discouraged by the prominence of mere money-makers. It is not that he asks for help, except in the appreciation of his worthy work, but that the country needs the stimulus that comes from giving honor to the arts—a stimulus which might greatly be increased by men of large means who have also taste and imagination.

Divorce and Family Purity in Ancient Rome

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in his article in THE CENTURY for May, refers to the plague of divorce prevalent in ancient Rome. I do not quarrel with the assertions of the learned prelate, but inasmuch as the lay reader deduces from such statements—and many writers make them—that family purity had ceased at Rome during the Empire, perhaps a few examples of the other side are not out of place.

The Cardinal quotes from Juvenal, Seneca, and St. Jerome,—that is, from a satirist, a moralist, and a theologian,—from such he paints a picture of society in general. Yet the very essence of satire is exaggeration, and any one who amuses himself with following the "dreadful effects" propaganda of the prohibitionist, the anti-tobacconist, the woman-suffragist, the Old Testament *versus* Darwin theologian, and the like—such an observer knows very well that the moralist and the theologian are very unsafe writers to trust completely. The American public is not morally rotten. Let us see if everybody at Rome was.

The affection of Pliny the younger for his wife attests as pure an affection as ever prevailed in a Christian household. Any reader who so desires should procure a translation of Pliny's "Letters," and read letters 4 and 7 of Book VI. I am sure that he will become interested in others; and if he will peruse number 5 of Book VIII, he will find that a pure conjugal affection, terminated only by death, was not confined to Pliny alone. Let him then procure Quintilian's "Institutio Oratoria,"—there are translations accessible,—and read Book VI, chap. I, sections 5–6, and he will find another example of pure domestic life and of the passionate grief of the greatest educator of Rome at the loss of his wife.

Perhaps some readers will desire to get a more extended picture of domestic life than merely these two authors. A knowledge of Latin or of Greek is not necessary to dip into the fascinating study of social life during the Empire. Read the "Annals" of Tacitus and Plutarch's letters to his wife, or the affectionate tribute paid to his wife by Marcus Aurelius in his "Meditations." I might mention many others; but such works will indicate that morality had not perished from the earth. I may add that none of these writers were in any way influenced by Christianity: Plutarch does not mention the Christians; Tacitus, Pliny, and Marcus Aurelius speak of them with contempt.

To deduce a picture of decayed married life from a few examples is as bad as to paint Charlemagne's subjects as rotten because Charlemagne had concubines; or to condemn the French because Louis XIV had, in addition to his wife, Louise de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan. Augustus the Strong was another shining light, and Henry VIII was a pious man.

I take exception also to Cardinal Gibbons's statement that woman owes her emancipation to any church. The express statements of Roman lawyers prove that woman had more rights under Roman law than she has ever had since, except during

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the last fifty years. Gaius distinctly asserts (Commentaries, I, 190) that women of mature age manage their own property; that the guardian is a mere formality; and that the supreme judge (praetor) can force the guardian to yield to the woman's will. Woman had full right to sue (see Paulus, I, II, 2; Ulpian, XI, 24; for an actual instance, see Pliny, "Letters," VI, 33; passion of women for suits satirized by Juvenal, VI, 242–245). A husband could not dispose of his wife's dowry against her will (Gaius, II, 63; Paulus, II, 21B). If a divorce was the fault of the husband, the woman recovered her whole dowry (Ulpian, VI, 13; Paulus, quoted by Boethius "Topica," 2, 4, 18). Yet not a century ago, in Christian countries, a husband had complete control of his wife's property.

In conclusion, let me quote a pagan and a Christian on this interesting subject of the position of women. "I know what you may say," writes Seneca to Marcia (de consol. ad Marciam, XVI, 1). "'You have forgotten that you are consoling a woman; you cite examples of fortitude on the part of men.' But who said that Nature had acted scurvily with the characters of women and had contracted their virtues into a narrow sphere? Equal force, believe me, is possessed by them; equal capability for what is honorable, if they so wish." Now turn to Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, 2, 11: "Let a woman learn in quietness with all subjection. But I permit not a woman to teach, nor to have dominion over a man, but to be in quietness. For Adam was first formed, then Eve." (cf. Peter, I, 3, 7, where woman is the "weaker vessel.")

Eugene A. Hecker.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Originator of New York Point Writing for the Blind

IN the May number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE appears an article entitled, "The New Basis for Work for the Blind," by Samuel H. Bishop, in which the following statement is made:

> The evidence seems to show that to Dr. Russ is really due the credit of originating the New York Point System.

My father, William B. Wait, has been engaged in educational work among the blind almost continuously since 1859, and from 1863 to 1905 was the principal of the New York Institution for the Blind. In the course of his experience in that work, he originated, developed, and published what is known as the "Wait System," or the "New York Point System," of punctographic writing for the blind, which system was first published in the annual report of the New York Institution for the Blind in 1868.

After the system had been invented and perfected by him, it was adopted by the American Association of Instructors of the Blind, by the New York Bible Society, by the Society for Providing Evangelical Religious Literature for the Blind, and also by the Xavier Society for Publishing Catholic Literature for the Blind.

In the last few years a number of persons, advocates of another system of point writing known as "American Braille," have repeatedly made the statement that the New York Point System was the invention of Dr. Russ. The assertion has often been refuted, only to be repeated.

While the form of the statement above quoted is less positive than many statements which have preceded it, nevertheless, even in its present form it implies that the claim of authorship of the system which has been made by my father since 1868 is false, and that he has been misappropriating the ideas and invention of another; hence this reply to correct such false implication.

His reputation in the community as an educator of the blind, and the evidence to be found in the reports of the New York Institution for the Blind, and in the proceedings of the American Association of Instructors of the Blind, should, it would seem, quiet these oft repeated attempts to take from him the honor of having originated a system of point writing for the blind which has received world-wide recognition.

Wm. Bell Wait, Jr.

A REPLY

REFERRING to the letter of Mr. William B. Wait, Jr., of which you sent me a copy, and in which Mr. Wait complains of the following sentence quoted from my article in THE CENTURY:

> The evidence seems to show that to Dr. Russ is really due the credit of originating the New York Point System,

permit me to say that without having in mind any controversial intent, I based my form of statement, which Mr. Wait admits is less positive than many similar statements, upon a quotation from the Eighth Census of the United States, 1860, pp. 690–691:

> He [Dr. Russ] has also invented two new dot alphabets, one of two and the other of three lines, which are believed to possess some points of superiority over Braille's, especially in their classification of letters according to their comparative frequency of use, making those which come oftenest into use consist of the smallest number of dots. He has also succeeded in printing some tracts in the dot characters on both sides of the paper, with perfect legibility,—an improvement which will diminish the cost of printing for the blind.

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My remark was also based upon statements published by Dr. Russ, November, 1862, February, 1863, and April, 1863, in which he states definitely that he had proposed a dotted system for writing, "presenting for the first time a recurrent horizontal as well as a recurrent vertical alphabet of dots," these dates being previous, as I supposed, to any claim made by Mr. Wait to have been the inventor of the New York Point System. When I wrote the sentence which Mr. William B. Wait, Jr., quotes from my article, I understood, and I have since seen no reason to change my opinion, that Mr. Wait, Sr., made no claim to the invention of the New York Point System previous to the report of the New York Institution for the Blind for the year 1872.

Samuel H. Bishop.

Joseph De Camp

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE painter of "The Pink Feather," printed in color as a frontispiece of the present number, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November 5, 1858. His first instruction in art was at the School of Design of that city and later he pursued his studies at the Royal Academy in Munich, and in Florence, Italy, with the painter Frank Duveneck. His work has been mainly figures and portraits, and canvases by him are owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Cincinnati Art Museum, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He was selected by President Roosevelt's class at Harvard to paint a portrait of him to be placed in the Harvard Union, and this commission was executed in the winter of 1908–09. Mr. De Camp has been the recipient of many medals and prizes, including: First Prize, City Hall Decorative Competition, Philadelphia; Temple Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1899; Honorable Mention, Paris Exposition, 1900; Gold Medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; Second William A. Clark Prize and Corcoran Silver Medal, Corcoran Art Gallery, 1909. He is a member of the distinguished group of American painters known as "The Ten," his associates being Frank W. Benson, William M. Chase, Thomas W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Willard Metcalf, Robert Reid, Edward Simmons, Edmund C. Tarbell, and Julian Alden Weir.

"Thumb-Box Sketches"

A MOST interesting, novel, even charming, exhibition of little oil-sketches, the largest of them hardly more than six by nine inches, was shown in the gallery of the Salmagundi Club, New York City, during the month of April. About a hundred and twenty members of the club contributed over five hundred pictures, which included every variety of subject, and formed literally a miniature Salon. They were such sketches as an artist commonly makes in the field, with a small box of colors held on the thumb, and arranged, when open, to serve both as palette and easel—hence the name "thumb-box sketch." Breadth and dash, and boldness in the use of color, were attractive features of these tiny paintings, which were also notable for largeness of effect, a quality equally apparent in the greatly reduced copies printed on pages 556 and 557. This exhibition, the second of its kind held by the Salmagundi Club on the suggestion of Mr. William S. Robinson, chairman of the Art Committee for 1908, was most successful in respect to sales and public interest.

The typical examples here reproduced are:

1 "The Birches." Painted by F. W. Hutchison; owned by Samuel T. Shaw.
2 "Evening—Cape Cod Bay." Painted by H. A. Vincent; owned by the artist.
3 "Washing Down the Deck." Painted by C. P. Gruppe; owned by the artist.
4 "Sunset." Painted by W. C. Fitler; owned by Kenneth Fowler.
5 "Evening—Venice." Painted by Frank Russell Green; owned by Leon Schwab.
6 "Deep-Sea Fishing." Painted by Edward H. Potthast; owned by Professor H. C. Parker.
7 "Edge of the Pines." Painted by Charles Warren Eaton; owned by E. L Ferguson.
8 "Noank Dock." Painted by Guy C. Wiggins; owned by Frank S. Turnbull.
9 "Old Fish Table." Painted by Benjamin Eggleston; owned by Professor H. C. Parker.
10 "Autumn." Painted by F. K. M. Rehn; owned by Professor H C. Parker.
11 "A Lumpy Sea." Painted by James G. Tyler; owned by Frank S. Turnbull.
12 "Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda." Painted by C. S. Chapman; owned by the artist.
13 "Spring Plowing (Lyme)" and "Spring Morning (Lyme)." Painted by Jules Turcas; owned by the artist.
14 "Behind the Scenes." Painted by Herbert A. Morgan; owned by the artist.
15 "October." Painted by Wm. S. Robinson; owned by the artist.
16 "A Mixed Crowd." Painted by Walter Douglas; owned by W. S. Eaton.
17 "The Red Maples." Painted by R. M. Shurtleff; owned by the artist.

Are Fraternities Fraternal?

IT can hardly have escaped the notice of any intelligent reader of the daily press that secret societies are at present undergoing a searching examination. The direct occasion of this inquiry is the fact that these organizations have entered the public schools. In these institutions they have developed certain

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characteristics which are the explanation of the continental movement against them.

The State of Ohio has passed a law forbidding the organization of fraternities in the high schools of the State. The supreme court of the State of Washington has affirmed the right of the school boards of the State to prohibit the formation of secret societies in the high schools of the State. In Chicago, where a desperate battle in defense of fraternities has been waged, the courts have uniformly held that it is quite within the power of the school board to forbid such organizations and to enforce their rule.

These cases are fairly representative of the trend of thought throughout the whole country. Everywhere there is a feeling that fraternities are a menace to the young life of the nation, and that they must be banished from the public schools, if they are to be safe places for boys and girls.

What is the reason for this general feeling? Is it a mere prejudice for which no reason can be assigned? It seems hardly possible that the latter supposition can be true, for secret orders are very popular in our country. Such societies have existed in heathen and semi-civilized lands for thousands of years, but their greatest development has been in our own time and country. They now claim millions of members, and their halls and temples are to be found in every hamlet, village, and city. Why should the whole nation be aroused against them, if there were no real reason for the feeling?

Parents, teachers, principals, school boards, legislatures, and courts of law make substantially the following allegations:

"The fraternities make the public school a cheap and shoddy aristocracy." "The fraternities are not in any true sense of the word fraternal." "The fraternities make their members arrogant and insulting to their fellow-students." "Fraternities make their members disrespectful and insubordinate to teachers and school authorities." "Fraternities promote vices of all kinds in their secret meetings and houses." "Fraternities furnish secret places of resort which lead young people away from their homes at times when they should be with their parents." In these terms are the fraternities characterized by the school authorities who have been studying them.

It is quite remarkable that from this verdict there is virtually no dissent. One would suppose that if there were any justification for these societies, some one would find it out and make it clear to the world of teachers. As it is at present, no one seems ready to contradict the general testimony above given.

Charles A. Blanchard.

Finerty on Woman's Rights

WAIT till I light me pipe. Do I belave a woman can amount to as much as a man? No, I do *not*. How can she, whin a man has got a wife to help him? Do I think she c'u'd be Prisidint? Betwixt ye an' me, I niver voted fer a queen an' so I dunno is there anny difference in the two kinds av work. From what I 've been thinkin' it over, the less we say about it the betther.

There is some things that are no danger at all. There is anarchy an' socialism an' single tax, an' all thim; an' 't is ha-a-ard to find a subschichoot fer common sinse. There 's thim that w'u'd have us thinkin' we can sow sawdust an' have matches to light yer pipe with; but the women's rights is not one av thim kind. An' whilst we min are in power, let us be kapin' that plank out av the platform. The other things will do.

W'u'd she be honester, ye say? Would n't *anny* woman rather be good-lookin' than rich? The throuble wid us min is, we don't care. The paper can say we come of wealthy an' dishonest parents; an' we are proud of it. 'T is no disgrace to be rich. The papers are all talk. But they w'u'd tell a woman some mornin' that they don't like the looks of her character. A checkered career does not become ye, says they; and *thin* what might happen to politics!

And I think this. Last iliction I was a watcher fer our parthy. In comes Miles McGee to vote — the big, sthrong bye that throws the pig-iron into the furnace wid the hair scorchin' on his chist. And in comes the Lally bye that has been away to the music college; an' *he* votes *ag'inst* him. They say he has to take exercise wid pullin' a pair av suspinders nailed to the wall or he w'u'd not be wantin' annything to ate fer dinner. He voted ag'inst Miles. An' 't was the first time I iver got to thinkin' av horse-power in

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the franchise. 'T is betther, though, to not make anny complaint. Man is sthronger than woman, ye say. But don't say it. His own sisther c'u'd throw him over the back fince. Kape quiet about it all. W'u'd ye be wantin' thim to rob anny av the min av the franchise? An' 't is the same wid her bein' weak in the head. Is n't that the very kind we are lookin' fer in our ward? That kind are the stren'th av th' organization. There is *no* argymint that is safe.

D' ye know, Halloran, I have been sittin' here by this sand pile till all hours av the mornin' whin I ought to be home. I hate to go home. The rayson is that Marg'ret is away on a visit. The house has got itsilf all dirthied up, an' no one in it at all. So I stay here in the dirt where 't is clane. An' 't is wontherful how dirt kapes itsilf clane. If Marg'ret does not come back, I will stay here intirely like the wild Indian, an' let the rain an' wind do the scrubbin' and sweepin'. I laid me pocket-knife somewheres in the house, an' in one minute it was gone. An' no one there but me. I wish 't she w'u'd come back an' p'int her finger at it fer me. I 'm that neglected me shirt is one solid mass av holes. Me buttonhole has been annexed to iverlastin' space, an' *iverything* is gone back on me. I sit here by the sand pile till all hours av the mornin'; an' I niver knew befure how manny things a woman is used fer. Bedad! if Marg'ret an' Agnes w'u'd come back this day I belave I w'u'd give thim *both* the franchise. If I had to.

I was r'adin' in the papers that over in Englan' the wemen are goin' on a sthrike — ag'inst the *min*. They are intherruptin' the political spaches with questions there is no answer to, an' are gettin' arristed fer it. But that is in Englan'. Well, I belave if I was over there, an' in the female parthy, I w'u'd ask the min: "If a woman is good enough fer a queen, why is n't she good enough to vote? An' a queen's husband not a king at all, but only a married man. Answer me that." But we have a Prisidint.

Do I belave a woman c'u'd be Prisidint? As I tould ye once, I don't know is there anny difference in the two kinds av work. But there is manny things she c'u'd do. There is the mother's congress to addriss. There is the family politics to be attinded to. How manny childther sh'u'd we have? An' how sh'u'd we teach the childther to spell? Do the birds teach the little birds to sing or do they have the gift from their gran'parents? All thim things w'u'd be in her line — an' who knows but we will yet have a Mother av our Counthry. Ye can't tell what will happen now.

Charles D. Stewart.

Drawn by J. Conacher

HONORABLE MENTION

SHE: Has the sea a great fascination for you, Mr. Hopkins?
HE: Why-er ya-as—I rawther admire it.

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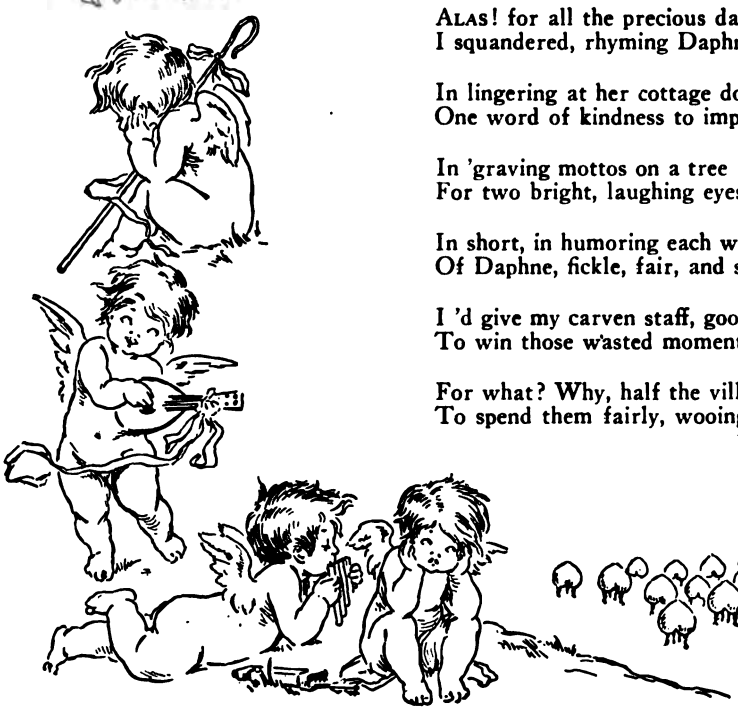
A Shepherd of Watteau

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

WITH DECORATIONS BY A. D. BLASHFIELD



ALAS! for all the precious days
I squandered, rhyming Daphne's praise;

In lingering at her cottage door,
One word of kindness to implore;

In 'graving mottos on a tree
For two bright, laughing eyes to see—

In short, in humoring each whim
Of Daphne, fickle, fair, and slim,

I 'd give my carven staff, good lack,
To win those wasted moments back.

For what? Why, half the village knows:
To spend them fairly, wooing Rose.

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Inquisitive Clara

Being a cycle of song concerning a charming young lady whose curiosity led her into all sorts of strange situations.

INQUISITIVE CLARA AND THE PHYSICIAN

"PLEASE give me a pill," sweet Clara cried;
"Why, you 're perfectly well," the doctor replied.
"But, Doctor," cried Clara, "Oh, can you not see,
I 'm dying of curiosity!"

THE EXPLOSION

THE Underground was dynamited,
All the inhabitants were affrighted,
But, before the crowd the place surrounded,
Clara into the hole had bounded.

AN INCIDENT ON THE BOWERY

A FEARFUL riot down on the Bowery,
The Micks and Dagoes have a mighty Pow-wow-ery;
Poor breathless Clara the fun nearly missed:
"Please, gentlemen, wait, and let me assist!"

AT SEA

A SCREW got loose, and the engine crashed;
The entire interior seemed to be smashed;
The passengers all with terror were rife,
But Clara was having the time of her life.

THE EARTHQUAKE

A TERRIBLE earthquake shook the land:
Inquisitive Clara was quickly on hand;
The experts prepared to measure the spasm,
But Clara's nose was first in the chasm.

CLARA ON THE SPOT

THE awfulest lightning that ever was known
Split the earth from zone to zone:
But before the bolt was half-way shot,
Clara came sprinting to the spot.

A FRONT SEAT

WHEN Gabriel plays his famous trumps
All the world from its slumber jumps,
But Inquisitive Clara is not caught napping:
She 's first at the show, her eyes a-snapping.

WHY SHE COULD NOT STAY IN HEAVEN

IN the lower regions an infernal noise,—
The devil was whipping his wickedest boys,—
When a dear little black-eyed angel flew in:
"Please, Mr. Satan, what *is* this din?"

F. B. F.

Around McDonald's Ranch

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE DARK OF THE MOON"

ON Tom McDonald's valley ranch
I hustle out at dawn,
Before the mountains to the west
Have put their glad rags on;
I turn the cattle in to feed,
And turn 'em out to drink,
And chop the women folks some wood,
And pile it quick as wink;
I feed the horses corn and hay,
And hear 'em stomp and cranch:
It 's quite a chore to do the chores
Around McDonald's ranch.

Then after breakfast I hike out
And make the reaper sing
Until "yours truly" feels as large
And pompous as a king;
Or in the long alfalfa-field
I turn the shocks of hay;
Or ride to hunt a bunch of stock
A dozen miles away;
Then there 's the spreading orchard trees—
I tend 'em bloom and branch:
It 's lots of work to do the work
Around McDonald's ranch.

But work and chores are slabs of bread;
The sandwich filling 's fine,
There 's Blanche—and then that good roast beef
And pumpkin pie for mine;
On summer evenings there 's the porch,
On winter nights the fire,
With apples, popcorn, too, for all
That visit, dwell or hire.
No wonder, then, the neighbor boys
Flock in to pester Blanche:
It 's quite a watch to watch things up
Around McDonald's ranch.

Now, I 'm a rattling chap for work
And chores of every brand;
I feed and weed and sow and mow
And hoe to beat the band;
But I can see as plain as paint,
With rivals round so thick,
I 'd better learn another trade
And learn it lightning quick.
Persuasive talk 's the needful trade:
I 've got to corner Blanche,
And ask her out and out who 's who
Around McDonald's ranch.

Emma Ghent Curtis.

If Numbers Counted

WE think of ourselves as the population of the earth; but what about the ants?

Berry Benson.

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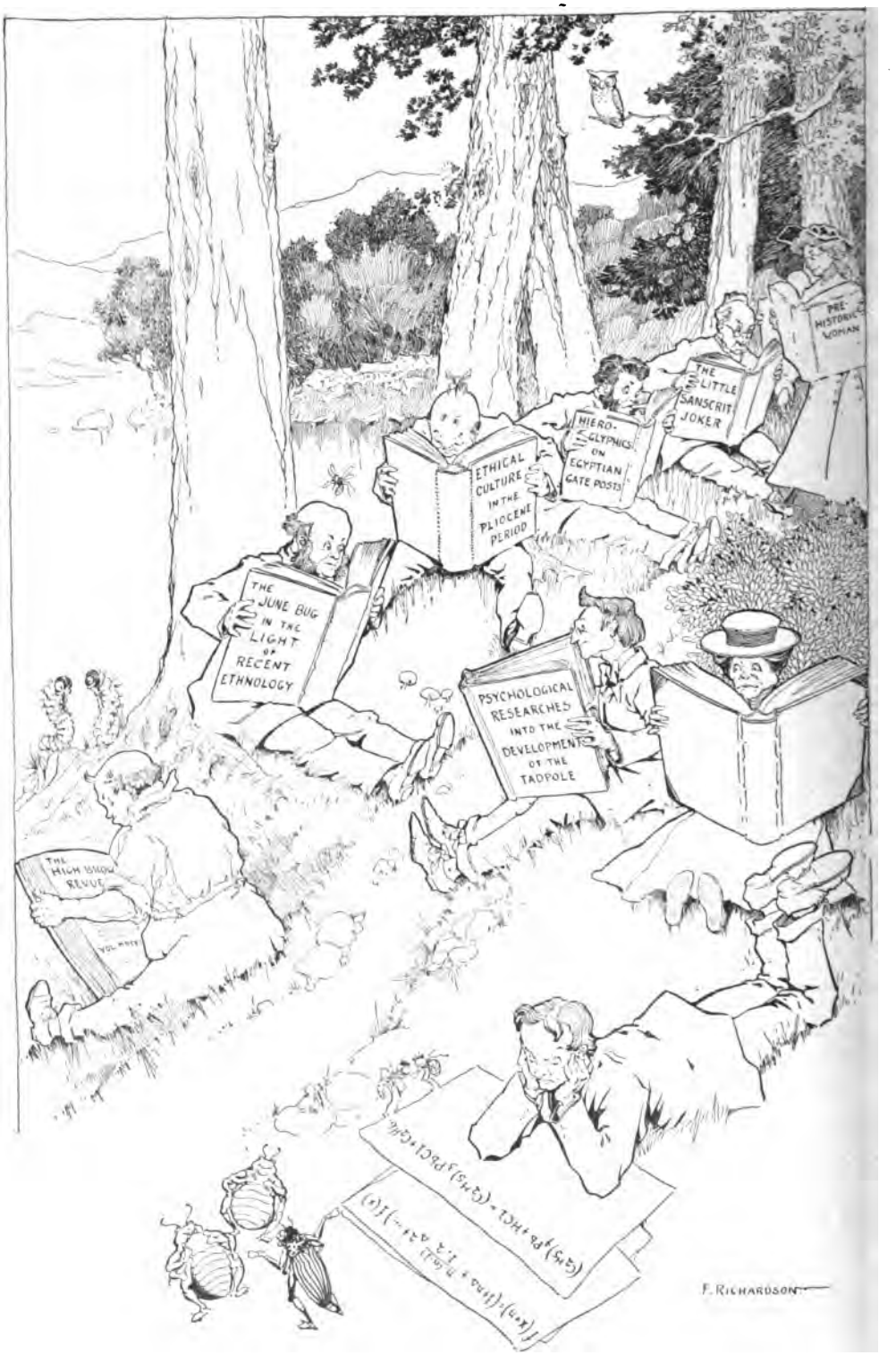
THE JUNE BUG IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT ETHNOLOGY
ETHICAL CULTURE IN THE PLIOCENE PERIOD
HIERO-GLYPHICS ON EGYPTIAN GATE POSTS
THE LITTLE SANSCRIT JOKER
PRE-HISTORIC WOMAN
PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCHES INTO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TADPOLE
THE HIGH BROW REVUE
F. RICHARDSON

Drawn by Frederick Richardson

THE SOCIETY FOR INTELLECTUAL RESEARCH ON VACATION

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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VOL. LXXVIII, No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1909 PRICE, 35 CENTS

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EX-COMMISSIONERS BINGHAM AND McADOO ON THE POLICE

FULTON'S INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT

His own account and plans, newly found

MCMIX

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE-NEW YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

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New light on Cleanliness

HAND SAPOLIO

defines cleanliness anew because it gives a cleansing, a texture and a vigor the skin never knew before

FOR TOILET AND BATH

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Owned by Ernest Thompson Seton

PORTRAIT OF ANN SETON

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM FUNK

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1909 No. 5

THE LONDON POLICE FROM A NEW YORK POINT OF VIEW

BY WILLIAM McADOO

Formerly Police Commissioner of New York

WILLIAM MCADOO, the author of the article on the London police, is entitled to special consideration as a writer on this subject by reason of the fact that he was Police Commissioner of New York in 1904–05. His previous official service had been characterized by public spirit and great practical usefulness. He has been successively attorney of the Hudson County (New Jersey) Board of Health; member of the New Jersey Assembly; Member of Congress, 1883–91; Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1893–97. While in Congress he made a memorable speech in 1891 in favor of the abolition of literary piracy which began: "Mr. Speaker, the first copyright bill was written by Moses on the tables of stone: 'Thou shalt not steal.'" One of his special services to the city as commissioner was in instituting better methods for the regulation and handling of street traffic by the police.—THE EDITOR.

DURING my connection with the police department of New York, Americans sojourning in London, when arraigning the New York police for any shortcomings, were accustomed to measure them by how far they came short of the London standard, and on investigation I now find that the high estimation in which virtually all Englishmen hold the London policeman is in sharp contrast with the reputation of the New York force in both English and American newspapers. Some years ago, before there was virtually any police regulation of traffic in the streets of New York, one of our ambassadors to England told me that the thing which most of all impressed him there was the upraised finger of the London policeman regulating the sea of vehicular traffic which surges through the narrow London streets. There can be no question that the commanding figure of the London policeman, standing serene, potent, and dignified amidst the crush in the congested thoroughfares, is a very impressive sight. He not only seems to, but really does, person-

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ify the majesty of the law with a superlative degree of suppressed emotion, which, I understand, is a bulwark of the British Constitution.

I spent four weeks in London looking at the London policeman and the civilization of which he is a part, viewing him through the eyes of one who has had experience with the New York establishment, and in this connection I beg to state my obligations to the able and courteous gentlemen of the New Scotland Yard establishment, more especially to Mr. Froest, the conspicuously experienced superintendent who presides over the Criminal Investigation Department.

What I may have to say in praise of the London policeman and the system of which he is a part, will not necessarily be at the expense of his New York contemporary, for in a short time I was convinced that the police question in London is radically different from that which obtains in this city.

In considering the London police as compared with those of New York, one has to take into consideration the entirely different conditions which differentiate one from the other. London is physically, socially, and politically of very old growth, environed by custom, and educated to view its public officers seriously and respectfully. It is accustomed to look to its public servants for unquestioned and conventional honesty and as having an historic character for integrity. The honesty and good character of an ordinary London constable is taken to be as sure as that of the Prime Minister.

The London populace look up to him with pride, which he accepts as a matter of course, and in return he rules them kindly, firmly, and with a dignity all but regal. In physical appearance he is rather tall, stout, but not fat, and is well proportioned. He is, generally speaking, a big chunk of a man, solid, impassive, unemotional, and thoroughly British. Under more or less constant observance of the force day and night, I never saw one of them talk to a citizen, man or woman, unless to answer formally and even somewhat brusquely the questions asked. He was never under any circumstances familiar or friendly. He is a big, burly watch-dog, to whom no suave burglar can give a poisoned steak or cajole with pats on the head. They are often seen in pairs and sometimes in threes and fours, and they talk among themselves where posts meet, and against this there is apparently no rule. Conversing with citizens infracts a rule and to harbor a policeman indoors when he should be on duty without, is a misdemeanor.

During the day his energies are mostly devoted to the regulation of traffic and to answering innumerable questions asked by the army of tourists and strangers found in London every day of the year. When asked a question as to direction, he looks you in the eye, presenting a very cold and official exterior, and answers automatically: "First turn to the right, second turn to the left, turn again to the right, walk a bit, and you are there," turns on his heel, and the interview is ended. In passing, let me say that I have tried this recipe on numerous occasions, and, I must confess, with little success. After making the required turns, and walking a bit (perhaps a mile or so), I have ended in a taxicab, arriving at my destination later on. Indeed, in desperation at the impossible character of London geography, I finally traveled by compass, using such landmarks as the dome of St. Paul's, Nelson's Monument, and the friendly statue of the Duke of Bedford in Russell Square, as lighthouses are used by mariners at sea. Some American visitors, well-known citizens of New York, complained to me that certain policemen had confessed to their ignorance of prominent places, and they accordingly condemned them as being ignorant and incompetent; but such was not my personal experience.

To me the London police uniform is not attractive, and in a land of uniforms led by Highland soldiers and hotel porters, whose every-day clothing would compare favorably with the uniform of an American admiral on dress-parade, I wondered how the London police had fared so ill. With a black helmet, drooping at the back; a chin strap which would be a great help for a weak chin, if one were so afflicted; a tunic cast on the pattern of a Norfolk jacket, with white metal buttons like those of the firemen in New York; black trousers; formidable shoes of the well-known policemen's armored-cruiser type, with a high free-board of several layers of leather above the pavement; a

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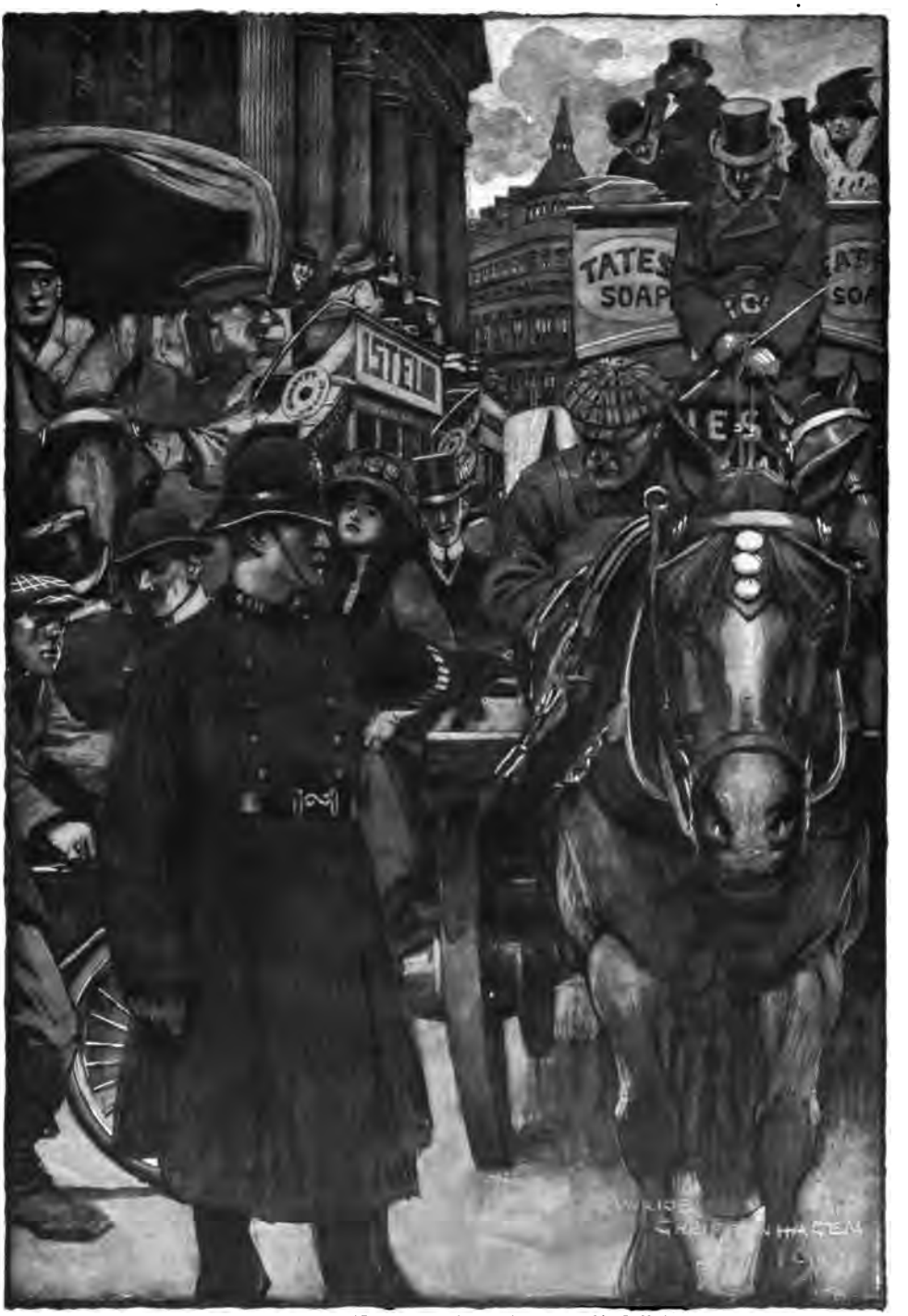

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

REGULATING TRAFFIC IN A LONDON STREET

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rather neat band upon the wrist to indicate when on or off duty, and by its color the police division; no gloves, and no linen collar showing; without evidence of any weapon except at times a very thick, short bludgeon of doubtful utility either for offense or defense, there he stands as much a part of London as the House of Parliament or the big, grim Tower. The uniform of the highest officers is plain and very unattractive. The caps are not as becoming as those of hotel porters, and after seeing much of the Irish constabulary, which have the finest and most becoming military caps I have ever seen, I wondered why they were worn. They are even worse than the old variety that captains and inspectors wore in New York before they were abolished during my administration. The answer to the criticisms on these uniforms is that they are working clothes; that a policeman is not a soldier or a sailor or a hotel porter, but a man prepared to meet circumstances and hard work, and that, moreover, the uniforms are kept clean and neat and the men carry themselves well.

There are 32 superintendents, 565 inspectors, 2355 sergeants, and 14,967 constables on the London force, making a total of 17,919. Five superintendents, 53 inspectors, 236 sergeants, and 1600 constables are employed on detail duty in various government departments, public offices, dock-yards, military stations, and by public companies and private persons. The services of these men are paid for by the public and private companies and firms to which they are detailed, and the money is turned over to the treasury of the metropolitan police district, so that they are not a charge on the police budget. In many cases, specially where they are detailed to work for companies or persons, they receive an addition to their pay from those sources. Among the numerous places so policed are the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Tower of London, dry-goods stores, railroad stations, and ship-landings. There is, in addition, a police force within the City of London known as the City Police, subject to the London County Council, and in number somewhat over 1000. Their uniform and discipline are substantially similar to that of the metropolitan force. The total pay of the force amounts to £1,552,540, for which a special tax rate is levied.

The metropolitan police district extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London and the liberties thereof, and embraces an area of 699.42 square miles. This includes, as in Greater New York, a large amount of suburban territory and parkage. An average of one fourteenth of the force (1015), including those employed on special duty and those on the sick-list, is on daily leave, as, in accordance with the regulations, one day's leave of absence is given to each man every fortnight. Withdrawals from duty caused by men sick and those on leave average 490 daily. Sixty per cent. of the number available for duty on the streets is required for night duty from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. It will thus be seen that in London the largest number of men are on duty at night. This, too, is a long tour of eight hours. During the day forty per cent. is on duty in four reliefs in town districts and two reliefs in the country from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. This makes a short tour of duty for men in the city during the day, and is much less than in New York.

If one wishes to be a London policeman, he may address a letter to the commissioner of police at the New Scotland Yard, and show that he is between twenty and twenty-seven years of age, not less than five feet, nine inches in height; can read well, write legibly, and has a fair knowledge of spelling and the first four rules of arithmetic; that he is of a strong constitution, free from any bodily complaint, and equal to the requirements of the police department; and that he has not more than two children dependent upon him for support. These qualifications, however, are not iron-clad so far as age and height are concerned, because a man might otherwise be deemed eligible on account of character, educational attainments, or possession of some special qualification such as ability to speak different languages.

The pay of the London police would look small to a New York policeman, but many things are to be taken into consideration. The highest pay of a superintendent is £420 a year, with certain allowances, and with horses and grooms at his service. The maximum pay of an inspector is 103s. per week; a sergeant, 50s., 6d.; and con-

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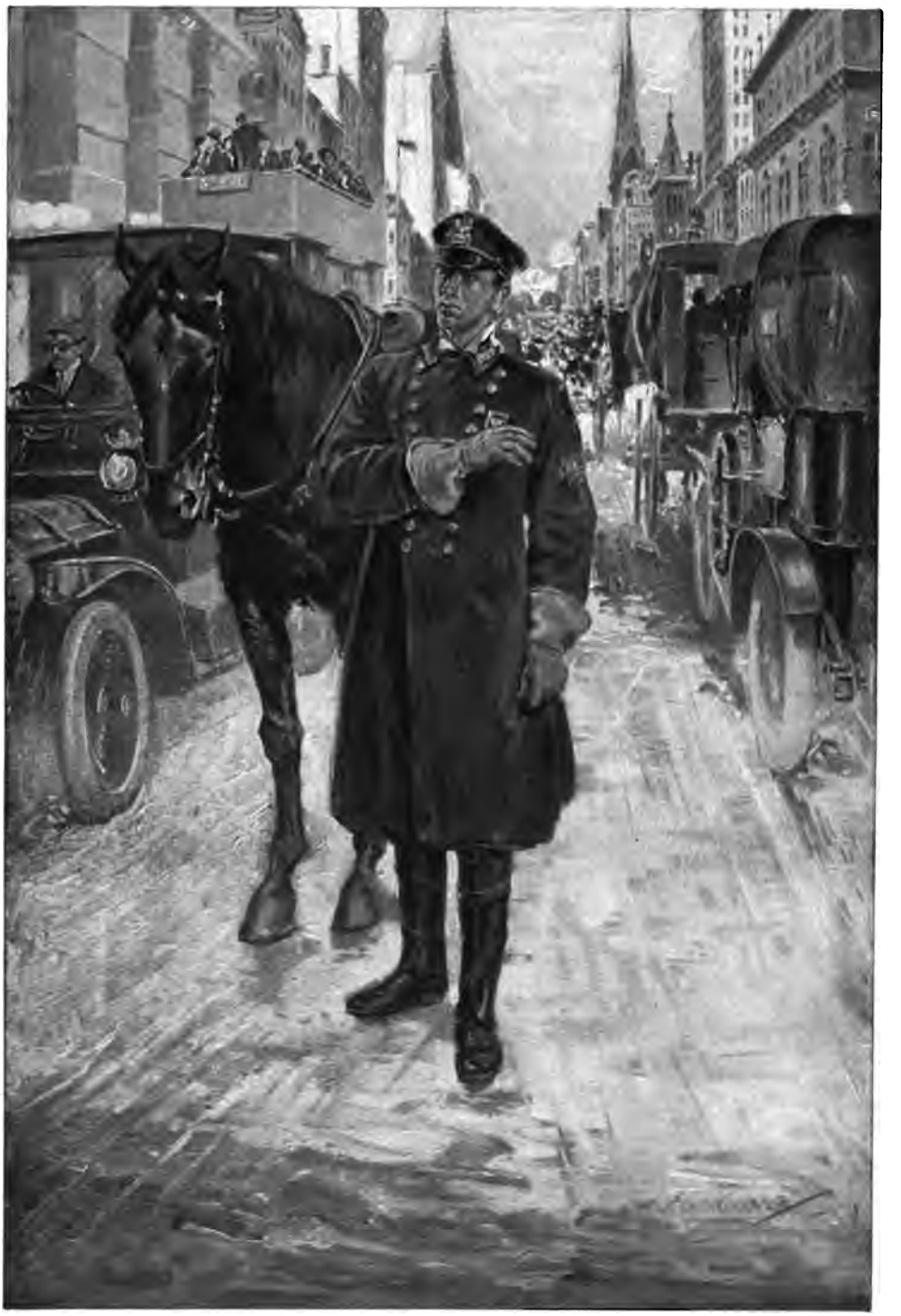

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK TRAFFIC SQUAD, DISMOUNTED AND REGULATING TRAFFIC

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stables, 33s., 16d. Where a man is taken out of the uniformed force and put on detail or detective work in plain clothes, he gets an allowance of 1s. per day additional and expenses; a sergeant receives 4s. per day and expenses; and an inspector 6s. per day and expenses. The lowest pay received on joining the force is 25s., 6d. per week, with clothes and an allowance for coats and boots. Single men are provided with quarters at an inclusive cost of 1s. per week, and by a system of coöperative catering they are able to obtain an ample supply of good food at a low cost. Quarters are provided for married men, whenever possible, at a proportionately low rate. It is impossible to provide quarters for the men stationed in the congested districts, and an allowance is made in such cases by a contribution to the cost of private lodgings. Ten per cent. of the constables and sergeants receive 1s., 6d. per week extra pay for reserve duty. The pay of a London policeman is also supplemented by grants and gratuities for special duties. Officers performing clerical duties either at headquarters or at station-houses also receive special rates of pay. The detective force is recruited wholly from the uniform service. Promotion is based upon aptitude and ability shown in the work.

The pursuit of athletic amusements of all kinds is encouraged, especially cricket and foot-ball. Bands have been established in many of the districts, and men who have musical ability can find scope for it. Free medical attendance is provided for the whole force, and convalescent homes exist for the treatment of men recovering from serious diseases. There is a provident fund established and managed by the men themselves, which provides a system of mutual insurance at a low rate.

The Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage provides for the children of men who die in the service. There is also a grant of money to cover funeral expenses. There is a well-endowed fund for relief in cases of distress arising from illness or domestic troubles in the family of a police-officer, and there is also a fund to which grants are made to widows in cases of need over and above any gratuities to which they may be entitled from the police fund.

The promotion to higher posts are made from the ranks of the constables. As in New York, one must rise from the ranks, and promotions are made on merit and without regard to the civil-service rules existing here, the police authorities being the sole judges of merit. Pensions for life are granted, as in New York. After completing twenty-six years of service, a man can retire, and receive for the rest of his life a pension of two thirds the amount of pay he was receiving at the time of his retirement. If a man's health fails after the completion of fifteen years' service, and before he has completed twenty-five years, he receives a proportionate pension of from $^{15}/_{50}$ to $^{28}/_{50}$. If his health fails before he has served fifteen years, he receives a gratuity in a lump sum equal to a month's pay, according to his rank, for every year of service completed. In the event of an officer losing his life as the result of an injury on duty, his widow will receive a pension, and an allowance will also be made to his children until they are fifteen years of age. This also applies to the case of a pension for injuries on duty, if he dies within the year of the granting of such pension. A gratuity is granted to the widows of policemen who die from ordinary causes while serving on the force.

It may be of interest to note that a chief inspector who died while I was in London, after serving on the police force for nearly forty years, and who had a remarkably brilliant career as policeman and detective, left an estate of less than four thousand dollars. No one ever questioned this man's honesty. The estate left is about what would represent his savings. There is no suspicion of graft in cases like this, and it speaks well for the incorruptibility of the superior officers of the London force. Imagine this man's opportunities in New York to get rich and leave an immense fortune!

The headquarters of the London police is in the New Scotland Yard, delightfully situated near the Thames Embankment, and surrounded by public gardens. The neighborhood is quiet, exclusive, and singularly free from the interminable confusion and sordid surroundings of the present and prospective police headquarters in New York, where the normal is abnormal, and a delightful combination of noise and excitement prevails, varied by an occasional hush of expectancy in looking for something worse than has as yet occurred. The buildings are much larger than those used

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Drawn by Henry Sandham. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

A LONDON POLICEMAN ON "POINT DUTY"

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Engraved by R. Varley

MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK TRAFFIC SQUAD (IN SUMMER UNIFORM), PROTECTING A CROSSING

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in New York for the same purpose. The heads of the active police force are entirely separate from those having control of the financial and clerical details incident to the establishment. The police commissioner is never called upon to give his personal supervision to the details for expenditures or supervision of public contracts and all that array of work which properly belongs to the accounting department.

The offices of the heads of the department are very comfortable, well-furnished, and with something of the air of those of the head officials in old-fashioned and well-established New York banks. The officials are not intruded upon save in the way of official business. There is no confusion or bustle, and about as much excitement as in an English country cathedral late in a week-day afternoon. That delightful spirit of sociability and neighborly interest which prevails in Mulberry Street, New York, is entirely absent. No crowds of leisurely gentlemen are in the halls, or large lists of waiting visitors in the anterooms, and, most singular of all, not one newspaper-man. Thinking this might be an off-day for my friends of the press, I made inquiry, and found, to my astonishment, that, generally speaking, they are never permitted in the building. When the department has any information to communicate to the press, it does so in the most formal manner and in writing. During the investigation of three sensational and mysterious crimes, I failed to find in any London newspaper a single interview with any police official. I was also more than astonished that the police admitted repeatedly that they had no clue whatever to the perpetration of the tragic murder of the wife of General Luard, which startled and horrified the whole kingdom. Imagine any New York official, commissioner or other, making such an acknowledgment!

The great police machine of London, however, in its retired, exclusive neighborhood, with pleasant surroundings, carefully guarded from intrusion and unknown to the general public, manipulates quietly and evenly the machinery of the law, well regulated by tradition, habit, and civilization. That it does work, however, and not ineffectively, one can gather from the fact that it apprehended 108,284 persons in 1907 (the figures for 1908, which are presented to Parliament as our department reports in Washington are to Congress, were not procurable at the time of my visit), of which 3580 were convicted at sessions, and 85,148 were convicted by magistrates, 675 acquitted, and 18,802 discharged by magistrates.

It is most interesting to compare the volume of crime in London with that of New York. In New York at the present time there is great agitation over the number of burglaries, and it will be exceedingly interesting to citizens to learn that in 1907, in London, in spite of the larger population as against New York, there were 547 burglaries and 1962 house-breakings. Violence to persons was used in only three cases of burglary and one case of house-breaking; 922 of these offenses were committed in houses left with no person in charge. In 274 cases of burglary and 871 cases of house-breaking, the value of the property stolen was less than £5. Eight burglaries and twenty house-breakings occurred in which the loss amounted to £100 and upward. In 196 cases of burglary and 153 cases of house-breaking no loss was ultimately sustained; that is, the property was recovered.

During the year, 3330 children under the age of sixteen were taken into custody for various offenses. I am sure it will astonish New Yorkers to know that there were only twelve cases of murder of persons of above one year of age in the metropolitan district of London for the year 1907. In seven cases arrests were made, and in three the murderers committed suicide. Two mysterious cases, after prolonged inquiries, failed to justify arrest. Seven persons were apprehended, and five were convicted and sentenced to death; persons found to be insane at the time of the commission of the offense are ordered to be detained "during His Majesty's pleasure." Two were acquitted after trial. About 3000 cases a year of persons on parole are turned over to the police to report themselves.

The lost-property branch of the police department is one of the most popular institutions in London. A large number of the articles are returned by drivers of public carriages. In 1907 57,637 articles were returned. The wandering character of the umbrella is demonstrated by the fact

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that our old friend furnished 25,000 of the missing articles. (I trust they will take good care of the one I left with them.) This department is a very creditable branch to the London police. I think it would be greatly appreciated by the public if a similar institution existed here.

It may be interesting just now in New York, where our magistrates are divided as to the legality of issuing summonses, to know that in London, in 1907, there was a total of 132,129 summonses issued by police magistrates. Of these 25,471 were issued at the instance of the police, and resulted in 23,481 convictions. The causes of action are the best illustrations of actual police conditions in London: 134 of these were issued for permitting betting and gambling in saloons; 4795 were issued against owners and drivers of vehicles for violation of the law and rules of the road, not less than 614 being for allowing to stand longer than necessary for loading or unloading, and nearly 1258 for leaving horse or horses unattended; 2101 against licensed drivers and conductors. It will be pleasant reading for a New Yorker to hear that forty-five drivers were summoned for using insulting, abusive, and obscene language, and that one driver was convicted for deceiving passengers as to route; not less than 199 for delaying on journey; two for not having a table of fares hung up conspicuously; 402 persons were summoned for gambling on the thoroughfare; 125 for permitting gambling on premises controlled by them; fourteen for conducting lotteries, and four for frequenting gambling-houses after having been bound over not to frequent them. This is interesting to New Yorkers as showing that the law deals directly with those found gambling, and does not devote itself exclusively to the persons in charge of the premises.

The internal workings of the machinery are not exposed to public view. Transfers of policemen and police officials are not noticed in the public prints. The whole establishment seemed singularly free from gossip and suspicion. Millions of people may live in London all their lives and never know the name of a commissioner so far as the newspapers are concerned. I could not learn that the commissioner had ever made a speech or submitted to an interview. He is accorded a greater exclusiveness than the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. He is treated on the same plane as a judge of one of our highest courts.

The London policeman, aside from the matter of pay, has every advantage over his New York contemporary. He is looked up to with respect. His slightest command is obeyed in the public streets. He takes himself very seriously, and is grave and solemn under the weight of his responsibility. I never saw a London policeman laugh, or even smile, except in one instance, and he was an Irishman, and possibly might be considered too human for his office. His relation to the people is entirely different from that of the New York policeman. The greatest power over him is that of Parliament, and all political parties are friendly to him. He is occasionally investigated by royal commissions, which investigation is impartial and, if anything, friendly to him. It is their hope to find everything as it should be.

The press praises the police on every possible occasion. The press has no means of knowing of the daily volume of crime except through the courts or the reports of persons made directly to the newspapers, so the police are not held to the same direct accounting as in New York, where the criminal statistics are inspected every hour, or at least were under my administration. He does not necessarily incessantly patrol his post, which is not nearly so long as it is in New York. He is nearly always in sight of another constable, and, as I said before, he never talks to the citizens, or permits any familiarity. He is as exclusive in that respect as the Lord Chancellor. He is specially careful not to flirt, or speak to women good or bad, and he is as impersonal to the unfortunates who parade the Strand at night and kindred neighborhood as a church-steeple. He allows the citizen the largest liberty and is not trying to make work for himself, any more than his New York brother. At night he has a dark lantern strapped to his belt. This is considered invaluable even in those rare nights when the natural darkness is not augmented by fog.

The station-houses are so much better than those in New York that comparisons would be odious. The worst station-house in New York would not be permitted for a day, and the best station-houses are not

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equal to the good ones in London. They are very plainly, substantially, but comfortably furnished, and the sanitary conditions are excellent. The cells have large, high ceilings, are well ventilated and lighted, and the walls are tiled. They are never crowded with prisoners. Drunken men and women are well taken care of. They are never placed in berths, for fear they may roll out, but are carefully placed on the floor. As the station-houses, like the other buildings, are not high, there is plenty of direct fresh air coming in at the top. Indeed, the cells are much more comfortable than many rooms at English hotels where I have stopped, and they actually have a push-button to summon assistance. The cell is furnished with running water, and the corridor is well lighted from the outside. The waiting-rooms are clean and sanitary, and with plenty of seating capacity.

The clerical machinery is not as large as it is in New York, because there is much less red tape. A New York captain now makes more reports than the commander of a battle-ship. No blotters or other books are open to public inspection. The sergeant's desk is about as large as that of a shipping clerk on a busy wharf. The prisoner is arraigned in a small pen placed behind a movable bar, which works on a hinge and is so arranged that, if he is violent, he can do no harm. The treatment, as far as I have observed, is humane, intelligent, and fair. In Belfast, Ireland, they have divided the patrol-wagons in two compartments, one for the males and one for the females. Indeed, all unfortunates are handled with humanity and charity. The women's prison in the station-house in London is thoroughly separated from those of the men. It may interest students of the sex to know that while the men's doors are unmarked by any signs of violence, the doors of the rooms for women are well hammered at the top and bottom, it being the custom of an exhilarated London woman, when thus restrained of her liberty, to take off one shoe and hammer good and hard with the heel of the shoe at the top of the door, while she kicks at the lower part with the toe of the other. Is it any wonder that the London police respect the recalcitrant suffragette?

I marveled at the sleeping-quarters provided for the policemen. Each man has his own little room, tastefully decorated, with excellent bed, and many other comforts. For the single men there is a good kitchen, finely appointed dining-room, library, billiard-room, gymnasium, a yard for exercise, and excellent provision made for storing their rubbers, shoes, and clothing generally. No bootblacks are allowed in the station-houses. Every man has to black his own shoes. This is considered good for discipline and to prevent the men from getting too fat and lazy. The use of the gymnasium is not compulsory. The police horses of the mounted men, as compared with New York's, look like draft-horses, stout-legged, and heavy fetlocked, hard plodders, wholly unlike the lightly built and more nervous horses of the New York organization. The London policeman cooks his own breakfast, which is generally a very light meal, in the station-house. The other meals are prepared for him by competent cooks, and are of the best quality. The food is stored in bulk, and is sold to him at wholesale rates. In addition, all are given a place to keep such personal luxuries as they desire—sweetmeats, cakes, delicatessen, pickles, fruit, and the like. Permit me to say (tell it not to the anti-canteen ladies in America, whisper it not in the W. C. T. U.) that every station-house has a canteen. In the general store-house you see large barrels of ale and much bottled beer, and, as the officer in charge said, "other soft drinks," and yet no one, so far as I could learn, ever saw a drunken policeman. There are well appointed billiard-rooms for the men. The players make a deposit of a penny (two cents) in a box when taking their cues, and the winner gets his money back. The rest remains for a fund which is used to embellish the station-houses with books and to add to the general comfort. The library is quiet and well lighted both day and night, and, to my surprise from New York experience, is well patronized.

The men do not work nearly so hard here as in New York. They are either on or off duty, as the station-houses carry no reserves. For one thing, fires and fire-alarms are as rare as they are customary with us. They are on duty when on the streets, and off duty when they report back to the station-house. After that they do with their time as they please. They work only eight hours a day, either two tours of

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four hours each during the day or eight continuous hours at night. The only advantage the New York man has is that he gets a great deal more pay; but he buys his uniforms, and the cost of living in London, especially in the matter of clothing and rent, is not anything like so high as in New York, and, besides, the men live at the station-houses under circumstances stated above. Even, therefore, with the comparatively small pay, the London policeman is not so badly off in the matter of the cost of living and ability to save as against his higher-paid New York contemporary.

One of the most interesting institutions in the London police department is the training-school. It is a large building surrounding a courtyard in a quiet and remote part of the city. It has recently been conducted under a new system originating with and carried out by Inspector Goodkind. The novice is sent here after passing a preliminary examination and lives and works in the school for about two months, at the end of which time he is either accepted or rejected, and enters upon a probationary period of active duty under experienced men. The pupils are very comfortably housed in separate rooms, with large dining-rooms, libraries, and recreation-halls. They attend classes in police instruction and are passed on from one class to another. The instruction is altogether practical and deals with every phase of police work. Hypothetical cases are put before the pupils as to whether or not they should make an arrest or what they should do in certain emergencies, and their answers are carefully dissected and gone over for the benefit of the class. Their final acceptance was not so much founded upon the accuracy of the answers as upon the opinion of the officers as to their all-round fitness for police work, and was, therefore, not bound up in the tight civil-service lines which prevail in New York, being radically different, and to me much more practical.

The main pillar of police efficiency in London is the ideal relationship that exists between the police and the courts and the way the business is conducted in the courts themselves. I spent many hours listening to all conceivable cases before the police magistrate, and was given ample opportunity to observe the conduct of both the police and the court. The court-room is admirably fitted for its purpose. It is only one story high and thoroughly ventilated, so that, although crowded, the air was never offensive, as is often the case in our courts. The magistrate goes under the plain title of "Mister" in prints and reports, and officially is addressed in court as "Your Worship." He wears no gown or official badge of office whatever. The bench is separated by barriers from the audience, witnesses, police, prisoners, counsel, and press. This isolation is, however, only physical, for the proceedings are conducted in a tone of voice audible in every part of the room. The policeman in giving his evidence is compelled to stand at a considerable distance from the bench, from which he is separated by a railing, the prisoner at a still farther distance, the counsel at about the same distance as the policeman, and the press on raised seats at the side of the room. There are policemen specially detailed to the court, as in New York, and one court clerk attendant, who wears a robe, and whose duties consist in swearing the witness and making himself generally useful. There was nothing said to the judge during my presence by any one that was not perfectly understood by everybody else. Once the magistrate left the bench to inspect the condition of a horse in the case of alleged cruelty to animals, and on his leaving and coming back, everybody in the court rose until he was seated. The court sits in session the whole day, with a short intermission for lunch, and every case from drunkenness to perjury is given a painstaking, careful, and impartial hearing. Several applications for warrants were made, but they were publicly and resolutely refused on the ground that it was an attempt to use criminal process for civil purposes. Every prisoner was asked if he had any questions to put to the policeman. Without an exception they refused to avail themselves of this opportunity, and in no case would they allow themselves to be sworn, but were content with making statements not under oath. I came to the conclusion that the defendant understood that the policeman's evidence and statements carried the greatest possible weight with the court, and that false swearing would be rigorously followed up. In cases of felony, the defendants were de-

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liberately cautioned as to their rights. I was very much astonished at the outcome of the day's work to see the number of acquittals, where, I am sure, in New York the same people would have been convicted. In other words, the benefit of the reasonable doubt was always scrupulously given in such cases, even where the defendant had a grim criminal record, and the sentences dealt out were a great deal less severe than in New York; but I was told that they were certain, that delays and appeals were almost unknown, and that in almost every case the sentence of the court would be confirmed on appeal, if allowed as a matter of grace. The judge indulged in no side talks of any kind, nor did he even lecture or warn the defendants. He made no remarks to the gallery or the press, but attended strictly to the balancing and adjusting of the judicial scales. Everything went along in a day's work without noise or confusion. The court treated the policemen as part of the machinery of the law, and as partners with it in the doing of substantial justice. Their intercourse was characterized by mutual respect and good-will. The police did not grumble when the defendants were acquitted, and no side remarks of any kind were indulged in. Not a single policeman was reprimanded or criticized in any case, even when the court made prompt acquittals as against the charge of the constables. When the court was in doubt, the cases went over until a later hour, when a police officer specially detailed for that purpose made a report in open court as to the result of the investigation on some statements of the prisoners. The prisoner heard every word of this report. Frankness, publicity, open dealing appear as cardinal principles. The cases are tried in court and not elsewhere. Counsel did not attempt badgering cross-examinations of policemen, nor would the court permit a repetition of questions, or any attempt unduly to prolong proceedings. The minor offenses were first disposed of, so as to save the time of the policemen who were detained as witnesses and who had been on duty during the night.

I got the impression, however, that our mode of dealing with juvenile offenders is better than that prevailing in London, especially in the case of very young children who were beginning a criminal career under bad surroundings. The calendars of the courts appear to be full and the total number of cases is what one might expect in New York under similar circumstances.

Right here, however, let it be said that it is impossible for any London newspaper to exploit crimes as is done in New York. It would be impossible for any one to say how many burglaries were committed in London last week, how many pockets were picked, how many swindles, or whether crime is more prevalent now than it was this time last year. The leading daily newspapers, including the "Times," give the proceedings of the police courts a very prominent place, selecting the cases of general interest, and reporting the proceedings without comment. The London police told me that there is just about the amount of crime in London that would be normal to a population so large and where there is so much wealth and such an army of strangers. From other sources I was told that a number of mysterious crimes, including murder, go undetected, though the number is far below that in New York.

Instead of criticizing the police, the courts are rather inclined to commend them. Court commendations of policemen are included in the annual report to Parliament and number many hundreds.

There is a feature of the London police which is radically different from that of New York, and that is, its control over the licensing of public carriages and vehicles of all kinds. In 1907, these licenses numbered 16,475. Applications were temporarily rejected for about 1200 vehicles. These were cases where the vehicles were not judged to be up to the standard for public use. This inspection is constant and rigid. Old, worn-out, unsanitary vehicles are ordered off the streets at once. In the regulation of street traffic, the great power of the police is largely owing to the fact that they license the drivers and conductors. In 1907, they licensed 31,743 persons to drive and conduct vehicles by either animal or mechanical power, and the year before the licenses numbered 32,589. A great number of applications were rejected. All applicants were examined as to their knowledge of London geography, which I am sure would be a very difficult subject. The questions are severe, but the

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applicants are generally given a second trial.

To carry out this work there is a special department known as the Licensing Department. Actual tests are now made as to ability to run motor-cars as well as to drive, before a license is granted The licensee's badge and photograph or description of his person must be shown on demand. Revocation or suspension of license hangs as a penalty for violation of law or of rules of the road over every man or boy who drives or directs any manner of vehicle in London streets. "The uplifted finger" carries with it the power of immediate punishment. I have long insisted, and now that I have seen and studied conditions in London I am convinced, that the driver of every automobile or other vehicle in Greater New York should be licensed by the police department only, and after a fair and impartial but eminently practical examination. If public opinion is not yet prepared for this, certainly, with automobiles murdering and manslaughtering citizens almost daily, it soon will be prepared to ask for such a law for automobile-drivers. It is the only certain and effective remedy: license only after practical examination and very strict inquiry as to character and antecedents, more especially as to sobriety, badge with accompanying photograph to be shown on demand to police, passengers, or injured citizens; revocation for a second or third offense against the law or on conviction for drunkenness; all licenses from other sources in or out of New York State to be passed on the same as on original applications. To this end a Bureau of Street Traffic Regulation should be established at Police Headquarters. Indeed, all licenses such as are now lodged with the License Bureau at the City Hall, more especially of pawnbrokers, should be placed entirely under police control. This is the rule in all other great world capitals.

The conditions in London, especially in the neighborhood of the Bank of England, make the regulation of traffic very difficult; many narrow and crowded streets open into the irregular square, and, in spite of the large body of police at work, the crossings are dangerous, and the scene resembles one of our squares, say, Herald Square, before the present traffic rules were put in force. One of the best traffic rules in London is that requiring vehicles to load and unload standing sidewise to the curb, thereby causing the least possible obstruction to other vehicles passing along the same thoroughfares. Vehicles such as big wagons and trucks are so built as to accommodate themselves to this rule in that the wheels do not project above the floor or platform of the vehicle. To put such a rule in force here would require time and an opportunity for truck-owners to prepare for the change.

There are fewer mounted men in proportion to the force than in New York, and it is no criticism of the London police to say that neither the men nor the mounts appeared to me as good or attractive-looking as those we have nor are they used as freely or as advantageously, if I may be permitted to say it, as in New York.

It requires vigilance and activity on the part of the pedestrian to cross London streets in safety. Indeed, in many respects they are even more dangerous than those of New York, and to this condition the swarming omnibuses contribute generously. The taxicab is rapidly replacing the hansom and the four-wheeled vehicle. To my great surprise, this vehicle is run through the crowded streets at a comparatively high rate of speed, and as there are a great number of them, I am astonished that there are not more accidents. Taking into account the congested condition of the streets in general, their narrowness, the great number of omnibuses, I think the taxicab is run, to say the least, fully as recklessly as with us. There were 283 people killed on the streets of London during 1907, 248 in the daytime and 35 at night, and 14,323 injured by day and 2449 by night during the same period. These accidents were caused by cabs, tramcars, omnibuses, carts, vans, motor-cars, broughams, cycles, and horses. Strange to a New Yorker, there was only one killed by a railway-train at a level crossing, and the smallest possible number of passengers injured or killed on trains in Great Britain and Ireland. The traffic keeps to the left instead of to the right, and really this is very confusing to strangers, leading, I am sure, to many accidents. The streets at the crossing have in many instances small safety-islands lighted with lamps, such as can be seen in New York at Times Square,

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and like the one formerly at Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. The system in vogue in New York of holding up and releasing travel in different directions at stated intervals prevails at all congested points in London, and it may reassure critics of the New York system to know that more policemen are used on the Traffic Squad in London in proportion to the population than in New York. In fact, the regulation of street traffic is the main business of the police force in London during the day and the early part of the evening, as there is no special Traffic Squad. I see no rule of the London police, so far as the regulation of street traffic is concerned, which would be any improvement upon the present system in force in this city, except that the safety zones in New York (which are larger and better under our new traffic regulations than in London), instead of being roped in, should be made permanent in character by granite copings or fencings and ornamental in appearance, which would allow for a decrease of the men allowed now on this work. The Traffic Squad, which I had the privilege of organizing, need not fear comparison with that of any city in the world.

The police also lay out and regulate public stands for carriages and taxicabs. A sign tells the number which must be allowed at any one place, and they answer calls in the order in which they stand, the man longest on the ground being the first in line. This is a great improvement on the custom here, where authorities other than the police grant special favors, and in some instances allow hacks and carriages to stand and block the whole roadway in front of hotels between the carrails and the curb, and often where there is only roadway between rail and curb for one moving vehicle.

As is well known, the saloons close promptly at a certain hour at night and are allowed to open again on Sunday, in the afternoon. This arrangement appears to work satisfactorily to the large majority of London people, and an attempt to enforce entire Sunday closing, which prevails in Glasgow, would, I believe, be bitterly and generally opposed. Yet, it must be confessed, one sees little drunkenness on the streets. The Sunday opening creates no noticeable change in conditions on the streets or in the observance of the religious character of the day. In the suburbs all kinds of outdoor games, such as cricket, foot-ball, rowing, boating, excursions on trains, boats, and bicycles, and other usual holiday pleasures, prevail unrestricted. Even in all parts of Scotland the populace throng out of doors for exercise and play. In Ireland the afternoon is given over to healthy outdoor exercise.

I was much interested, in view of the population of our congested districts in the East Side of New York, in inspecting from the police point of view the regions in East London inhabited mostly by Jews. London is nothing like as cosmopolitan as New York. The Jewish colony is the largest of what may be called settlements of people not of the original races of Great Britain (for the Jews in London are intensely British and loyal in their sentiments); the Italians come next, and then small detachments of French, Germans, and Swiss. The waiters in the best hotels are nearly all foreigners. The police have no Ghetto or Little Italy problems. The Italians in London come from different provinces, and not as with us chiefly from the South. A striking feature was the Sunday market. Here could be no police grafting, or selling special privileges, or ignoring the law for personal or political ends, for by the law itself certain parts of the streets were given up wholly to pushcartsmen, peddlers, and hucksters of all varieties of goods, food, clothing, mechanical appliances, millinery, and fruit in abundance. It will certainly be interesting to New Yorkers to learn that this Sunday Jewish market is legalized by an act of the British Parliament which recognizes that this day is a secular day with the Jews. This cannot be called otherwise than an act of the largest tolerance even when the sales are confined to a district. The London Sunday laws must on the whole be considered as much more liberal and tolerant than ours. In the matter of excise they cut off a great field of possible graft or political persecution. What the law gives as right, no one need buy as a privilege.

The London police have no excise question to deal with. Many Americans who go to London, having read much in novels about the slums and bad quarters of the city, head at once for the Whitechapel District, expecting to see evidences of a criminal atmosphere. I spent considerable time

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in that part of London, and I must say, that while the conditions caused by poverty, vice, and over-indulgence in alcoholic liquors are as bad as those found in other large cities, I saw nothing here to surprise me or in any way different from similar conditions in New York, nor was the police question anything like as difficult or acute. There are bad, dangerous, and criminal men and women, but no Humpty Jacksons or Monk Eastmans, or free-shooting, arms-carrying gangs with "influence" behind them. Of what are called bad quarters from the police point of view, London, of course, has its share, like other great capitals; but the London police distinctly deny that they have any such crime-infested localities as the newspapers insist there are in New York. Certainly a New York policeman has to take bigger chances in enforcing the law, and is more on the firing-line, literally, than the London "Bobby." Like the police, the criminal element has its schools of instruction, and the city has a very fair share of polite and well-dressed swindlers and confidence men, and the inhabitants complain, as they do here, of the number of burglaries (although the figures are far below ours), especially in the suburbs.

It is agreed in London that there is no connection between the police and the social evil, and that while street-walkers are too prominently visible in many quarters, there has never been a charge that they were subjected to blackmail or collections. The attitude of police and public toward the social evil is very different in London from that in New York. In London they ignore its presence unless it becomes personally aggressive, and flaunts itself loudly and offensively. These women (and they are a big army) are of course well known to the police, especially in the vicinity of the large hotels and in popular thoroughfares, and they are seen at all hours of the evening, but they are never interfered with unless they commit an overt act of disorderly conduct or offensive solicitation. Their liberty is otherwise as sacred as that of the highest woman in the land, and it is so laid down in the rules. When the evil becomes locally offensive, plain-clothes men are used, as here. Assignation houses are tacitly policed, but I could find no trace of blackmail or protection money.

There can be no question that all over Great Britain, and specially in England, the people are inclined to sports, and betting on the results of horse-racing is prevalent. There is, however, no such thing as the wide-spread pool-room evil existing in New York, but bets on horse-races are made many days in advance of the race, and indeed if any one will take the trouble to do so, he will see by advertisements in the English newspapers that much of the betting is carried on by correspondence with English bookmakers located in Holland. The gambling evil does not appear to be so wide-spread as in New York, nor does it permeate down into the ranks of the poor. Here is a sample case showing the result of a pool-room raid in London.

At Old-Street —— described as a carman and contractor, of Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, who had been apprehended with two other men under a warrant for being found in a reputed betting-house, answered two summonses charging him with keeping a place as a betting-house and with using the same for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto. Mr. Barker, prosecuting for the police, said that observation had been kept, on August 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, on a house known as 5, Red Lion-market, Hoxton, and large numbers of men had been seen to call. When the raid was made 152 betting slips were found in a box, and on the defendant and in a bag in a room over £18, £10 of which was in small silver. For the defence, Mr. Margetts said his client would plead "Guilty" to using the place. He was just about to give up the business when the raid caught him. Mr. Biron, remarking that fines were no good, sentenced the defendant, against whom there were previous convictions for street betting, to three months in Division II.

From the New York police court and gambling point of view, it is interesting. Note the betting slips were not found on the person of the defendant. Note the money in the bag was not proved to have anything to do with gambling. Note there was no evidence offered as to what the "callers" did on the premises. From the New York view this man was a "big stuff" to plead guilty. He would have been acquitted here, and most likely the police would have been reprimanded. If found

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Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

LONDON POLICEMEN AT A FIRE

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Drawn by Henry Sandham. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

guilty, the standard fine of $25 would have been imposed, just the same as for overspeeding an automobile.

In all of this, too, it must be remembered that the police of London are strictly prohibited from entering any place without a warrant except as provided by special laws. I was reminded of this when I saw a patron of one of the large hotels unable to get a constable to go in and make the arrest of a man who had been caught red-handed in robbing his apartment until the manager of the hotel would consent to the entrance of the police. The police, however, resort, as in New York, to the obtaining of evidence by plain-clothes men and agents; but while the evidence must be substantial, they appear to have the earnest and sympathetic coöperation of the courts from the beginning. I should say, however, on the whole, that as regards gambling, the social evil, places licensed for the sale of drink, and the freedom of the people on the streets, parks, and other public places, that there is a very large degree of personal liberty and that the security of the citizen and his home are most carefully and rigorously guarded by the law. It must, on the other hand, be conceded, I think, by those who make any observation beyond a superficial one, that these privileges are rarely abused by the populace, where at least ninety-five per cent. of them are to the manor born and who acquiesce in the existing laws, which they themselves have created and can again quickly undo under an elastic constitution by a Parliament which can be killed in an hour by an adverse vote. This regard for the security of persons is shown in the treatment of prisoners arrested by the police. A wounded prisoner puts the policeman on the defensive. In this connection, it ought to be said, however, that the populace stand in more awe of a policeman in London than here. In fact, a word from him will end a vicious fight, and resisting a police officer is nothing like so frequent as in this city. A London policeman runs no such risks as his New York brother.

My statements regarding the freedom of speech in London will surprise many people and may sound quite radical, but they are true. There are speeches made every Sunday in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square which would not be tolerated here. The Socialists and Suffragettes make most extreme appeals against existing social and political conditions, and are militant and aggressive in a way unknown here. The whole policy, as far as London is concerned, seems to be to induce rather than to repress free speech. The belief seems to exist there that it is a great safety-valve for popular discontent and even criminal intent, and that, moreover, it gives the police a good opportunity to get acquainted with anarchistic orators and their followers. This was the idea of Mr. de Witte, the Russian representative at the Portsmouth conference. He called on me officially at Police Headquarters in New York and asked me if we made arrests for speech-making in this city. I told

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him that we did, and he asked me under all the conditions would I order an arrest officially and I replied that I would when, under the conditions, the speech was provocative of immediate violence. He said that no one in a place like New York (conditions in Russia being entirely different) should be arrested for speaking, that we should provide large squares and halls free for all who want to speak on any subject and allow them unlimited freedom, as a matter of public safety and wise administration. He said the most remarkable sight he ever saw was in London, where he found a man addressing a large multitude of excited people. The speaker was surrounded by police, and on inquiring of his English escort what the police were doing, he was told that the speaker was making a violent attack on the royal family and that the police were there to protect him from his hearers.

I witnessed from a very advantageous point of view the policing of the vast multitude that attended the services at the Roman Catholic cathedral in London at the conclusion of the Eucharistic Congress. There had been wide-spread rumors of possible violence in case the Host was carried in the streets, and aside from wishing to witness the pageant, I was anxious to see how the London police would handle the situation. From the newspapers it appears that the whole kingdom was worked up over the possible outcome, and I was asked by one of the London policemen about how many men would be used in New York under similar circumstances. I said about 2000, which I ascertained afterward was about the number present on this occasion. Nothing could illustrate better the relationship between the London people and the police than for me to say that when the police appeared on the ground, they were lustily cheered by the great crowds in attendance, especially in the vicinity of the cathedral building. This was a very unusual thing when the police were confining the crowds, so that the people must have been suffering physical pain in the jam. Even under great pressure, there seemed to be no attempt to break the police-lines and the behavior of the multitude was exemplary in every way. The police arrangements, rules, and tactics for handling a crowd were on the same lines as in New York and were very good; but as a matter of fact, the crowd handled itself. Here again one is struck by how intensely cosmopolitan New York is as compared with London. An overwhelming majority of its people are English by birth and tradition, and the foreign element is not noticeable. One of our greatest police problems on the East Side especially is to make the new-comer understand that the word "police" does not carry with it here, as in some European and Asiatic countries, the sense of outrage, injustice, cruelty, deadly menace, and even death, and that our laws, when honestly enforced, mean impartial justice, fair dealing, protection, security, and equity. The New

Drawn by Henry Sandham. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

WINTER COSTUME OF A LONDON POLICEMAN

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LONDON POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE NEW SCOTLAND YARD, FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT. POLICE BOATS IN THE FOREGROUND

York police, unlike their London contemporaries, are teachers and drillers for the whole nation of these vast divisions, and have problems to solve not dreamed of by the big, square-standing, heavy-footed, police St. Bernard of the London crossings.

After reading the facts above set forth, many people will ask if the London police and their system were transplanted to New York, would they succeed? The answer is easy. Conditions in New York would not permit the London system, nor could the atmosphere which surrounds the London police be preserved in New York; hence, it would not succeed. You might as well ask if the New York police could take the place of the Mexican *Rurales*. Life in New York is much more strenuous than in London. An East Side gang would begin by guying a London policeman and end by killing him, if he was not prepared to fight back; but the chief difference is, I think, in the attitude of the courts and the public to the police, as set forth in this article. Here, the police are constantly on trial; there, their position is assured. Who is at fault in New York, the police or the public? Well, I should say, in the past, both. The character of the whole force has been judged by the worst examples. The police here, under this treatment, and specially when the police commissioner is unequal to his great task, are virtually in a state of mutiny. Their hearts are not in their work, they have no pride in their office. They have the inclination to evade duty,

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give service grudgingly, and are constantly praying for a change. A sullen, discontented, and disorganized army will not win battles, especially against the very powerful and well-organized forces who live to break the law, or live by evading the law in New York. Would the London, Berlin, or Paris police commissioner succeed in New York? Undoubtedly, he would not, and the same might be said of the greatest commander of an army, either in America or Europe. The head of the New York police force must understand New York and human nature, and the people of New York are very human.

There is a prevailing opinion that the detective ability of Scotland Yard is very much superior to that of the New York Detective Bureau, and one is often asked whether the London detective is not an abler man professionally than his New York contemporary. I have no hesitancy in saying that he is not. The New York detective is just as intelligent and, indeed, more quick-witted than the average man attached to headquarters in London. You might as well ask if the London business and professional men are more intelligent and more keenly alive to their opportunities than those in New York, or whether a London audience is the quicker to see the point of a joke than the same kind of people in America. A number of mysterious crimes, it is true, go undetected in London as in New York, and there are plenty of professional criminals in both cities, with this exception, that in New York, the carrying of pistols and other deadly weapons is far more common than in any city in Europe. The general detective idea in Scotland Yard in a given case is quite similar to that prevailing here (except that Scotland Yard has sole control of the case, and district authorities do not clash with them), and also with the strong exception that the methods used in New

Drawn by Henry Sandham. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A LONDON POLICE INSPECTOR QUESTIONING SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER

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York would not be tolerated for a moment under law as enforced there in the case of forcible entry into houses, wholesale arrests on suspicion, the so-called "third degree," and photographing before conviction, together with the use of violence on the person except in strict self-defense. Could New York be successfully policed without these adjuncts? Old policemen here say it could not. The London policemen say they do not understand it. We are a very young country, with a tremendously cosmopolitan population, and I think it must be admitted that with us the processes of evolution are very active. Conditions in New York as regards the abuses of power are very much improved, as, I think, old New Yorkers will admit, and eventually we shall get rid of these rough-house methods, and to this end public opinion should strive.

One trouble here is this: the indifferent public, which endures patiently more abuses than any similar number of people in the world, suddenly wakes up to an existing evil,—vice, crime, graft, brutality, or what not,—and then, with one voice, demands instant change. It insists that the police commissioner shall immediately produce results.

There is one grave and radical difference between the conditions in these two great police systems—the reputation of the London detective for honesty, whatever it may be for efficiency, is absolutely unquestioned by either the public, whom they serve, or the law-breakers against whom they operate, and equally so is the honesty and integrity of the heads of the department, who make the selections and promotions in the force. This difference between the two forces is radical and far-reaching. The estimate in which the public hold the police is the measure of police efficiency. The New York police will, in my judgment, under able, honest, and wise leadership, eventually gain a position equal to that of the London police. When that is done, the police question in New York will be solved, and its early solution depends largely on the people themselves, because in a country like this, no matter what may be said, after all, the people not only get the government they deserve, but what they want, and they are therefore entitled to no better.

Drawn by Henry Sandham. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A LONDON MOUNTED POLICEMAN

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THE BIXBY DEAFNESS

BY EMILIA ELLIOTT

"LYD-I-A!" It was the third time of calling; there was not even the semblance of patience left in Eben Pratt's voice.

The woman standing in the center of the room overhead turned and came slowly down the steep inclosed stairway leading to the kitchen. She was about forty years old, tall and thin, and with a strained, almost hunted look in her sunken, dark eyes.

"Well," her husband expostulated, "it 'ad begun to look like you 'n' doomsday would be getting here together. Ain't you heard me calling you?"

Lydia picked up some sewing without replying.

Eben came nearer, raising his voice: "Why in thunder don't you answer! I asked you did n't you hear me calling you?"

"Calling," Lydia repeated dully—"you 're always calling."

Eben stared at her. "I 'm going now," he said. "My patience, Lydia! ain't you heard that neither? Looks for sure like you 'd come into the Bixby inheritance."

Lydia put her hand to her head. "I guess I was n't paying much heed—"

"If you did n't hear, say so," Eben protested irritably. "That was your Aunt Maria's way all over—pretending she had n't been noticing." He was drawing on his heavy fur driving-gloves. "I 'm going round by the upper road, and 'll be late; you 'll have to wait supper."

When he was gone beyond any probability of chance return, and the jingling of his sleigh-bells sounded faintly in the distance, Lydia took her sewing into the living-room. Sitting with hands folded loosely on the work lying in her lap, she stared unseeingly out at the long, white stretch of wintry road.

She had not come into the Bixby inheritance yet; she had heard her husband calling her, heard all he had said, "Only, somehow," she said to herself, "I just did n't want to answer, I 'm so dreadful tired of his everlasting calling. Maybe it would n't be so bad if it was as he said."

Lydia rocked slowly back and forth; her thoughts had gone back to the past. Great-aunt Deborah had come into her inheritance at forty-three, Aunt Maria had gone deaf at thirty-eight. "They always seemed to get along 's well 's most folks," Lydia mused. Left an orphan in early childhood, she had made her home with her aunts until her marriage. "I mind I used to think Aunt Maria sort of enjoyed it. She always called it the 'Bixby deafness,' as if it was different from any other kind."

For more than an hour Lydia sat there idle; it was not often that she got an idle hour. Eben was always busying himself over unimportant trifles, and it annoyed him not to see her busy, too.

She was reluctant to admit to herself now how much she had been looking forward to this long, solitary afternoon. Eben was seldom away from home for even an afternoon.

At last, from force of habit, she took up her sewing, the last of a set of shirts she was making for Eben. She was still thinking of the Bixby deafness. "Aunt Maria used to say lots of times that it had its advantages, being deaf: you missed a lot of tiresome or unpleasant things." Slowly the corners of Lydia's mouth relaxed; she was recalling more than one instance when Aunt Maria had missed, or managed to miss, something unpleasant, matching them with an equal number of times when she had managed to grasp something desirable.

"Folks used to say"—Lydia paused in the act of re-threading her needle—"that Bixby deafness and Bixby cleverness went together."

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Drawn by J. Scott Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'AIN'T YOU HEARD ME CALLING YOU?'"

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She sighed as she finished her buttonhole. If the daylight had held a little longer, she might have got the shirt done before supper and had her evening for her silk quilt. But there was a storm brewing, and the February dusk had come on early. The big reading-lamp standing in the middle of the living-room center-table was never lit until after supper, and she could not see to sew by the high bracket-lamp out in the kitchen.

Lydia folded her work, then drew the shades, and made the fire afresh; after that she stood a moment or two irresolute. "Suppose 't ain't the custom," she said to herself, presently; "I 'm sick to death doing things, or not doing them, just 'cause it 's the custom—and mostly it 's Eben's custom, anyhow."

With a quick breath she took a match from the stand on the narrow shelf back of the stove and lighted the lamp. It cast a pleasant, mellow light about the room.

It was a plain room,—Eben did not hold with fancy fixings; they had never been the custom in his family,—but now, with its drawn shades, its mingled brightness of lamp and firelight, it lost something of its chill severity.

Lydia was sorry when her ten minutes of sewing was over; there was something almost exhilarating about even so slight a revolt from the established order of things. As she drew off her thimble, a new idea came to her. All at once she seemed to see again the old cheery sitting-room at home, and before the fire a little upright figure, a table drawn up beside her, an open book upon her lap.

"I can't hear, and there ain't a mite of use my coming to the table," Aunt Maria had insisted. As a girl, Lydia had used to envy her aunt those informal little meals before the fire in winter, on the porch in summer, and always to the accompaniment of a book.

Lydia drew another quick breath. "I ain't had a meal to myself in I don't know when." Then she added slowly: " 'Won't be home till late; best *not* wait supper.' That 's the way he 'll think I got it."

She made herself some toast, rather thin,—Eben always wanted thick toast,—and opened a jar of quince preserves. Eben did not like quince preserves, and Lydia did up only a little in case of company. She made the tea good and strong,—Eben did not approve of strong tea,—and lastly, as the crowning touch, she cut herself a slice of fruit-cake.

When all was ready, she carried her tray into the living-room, and removing the big Bible from its stand, carried the latter over to one side of the stove, pulling forward her low sewing-chair.

It was hard deciding what to read; the few books behind the glass doors of the old secretary were not alluring; besides, she had read them all. Aunt Maria had frankly read novels; Eben did not approve of novel-reading. "All the same," Lydia said rebelliously, "if I could just get hold of one right now—" Her glance fell on the weekly paper lying on the table. It had come that morning, and was still in its wrapper, Eben having left it for the evening. Eben always liked to get first reading of the paper, doling out items here and there in exasperating fashion.

Lydia took up the paper, slipping it from its wrapper; the reading of it gave an added zest to the thin toast, quince preserves, strong tea, and cake.

After her supper, with the dishes washed, the stand restored to its accustomed place, and one end of the table in the kitchen set ready for Eben, Lydia did not bring out her silk patch-work; instead, she sat again with loosely folded hands, staring this time into the bright coals glowing behind their doors of isinglass. She seemed to be holding counsel with herself.

"I wonder if I could—really," she said at last, a faint touch of color in her sallow cheeks. "I 've got to make some sort of stand; 't ain't any use putting off admitting that any longer. Separation would make a lot more talk, and be a deal more scand'lous. 'T ain't any disgrace to a church deacon having his wife go deaf. Eben he ain't lacking a certain amount of sense: once he gets the idea it 's the Bixby deafness, maybe he 'll quit his everlasting talking and calling. My! Maybe there was silence in heaven once for half an hour; but Eben Pratt were n't there."

The distant tinkle of sleigh-bells brought Lydia to her feet. Ten minutes more and she would know if it was to be the Bixby deafness or separation. Then she sat down again, remembering that she was *not* to hear Eben's arrival.

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With the remembrance came a sigh of relief not to have to hear him coming, not to be obliged to go out and stand shivering in the cold to take his bundles from him, thereby saving him from getting out, not to be at his constant beck and call not only to-night, but for unnumbered days and nights to come.

If Lydia Pratt's thoughts were not specially heaven-directed at that moment, a new earth seemed certainly opening out before her.

No wonder Aunt Maria had been plump and rosy at sixty. "They used to say I favored Aunt Maria. They would n't now," Lydia said wearily.

"Lydia!"

Lydia's breath came fast, the pink spots were crimson.

"Lydia!"

Lydia's lips moved: "The Bixby deafness or—separation."

"Lydia!"

Lydia fairly clinched the arms of her chair to keep herself from rising.

From the yard came a discordant jangling of sleigh-bells as Eben started for the barn.

Lydia covered her face with her hands. She had thrown down her gantlet; had she the courage not to take it up again? It was not enough to pretend not to hear; she must look and act the part continually, and twenty years of narrow, uneventful living with Eben Pratt had hardly fitted her to play a part.

When Eben came in presently, heralding his approach by much stamping of feet and slamming of doors, he found his wife to all intents and purposes absorbed in the piecing of a silk square.

"Well," he began, then stopped. In her nervousness Lydia had emptied the entire contents of her piece-bag, and the multicolored scraps lay scattered over her apron and the hearth-rug; the touch of bright disorder they gave the room, the unwonted color in Lydia's cheeks, something new and tense in the atmosphere, caught Eben's attention. "Well," he began again, "ain't you heard me calling you, Lydia?"

She looked up at him, then down at her work. "You 're pretty late. I reckon it 's right cold out to-night."

"My sakes! the Bixby deafness as I 'm a living man!"

Lydia gathered up her pieces; she hoped Eben would not notice how her hands trembled.

"Ain't supper ready? I 'm just about starved."

Lydia looked at him again, remembering how Aunt Maria and Great-aunt Deborah had used to watch the faces of those trying to talk with them. "What you say, Eben?"

"My sakes!" he ejaculated again, unwinding his woolen muffler.

"I guess you 'll be wanting your supper; I 'll get it right off. I 've had mine."

"You have!" Eben stared after Lydia's retreating figure.

The kitchen fire had died down, and Lydia went out to the woodshed for a handful of chips. Suddenly she sat down on the old chopping-block, her face in her hands. "May the Lord forgive me," she whispered, half-laughing, half-crying, "but I *like* doing it! It 's—*fun,* and I ain't had a mite of fun in 'most twenty years."

Two or three days more and people in the neighborhood were telling one another that Lydia Pratt had come into the Bixby inheritance.

"And mighty sudden, too, from all accounts," Mrs. Howlit said to Mrs. Dawson, as the two walked home from sewing-society together. The Howlits were the Pratts' only near neighbors. "Eben was telling me about it this morning," she went on. "She 'd been sort of queerish in her actions for several days, not taking any int'rest in things, and then all at once she went plumb deaf."

"Poor soul!" Mrs. Dawson said pityingly. She was slightly deaf herself, though she would have been the last to admit it. "It 's a sad dispensation, though not so bad in Lydia's case, she being so stay-at-home, anyhow."

"Lydia Bixby was the liveliest of all us girls," Mrs. Howlit commented sharply.

"And she can't hear anything? Deary me!"

"Sometimes, Eben says, she sort of senses what he 's saying; then again 't ain't a mite of use trying to make her understand. She says 't ain't any good shouting; that if folks go kind of slow and easy, and don't talk too steady-like, she gets on a whole lot better."

"Kind of hard on Eben." There was

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a gleam of amusement in Mrs. Dawson's eyes.

"So he thinks," Mrs. Howlit agreed dryly. "He says he can't get used to the idea: maybe he 'll start in to telling Lydia something, with her right there in the room with him, and first thing he knows she 's off down-cellar or up-stairs."

"Ain't he going to have advice for her? Why, Lydia 's got a cousin who 's a specialist down to Boston."

"Eben he 's talking a deal more about resignation than doctoring so far."

Mrs. Dawson nodded understandingly. "Close as a Pratt" was a village byword.

They had reached her gate, and she stood a moment before turning in. "I ain't been out to see Lydia in I don't know when. Seem 's if Eben 's always on hand, I never could bide Eben Pratt; he sets me all on edge."

"He always did like to keep Lydia all to himself," Mrs. Howlit said. "I never have seen what made her take up with him. It sure was n't 'Hobson's choice' with Lydia. For a good man, he 's a mighty wearing one," she added to herself, repeating it more than once during the rest of her walk; and she thought comfortably of her own better half, who, whatever else he might be, was not wearing.

The next afternoon Mrs. Howlit took her sewing over to the Pratts'. Even if Lydia could not hear, she could talk, and talking was one of the luxuries Eben Pratt did not hold with—for a woman.

"I 'm real glad you 've come, Sally," Lydia declared, taking her friend's shawl from her. "Eben 's gone to town."

"I saw him go by,"—Mrs. Howlit spoke with slow distinctness,—"goes to town considerably more frequent lately, does n't he?"

"Y-yes," Lydia answered; "it 's doing him good, getting out more."

"It 's doing you more good," Mrs. Howlit commented inwardly. Aloud she asked: "You understood me, Lydia?"

"Y-yes," Lydia said again. She did hate deceiving Sally Howlit.

Sally glanced at her rather curiously more than once as they sat sewing together; at last she said. "Being deaf seems to agree with you, Lydia."

Lydia looked up quickly, her face crimson; then she jumped up, "I want you to see my quilt, Sally."

"You 're getting on splendid," Sally said, as Lydia spread the quilt before her.

A suggestion of laughter showed for a moment in Lydia's dark eyes. Only last night Eben had exclaimed impatiently: "Good land, Lydia! you ain't going to waste your evening over that foolish quilt! You 'll never get it done." And the Bixby deafness had made it possible for her to interpret this speech into a desire to see her get it done. Accordingly she had worked on it the whole evening.

It was wonderful, the possibilities contained in the Bixby deafness.

"Sally," she asked abruptly, "I did use' to be—sort of clever, did n't I?"

"Clever' 'n any of us."

Lydia's glance seemed to be taking in scenes long since past. "Eben don't hold with women being clever," she said slowly. "I used to want to read more, and keep up with things; but he was always quoting that verse about looking to the ways of your household."

"Eben 's a master hand at—quoting," Mrs. Howlit remarked, folding up her work. Stout, middle-aged, though she was, she still burned within her when she looked at Lydia Pratt and thought of Lydia Bixby.

"He ain't never lifted a finger against her, and he 's been a fair provider," she thought as she walked home; "all the same—" She paused abruptly, looking off down the road to where, outlined against the red sunset sky, two men were talking, one in a gig, the other afoot. "Maybe it *is* a dispensation"—Mrs. Howlit chuckled—"for—Eben. When all 's said and done, he ain't much more 'n a talking-machine—Eben Pratt ain't."

That night John Howlit asked wonderingly, "What you laughing over, Mother?"

"Never you mind," his wife told him; then the bed shook again. "I mind Miss Maria Bixby used to say, ' 'T was a mighty poor woman that could n't get the better of a man.' "

"Miss Maria Bixby?" John repeated sleepily.

Lydia, lying awake, too, at that moment, was saying under her breath, "I did use' to be clever." Her cleverness now was a constant source of wonder and

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delight to her; so was her indifference to consequences. The thought of what Eben, slumbering peacefully at her side, would say, could he know the truth of the situation, aroused not the faintest twinge of remorse in her.

Once, in the Bixby connection, there had been a male member addicted to sprees. It occurred to Lydia that that was what she was indulging in at the present time; also, that a spree which had been twenty years in developing might be depended upon to last a considerable time.

EBEN PRATT, his hands in his pockets, stood with his back to the living-room stove; he was staring gloomily at Lydia, rocking comfortably to and fro in the sunny south window. Lydia was reading not a farm journal or a poultry paper, but one of the regular current monthly magazines.

It was two months now since the Bixby deafness had so unexpectedly made its appearance. Lydia was actually beginning to put on a little flesh; her eyes were losing their strained look.

There were plants in the south window, —Aunt Maria had always had plants,— and on the low work-table, brought down from the garret, was a pleasant litter of books and sewing. It was Aunt Maria's own table, looking much as it had used to look in the old days.

Eben had not been putting on flesh the last two months. A sense of personal injustice, of having been played a trick upon by fate, that grew stronger daily, was hardly conducive to putting on flesh.

Lydia was always doing the things he told her not to, and leaving undone the things he told her to do, these days, catching hold of the wrong end of his remarks. She had joined the book club against his express commands; she had taken the outdoor man from his work all one morning to fix up the shelves for those pesky plants. Reduced to dollars and cents, the Bixby deafness was proving an expensive inheritance, even without a further outlay for doctors and medicines. He was sick to death of folks asking, Was n't he going to do something for Lydia? So far as he could see, Lydia seemed to be getting on all right; seemed like he was the one needing looking after.

"Lydia!" he called impatiently, and Lydia, taken by surprise, glanced up. The next moment she was on guard. "This is a real pretty story, Eben. Want I should read it to you?"

Eben's answer, made under his breath, was not the sort of remark becoming in a church deacon.

"What you say?" Lydia asked. "Yes?"

Eben repeated his answer, with trimmings, shaking his head violently. A good part of yesterday afternoon Lydia had insisted on reading aloud to him, taking advantage of a time, when, as he was laid low by a cold, the warm corner back of the stove seemed the most desirable spot on earth. He had feigned sleep, but Lydia, in no wise deceived, had read calmly on, so depriving Eben, for the first time in twenty years, of the joy of dilating upon his symptoms. Even if she had not been able to hear him, the mere comfort of enumerating them aloud would have been some solace.

"I—I 'm going to write to that cousin of yours down to Boston, Lydia," Eben said suddenly. There were some things worth the money they cost.

"What you say?"

Eben turned to the secretary. What he said was more terse than polite.

Lydia watched him as he sat down. The forlorn droop of his shoulders roused a half sense of pity in her. Maybe she was not doing the right thing by Eben; all the same, a separation would have come harder. Then, as she caught sight of the side of his face as he bent over his writing all feeling of pity vanished. After all, it was only because of what the Bixby deafness meant to *him* that he was writing.

The letter written, and given to a passing neighbor to mail, Eben felt more cheerful. "I feel sure your cousin 'll be able to send you something, Lydia," he told her, across the supper-table.

She looked at him dumbly.

"Your cousin 'll be able to send you something," he repeated, with growing impatience.

"What you say?" Under shelter of the table-cloth Lydia's hands twitched nervously.

"I vum!"—Eben pushed back his chair in disgust—"Might 's well talk to the side of a house!"

"What you say, Eben?"

He stared at her speechlessly, mentally

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calculating the number of days before Dr. Bixby's reply could come.

When it did come, it was far from satisfactory. Dr. Bixby did not care to give an opinion, or make any suggestions regarding treatment, until after a personal examination.

"Humph!" Eben said. "Maybe he don't think it costs, getting from here to Boston and back—and perhaps on a tomfool errand, after all."

Lydia bent lower over her sewing; it seemed as if Eben must see the flush on her face. Boston! She had never dreamed of such a possibility.

He threw the letter into her lap, and she read the few formal lines eagerly; then something stirred within her. She could not go, even if Eben were willing; she could not lie to a stranger, which was what the doctor virtually was.

"I—I guess I would n't bother about it, Eben," she said, not looking up.

"Why not?" he demanded. "If that ain't just like a woman, beginning to play off soon 's things get started."

"I—w-what you say, Eben?"

"Lydia, you look at me!" Eben bent toward her, his eyes on hers: "You 're going—that 's settled—mighty quick, too. And don't you ask me what I 've said once more this afternoon—else I won't be responsible for the consequences. You understand?"

"I 'm going—to Boston?"

He nodded. "Day after to-morrow." He mouthed the words with a careful precision that nearly sent Lydia into a fit of hysterical laughter.

She rose hurriedly. "I guess I 'll run over to Sally's for a few moments."

Mrs. Howlit was kneading bread. "My sakes!" she exclaimed, as the kitchen door opened and Lydia came in. "Anything wrong over to your place, Lydia?"

"Sally, Eben 's set on taking me to Boston—to see Cousin Allan; and I don't know what to do."

"Do? Go," Sally advised calmly.

"B-but—"

"I mind you 're telling me, 'fore you and Eben was married, that he 'd promised to take you to Boston. Looks like he had been a considerable while getting round to it."

"But—oh, Sally, you see he thinks—"

"Being a man, he thinks just what you set out to make him think. Why, I saw through you right at the start. But the doctor 's a man, too, only, I 'm free to confess, 't ain't likely he 's another such dunderhead as Eben Pratt. Still, you never can tell till you 've laid eyes on one."

Lydia twisted one end of her shawl miserably. "I 've a good mind to up and tell Eben everything."

Mrs. Howlit finished kneading her dough, then she washed her hands, and came over to where Lydia stood. "Lydia Pratt!"—she laid a hand on both of Lydia's shoulders,—"You ain't going to tell Eben Pratt *anything!* 'T would n't be for his good nor yours. And you are going to take the chances and go to Boston. My patience, Lydia! ain't all fair in love and war? According to my opinion, marriage is a pretty even combination of them both."

DR. ALLAN BIXBY looked from one to another of the couple before him in some perplexity. "You say," he turned to Eben, "that this deafness of your wife's came on quite suddenly?"

Lydia stirred uneasily. The noise and confusion of the unaccustomed railway journey, the tumult of the big city, had proved a heavy strain upon her powers of self-possession, of dissimulation. More than once Eben must have suspected something had his attention not been so entirely engrossed with other matters. It was quite evident that the doctor did suspect something.

"You 've heard tell of the Bixby deafness, Doctor?" Eben asked.

The doctor nodded. "Naturally, seeing that I am a Bixby myself."

"Looks to me it come on about as sudden as it could," Eben went on. "Lydia, she 'd been sort of mopey for some time before that, but she seemed to hear all right. Sometimes it almost seems like she heard now, after a fashion—enough to let her get hold of the wrong end of a matter, mostly."

Lydia stirred again, and the doctor, turning to her, found her looking at him with anxious, imploring eyes. He rose. "I shall have to ask you to step back into the reception-room, Mr. Pratt. I should like to see Cousin Lydia alone for a few moments."

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When the door had closed behind Eben, the doctor asked quietly: "Lydia, why have you done this?"

Lydia's lips trembled. "I—I just had to," she answered.

"Had to?"

"You ain't lived with Eben Pratt for twenty years; you don't even know him well. He 's a good man,—I don't want you should think he ain't that,—and he means well, only—well, I 've had more —more quiet time to myself, more chance to think, the past two months than I 've had before in all the years we 've been married. It had to be that or a—separation. It was n't hard; Eben he ain't very suspecting. And it 's been—fun." She brought the last word out almost defiantly.

"Fun!" Dr. Bixby repeated. The word seemed strangely incongruous in connection with this trembling, almost hysterical woman.

"Yes," Lydia insisted; "and it 's been about all the fun I have had since I 've been married." She was fast losing all self-control.

The doctor brought her a glass of water. When she had grown quieter, he led her on to tell her story.

As he listened, his own boyhood, passed on a small, isolated farm, came back to him. His mother had been a silent, repressed woman, living much the same life of narrow routine that Lydia had led. It was not hard to fill in the rather sketchy outline Lydia gave him to understand and to sympathize with the desperate condition of mind and soul to which that life had brought her.

The quiet sympathy of his look and manner led Lydia on into further confidences. "You can't think," she said wistfully, "what a—relief it 's been. Eben means to be kind and—all that, but there 's no denying he 's more 'n a bit fussy. He 's the sort that always cries out when he 's hurt, and considerably often before he 's hurt. He got the notion pretty early in life that he was n't over-strong, and his uncle leaving him well fixed, why, he 's kept more farm help than most, and that 's left a good lot of time on his hands for—looking after things. And then, spending more outside 's made him more saving indoors. He 's kept run of things in a way that 's sort of—wearing to a woman. I don't suppose you can understand that."

"Oh, yes I can," the doctor answered.

"But lately, since I 've been—doing this, he 's been going out more; and he ain't been talking so much when he was to home, seeing, as he thought, 't were n't any use. I 'll admit I 've been acting mighty wicked; but, somehow, I feel reconciled to bear whatever 's coming to me, 'long of it, in the next world, seeing what a heap of good I 've got out of it in this. And it won't all be postponed to the next, neither, once Eben gets to know what I 've been doing."

The doctor rose, an odd light in his eyes.

Lydia rose, too. "I reckon you—think we had n't any right to come bothering you—'s long 's there was n't anything for you to do."

"I am very glad you came; I think there is something for me to do, only you must leave the matter entirely in my hands, Lydia. Sometimes we doctors work cures outside of our regular line, though the cure in this case will not be all of my working."

"I ain't to tell Eben—yet?"

"I will tell him all I wish him to know at present." Dr. Bixby opened the door leading into the reception-room, beckoning to Eben.

"Well?" Eben demanded querulously; he had found the waiting long.

The doctor explained that it would be necessary for Lydia to remain in Boston for a fortnight or so for—again that odd light showed in his eyes—treatment. He knew of a quiet boarding-place which he could recommend.

Lydia gasped suddenly. A whole fortnight in Boston!

Eben did not notice; he was tracing the pattern of the rug thoughtfully with the tip of his umbrella. "I can't stay with her, Doctor," he objected.

"It would not be at all necessary."

"You think it 'll do any good?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well," Eben sighed, "I reckon it 'll have to be 's you say."

The doctor wrote an address on one of his cards, and handed it to Eben.

Two hours later found Lydia pleasantly established in a comfortable room in a quiet old house in one of the side streets in the neighborhood of the Common.

As she stood at the window, watching

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Eben walk slowly away down the street on his way to the station, Lydia caught her breath. "I certainly never calculated on its going so far as this," she said to herself, "but, do my best, I can't feel bad over it."

However, by the next morning homesickness and something dimly approaching remorse, to say nothing of a realizing conviction of the condition Eben's housekeeping would reduce matters to at home, had laid Lydia low.

It was a soft, growing April day; in the little plot before the house the crocuses were sticking up their purple-and-white heads. Lydia stared down at them forlornly. "Why had she consented to stay? What right had she to enjoy herself?"

Afternoon brought Sally Howlit, a well-filled valise in each hand. "I told John I had to come," she explained; "that I 'd get through the cleaning all the better afterward for a bit of junketing first. I knew you 'd be eating your heart out up here alone, and missing the good laying right to your hand. My! that doctor 's got more gumption than most! I sensed what he was after the minute Eben told me last night. I packed your valise myself; Eben was n't going at it very successfully."

"Sally, you think I got the right to enjoy myself?"

Sally rocked comfortably back and forth. "You mind the times we used to run away from school when we was youngsters, Lydia, and the fun we had? Looks to me like this is just a sort of running away from school."

"There was the going home—in those days, Sally."

"Yes; but it was n't so bad, after all. And we ain't youngsters now, there 's that difference. Don't you get to worrying over bridges that, like as not, you 'll maybe end by going round 'stead of across."

THE day before Lydia was expected home Eben received a letter from Dr. Bixby. He read it as he drove home from the post-office; then he sat looking thoughtfully out over the broad fields at one side of the road, the reins lying loosely in his hand.

"I vum!" he said at last. For the last two months and more Lydia had been occupying the center of the stage, a position Eben considered his by rights; now it appeared she must be allowed to go on occupying it for an indefinite length of time.

Lydia was better; apparently, so the doctor wrote, she was cured; the treatment having proved most successful. But Dr. Bixby was not prepared to call it a permanent cure; under certain conditions, he felt obliged to warn Mr. Pratt, there might be a relapse. Then had followed a few suggestions as to the further treatment of the case.

Eben rubbed his chin gravely; women surely needed a tarnal lot of coddling nowadays.

The next afternoon, with the home station drawing nearer every moment, Lydia turned suddenly to Sally. "It beats me," she said wonderingly, "why I did my duty by Eben for twenty years; and all it come to at last was me getting more wicked in my mind toward him every day; and now, why, I 'm actually looking forward to getting back to him."

"You ain't calculating on saying anything? That would n't be for his good no more than it would for yours, Lydia Pratt?" Sally demanded.

"N-no. The doctor he advised not; he said something about its being a case where ignorance was surely bliss. He did n't charge for that consultation, so there 's only been the board extra. I guess Eben need n't begrudge that much. My! there he is now. He don't look like he 'd had his coat brushed since I 've been gone."

"Why, you 're looking right peart, Lydia!" Eben declared. "You heard that?"

"Yes."

"And you 've come back cured?"

"I guess I have, Eben."

"You heard that, too?" Eben's face radiated satisfaction. "Well, I guess that cousin of yours is a pretty smart chap all right. You heard that, too, Lydia?"

She nodded.

Eben took her valise from her. "You —you must n't get too tired." The solicitude in his voice was most embarrassing. "Doc he wrote me 'bout that. Tilly Barnes is come to help you 'bout the house. You 've got to get out more—and see more folks. You sure you ain't getting tired, Lydia?"

And Sally Howlit, who had dropped behind a little, chuckled softly.

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ST.-ÉTIENNE OF BOURGES

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

EVERY building of the Gothic period, it is said, differs in some important respect from every other. St.-Etienne of Bourges differs in having a façade built on so grand, so titanic a scale that it is without a rival even in France, the land of great cathedrals. And yet, while the spires that make the difference at Chartres are ever before one, in the plain of La Beauce, as in Chartres itself; while the east end of Le Mans is set upon its hill, as upon a stage, above the market-square; while Laon's clustered towers, clear against the sky, are a joy to all the country round, the west front of St.-Etienne, from near or from far, seems to baffle the visitor, to refuse to let him see it in its imposing immensity.

I cannot say why this is. Bourges climbs, though gently, a little hill, not high, but high enough to lift the cathedral well above the flat pasture-lands of Berry. The near houses are low; the few great buildings stand on a level nearer the plain. But, though I have gone to the town by road and by rail, I have never yet found the point of view from which the façade makes quite the effect one would expect of its majestic beauty, its monstrous strength. A small *place* opens immediately in front of the cathedral, and a lofty flight of steps mounts to the lofty portals, adding to the height already tremendous. But from this *place* one seems to see the façade only in bits—wonderful bits, it is true, but never the wonderful whole. One is too close. It is like looking up to the Matterhorn from the Schwarz-See or from the Gorner Grat. One loses the scale. Stand where one will, the perspective is too violent.

It is likely a mere accident that the hotels in a French cathedral town are often just where the most direct walk from them will bring the visitor to the point for the right first view, and therefore the right first impression, of the cathedral. As at Le Mans the way from every hotel where one is likely to put up leads to the east end, the glory of St. Julien's, so at Bourges it leads as surely to the west front, the triumph of St.-Etienne's. And one knows which way this is, for since in any town where there is a suggestion of a hill the cathedral is almost sure to be on its top, one has only to follow the upward slope of a street to come sooner or later within sight of it.

The first time I followed that sloping street in Bourges was on a cloudless July afternoon, and I had come to the end of its cool shadow too soon for my comfort when the rugged mass of the northern tower loomed up before me in the clear sunlight. I had already seen several of the greatest cathedrals in France, but they had not prepared me for the breathless moment of astonishment when I turned out in front of the façade of which this rugged mass was only a part. From the *place* I looked up the wide flight of steps to five cavernous portals, where even Rouen and Rheims, Paris and Amiens, are content with three; I looked to their rich setting of sculpture, to a row of gables above them, and, still higher, to windows all bold and delicate traceries, to galleries and arcades, to mountainous buttresses, and at last to where the gray stone, worn by wind and storm and sun into new loveliness, rose into the highest gable of all, pointing skyward between the two towers. The hugeness of it was dazzling, bewildering, almost oppressive.

The astounding thing is that the artist who could see beauty on so large a scale

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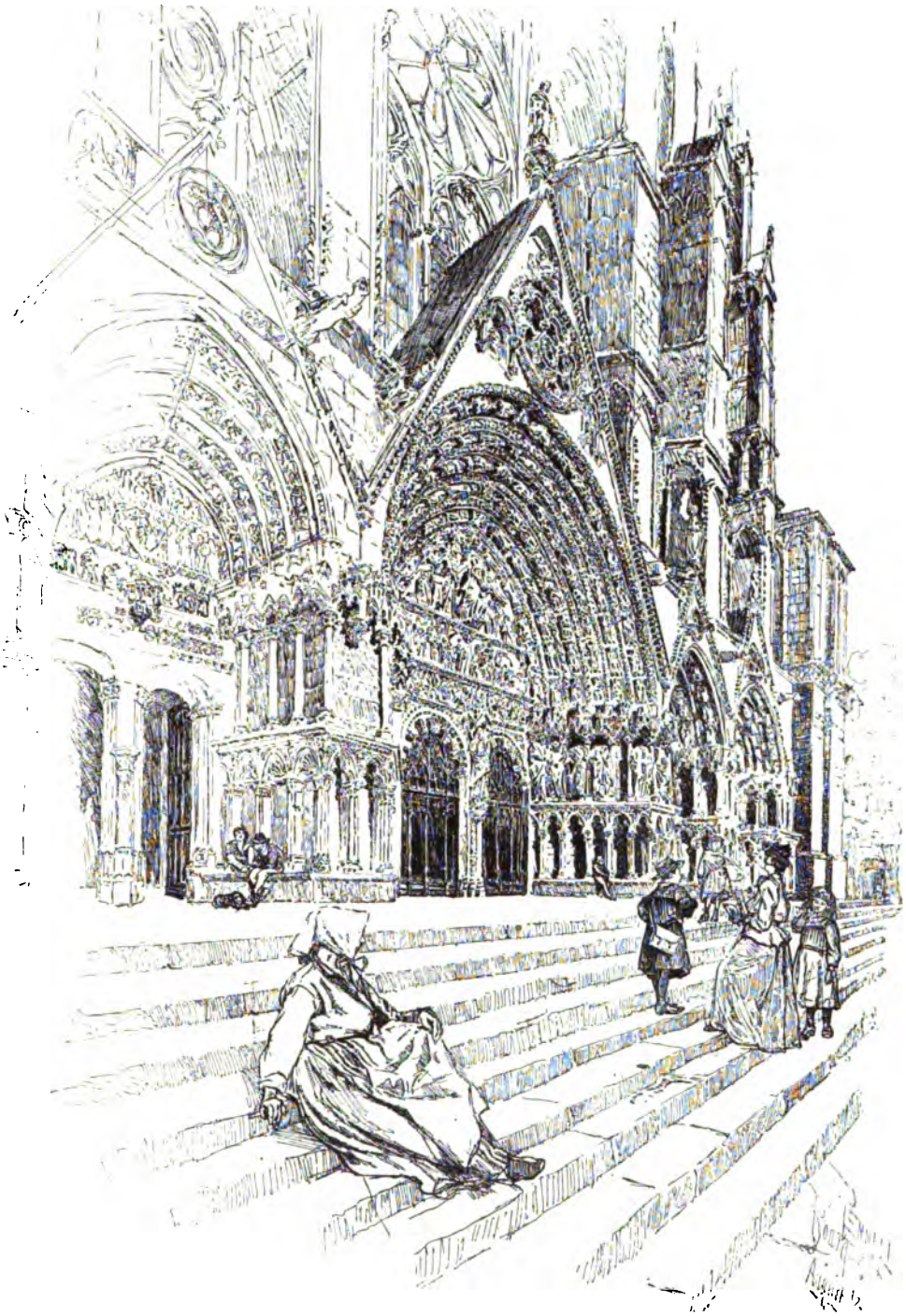

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CENTRAL PORTAL, WEST FRONT, OF BOURGES CATHEDRAL

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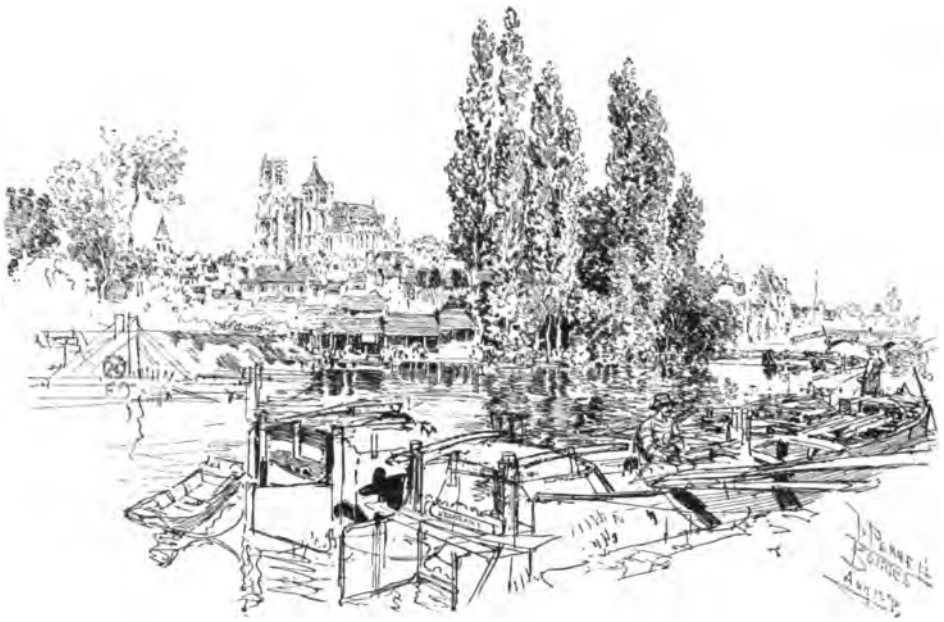

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

BOURGES CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CANAL

was as mindful of it in detail. There are no more remarkable sculptures anywhere than those on the west doors. Nowhere is the story of the Last Judgment, the story the medieval sculptor never tired of telling, told with more eloquent detail, with more naïve skill, than above the central doorway, with the stern Judge on his throne, an awful arm outstretched, the angels in attendance, the horned, hoofed, tailed devils, leering and horrible, the good rising impetuously, the wicked reluctantly, from their graves. There can be no smile here for the fantastic ignorance of the early sculptor. And nowhere are the entire Scriptures recorded in stone with such scrupulous fidelity, scene after scene, incident after incident, and carved so simply that any child can understand, so well that any artist may rejoice. And never does the sculpture obtrude itself upon the general design. It keeps in its place perfectly—a Bible, if one cares to come close and read, a lovely decoration, a mere carved pattern, if one cares too much for its beauty to search for a meaning.

I know all that can be, and has been, said in objection to the façade—that it gains its great width by disregard of the actual proportions of the building behind it; that it was designed on so prodigious a scale that it could not possibly be completed within the perfect period of the thirteenth century, when it was begun,—indeed, it is not entirely completed yet,—that it is, in consequence, a jumble of styles; that the two towers are too low for it, the southern reaching scarcely above the central gables, the northern, the *Tour de Beurre,* erected in the sixteenth century, though taller, needing the spire each was planned to carry; that the building to the south, a house in itself, but virtually an additional support to the already well-buttressed tower, increases the width inordinately. Grant that all these objections are just, grant that as many more might be made, what does it matter, when the mistakes and the delays, the want of balance and the exaggerations, have not taken away from the impressiveness and hugeness of this most impressively huge of all Gothic façades?

THE rest of the exterior scarcely equals the astonishing west front. It would be miraculous if it did, if architect and sculptor had kept throughout to so extraordinary a standard. Were the façade simpler, the great long stretch of the nave as one sees it from the little streets to the north or from the archbishop's garden to

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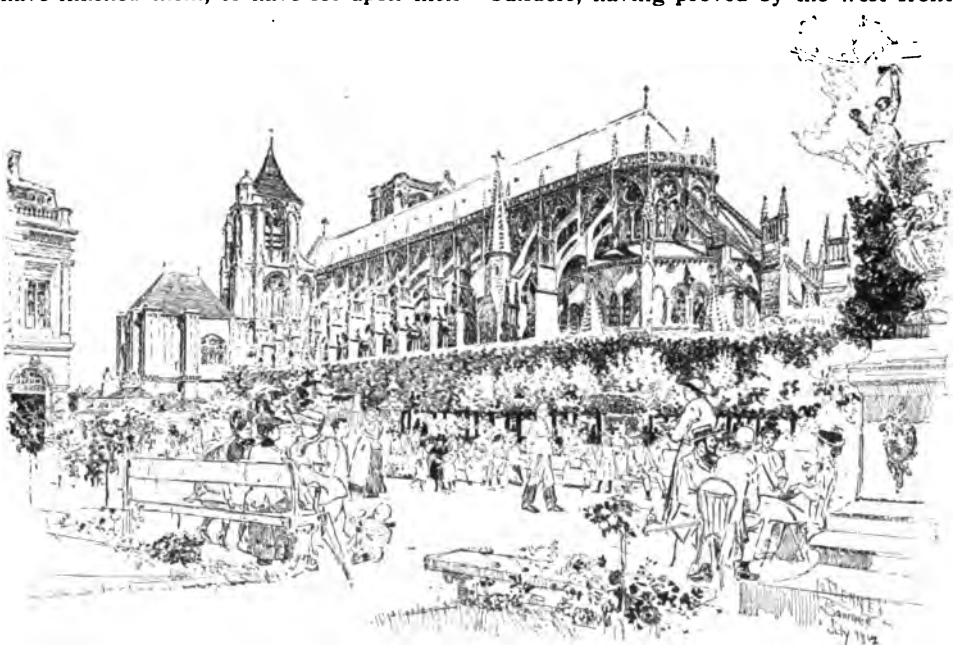
the south, might seem less plain. That garden is one of the most charming things in Bourges. One expects a charming garden of every French town, but it is not often laid out, as here, with the cathedral overhanging it, so that from the clipped alleys and formal walks, from between the prim flower beds and well-placed statues, one can at leisure watch the passing of the light and shadow over the gray, weather-beaten walls. I spent a long succession of hot mornings there, the summer I was in Bourges, and I came to know this view of St.-Étienne intimately, as one knows the view out of one's own window.

Chance sometimes had as much to do with the design of an old cathedral as the architect. At Bourges, the want of money was the chance that went far to modify and alter his plans. For one thing, it made him dispense with transepts altogether, and their absence, though an advantage to the interior, gives to the exterior, as one sees it from the garden, too rigid and severe a sky-line. And first the same want of money, and then want of the old enthusiasm that had filled France with its fair flowering of churches, left the towers unfinished and spireless. Before the west front I might feel that to have finished them, to have set upon their summit tall, tapering spires, would have made the façade too incredible, as much above and beyond human power as the precipices on the Splügen or the peaks of the Velay. But in the garden I had to admit the cathedral's sore need of something to break with more force and emphasis its long line from west to east. Think of the difference made by the one tall tower to Ste. Cécile at Albi! Only when one approaches the east end of Bourges from the wide boulevard leading to it from a lower level do the towers tell in the composition.

There was little of the critic in me as I sat morning after morning in my cool corner: one does not criticize a thing that gives him so strong an emotion of wonder. But I knew the wonder would have been far greater had the buttresses of nave and choir been carried out on the same lavish scale as the west front. As it is, they never build up into solemn cliffs as at Chartres, they never multiply into labyrinthine intricacy as at Le Mans, they never overthrow with ornament as at Rheims. In them one seems to see the skeleton, not the gorgeous covering, of Gothic. Again, of course, want of money was the reason. But it looks as if the builders, having proved by the west front



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THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN

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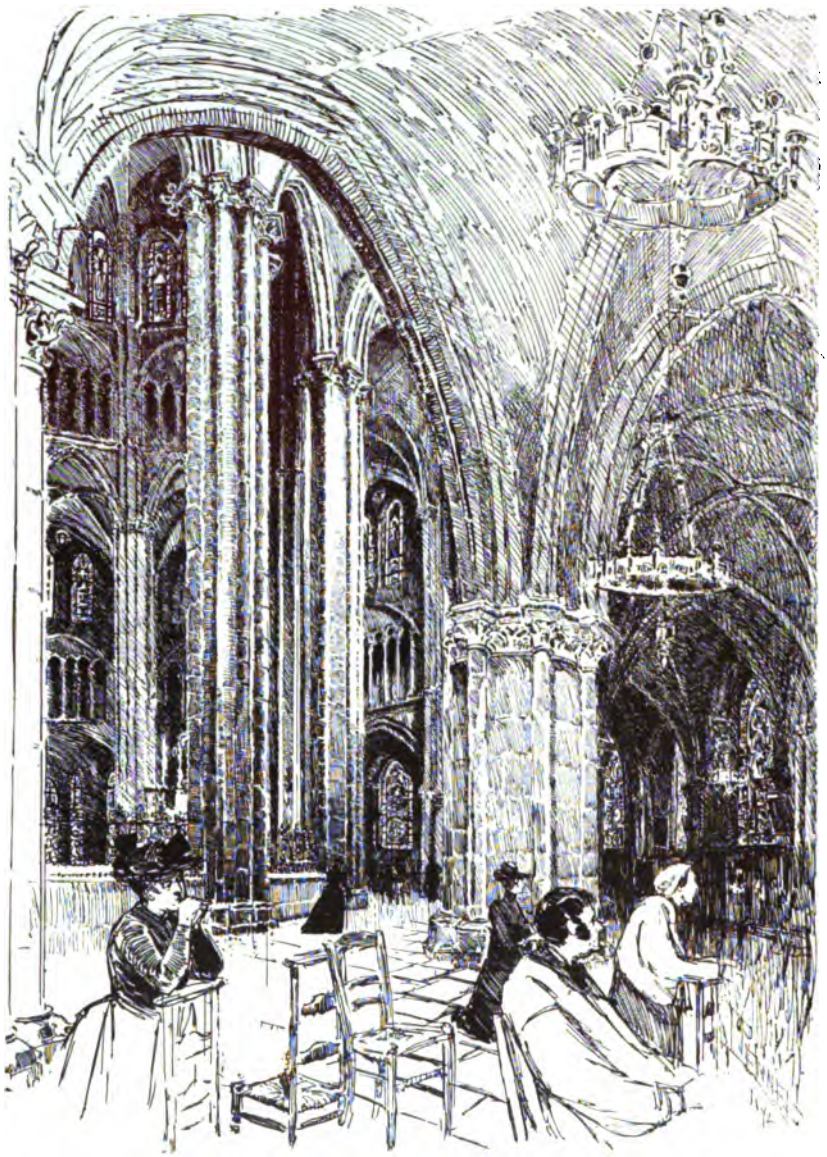

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

EAST INTERIOR OF THE BOURGES CATHEDRAL, SHOWING CLEARSTORY AND TRIFORIUM IN NAVE AND AISLES

what inexhaustible beauty of decoration they could create, chose in the wide spaces of buttressed wall to show only the beauty of their theory, their method of building. Really, I know of no place, especially if one goes to it with Mr. Charles H. Moore's "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture" in one's hand, where one can, in cold blood, reduce Gothic architecture to a "system of balanced thrusts" better than in the garden at Bourges.

If the visitor walks round the cathedral, he will find that it breaks, if not its skyline, at least the length of its walls and the succession of its buttresses, and that it does so with anything but reserve or bareness. For the north and south porches, though not quite so wonderful as those of Chartres,—no other cathedral porches

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could be so wonderful,—are among the very loveliest in France. Thirteenth-century architects, in their pride, never hesitated to pull down earlier buildings to make way for their own, but they were artists enough to preserve what they thought best in the old work, if they could without injury to the new design. Statues, long, slim, and strange, the draperies falling in stiff archaic folds, the faces smiling inscrutably, like the statues of Chartres and Le Mans, stand in their niches at the entrance to the Gothic cathedral, as they stood at the entrance to the Romanesque cathedral it had replaced. Nor did the thirteenth-century builders shrink from drawbacks that might appear insurmountable to the academic architect of to-day, who prizes absolute regularity above all other virtues. When they found the site for their cathedral not squarely on the top, but on the slope of the little hill, it presented only another excuse for the variety they loved. And so it happens that, while the visitor enters the south door from the level, he must go up a flight of steps to enter from the north.

But whichever way he enters, whether from one of these porches, or from the great western portals, the interior, like the exterior, will impress him above all with a sense of its immensity. Uninterrupted by transepts, the long line of the nave, with its two aisles on each side, seems interminable, though it is really shorter than that in many French cathedrals. There is no choir-screen to break up the spaces, but only an iron grille, which does not interfere with the great sweep of the vista from the west end to the beautiful curve of the apse. And the height is the more striking partly because the inner aisles, like the nave, have their triforium and clearstory.

There were times when I thought Bourges too big, so titanic that prayer could not warm it. The atmosphere is secular, frigid, as at Laon. It can delight with the most dignified architectural compositions, with the noblest arrangements of pillars and arches, ever varying as one follows the outer aisle up the nave and round the choir. But it rarely awes with the darkness and mystery of churches where faith is most fervent. Its high windows burn as with a light from heaven, and yet it scarcely thaws in the flaming fires of the beautiful old glass, of which there is much. Of all the restorer has done at Bourges,—and even Viollet-le-Duc thought he had done too much,—I can least forgive his tampering with this glass. The worst is, I do not now know how serious is the injury. Last summer the west end was bricked up. The window, with its great rose, had been taken down to be cleaned and repaired, I was told. The work was finished, but there was not enough money to put it up again. Of this I am sure: when the money is found, and the window put back, it can never be the same for our generation, or for many generations to come. Only time can mellow the old glass, like the old walls, into a fuller, richer beauty.

The crypt at Bourges, one of its wonders, immense like everything else, is cold. It contains no Black Virgin, with lights like stars gleaming from shadowy aisles, no golden caskets of relics flashing out as one passes, to sink again into the gloom. It had, when I was last there, the undevout and practical look of a stonemason's workshop, for which, indeed, it was being used. In the litter of broken sculptures, and of old stone coffins made before Bourges was French, but dug up only when modern furnaces and pipes for heating the cathedral were being laid, I saw the Duc de Berry—John the Magnificent—on his monumental slab, waiting patiently for a new nose, but even in his pathetic mutilation looking not only the great person he was, but affable and gay. So I wonder why he struck Stendhal disagreeably, if Stendhal at Bourges had not been in a humor to see the disagreeable. Before the cathedral itself, however, his mood had to give way: it awed him by its noble vastness from façade to crypt, as it must every one who comes to it.

WHEN I could bring myself to leave the cool of the cathedral and the garden it overhangs, I did a great deal of wandering about Bourges in the long summer days; for one has not got to the end of the beauty of a great Gothic church until he has got to the end of its every possible view under every possible aspect. Incidentally, I saw much of the town. There is much in it to see. Bourges reeks with history, and many monuments remain that this history colors more vividly than St.-Etienne, the greatest of them all. Up at the cathedral,

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one does not always think of the *Roi de Bourges,* the hero of the town's chief drama, but one cannot forget him at the House of Jacques Cœur, without whom Charles never would have had the money to be king of anything else. And if the visitor remembers Charles at the palace of this Crœsus of the fifteenth century, he must also remember Joan of Arc, and Agnes Sorel, and a host of smaller figures who followed in his train. In the quiet of the garden on the hill they fade out of the picture. Even Jacques Cœur, though he has his chapel in the cathedral, and though his son was once its lord, seems a less important person there than many a now unknown archbishop: for instance, that tender-hearted Berruyer, who added nothing to the history of the world, and has no more substantial claim to fame than his love for the poor, for whom he turned his own bedchamber into a dormitory and his palace into a sort of soup-kitchen and shelter. There are other old houses with other memories—of Cujas, of Calvin, of many famous men. And there are old churches, and old corners, and little houses with no memories at all, but with gables and carvings and projecting upper stories. And there are shady avenues and sloping roads, with bits of red wall showing here and there. I am sure I do not understand why Bourges seemed to Stendhal a mean place, and to other travelers as filled with ugliness and dullness. But I admit I never found anything in it, however historical and memorable otherwise, that could surpass the cathedral in beauty. If I wandered farther, and left the streets and houses for the rich, green meadows, the rows of poplars, the straight banks of the Canal du Berry, or the windings of the two little rivers that meet it here, always the colossal church was the most splendid feature in the landscape, as in the town.

And this is what the cathedral has ever been, since the days when, in the new dawn of the thirteenth century, it rose, magnificently huge as we know it, in the place of the older, smaller church on the little hill. One of the most vivid chapters of the history of France was made in the town. The chapter was closed, and the cathedral still stood there in its beauty, splendid and strong. A wave of Protestantism swept over Bourges, the town where Calvin studied. It rolled away again, and mass was still said as of old in the cathedral, where only the broken statues, on the façade and the broken tombs in the chapels bore witness to its fury. The whirlpool of the Revolution would have swallowed the cathedral forever, leaving in its stead a temple of reason. The Revolution passed, as the Huguenots passed, and St.-Etienne survived in its immensity, unchanged save for more broken statues and tombs, scattered treasure, and, perhaps as a last cynical sign of revolt, the name of Etienne Dolet given, I am not quite certain when, to the *place* opened about it. Bourges has developed into an industrial center, and has made the usual concessions to modern progress in the shape of boulevards and electric trams. But the cathedral, unmoved by fashions that pass, wears serenely as ever the beauty with which men clothed it seven hundred years ago, and, within its walls, prayers continue to be said that Bourges learned before France was. It broods above the history, as above the housetops of the town, beautiful, immense, serene, like some giant Alp at peace above the restless labors of the valley.

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CLEVELAND'S REËLECTION AND SECOND ADMINISTRATION[1]

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

CLEVELAND'S PARTIZANSHIP AND HIS INDEPENDENCE

MR. CLEVELAND was decidedly a party man. He believed that every man should be active in politics, and he practised this doctrine from early manhood. After his retirement we had a talk about this, in which he spoke of having had a letter from a young man asking for advice concerning party affiliations. He said he told him of his own experience, how he had early gone into local party work, standing all day at the polls. Mr. Cleveland added, "I never had anything to do with anything that was shady or corrupt."

I sometimes had an amused suspicion that although he admired and was grateful to the Independents who came to his support more than once, and although he felt a keen moral sympathy with them, and gave some of them his intimate friendship, the fact that they had been Republicans, and might easily become Republicans again, was just a slight regret in his mind. When, off on some inland fishing expedition, he fell in with an old-time Democratic farmer, especially one who was faithful to what the President considered "sound Democratic doctrine," he warmed up to the old fellow amazingly.

I do not believe he ever voted for a candidate outside of his party. He might have been willing to do so in certain campaigns in his later years, possibly,—owing to what he looked upon as un-Democratic platforms and candidates,—if he had not possessed an ever-present sense of obligation because of the great honors and responsibilities his party had bestowed upon him. He doubtless voted at times for Democrats not on the "regular ticket," but a feeling of propriety kept him from vehemently opposing a candidate of his party, even if such a candidate, in his opinion, might be leading the party into strange and unfortunate paths.

THE DINNER AT THE VICTORIA HOTEL

YET inside of his "regularity" he manifested always a singular independence and, at times, even detachment. I have mentioned with what nonchalance he held the Tammany leaders at a distance at a time when he and they might easily have fallen into some sort of friendly relations.

Incidents connected with the famous dinner at the Victoria, which Mr. Whitney urged him to attend, during the campaign of 1892, were dramatically characteristic. I was told at the time by a prominent member of the National Committee that Mr. Whitney became alarmed at Tammany's lack of interest in the canvass. Mr. Cleveland was shrewdly clinging to the protective isolation of his summer home at Gray Gables, when Mr. Whitney let him know that it was important that he should put something into writing by way of a peace proposition, or pledge, which would so far satisfy the Tammany leaders as to get them to work for the candidate.

To this,—so I was informed,—Mr. Cleveland's reply was, that if the National Committee regarded such a written pledge from the candidate as a necessity, they, being well acquainted with the circumstances, must be right; and therefore he would gladly step aside so that they could

[1] See the August CENTURY for the first article "Grover Cleveland—A Record of Friendship." The letters of Mr. Cleveland are published with the permission of his executors.

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obtain a candidate who would make the required pledge!

As the resignation of the nominee was a thing not to be thought of, he was then asked if he would meet some of the Tammany leaders at dinner. Mr. Cleveland replied that he would meet any persons that the Committee thought it desirable for the candidate to meet. He thereupon came to New York and met at table his leading committeemen, with Mr. Croker and members of the Democratic machine. The next day one of the papers announced that at that dinner he had given entirely satisfactory assurances to Tammany Hall.

As it happened, I was walking down Broadway that evening with a friend, the Kentucky poet, Robert Burns Wilson, and thought I would drop in and introduce him to the ex-President. Seeing his private secretary, Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, in the hall at the top of the stairway, I told him my errand, and asked what was going on. When he informed me who were in council I said that I was sure I was not wanted; but he insisted upon announcing my name, when out came Mr. Cleveland, to spend some time in genial talk with the young Kentuckian. So when, next morning, I read the news of his surrender to Tammany Hall, I could not believe it, not only because it would be out of character, but because he was, when I saw him, far from having the air of a man who was doing something against his will and judgment.

Mr. Cleveland never told me just what happened; but I was told by one who was there that when a certain politician made the demand of a written pledge, Mr. Cleveland flamed up, and, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, declared that rather than do what was asked of him he would suffer damnation! At this, one of Mr. Cleveland's leading supporters "turned pale," thinking that it was "all up." After this unmistakable declaration of independence, Mr. Cleveland calmed down somewhat, and subsequently said that if he ever were President again he would not divide the party into personal friends and personal enemies, but would regard all alike and without partiality. It was this last statement to which the Tammany representatives clung, getting what comfort out of it they could. The course of events, in the ensuing administration, it may be added, showed that no embarrassing compact whatever was entered into by the candidate.

THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS LAST ELECTION

Now let us go forward to the eve of Mr. Cleveland's second election. I wonder if it ever happened with a candidate before, in our time, that such an evening should be passed without the presence of a single political associate, in the undisturbed privacy of home!

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, his devoted friend and physician, and myself were alone with him in his home on Fifty-first Street.[1] We sat a while chatting in Mr. Cleveland's library, till Dr. Bryant moved to go, when Mr. Cleveland suggested that we walk down to the doctor's house, then on Thirty-sixth Street, with him. On the way down Mr. Cleveland said little. When we turned to walk back to Fifty-first Street, I found him in a very solemn mood. I do not know how it happened, but we fell to talking about that dinner at the Victoria, when he was reported to have placed the New York appointments at the disposal of Tammany Hall.

As I knew better, I did not hesitate to remark: "I will tell you what I said to a friend of mine to-day: I told him that rather than know that Mr. Cleveland had done what was charged, I should prefer to be told that he was dead!" Quick as a flash, "That is right," came Mr. Cleveland's response. "What is a leader to us," I went on, "if he ceases to lead those who, in the cause of good government, have chosen him as their champion?" "You are right," again he exclaimed with warm sympathy and approval.

Then he added that no person had the right to give the details of that dinner, but if they could be fully told, no one would have reason to disapprove his part in the affair. He said, furthermore, that not to any person had explanation of the occurrence been made except to a certain prominent Republican, whom he named, one who had come out in his favor at the time of his defeat four years before.

[1] After Mr. Cleveland's residence of about three years at 816 Madison Avenue, he lived for a short time at 12 West Fifty-first Street. This house was next door to his friend Commodore E. C. Benedict. The house has since been remodeled inside and out.

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NOT WISHING TO DO "BOLD THINGS"

THAT memorable evening, in our talk, as we walked up Fifth Avenue, Mr. Cleveland said that if defeated the next day, it simply meant, so far as his personal comfort was concerned, that he would go back four years earlier to private life and the undisturbed happiness of his home. "If elected," he added, "there is one kind of thing I hope I will *not* have to do; I mean those 'bold things' that people sometimes talk about my doing." He exploded the phrase, "bold things," in a tone of contempt. Knowing the man, I answered: "I do not believe you can help it; the plainest, most commonplace act of honesty a man can perform sometimes looks to others like a stroke of courage."

"One thing I mean to do," he continued, "and that is to bring out some of those younger Southern men who have stood up for right measures." That he did give his confidence to many such men is now a matter of history.

Twenty-four hours after this quiet evening with the candidate, there was a gay and happy scene at his house on Fifty-first Street, where a few personal friends and their wives were gathered to learn the result of the election. Telegraphic instruments had been installed up-stairs by the two principal companies, and despatches were carried by a couple of boys, friends of the family, down to the ladies in the drawing-room. Mr. Cleveland was outwardly the least excited person in the house, although, early in the evening, it was evident that he had been reëlected to the Presidency overwhelmingly. Later in the evening, a number of political friends and associates connected with the management of the campaign came to the house, and at about midnight the cheering crowd in front of the house dispersed after a brief offhand address by the President-elect.

BETWEEN HIS SECOND ELECTION AND INAUGURATION

BETWEEN the time of his second election and his inauguration, Mr. Cleveland was in a hopeful and even elated state of mind. One evening one or two personal friends accompanied him to the Manhattan Club, in the old Stewart mansion, since replaced by the building of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. The rooms were crowded, and soon congratulatory speeches began. After a while, in came Mr. Croker, conducted by Mr. Whitney. Mr. Croker sat down opposite the President-elect. In the very face of the Tammany leader, Mr. Cleveland made a ringing speech condemnatory of the spoils system. Afterward Mr. Benedict and I walked home with him. He was in a very earnest mood. He said he believed there was a new feeling in the political atmosphere, and that a higher sense of public duty prevailed. I got the impression that he was encouraged to think, from something Mr. Croker had said, that even Tammany would not embarrass him very greatly with its demands.

When the writer has been asked whether he knew Mr. Croker, he has been constrained to answer that he enjoyed a winking acquaintance with that somewhat saturnine celebrity. This statement was based upon the fact that that very evening, while a partizan spellbinder was making the walls resound with his familiar flowery and perfervid oratory, Mr. Croker's somber countenance was turned toward the unknown guest and suddenly made expressive by an unmistakable contraction of the muscles about the right eye.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION

MR. CLEVELAND invited Mrs. Gilder and myself to accompany his party to Washington for his second inauguration. There was naturally a decided feeling of elation among those near to the new President, because of the popular vindication of his lonely and courageous stand, especially in the matter of sound money. Every one was in a hopeful mood—all the more so because there was so little realization of the painful political struggles inevitably approaching.

The weather was harsh, and the ceremonies put the President's physical endurance to a severe test. Notwithstanding the strain, the President was as fresh in the evening as any member of the little, intimate group that gathered in the White House library, just over the Blue Room. As we were sitting there quietly, there gradually stole upon some of us the suspicion that something was wrong. Upon investigation it was found that the electric

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light wires had set the silk covering of the east wall of the Blue Room on fire. A ladder was quickly brought and the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. The family and guests did not let the incident mar the pleasure of the evening, and no publicity was given to the occurrence.

A BURNING QUESTION

JUST before going to Washington the President said to me: "Don't you suppose that if I did exactly what you Civil Service Reform people want, in every particular, and should fail in the great, important measures of policy, and let the country go to the dogs on the currency, you people would be the first to say the President had no tact?" I replied that I thought it would not come to that—that he "would probably do both."

In the special train on the way to the inauguration, Mr. Cleveland said to me that nothing would please him more than immediately to take up matters of government and have all the appointments left to a commission; but he thought we were not ripe for that yet. He added that no one believed more completely than he in Civil Service Reform.

I am sure he intended from the beginning to take up the extension of the merit system, as he actually did, in due order. That was his idea: "One thing at a time": Repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchasing Law; Tariff Reform; Extension of Civil Service Reform. Independent leaders, like Carl Schurz, thought this a mistake; that to keep up the old system at this time was merely to log-roll for legislation, to "purchase votes by patronage." Whatever may be said in the way of criticism, and of the numerous appointments of "anti-Cleveland" men at the beginning of the second administration, I believe it was all in pursuance of the belief that this was the reasonable method—one reform at a time; no violent departure from political custom, thus creating at once an obstructive Congress.

In detail this policy sometimes led to unfortunate results. It may even, possibly, have been mistaken as a whole. It led to some things that were certainly repugnant to the views and tastes of Reformers. I am not intending any further defense than is implied in the record of the historic fact that Cleveland acted according to a well-considered plan, honestly adopted.

Mr. Schurz was out of sympathy with the method on grounds of general public policy, and with respect to the cause of "good government." He thought that to antagonize the politicians entirely was just as well as to antagonize them partly; and that a President's first duty was to administer and not to legislate. One of the President's former Cabinet officers, a Democrat of the Reform stamp, also took this ground, but was especially exercised as to the character of appointments, and what he thought to be the President's too great anxiety to recognize all branches of the party, including the worst sections of it.

Meantime the President thought that while he must be sure that those who supported him should not be proscribed, he also had a right to insist that those who opposed him should not be proscribed. He got to be somewhat annoyed by the constant iteration of the plea, "I was your friend," "I was always a Cleveland man," coming from applicants for office in every part of the country.

The following letter indicates his feeling on this subject, in the midst of the usual pressure for office preceding the inauguration:

"Lakewood N. J.
"Feby 18, 1893

". . . I wonder if I am to be called on to wade up to my ears in the political disturbances of all the States.

"I like my 'friends,' but if I am to be charged with the care of them in every locality and against all attacks, I shall certainly find no time to do anything else.

"But I suppose we shall manage it in some fashion.

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

The ex-secretary to whom I refer held that the question whether a Democrat should support Cleveland, or one of the opposing leaders in the party, was, to a great extent, a test of character. This Cleveland was slow to admit. As time went on, many of his appointees violently opposed almost every principle with which the Administration was identified, and I

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noticed that he began to feel that, his original enemies having in some localities got the lion's share of offices, it was no more than right to lean the other way during the last half of his term.

TILL TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

MR. JOSIAH QUINCY of Boston, who was looked upon as favorable to Civil Service Reform, was taken into the Administration as Assistant Secretary of State, apparently with a view of assisting in making whatever changes might be considered necessary in the consular service. It seemed as if the very fact that the work was done with characteristic Cleveland promptness and "strict attention to business" brought down upon Mr. Quincy's head the charge of having "looted the consular service."

It may have been, as some charged, that Mr. Quincy was "not a good judge of men." His advice may or may not have been wise in every instance,—I do not know,—but for the policy itself it seemed to me that if there were any blame, it should attach to the President and not to his assistant. This is the way that Mr. Cleveland himself looked upon it.

One night after the resignation of Mr. Quincy (he did not expect to remain in office) the President and I sat up till two o'clock in the morning talking over various matters, but especially the consular appointments. He went over the list, explaining in each case the reasons for retention or substitution. He told me that he had worked over these appointments personally with Mr. Quincy, and he thought the Assistant Secretary had acted with perfect honesty and good faith.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

IN the whole matter of the Civil Service I found myself in a somewhat embarrassing situation, owing to my connection with the reform movement on the one side, and my friendly relations, on the other, with the Chief Executive, whose action in regard to appointments did not always meet with the approval of my Civil Service Reform friends and associates.

I did not feel called upon to abuse the President's hospitality by direct and personal appeals, even in behalf of a reform in which I was very deeply interested. I naturally felt that my position on the subject being perfectly understood by him, whatever personal influence could do was being tacitly exerted; and besides I was sure he would somehow manage to set the reform well ahead.

Once when I was on my way to visit the President in Washington, I stopped over at Baltimore as a guest of the local Civil Service Association. There, before myself speaking, I listened to some pretty sharp criticism of the President for certain recent Maryland appointments. When it came my turn to speak I said that perhaps I had a keener sense than some others of the difficulties that beset well-meaning executives; but that if Mr. Cleveland did not, before the expiration of his Presidency, do more than any other President had yet done for Civil Service Reform, I should be "the most disappointed man in the United States."

While on this visit to the President I seized the opportunity of telling him about the Baltimore meeting, and repeated to him what I had said as to my expectations concerning his future action. With the greatest warmth he approved of this statement of faith, and this I took to be quite sufficient declaration of his intentions, and a virtual pledge that we should not be disappointed in regard to the final outcome.

With definite intention, also, I repeated to him what I had recently said to Mr. Schurz, namely, that I believed that just as Mr. Lincoln "got even" with Carl Schurz in regard to the latter's letter of criticism of Lincoln's attitude in relation to slavery, by issuing his Emancipation Proclamation, so Mr. Cleveland would answer the criticisms of the same Carl Schurz by greatly extending the merit system in the Civil Service!

Mr. Cleveland, on hearing this, heartily exclaimed, "You are right!" And again I felt that a complete promise had been given—a promise thoroughly fulfilled when, later, the wide extensions of the rules were made, signalizing the largest advance that had been accomplished in the progress of the reform.

IN TIME OF STRESS

IN the fall of 1894, at the close of a visit at Gray Gables, and just as I was leaving

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the house to take the train for home, I quoted a word of criticism or suggestion from Mr. Schurz, President of the Civil Service Reform League. I fear I chose a very unfortunate moment for this second-hand "advice," as it was a time when the President was under very great strain. He was hurt by my quotation, and made a remark about the advisability of resigning and letting some of us, including Mr. Schurz, run the government. This was the only time in our acquaintance when he showed irritation at anything I said or wrote to him, and I mention the incident now because the letter I received immediately after my departure is so touchingly characteristic:

"Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
"Oct 12, 1894

"My dear Mr. Gilder

"From something —— said to me, I fear, as much as fear can displace astonishment, that you went away from here feeling uncomfortable on account of my very poor joke about the Stevenson Cabinet.

"My position is such a grievous one and my work is so altogether gloomy, that I suppose I never ought to attempt pleasantry.

"You will perhaps consider my privilege of saying things quite direct about the Democratic party. Concerning that party as represented by its organization in the State of New York and perhaps in other quarters, I said that the logical thing for me to do, if I were to be in agreement with the conduct of that organization, was to resign and hand the executive branch to Mr. Stevenson; and then to relieve this statement of seriousness, I committed the great indiscretion of attempting a joke by saying that when the contingency arose I would try to get you a place in the new Cabinet.

"I am very sorry and will steer clear of rocks of that kind in the future.

"I hope it is not necessary for me to assure you how much I am comforted by your constant and disinterested friendship and how much I am encouraged, or at least saved from utter discouragement, by any approval I am able to win from you and men like you. I know too there is a God but I do not know his purposes, nor when their results will appear. I know the clouds will roll away, but I do not know who, before that time, will be drowned in their floods.

"Yours most sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

CLOSE AT HAND

Cleveland's Second Administration was crowded with issues to meet which required all the fortitude of a strong nature. Early in the Administration occurred the complication of ill health, which made the strain greatly harder to bear. The repeal of the Sherman Silver Act was not accomplished without tremendous effort in which the President was the dominating influence. The Wilson Bill reducing the tariff was, in detail, so great a disappointment that the President let it become a law without his signature. The repression of the prolonged riot at Chicago; the arresting of financial disaster by the bond issues; the complication with Great Britain in the Venezuelan matter; the negotiation of an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, which failed of confirmation by the Senate; the constant fight with the spoilsmen; and the drift of the President's party away from what he considered sound financial policies—these, and many minor troubles, were a great draft upon the courage, resolution, and endurance of a conscientious Chief Executive. Many of the President's larger achievements during this period have already been warmly approved not only by his political supporters, but by succeeding Presidents of the opposite party. The impression made close at hand, by the attitude and aims of President Cleveland, are reflected in the following letter written by me from the White House in the winter of 1894:

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"2d February, 1894

"My dear R. U. J.

" . . . I have spent many hours with the President alone, driving; and have besides seen a great deal of him in the house. From others, as well as himself, I have learned details of the struggle in relation to silver—showing the tremendous moral force he put forth successfully at that time in behalf of what we believe to have been the right issue. His health

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MRS. CLEVELAND IN "THE STUDIO," AT MARION, 1887

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MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND AND COMMODORE BENEDICT
ON THE STEAM-YACHT *ONEIDA*

The hospitable *Oneida*, on one of whose cruises the Players Club was originated, was for years at the disposal of Mr. Cleveland and his family.

and spirits are both better than they are supposed to be; the former entirely satisfactory, the latter showing the immense power of resistance inherent in a nature convinced that aims and conscience are right—even if the judgment may be consciously subject to correction.

"I am fortified in my faith that along the general lines of Civil Service Reform he is acting up to a sincere policy—whether right or not as to methods—*i.e.* whether right as to times and seasons or not. I do not find the petulance that is charged, or unreasonableness; but a most solemn and earnest conviction of duty and of terrible responsibility. Of such a man, in such harassing circumstances, it is unfair to judge hastily. We must look at the large results and it is too early yet to judge of these. Already people are beginning to forget that it was one man, against tremendous odds and a dangerous plot, that bended his back and lifted the silver load off the country."

"TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS"

IN February, 1895, I went to Washington, under the weather, for a little vacation. The President made me leave the hotel and come over to the White House, where I was nursed and doctored. I remained there for several days convalescing, and detained by a blizzard which

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interrupted communication with New York. Their guest's birthday thus arriving in the midst of blizzards and bond-issues, an impromptu celebration was gotten up for him, with cakes and candles. It was at a time when a financial panic was threatened and resort had already been taken to the issue of large blocks of bonds by the Government. I found the President in a most anxious state of mind.

On Tuesday evening, February 5, I was invited to accompany the Presidential family to a Cabinet dinner at the house of Postmaster General Bissell. After going out with the ladies, I remarked to Colonel Lamont, then Secretary of War, that I thought I had better not return with the men to the dining-room, as there might be some confidential business on hand. He, however, insisted upon my coming back, and in a moment I found myself present at an important Cabinet meeting. The President was seated at the head of the table, with the Secretary of the Treasury at his left hand. He asked a few questions as to what had been done in Congress that day; exclaimed, "That don't help us!" and, with a look of resolution on his face which I shall never forget, he brought his fist down on the table, and said, "I believe in taking the bull by the horns!" adding that he favored coming out that week with an issue of bonds of so many millions. There was immediately general acquiescence, whereupon the Cabinet meeting was over.

The next day the President joked me about being present at a Cabinet meeting. "We did n't swear you in, last night," he said; "you have a good chance to make a pile of money in Wall Street!" To which I replied: "I know that, very well, and am studying how to go about it!"

GLIMPSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND WOODLEY

ONE springtime night, during the Second Administration, Mrs. Gilder and I arrived late in Washington on our way to visit the President's family at Woodley, his then out-of-town home. We expected to stay all night at the hotel and go out to Woodley the next morning. But we were met by William Sinclair, the White House steward, and told that we were to spend the night at the Executive Mansion.

It was a balmy night. The White House gardens were odorous; it was like summer. The cool white mattings were down, and the stately old house, in the mysterious and lovely moonlight, was more beautiful and noble than ever. We had never before been there in the absence of the family, and it was a strange experience—all the more strange because on the train, coming down to Washington, we

STARTING FOR A DAY OF FISHING

This little steamer on lakes Wakeby and Mashpee was used by Mr. Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MRS. CLEVELAND WITH HER DAUGHTERS RUTH (AT THE RIGHT) AND ESTHER

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happened to have been reading "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The next morning, Sunday, I went into the vacant office of the Private Secretary, Mr. Thurber, and left there a proclamation to the effect that, having arrived at the seat of government and at the Mansion provided by the nation for its Chief Magistrate, and having found the place deserted, I thereby assumed the reins of government, and forthwith proceeded to issue my first command,—of a nature personal to the secretary.

We remained several days at Woodley, one of the best situated and most dignified of the old residences in the vicinity of Washington, now the home of Senator Newlands. I made at the time this note:

"It was most charming there. The purple and the white lilacs were in bloom; and, at night, the moon on the flowers, bushes, trees, and distant landscape was like a dream. The view—past the great near trees and the forests—far over Washington, with the Monument and Capitol in view, and the winding Potomac beyond, was one of the stateliest and most satisfying I ever beheld. The spring trees, with their light, firm drawing and gentle leafage, gave every prospect a peculiar tenderness and charm. The affectionate family life there; a care-encumbered but happy father and devoted husband; a wife and mother most motherly, and with a distinguished beauty; the two handsome and attractive children—all in this ideal setting, and with the feeling of imperial power exercised with conscience and right-mindedness upon a mighty nation; the coming and going of women and men, some of high importance; the privacy, dignity, and grace of it all, were most interesting and delightful."

TALKS WITH THE PRESIDENT

FROM notes of conversation with the President I take the following: "I had many hours of most interesting talk with the President, at Woodley, at the White House, and driving in and out of town; about the currency, appointments, Civil Service, and other subjects. The President read me the letter from Governor Stone of Mississippi.[1] He said the reception of that letter seemed to him providential. He believed there was a Providence in such things. He had seen, on the whole, an admirable public utterance by Stone on the currency. Soon after this came the letter complaining (with a good deal of justice, the President thought) about the Mississippi appointments of men who were opposed to every policy of the Administration. This gave him the opportunity to write a letter to a Democrat in favor of sound money, and showing the bad policy of giving such a vantage-ground to the enemy.

"Mr. Cleveland said he had now done his whole duty in this matter and he did not expect to keep on making public statements on the subject. He would, of course, be charged with breaking up the party; but the silver money men began it, and he had only done what was right.

"I said that of course they would accuse him of disrupting the party, but that the leaders of the Democracy like Fairchild and Governor Russell, felt that his record was about all there was that would save the party in the historical continuity of principles; they thought that the only hope was to rally the party, in the future, to the sound views of their Democratic President."

CIVIL SERVICE– VENEZUELA—CUBA—A THIRD TERM

I PAID the Clevelands two visits in the fall of 1895—one at Gray Gables, the other at Woodley. The President told me, at Woodley, that by the time this Administration was through, about every office that could be put under Civil Service rules would be placed thereunder. We talked a good deal about jingoism, and both of us with great contempt for the hectoring attitude toward foreign countries. Knowing his sentiments on the subject, I felt assured when I heard, later, when abroad, of the message concerning Venezuela, that it was not dictated by the jingo spirit, but that his action was honestly arrived at, and all the more sincerely on account of the President's general sentiment against jingoism. I quote from my notes:

"With the President from Friday 31st July, 1896, until Tuesday, 4th August, fishing at Peter's Pond; also off Wareham

[1] See "The Public Papers of Grover Cleveland," letter to Hon. J. M. Stone, April 26, 1895.

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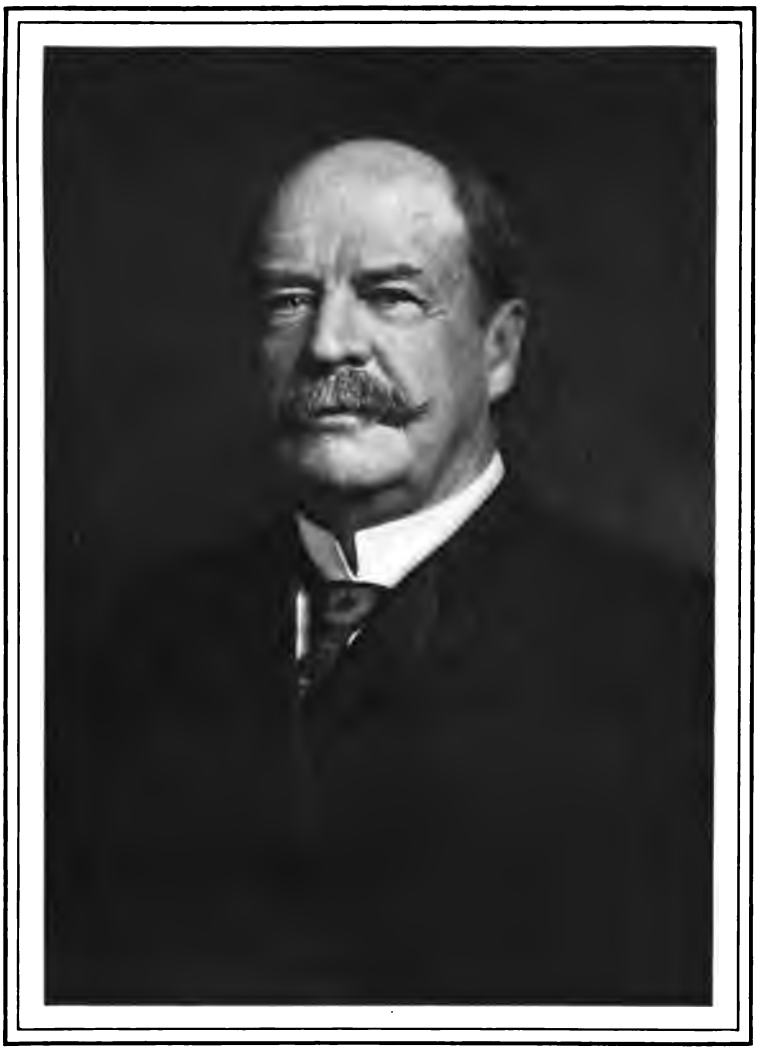

From a photograph by Pach Bros.

DR. JOSEPH D. BRYANT

on Monday. We came back from Mashpee on Saturday night to Gray Gables. Monday night, the 3d, had an interesting talk, especially about Cuba. He told me of the visit of the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He asked them why they did not acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents if they thought it wise; the Congress had the power to bring about war; it would be the duty of the Executive to obey. Oh, no, they did not wish that; then he explained how the Executive had pushed the American demands as to damages, treatment of prisoners claiming American protection, and the like. He thought they went away content, after seeing the actual difficulties, to let the matter remain in the hands of the Executive.

"The President went on to tell me all the difficulties of the position. He was willing to go a great way in insisting upon humanity—in fact, he feared there were some outrages on both sides, if the truth were known. But in a general way he felt it incumbent upon him to be extremely careful, as the public mind seemed to be in an inflammable state and a spark might kindle a conflagration. He said there seemed to be an epidemic of insanity in the country just at this time.

"One day we were discussing the

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chances of international arbitration. He said that we would have it soon, unless Salisbury prevented it.

"With regard to the third term, the President said that there was never a time when he would have accepted the third term even if it could have been given to him without an election. He did not decline, because it was not offered to him. Nevertheless, on two different occasions, he came near making an opportunity and writing a letter giving his sentiments, but finally concluded not to do so. He said that in all his consultations he was not advised to do so. He had one talk, for instance, with Colonel A. K. McClure, in which the colonel at first thought he had better, and afterward changed his mind during the conversation. I asked the President's secretary whether any prominent person, who had the right to ask, had written to the President desiring to know his mind on the subject, and he said that no one had. I also asked the secretary whether there was any movement around any person, with which movement the President's non-action might be supposed to interfere. He said there was not such a movement.

"As to the Bryan convention and the free-silver craze, the President said he might have an opportunity of calling attention to the Chicago platform and asking Democrats whether they found it to represent the real principles of Democracy."

"THE WHOLE BARREL IS GOING!"

IN the winter of 1897 I had several long talks with the President in the White House, till one o'clock,—once till nearly half-past two,—in the morning, always leaving him fresh and still going on with his work. I quote from my notes:

"He said that there was less disinterestedness in Congress now than there was twelve years ago. It seemed to be no use for him to call attention to the lavish expenditure of public money; his vetoes were almost always overridden as soon as they could get at them. They seemed to be going through the old pension list and increasing former pensions at a fearful rate. He thought he might have a calculation made as to where this would land us. 'Don't the American people see how their money is going? It is n't "out at the bung"—the whole barrel is going.'

THE ARBITRATION TREATY THAT FAILED

"HE went over the matter of the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. He said it had been all done (so far as the negotiations went between the contesting parties) in such a good spirit. It had been educational. It was the Lord's own mercy that the matter had been placed in Pauncefote's hands. Pauncefote was very much in earnest about it. They had gradually, through Pauncefote, brought Salisbury to their way of thinking;—the cable had been used a good deal. It would put us in a very bad light before the world if it should be thrown out; but he had had no real confidence in its ratification by the Senate from the beginning. At one time he had thought of saying so publicly, thinking that perhaps the Senate would in that case be more likely to take a favorable view of it—and then he thought better of it—concluded it would be dangerous to fool with the thing in that way.

GENERAL SHERIDAN—THE PRESIDENT'S TONE

"ONE night he went over the whole Chicago riot matter—apropos of Miles and Schofield. . . . Once when there was trouble with the Indians he said to Sheridan that he would feel better if he were on the spot, and Sheridan said he would go. 'When can you go?' said the President. 'I will start to-night,' said Sheridan, and he did. Sheridan, he said, made an excellent report, which bore excellent fruit.

"The President seems as much interested in the present and the immediate future of the country as ever. He thinks the sound money propaganda should be kept up with vigor, especially in the South. He talked a great deal about this and, in arranging for his own next public appearance in New York in response to invitations, he evidently wished to help along the cause as much as possible.

"There is, as usual, a great contrast between the President's tone and that of most of the public men,—or private citizens for the matter of that,—whom one meets in Washington. Cynicism and indifference prevail. But ever since I first

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MRS. CLEVELAND IN THE WHITE HOUSE

This photograph was taken during Mr. Cleveland's first term. It shows Mrs. Cleveland at the west end of the open hallway on the second floor of the White House. This sitting-room was the center of the domestic life of President Cleveland's family.

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talked with him here in the White House, ten or eleven years ago, I have found the same intensity of interest in the best things, —and the same surprise at not being met more cordially in the attempt to serve the country in a disinterested spirit. He is strenuous and combative, when he thinks he is right, in *action*, but not in personal tone toward those whom he meets; he may be firm with them, but tries to win by appeals to fairness, to duty, and to reason. He is himself reasonable and open to conviction—and is always rather inclined to take an optimistic view from his faith in 'the people,' and his conviction that all honest men ought to agree in patriotic spirit if not in detail as to methods."

LETTERS FROM AN ANXIOUS EXECUTIVE

QUOTATIONS from letters of Mr. Cleveland written during his second term give an indication of the heavy burdens he was carrying, which, indeed, all Presidents must carry:

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"Oct 8, 1893

"MY DEAR GILDER

". . . I am suffering many perplexities and troubles and this term of the Presidency has cost me so much health and vigor that I have sometimes doubted if I could carry the burden to the end. My determination is to live and I believe God has put the belief in my mind that I can still be of use to my country.

"Whatever happens I am grateful and happy in my home. Mrs Cleveland and both children are as well as they can be.

"With much love to Mrs Gilder and the children and especial remembrances to my friend George—I am

"Yours most sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"Jan 4, 1894

". . . I am thinking these days that I have my full share of perplexities—indeed I am never without them—and I am also thinking that they can be met in but one way and that is by keeping the heart and conscience right and following their lead. But I must not preach. . . .

"Your sincere friend
"Grover Cleveland"

"Executive Mansion, Washington
"May 3, 1894

". . . I thank you too for the opportunity to read the forthcoming article on the Consular Service. Nobody would be better pleased than I to see it reasonably hedged about.

"We are getting on pretty well. In the sphere of public affairs I feel that I have my full share of trouble and perplexity but I have never lost hope and have never doubted that the end would compensate for all. This will certainly be so and even to-day the clear sky is showing.

"The American people ought to have learned a valuable lesson. I don't know whether they have or not.

"I wonder if a *true* history of the last fourteen months will ever be written. It is crammed full of instructive things. . . .

Your sincere friend
"Grover Cleveland"

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"Dec 26, 1894

". . . I hope in days to come we may together explore the nooks of my lunch basket, on the shore of Peter's Pond or in some other care-free spot.

"I am so depressed during these days that the thought of my lack of deserving any thought of my friends is strangely mixed with the gratification caused by the evidence that you *have* thought of me.

"I am sure I never was more completely in the right path of duty than I am now and more sure I never did better public service than now; but it is depressing enough to have no encouragement from any quarter.

"I believe I shall hold out, but I doubt if I shall advise any one to lose the support of party in the hope of finding support among those who beyond partizanship profess a patriotic desire for good government.

"I want now to live until my task, undertaken to suit good people, is done and until your work for the public good is also done; and then I want to see much of you and such as you.

"Will you give my love to Mrs Gilder and the children and believe me

"Yours very sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

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GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL AS SPORTSMAN

Mr. F. G. Webster is at the left. This photograph was taken by Mr. Harry Dutton at Owl's Nest Camp, on Jenkins Pond, near Falmouth, Massachusetts.

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"March 23, 1895

". . . As day after day passes, full of trouble and annoyances with such small surface results, I find myself again and again saying 'How flat, stale and unprofitable.'

"If occasional words of encouragement did not reach me like a breath of fresh air in this dreadful atmosphere, I would be in danger of sinking into a condition of mere anxiety for my release from the things that surround me here.

"But two years more will quickly pass.

"I hope you will make it your business to secure for yourself a good holiday this summer. It 's one of the things you need. I am looking forward to the first of June as the time I hope my vacation will begin. . . . Sincerely yours

"Grover Cleveland"

"Gray Gables. Buzzards Bay. Mass.
"July 20, 1896

"I see you are having considerable to say about over-crowded houses [1] since your return from abroad. There 's a house up here which is not over-crowded but which I think you should examine. Indeed I shall not feel safe and comfortable until you do.

[1] Referring to tenement-house work.

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"I have supposed of course you would be up and have been expecting some intimation from you on the subject, though I supposed for awhile after your return to the country, you would submit to the 'demnition grind' of waiting work.

"I think now however it is about time for you to bust the harness and cut for Buzzards Bay air. . . .

"I am just about starting to attend Ex-Gov Russell's funeral. What a loss! There are few men in the country who it seems to me could not have been better spared.

"Mrs. Cleveland and her mother who is with us send affectionate remembrances. Our youngest—a year old a few days ago—just proudly trotted past my window.

"Yours very sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

The note of disappointment and despondency in some of the letters above was by no means constant. I have never seen such care in a human face as I have seen in his at times of harassing and overwhelming pressure. But President Cleveland had the strong man's love of action; and the most perplexing situations often led him to his most pronounced and successful decisions—decisions which now and again brought to him lasting satisfaction and wide-spread acclaim. His fishing and hunting excursions, while entered upon with appetite, were also considered by him a duty; for it was only on these little vacations that he was able to obtain the exercise, and release from mental strain, that kept him alive, and made him capable of the application which was a habit as well as a matter of conscience with him. I have heard him say that while on the water he could cast his public cares aside, but they would come crushing down upon him the moment he put his foot on dry land.

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CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER PRESIDENT McKINLEY EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

MR. McKINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

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Drawn by Harry Fenn

"RIVERSIDE," THE L. B. MOORE FARM-HOUSE AT TYRINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
Here Mr. Cleveland's family spent the summer of 1901.

THE OTHER END OF THE HOUSE—APPRECIATION OF FRIENDSHIP—MR. SCHURZ A HARD MASTER

DURING the second term he had a little family about him, and this was a never-ending source of refreshment. Often, in trying times, he would answer inquiries as to the welfare of his family with the remark: "They are as well as they can be. It is this end of the house that troubles me. If things should go wrong at the other end I would feel like quitting the place for good."

The following letter was written apropos of a paper entitled, "Our Fellow-Citizen of the White House," which was being prepared by Mr. Clarence C. Buel, Assistant Editor, for the March, 1897, number of THE CENTURY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"Dec 27, 1896

"MY DEAR MR. GILDER

". . . Of all men in the world you know best that I do honestly try to 'keep the compass true,' and I am convinced that you appreciate better than others, how misleading the fogs sometimes are. I frequently think what a glorious boon omniscience would be to one charged with the Chief Magistracy of our nation.

"I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart, for this last, of many, proofs of your friendship, and assure you of the comfort and encouragement it has been to me. I should be afflicted if my barometer ever indicated anything but 'clear weather' in our relations.

"I have been afraid sometimes since I left you here a week ago, that you might not feel like bothering us too much in the preparation of the article you had in proof. I want to say to you that you must draw on us to any extent you desire, to make the article suit you. Of course your magazine instinct fits you to judge as to the items that will interest readers but you must understand that everything, personal or otherwise, that would be at all suitable for such publication is at your disposal. For example I have been sometimes surprised and irritated by the accusation or intimation that I lacked in appreciation of friendship and did not recognize sufficiently what others did for me. Of course this is as far from the truth as it can be and can only have its rise in a refusal on my part to compensate friends by misappropriation from the trust funds of public duty. To

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this I plead guilty on many charges; but no one is more delighted than I when friendship and public duty travel in the same way. . . .

"Having made these suggestions I am so impressed that they are useless and foolish that I feel like telling you to utterly disregard them, except as they indicate my willingness to do anything you wish in the business. . . .

"I was delighted in my late interview with Mr. Schurz to see that he had recovered from his Venezuelan scare and was quite satisfied apparently with the Civil Service reform situation. He is a good and useful man and I am always pleased to have him friendly, but as I told him once, he is 'a hard master.' I only hope he will gain the best information attainable and be just. I know he will try to be.

"This is a horribly long letter. . . .

"Sincerely your friend

"Grover Cleveland"

WHAT PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SAID TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, AND SPEAKER REED

ONE of the most strangely interesting things that can happen in a country like ours is the private meeting and conversation between an outgoing and an incoming President. No President has had two talks with successors except Cleveland. He told me that, at the time of McKinley's inauguration, he said to the new President that he hoped that his administration would be successful, and that he would not have so many reasons as he (Cleveland) to feel glad when he came to go out. At this Mr. McKinley was most sympathetic, saying that Mr. Cleveland's place in history was assured.

At the time of the Dingley high tariff Bill Mr. Cleveland told me as follows;—I quote from my notes:

"Just as they parted, Mr. McKinley thanked him most warmly for all he had done to make things smooth for him, and said: 'Now, Mr. Cleveland, is n't there something you would like me to do for you?' Mr. Cleveland thanked him and replied: 'No, Mr. President, there is nothing that I want personally; but I beg you to remember that the time may come again when it will be necessary for another union of the forces which supported honest money, against this accursed heresy; and for this reason I ask you to use all your influence against any such extreme action as would prevent such a union.'

"McKinley replied that he fully appreciated the danger and the necessity; and that he had already begun to act in that direction in the make-up of his cabinet. Cleveland said they were both very much moved, and both spoke with a great deal of feeling. This was their last conversation.

"Cleveland had had a conversation with Speaker Reed on the same subject. Cleveland said that there had never been greater patriotism shown than that of the honest-money Democrats in the last election. Reed said he had acknowledged that in his speeches. Cleveland added that it was very important to keep in mind that something might occur that would confront us with the same or greater danger again in four years. For this reason there should be no extreme treatment of the tariff question. He would be in favor of a tax on beer, for instance. Reed said that would be dangerous politically. Cleveland acknowledged that, but how if the responsibility were divided politically? Reed said: 'Oh, give us good times, and all will come out right.' "

(To be continued)

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE QUARTER STRETCH AT THE COUNTY FAIR. DRAWN BY H. M. BRETT

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST AQUEDUCT

WATER FROM THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK

BY ALFRED DOUGLAS FLINN

Engineer, Headquarters Department, of the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York

THE Catskill Mountain water system being constructed for New York City is one of the most notable engineering enterprises ever undertaken. Ranking with the inter-oceanic canals at Suez and Panama, the Assuan irrigation works in Egypt, and the projects which are converting western America's arid wastes into fruitful fields, the Catskill aqueduct, with its tributary reservoirs, probably surpasses any one of them in the variety of problems to be solved. Although undertaken by a municipality, these works in magnitude and cost compare with national enterprises.

Imperial Rome's longest aqueduct was fifty-seven miles in length; the Catskill aqueduct will be ninety-two miles long. Rome, with hordes of laborers from conquered domains, carried its aqueducts at the hydraulic gradient across valleys on imposing masonry arches. Modern explosives and rock-drills enable New York to tunnel in solid rock beneath valleys and rivers, avoiding masonry, which is now expensive, and which is likely to suffer in New York's severer climate.—THE EDITOR.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN water, gathered from brooks that have been fed by melting snows and copious rains, and have tumbled over rocky slopes into the streams of the mountain valleys, will in a few years be served to the inhabitants of New York City. The project ranks as the greatest municipal water-supply enterprise ever undertaken, and as an engineering work is probably second only to the Panama Canal. The need of the water is much greater than is realized by a majority of the citizens or by the guardians of their interests.

Nothing can so quickly and completely disorganize the complex activities of a modern community as a shortage of suitable water; no single agency can so rapidly spread disease and death as a polluted water-supply. For several years New York has been using more water than its sources of supply can safely be depended upon to furnish in a series of dry years, such as have occurred within the memory of men who have scarcely reached middle age. Continuing years of abundant rainfall have masked the danger to which engineers have repeatedly called attention.

In 1905, as the result of a movement promoted by civic bodies in the days of Mayor Van Wyck and Mayor Low, a bill was introduced into the legislature, on the initiative of Mayor McClellan, which, becoming a law, enabled the city to start new systems of water-supply that, with the already existing permanent works, should ultimately give New York the best and largest water-supply ever known.

As thousands of water-wise Americans know, New York City ("old New York") has used Croton River water for more than two generations. Similarly from the Ridgewood system of wells, streams, and reservoirs, Brooklyn has drawn its supply, often scanty. Approximately five hundred million gallons of

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VIEW, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE WEST POINT WATER BATTERY, OF THE HUDSON BETWEEN STORM KING (ON THE LEFT) AND BREAKNECK, WITH VERTICAL SECTION OF THE AQUEDUCT TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER

The rock-bed of the Hudson is indicated by R, R; S is the body of sediment between the river current and the rock-bed; W, the black line indicating varying depth of river water; A, B, aqueduct tunnel emerging from Storm King; B, C, tunnel shaft now being sunk from the shore of Storm King; C, D, aqueduct tunnel about half a mile long to be bored in solid rock twelve hundred feet below the surface of the river; D, E, tunnel shaft now being sunk from the shore of Breakneck; E, F, G, H, continuation of the aqueduct tunnel into Breakneck, with a rise to flow-level, whence the aqueduct will proceed to the enlarged Kensico reservoir.

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water are consumed by the metropolis every day, a stream which would flow hip-deep between the buildings in Fifth Avenue's fashionable shopping district at a comfortable walking pace. For every man, woman, and child this allows a daily average of 125 gallons. Or, to put it still another way, for all domestic, manufacturing, and public purposes New York uses every day water which weighs about eight times as much as its population.

Compared with the 130, 140, 200, 220, and 320 gallons used every day for every person in several large American cities, New York's allowance is moderate, especially when one recalls the character of business and the methods of living which prevail in the metropolis. Liberal, even lavish, domestic use of water is not waste. The very necessities of life demand that there should be a maximum supply, in order to provide for the average demand for the individual. The word "waste" should be properly interpreted. Its use in writing about water-supply has been unfortunate, for it has been employed both technically and popularly to characterize quite different conditions in the economy of water. To let a dozen glassfuls flow from a faucet in order to get one cool draft is not waste so long as this is the least expensive way to get cool water. In a broad sense, to permit water to flow from the faucets through cold winter nights is not waste so long as this is the least expensive way to protect one's plumbing fixtures. To allow even large volumes of water to spill over the lowest dam of a watershed is in no sense waste when the city has already taken from the stream all that it can use, or when the saving of occasional discharges of this sort would cost more than to get the same quantity of water, of equal or better quality, from another stream. Doubtless some water is carelessly or wantonly wasted in New York City, but not nearly so much as some persons assume. Waste should be discouraged and curtailed, but waste of water can no more be wholly prevented than the waste of energy and time. But if all the waste which it would be reasonably practicable to stop ceased, New York would still require more water-works to provide beyond peradventure for present needs and future growth.

Croton River drains into New York's reservoirs the water of 360 square miles of forest and farm, and can safely furnish about 336,000,000 gallons daily. Two aqueducts, one thirty-four miles long, built in 1842, and having a daily capacity of 80,000,000 gallons, and the other thirty-two miles long, built in 1891, and having a capacity of 300,000,000 gallons, bring this water to the city. To procure 500,000,000 gallons of Catskill Mountain water daily, over 600 square miles of mountain and meadow will be brought under tribute, several large reservoirs created, and an aqueduct ninety-two miles long built, with many miles of conduits within the city limits.

The extent of these existing and proposed works is not readily to be comprehended even when reduced to the common money measure. For the portion of the Catskill works needed to bring into the city every day unfailingly 500 million gallons an expenditure of $162,000,000 is estimated. But these disbursements will be spread over many years, and the burden will not fall heavily, except for possible temporary difficulties in raising ready money for construction payments. Indeed, the cost of water for every person will be on the average less than one cent per day. Furthermore, these water-works, well managed, will not only pay interest on the investment and cost of operation, but in a relatively few years will pay the capital cost. It is reasonable to believe that the works will be as permanent as those of Rome.

Because of its antiquity and impressive ruins, the water-supply of ancient Rome is doubtless the most famous in the world. In 97 A. D. the imperial city had no fewer than nine aqueducts, with an aggregate length of 263 miles; but if the water that all those aqueducts could carry (estimated at 84,000,000 gallons per day) were put into New York's Catskill aqueduct, it would rise only to the height of about three feet and three inches.

In the angle of the State west of the Hudson and south of the Mohawk are hundreds of square miles of territory partly forested, but in the main little cultivated and sparsely populated. From time to time the large timber has been cut; the farms have depreciated. From the hills tens of thousands of square feet of bluestone have been quarried for sidewalks,

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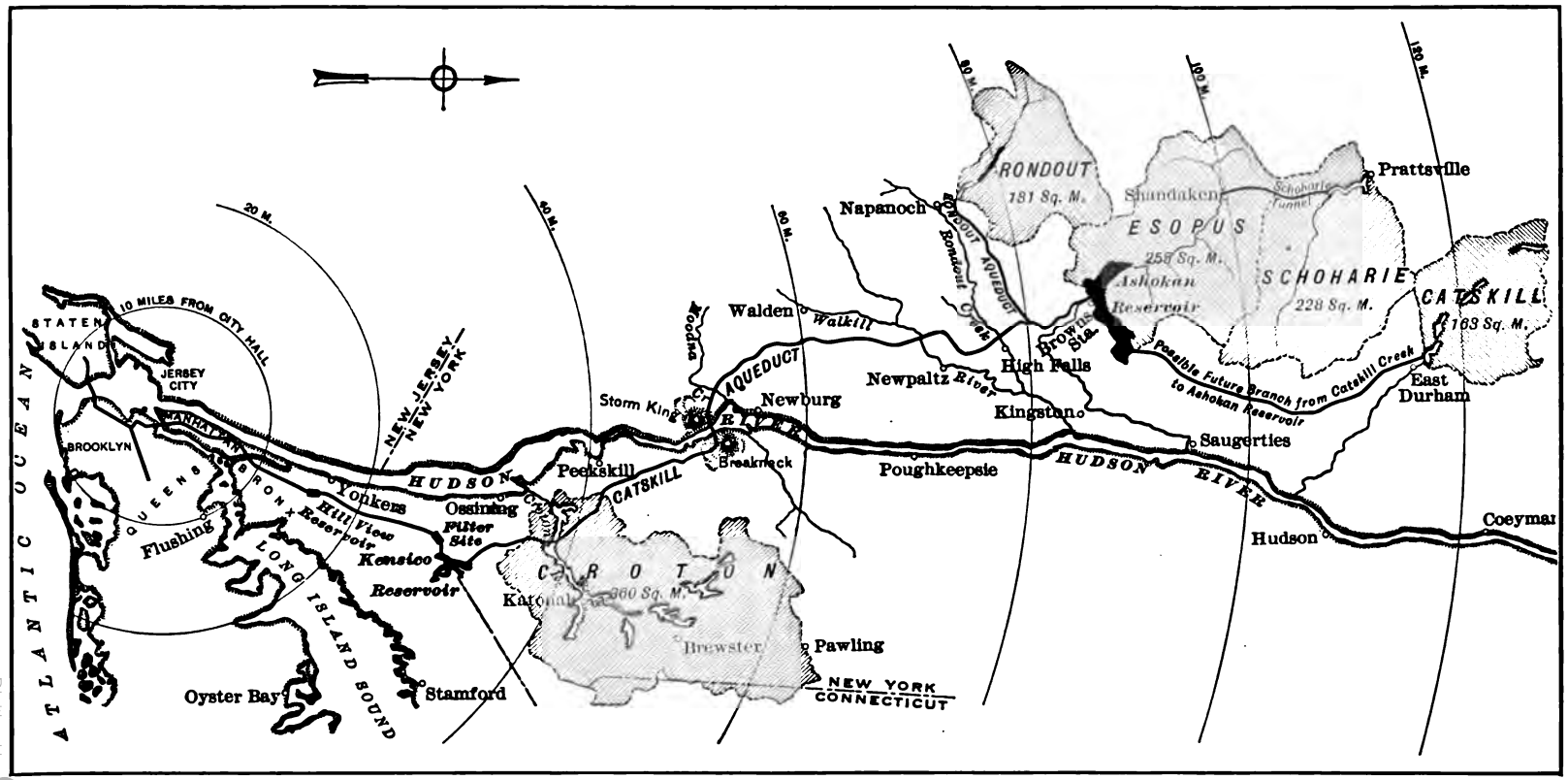

MAP OF THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT SYSTEM

The shaded sections west of the Hudson indicate the watersheds which will fill the Ashokan and other reservoirs. At Storm King a tunnel aqueduct will pass under the river to Breakneck; thence the aqueduct will cross the southwest corner of the Croton watershed to the enlarged Kensico reservoir, south of which is shown the site for the filters, and farther on the great equalizing Hill View reservoir.

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but within twenty years even this industry has been almost supplanted by the use of Portland cement concrete. There remain the bracing air, the attractive scenery, and the abundant rainfall; and thousands of holiday-seekers flock thither. Their entertainment now constitutes the most profitable business of the region, and will not be interfered with by the project. The city, therefore, is not destroying large commercial or agricultural industries, but is simply making the highest use of one of the principal resources of the region, its water.

After repeated investigations, the most thorough of which were those of the Burr-Hering-Freeman commission, eminent engineers appointed by Mayor Low in 1902, several large streams in the Catskills were selected for successive development as needed. Esopus Creek, above the best dam site, has a drainage area of 257 square miles; Rondout Creek has a useful watershed of 131 square miles; above the selected point of diversion, Schoharie Creek drains 228 square miles; and 142 square miles of the basin of Catskill Creek can be utilized. Thus, with the addition of several minor streams, a total water-gathering area of 885 square miles has been found, which, it is conservatively estimated, will yield even in a series of dry years about 770 million gallons daily. These waters are all of exceptionally high quality, and, barring Catskill Creek, are remarkably soft. In this respect even the latter suffers only by comparison with the unusual softness of the others.

Although turbulent torrents of great volume rush through the gorges of these mountain creeks in flood-time, in late summer the streams could all be run through a four-foot pipe, one of the street mains of a large city. But a great community does not use water in any such irregular fashion, and nature must be regulated to meet the necessities of man. The flow must be controlled, so that flood excesses may supplement drought deficiencies. Great impounding, or gathering, reservoirs are the means which engineers employ to this end. In the Catskill scheme eight large impounding reservoirs are contemplated, of which the first to be constructed, and by far the greatest, is the Ashokan reservoir on the Esopus. In the southeastern corner of this mountain region geologic forces have provided a great basin in which can be stored not only the waters of the Esopus, but also part of the water of the other streams. Through one of the ridges a tunnel aqueduct ten miles long will bring in the Schoharie contribution, while the Catskill Creek water will flow through an arched masonry conduit, to be built mostly in trench along the eastern slopes of the mountains for thirty-two miles. From the Ashokan reservoir the main aqueduct, called the Catskill aqueduct, will convey the water to the northern boundary of New York City. Into this aqueduct, about six miles below its starting-point, a branch aqueduct will bring the water from Rondout Creek.

But what is an aqueduct? How large is this one? If the curious inquirer will visit Peekskill, New Paltz, or High Falls, where construction is in progress, he will come upon a great trench, in some places thirty feet wide at the bottom, with steam shovels, rock-crushers, concrete-mixers, and hundreds of men and horses at work. Here and there stretches of concave concrete paving have been laid in the bottom of the trench. Elsewhere this paving is being covered by a large concrete arch, thus forming a great tube, or conduit, shaped something like a horseshoe, seventeen feet high and seventeen and a half feet wide inside.

Over this concrete conduit, wherever it is not wholly buried by the depth of the trench, an embankment of earth will be built, except where the trench is mostly through rock, where the bank will be made partly of the rock fragments. Through this aqueduct a railroad coach could easily pass, with a man sitting on top, and there would be room on each side for a man on horseback. In this aqueduct water will flow at the maximum speed of four feet per second, or two and three quarter miles an hour, a comfortable promenading pace, or at the average daily quantity rate of 500 million gallons. This quantity of water, flowing at the velocity mentioned, would make a stream about four feet deep in the ordinary cross-town street of the Borough of Manhattan.

This is the cut-and-cover, or open-cut, type of aqueduct, and is built along the hill slopes or across the flat lands wherever the topography permits a trench to be dug at the proper elevation. In this kind

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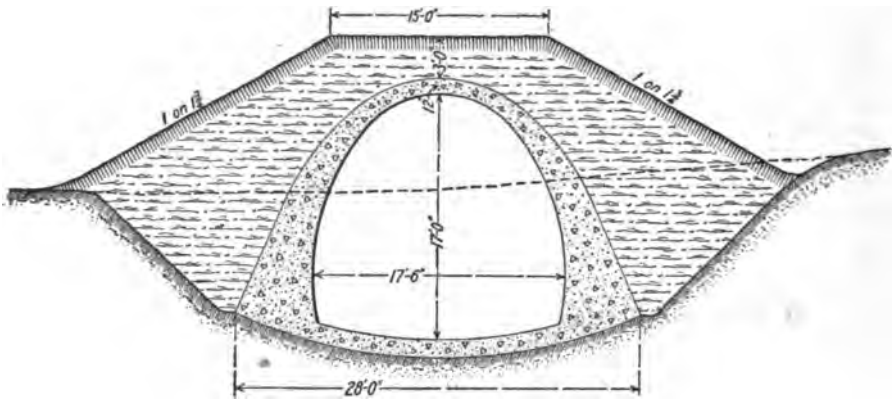
of aqueduct the water flows freely, as in a brook, and not under pressure, as in a pipe under the street. Of the cut-and-cover aqueduct there will be approximately fifty-four miles.

But the topography and geology of the Hudson valley do not permit the Catskill aqueduct to follow a smooth grade. To avoid long and expensive detours around hills, and to pass ranges of mountains and hills which it would be impracticable to go around, tunnels are being driven through them at the same elevations that the cut-and-cover aqueduct would occupy if the topography were more favorable. Since, however, tunneling is more costly than open-trench work, the size of the aqueduct in these tunnels is less, the dimensions inside being thirteen feet, four inches wide, and seventeen feet high. In order to get the same quantity of water through them, a more rapid flow is necessary, and therefore the slope is a little steeper. Of such tunnels, known as grade tunnels, there will be twenty-three in all, aggregating thirteen and a half miles in length, or approximately as long as Manhattan Island. Virtually the whole length will be in solid rock, and, whether in rock or earth, will be lined with concrete, so as to provide a smooth, clean surface for the water and to prevent the falling of rock or earth from the roof or sides.

In passing, it may be well to explain that the concrete which will enter largely into the construction of the aqueducts and dams is a mixture of Portland cement, sand, crushed stone or gravel, and water, very thoroughly combined in special machines. When first made, such concrete is plastic or fluid, according to the proportion of water, and can be formed or cast into any desired shape; but in a few hours it sets, or hardens, and rapidly becomes like stone, continuing to increase in strength for months, and more slowly for years. Portland cement, a heavy, gray powder, is manufactured in many parts of the country, but that used in the Catskill works will doubtless come mostly from the Lehigh Valley district of Pennsylvania and from the vicinity of Catskill village, New York. The suitability and availability of concrete greatly facilitate and cheapen the construction of dams and aqueducts, displacing more costly brick and stone masonry. Forms of construction which would be impracticable with the latter are entirely feasible with concrete. In building the aqueduct, the soft, fresh concrete is placed against steel plate forms, or molds, erected in the trench or tunnel, thus securing a smooth, clean surface for the water.



SECTION OF "CUT-AND-COVER" AQUEDUCT, BUILT OF CONCRETE, WITH COVERING OF EARTH

The pathway of the Catskill Mountain water from the great Ashokan reservoir to New York City will have many an up and down, and some of the "downs" will be deep. West of the Hudson, several tributaries with broad valleys trend generally northeasterly, so that the aqueduct has to cross these valleys. The great river itself has to be passed, and east of it lies the important valley of the Croton, and at the southerly end of the aqueduct for about two miles even the high land is

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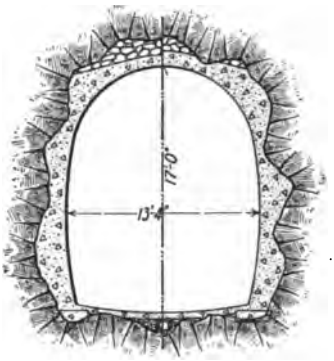
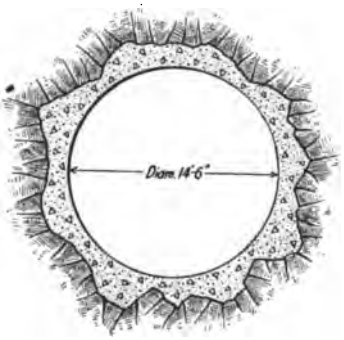
so low and the real estate so expensive that a tunnel under light pressure is the most economical type of conduit.

These valleys are so far below the natural level at which the water will flow that it will have to be carried across them under great pressure; for the valleys are much too wide for the stone arch construction which the very mention of the Roman aqueducts at once suggests, or for any other kind of bridge of the great height necessary. The most permanent and economical form of construction, therefore, is a tunnel through the solid rock, passing not only beneath the visible streams, but also under the pre-glacial gorges, now filled with earth and hidden from view. It is of the utmost importance that these tunnels should be driven through strong, sound rock, so that there will be not only no leakage of water, but sufficient weight and strength to resist the pressure which the water will exert due to its distance below the hydraulic gradient, or natural flowing level, for cut-and-cover aqueduct.



GRADE TUNNEL IN ROCK, LINED WITH CONCRETE



PRESSURE TUNNEL IN ROCK, LINED WITH CONCRETE

Before these pressure tunnels could be designed, a great deal of information had to be obtained about the geology of the valleys. Hundreds of drill-holes, with individual depths often of several hundred feet, and aggregating many miles, had to be sunk through the earth into the rock in order to determine its character at different points, as well as its depth, so that the tunnels might be located safely, avoiding as far as practicable the rocks which were too weak or difficult for tunneling. Of course it has not been wholly feasible to avoid all these difficulties, but by going to great depths, satisfactory conditions have been found.

Two of the most important and beautiful valleys are those of the Rondout Creek and the Wallkill River. The Wallkill valley was found to be very simple geologically, Nature being satisfied with one kind of rock, through which tunneling will probably proceed with no more than the ordinary difficulties. Rondout valley, on the other hand, is somewhat of a geological museum, containing at least twelve different kinds of rock, varying from the hard quartzite conglomerate, locally known as Shawangunk grit, to soft, water-bearing, and treacherous sandstones and limestones. Sound, strong granite is found beneath the Hudson River and on both sides at the selected place for crossing between Storm King and Breakneck mountains, the picturesque northern gate of the Highlands of the Hudson, about four miles above West Point.

Several years of hard work will be required for driving and lining these tunnels. For the Rondout siphon,[1] besides the shafts at each end, six intermediate shafts, making eight in all, have been provided to aid in construction, so that the digging of the tunnel may proceed at fourteen points. To aid in constructing the Wallkill tunnel, four intermediate shafts will be used. Each of these tunnels is about four and a half miles long. For the siphon beneath the valley of Moodna Creek, stretching south to the Hudson

[1] By way of explanation, aqueducts, or conduits, beneath valleys are frequently called inverted siphons, or simply siphons, because of their similarity to true siphons turned upside down. Of course there is no siphonic action.

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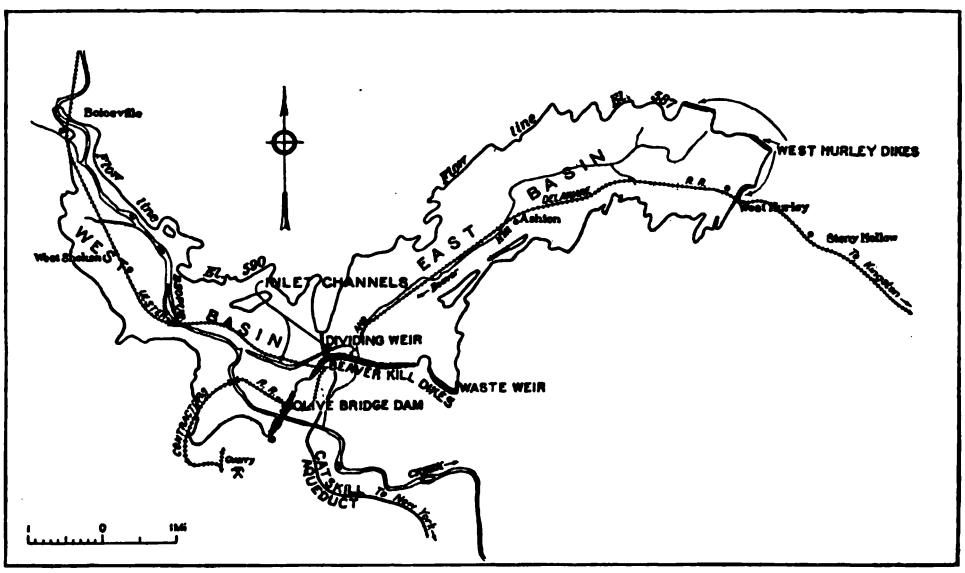
River, five miles long, there will be seven shafts. A shaft about 1200 feet deep is thought to be necessary on each bank of the Hudson. To cross beneath the Croton reservoir, a tunnel with two shafts 510 and 560 feet deep will be required. These pressure tunnels, aggregating seventeen miles in length, will also be lined with the most substantial concrete masonry. Inside this lining, the waterway will be circular, with diameters ranging from fourteen feet to sixteen and a half.

If to the new tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, at Madison

tunnels, being a more expensive type, have smaller waterways than the grade tunnels, and the water will flow through them at higher velocities.

Besides the great valleys to be crossed by pressure tunnels, there are many others too narrow or of too unfavorable geology to be crossed economically by tunnels. Steel pipes, incased in concrete and lined with cement mortar, will be used for passing these depressions. Three pipes will be laid across each valley, but only one will be laid at first, the others being deferred until the increase in the demand



MAP OF THE ASHOKAN RESERVOIR

Square, New York, there were added the height of a Fifth Avenue mansion, it would approximately equal the depth (708 feet) of the shaft at the southerly end of the Rondout siphon. Even in the shallower Wallkill siphon the cages carrying men and materials up and down from the tunnel level will travel a distance (in the deepest shaft, 480 feet, in the shallowest, 350 feet) greater than that from the sidewalk to the top of the towers of the Park Row Building, for a number of years New York's tallest building. From the bottom of each of the working shafts tunneling will be extended for an average distance of nearly half a mile before the headings from adjacent shafts will meet. When finished, each tunnel will be large enough for a subway train to pass through. Pressure

for water makes the expenditure necessary. In general the diameters of the pipes inside the lining will be approximately nine and a half feet north of Kensico reservoir, and eleven feet south of that reservoir. At each end of every siphon, and at every reservoir, there are to be buildings containing appliances for controlling the flow of the water, known as siphon-chambers and gate-houses. A total of seventy buildings for this and other purposes along the aqueduct will be required.

The Ashokan reservoir (Ashokan is an Indian name meaning "place of fish") will be situated about fourteen miles west of the Hudson at Kingston, eighty-six miles in air line from New York, and will center about the hamlet of Brown's

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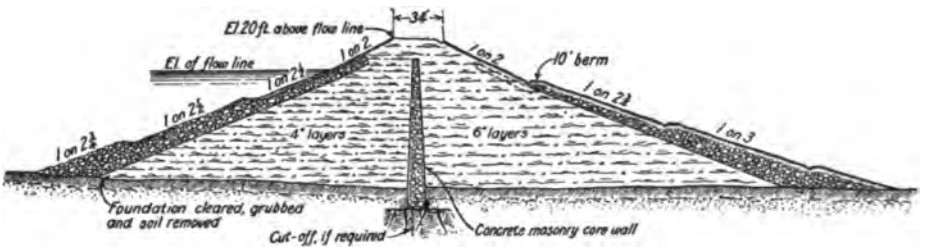
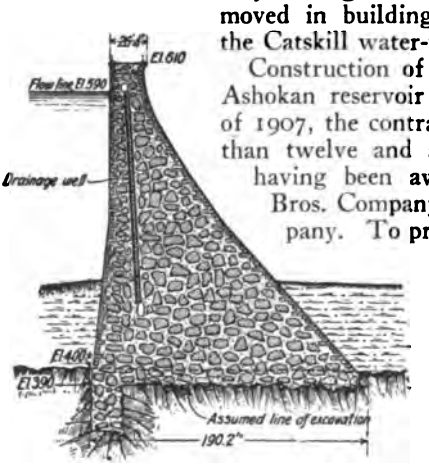
Station on the Ulster & Delaware Railroad. It will be formed by a chain of masonry and earth dams having a combined length of over five miles. Another dam about half a mile long will divide the reservoir into two basins. It will be chain of dams. Nearly a mile long on top, it has a maximum height above its foundation of 240 feet. Its central portion is being built of solid masonry, with a top length of 1000 feet, minimum top width of twenty-three feet, and a maximum



TYPICAL SECTION OF DIKE OF THE OLIVE BRIDGE DAM AND BEAVERKILL DIKES

twelve and a half miles long, and the average width will be a mile. When the reservoir is full, its water surface will be 590 feet above tide; it will contain 128,000 million gallons, sufficient to cover Manhattan Island to an average depth of twenty-eight feet; 190 feet will be the maximum depth of water behind the dams, and fifty feet the average throughout the reservoir. With a shore-line of forty miles, it will have a water area of 12.8 square miles, and a nearly equal additional area of land has been taken to protect the margins. Approximately forty miles of new highway and thirteen miles of new railroad will have to be built. A concrete arch bridge at the dividing dam will afford connection between the northern and southern sides of the reservoir. Seven villages and many scattered dwellings and other buildings now dotting the valley will have to be razed. From forty small cemeteries all the bodies in 2500 graves must be removed. All trees and brush will be cut and taken away or burned. The landscape will be changed, but, guarded by the somber mountains, Ashokan Lake will add to the attractiveness of the scenery.

Olive Bridge dam is the greatest of the



MAXIMUM MASONRY SECTION OF THE OLIVE BRIDGE DAM

From the lowest foundation to the parapet this dam is 240 feet high.

width at the bottom of 190 feet. This portion of the dam closes the main gorge of the Esopus. Concrete core walls are being built in the earth dams. These earth dams, or dikes, are thirty-four feet wide on top, and have flat slopes, so that their thickness at the bottom is great, reaching a maximum of 800 feet in the earth portion of Olive Bridge dam. If all the earth, rock, and masonry to be handled in constructing Ashokan reservoir were to be put in one heap, they would form a pyramid having a base a quarter mile square and of an equal altitude. The great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, was originally 756 feet square at its base and 481 feet high. Its volume, therefore, is only one eighth that of the material to be moved in building this one reservoir of the Catskill water-works.

Construction of the main dams of the Ashokan reservoir was begun in the fall of 1907, the contract, amounting to more than twelve and a half million dollars, having been awarded to MacArthur Bros. Company and Winston & Company. To provide for the thousands of laborers, many of whom have families, a great camp or temporary town has been built close to the scene of operations. This town has hundreds of houses, schools, a bank, a church, a hospital, a water-supply system, a sewerage system with a disposal plant, a great

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general store, a large bakery, a mess-hall, an office building, blacksmith and machine shops, streets, park, band-stand, bath-houses, ice-house, fire department, police, electric lights, and telephones. Great quarries and sand-pits are being developed to furnish materials for the dams, and ten miles of standard-gage railway, not to mention several miles of narrow-gage, have been laid, connecting with the Ulster & Delaware main line. For seven busy years Camp City will flourish, and then it will be obliterated as completely as possible.

Near historic White Plains, thirty miles north of the New York City Hall, the valleys of the Bronx River and Rye ponds afford opportunity, by constructing one large dam, to form a reservoir of great capacity, approximately 40,000 million gallons, with its water surface 355 feet above tide. Its watershed is insignificant, but in it can be kept, relatively near the place of consumption, a water reserve sufficient to insure against the distressing results of accident to the aqueduct northward. Indeed, if necessary, that part of the aqueduct could be out of service for several weeks for inspection or repairs. Hence it also virtually safeguards the continuity of the flow from the Ashokan reservoir almost as well as if a duplicate aqueduct for these seventy miles had been built at much greater expense. To be sure, a second aqueduct will be needed in the distant future, but the reservoir will continue to perform this function of insurance toward the two. From Kensico reservoir, also, in the future, additional aqueducts and pipes can be led in various directions, to distribute water to different parts of the vast district which, in all probability, will ultimately be dependent upon it.

Kensico dam will be of massive masonry, 1830 feet long, rising 150 feet above the ground and nearly 300 feet above its deepest foundation in the ledge rock underlying the valley. Conspicuously in view from the four-track suburban line of the Harlem Division of the New York Central Railroad, it will be the greatest monument to the city's enterprise of all the Catskill water-works structures. Ten years or more will be required for its building.

Just north of the city line, in Yonkers, on a large, flat-topped hill, will be built Hill View reservoir,[1] an equalizing reservoir of approximately 900 million gallons capacity, to regulate automatically the differences between the steady flow in the aqueduct from Kensico reservoir and the fluctuating consumption in the city. This reservoir will be made by digging to an average depth of about twenty-five feet (maximum forty-four feet) over a large part of the hilltop, and using the earth thus obtained to build the sides of the reservoir higher. Its water surface will be 295 feet above tide, about 3000 feet long, and 1500 feet wide, and the water will be thirty-six and one half feet deep. A great concrete wall will divide the reservoir into two basins, and in this wall will be formed a by-pass aqueduct, so that water can flow to the city without entering the reservoir, whenever it may be necessary to clean or repair the reservoir. The reservoir will be lined with concrete and stone paving. There will also be a by-pass around Kensico reservoir. From the paths on top of the embankment of Hill View reservoir magnificent views will be had of New York, the adjoining towns, the Hudson with its Palisades, and the blue waters of Long Island Sound.

From Hill View reservoir an extension of the Catskill aqueduct will deliver the water into the distribution pipe systems in the streets of the five boroughs of Greater New York. The busy, congested streets, already underlaid with subways, water and gas pipes, sewers, electric conduits, and other structures, and bordered by tall buildings having one or more stories underground, cannot well accommodate the great number of large pipes that would be necessary to bring Catskill Mountain water from Hill View to the consumers. Furthermore, the annoyances and dangers incident to digging so many big trenches and laying the pipes in the streets would be quite intolerable. If this pipe-laying could be done quickly, the bother might be endured; but it would unavoid-

[1] London dedicated in the spring of 1909 Honor Oak reservoir, a covered masonry reservoir 824 by 587 feet, occupying, with its embankments, fourteen and a quarter acres. Hill View reservoir will be 3000 feet long and 1500 feet wide, and will occupy, with its embankments, 163 acres.

Ultimately Hill View reservoir will have a concrete, groined-arch roof, supported by pillars of concrete.

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COMPLETING THE ARCH OF A SECTION OF CUT-AND-COVER AQUEDUCT BY DEPOSITING CONCRETE ON MOLDS

Earth will be piled above the concrete and sodded.

ably spread over several years. Indeed, it might be said to be perennial, when repairs and replacements are taken into the reckoning, and a main distribution system of great pipes would be costly. Hence it is deemed wise to avoid as far as practicable the use of steel or iron pipes for the extension of the Catskill aqueduct for delivering water into the city.

Beneath the borough of the Bronx, Manhattan Island, and the edge of Long Island there is solid rock. Therefore a way of escape from many of the pipe troubles appears. Starting from Hill View reservoir, a great tunnel, like those under Rondout and Wallkill valleys, is to be driven deep into the rock, hundreds of feet below the street surface, and lined with concrete. Thus, disturbance of the streets will be avoided, and a permanent conduit will be secured. Shafts through which tunneling operations are to be conducted will be spaced from 3000 to 5000 feet apart at points where little inconvenience will be caused. After construction, these shafts will be the connections between the tunnel and the main pipes of the street distribution system. This tunnel will pass beneath the Harlem and East rivers, but the crossing of the Narrows

SECTION OF CUT-AND-COVER AQUEDUCT NEAR PEEKSKILL

This section was built in accordance with the drawing shown on page 712.

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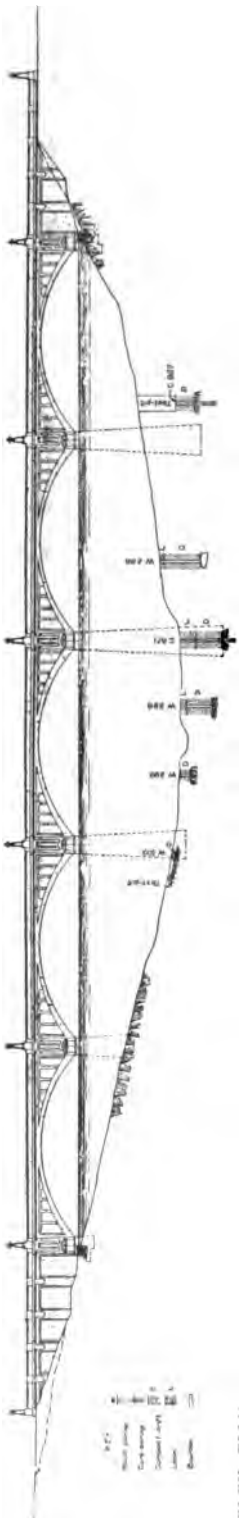

ELEVATION OF THE CONCRETE BRIDGE DESIGNED TO CARRY THE STATE ROAD ACROSS ONE BRANCH OF THE ENLARGED KENSICO RESERVOIR

to Staten Island will be made by heavy pipes, because the rock there is at too great a depth, and the quantity of water too small, to make a tunnel worth while. As a matter of precaution, two parallel pipes will be laid beneath the water some distance apart, and a reservoir to contain a reserve store of water will be built on high land on the island.

The fountains of Versailles are famous, and thousands make pilgrimages to see them in their beautiful settings when the water is turned on. Two fountains of far greater volume —scores of times as great—will be incidental features of the Catskill water-works. At times water in reservoirs, as in natural ponds, becomes impregnated with unpleasant tastes and odors, due mostly to very small organisms which, in a favorable combination of conditions, develop in unusual numbers. Although not deleterious, or not seriously so, the products of these organisms are disagreeable. Aëration has been proved by experience and experiment to be an efficacious and inexpensive means for removing these tastes and odors, and the most convenient form of aëration for the present purpose has been found to be nozles of a simple design arranged as fountain-jets. Of these great aëration fountains, one will be built where the water is drawn from Ashokan reservoir and the other at Kensico reservoir. In each fountain there will be upward of 2000 jets in symmetrical groups within a basin 500 feet long by 250 feet wide. By using different combinations of these nozle groups, various quantities of water, up to the full capacity of the aqueduct, can be aërated. With appropriate landscape settings, these gigantic fountains will be also a lasting source of enjoyment.

In order further to safeguard and improve the quality of the water, filtration is to be provided, and northwest of White Plains a site has been selected for a great sand-filter plant which will be of about twice the capacity of the largest plant now in existence.

When all the works are completed, the Catskill water-supply will be one of the safest in the world. Its gathering-grounds are topographically and geologically of unusual excellence and are sparsely populated. Wide marginal strips of forest and meadow will protect each impounding reservoir. These great artificial lakes will afford long storage for the gathered waters, giving opportunity for the beneficial action of sun, wind, and sedimentation. By these various means pollution will largely be prevented, and objectionable bacteria, tastes, and odors will be almost wholly removed or destroyed.

Goethe once wrote, "Dem Menschen ist ein Mensch noch immer lieber als ein Engel." [1] And so perchance the reader may be possessed of sufficient human interest to inquire by what marshaling of men's brains and brawn these great works are to be wrought. By appointment of Mayor George B. McClellan, under special legislation, John A. Bensel, a civil engineer, Charles N. Chadwick, a business man, and Charles A. Shaw, formerly president of the Hanover Fire Insurance Company, constitute the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York. They were chosen from lists of three names presented respectively by the Chamber of Commerce, the

[1] To mankind men are always dearer than angels.

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VIEW OF THE SPILLWAY AND DAM OF THE PRESENT KENSICO RESERVOIR

In shadowy outline the proposed new dam has been drawn on the photograph. It will be on the average 400 feet north of the old dam and its parapet will stand as here shown 125 feet above the water-level seen in the photograph, a greater height of dam (about 175 feet) extending beneath this water-level. Steps will ascend both hillsides to the west. The present State road is shown in the foreground.

Manufacturers' Association of New York, and the Board of Fire Underwriters. Mr. Bensel is president of the board, and succeeded Mr. J. Edward Simmons, who resigned in January, 1908, and is now president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Two bureaus comprise the board's forces. In the Administration Bureau are the secretary, auditor, chief clerk, and purchasing agent, adjuster of claims, and chief of aqueduct patrolmen, each having a necessary corps of assistants, totaling for the bureau about 125 persons. Consulting Engineer John R. Freeman is the engineer adviser of the commissioners. At the head of the Engineering Bureau is Chief Engineer J. Waldo Smith. On his staff of consultants are Professor William H. Burr, Mr. Frederic P. Stearns, Allen Hazen, George W. Fuller, and a few other engineers and scientists of national and international reputation. Mr. Charles L. Harrison is Deputy Chief Engineer. Because of the geographical extent and the magnitude of the works, the Engineering Bureau has been organized in four departments: the Headquarters Department, with Alfred D. Flinn, Department Engineer, has charge of preparing designs and specifications for the dams, aqueducts, and other structures; executive and civil-service matters, inspection of manufactured materials for construction, and preparation of real-estate maps and documents for all the departments, and in addition surveys and construction within the city limits. The Reservoir Department, with Carleton E. Davis at its head, is charged with all surveys and construction on the watersheds. Its chief work at present is the Ashokan reservoir, with its great dams and the headworks of the Catskill aqueduct. From the headworks to the divide of the Croton watershed sixty miles of Catskill aqueduct is under the care of the Northern Aqueduct Department, Robert Ridgway, Department Engineer, to whom falls the Hudson River crossing and the great

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siphons under the Rondout, Wallkill, and Moodna valleys. The remainder of Catskill aqueduct, with Kensico and Hill View reservoirs and the filters, falls to the Southern Aqueduct Department, with Merritt H. Smith as Department Engineer. The departments are divided into three or more divisions, which in turn are subdivided into several sections. Including engineers, inspectors, stenographers, clerks, laborers, and other assistants, the Engineering Bureau contains nearly 1000 persons.

For purposes of construction, the work of building the reservoirs and aqueducts has been divided into many contracts, ranging in expenditure involved from a few tens of thousands of dollars to several millions. In the busiest summer, when the majority of these contracts will be simultaneously in progress, the contractors' employees will probably reach a total of 15,000, and the expenditure will approximate $2,000,000 per month. This autumn of 1909 will doubtless see 10,000 men at work, for by October the major contracts for the aqueduct will have been let, excepting part of the line between Kensico and Hill View reservoirs. Hill View reservoir will probably also be under contract; the main dams of the Ashokan reservoir are already in progress. A re-estimate of the cost of the Catskill project made since many of the large contracts were awarded shows that the original estimate of 1905 was sufficient, an unusual and gratifying fact in engineering projects of great magnitude.

Readers distant from New York may ask: "Why go so far for water? Why not take water from the Hudson, a relatively short distance above the city, just as many inland communities do from rivers on which they are situated?" Simply because the Hudson is a tidal estuary as far as Troy, and if sufficient water to supply even half the needs of New York were withdrawn in extremely dry seasons, the river water would be too brackish for domestic consumption as far north as ten or fifteen miles above Poughkeepsie, or eighty miles in air line from the City Hall, New York. It is only six miles farther to the head of the Catskill aqueduct. To be certain of maintaining an adequate fresh-water flow, large compensating reservoirs would have to be built on the headwaters of the river in the Adirondack Mountains to store the surplus waters of wet seasons for discharge into the upper tributaries of the river at a suitable rate in dry seasons. Furthermore, much unpurified sewage enters the river above any point at which the city's works could be located. Since the water would be taken at tide-level, it would have to be raised several hundred feet by powerful pumps in order to deliver it in the city under suitable pressure. Hence, to obtain Hudson water, purify it, and convey it to the city, extensive and very costly works would be necessary; and when all was done, the supply would be inferior in quality. It has been said that the nineteenth century discovered dirt—that is to say, the true nature of filth and its relation to human health. In the light of that discovery, communities are learning to prefer clean water, if such is available. Consequently the Board of Water Supply, with the concurrence of other city authorities and the approval of the State Water Supply Commission, very sensibly concluded that it was more economical and prudent to take some of the Hudson water from some of the lower tributaries in the Catskill Mountains before it became contaminated, and at an elevation from which it could flow by gravity to the city and be delivered at a level 165 feet above that at which the Croton water is delivered.

An abundance of clear, soft, pure, and wholesome water is the most fundamentally essential commodity for any great community. New York City has expended to date for the construction of existing water-works, exclusive of interest and maintenance, about $137,000,000, not taking into account the investments of private water companies, several of which still purvey to portions of some boroughs. Recent projects for additional supplies from the Catskill Mountains and Suffolk County will involve during the next half-century the expenditure of about $225,000,000, and will increase the safely available daily supply to two and a half times that now available, and provide bountifully for the city's needs as far in the future as can be reasonably foreseen. And the Croton, Ridgewood, Catskill, and Suffolk County systems will be permanent, even if long continuance of the city's remarkable growth should in the distant future lead to a demand for water in excess of the combined capacities of these sources.

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New York's present population is 4,500,000, and her daily consumption of water for all purposes from works owned by the city is, as I have said, 125 gallons per person. At this rate, a year's supply would be a lake twenty miles long, three miles wide, and having an average depth of twenty-five feet. The ordinary summer flow of the Niagara River over the American Falls is now about 8000 million gallons daily, which is only fifteen times the stream consumed in New York. It must be remembered that Yonkers, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, and even more distant suburbs may be added to the metropolis, or at least to the metropolitan water district, in the not far distant future, making yet greater demands upon the water-works systems built by the city, and many local sources of supply will have to be abandoned because of insufficiency and pollution. With all these vast figures representing demand and expenditure, it is comforting to find by computation that the average cost of all water for domestic, public, and manufacturing uses each day to each person will be less than one cent, including maintenance, interest on capital investment, and sinking fund.

Of the great works for collecting and conveying the Catskill Mountain water, many of the most difficult and interesting parts will be totally hidden from view after completion. Indeed, of the Catskill aqueduct scarcely anything will be visible except the long, neatly graded embankments over the cut-and-cover portions and the occasional buildings housing the gates and other devices for controlling and measuring the water. Most conspicuous will be the great reservoirs, with their huge dams of masonry and earth. Many of these visible structures will be comparatively inaccessible. It is fitting that these conspicuous structures should be made esthetically pleasing, not by elaborate and expensive ornamentation, but by simple and dignified treatment. Here the dominant civil engineer will be aided and guided by the architect and the landscape engineer.

Subterranean river! The mere name has always held a mysterious and romantic fascination. A reversed subterranean river is what the Board of Water Supply is creating. Instead of beginning with tiny streams in dark fissures of the rock or some surface rivulets which sink out of sight, this river will start at its large end from the Ashokan reservoir, an extensive artificial lake, and flow for scores of miles without change of volume, coming to the light only in the beautiful Kensico Lake and Hill View reservoir's huge bowl, whence it will ramify through the hundreds of miles of tunnels and pipes beneath the city streets, issuing finally through faucets and hydrants in thousands of jets to serve those who have bidden it flow thus in constraint. Several years of very active work must, however, elapse before Esopus water will reach the city.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HENRY L. HIGGINSON. FROM THE BUST BY BELA L. PRATT
MADE FOR SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

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BELA PRATT

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

IT is the noble dignity and plastic eloquence of what is rapidly being recognized as the Saint-Gaudens's tradition which Bela Lyon Pratt continues more, perhaps, than any of his colleagues in the sculpture of to-day. Possessing ample individuality, it is, however, the spirit more than the letter of Saint-Gaudens's work to which Mr. Pratt has remained faithful, though a similarity of subject often serves to accentuate the parallel between the older and the younger man.

Mr. Pratt is a New Englander, having been born in Norwich, Connecticut, in the late sixties. At sixteen, he entered the Yale School of Fine Arts, where he studied under Professors Niemeyer and Weir. He later attended the Art Students' League, having for his instructors Saint-Gaudens, Elwell, Kenyon Cox, and William M. Chase.

On leaving the League, he worked for some time in the studio of Saint-Gaudens, and in 1890 he went to Paris, where his first professors were Chapu and Falguière. Within the year he entered the Beaux Arts at the head of his class, and, on returning to America a couple of years later, was appointed instructor in modeling at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a position which he still holds.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE BOY PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE

From the statue made in 1907 by Bela Lyon Pratt. This statue was made for the State of Connecticut to be placed in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia.

The range of Mr. Pratt's work is wide, covering numerous reliefs, portrait busts, medallions, memorial tablets, and groups of heroic size. While the "Philosophy" in the rotunda of the Library of Congress, the "Phillips Brooks" at Cambridge, the relief of "Samuel Eliot" for St. Paul's School, and the "Wayne Monument," are all admirable in feeling and in execution, in none of them has Mr. Pratt touched a higher plane than in his "Andersonville Boy," which the State of Connecticut is about to erect in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia, in memory of the soldiers who

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE BOY PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE—DETAIL FROM THE STATUE BY BELA L. PRATT

suffered and died in the prison stockade at that place during the war for the Union. Simple and restrained, without bombast or poise, this typical Northern youth awaits the word to enter that direful inclosure. Mr. Pratt's figure is worthy of its function; it is truthful in conception, and is characterized by a just amount of that personal and patriotic idealism which was the chief flower of the sanguinary sixties.

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THE NEW YORK POLICE IN POLITICS

BY GENERAL THEODORE A. BINGHAM

Late Police Commissioner of the City of New York

RECENT events make it desirable that the attention of the people of the whole country should be called to the important part which is played by the Police Department in New York City politics, and to the ways in which it has been and may be used by unscrupulous politicians.

By the law of the State, the police are a part of the regular election machinery of the city. To be sure, there is a State Superintendent of Elections and also a local Board of Elections, and a great deal of the detailed work of conducting elections is done by these officials, and it is thought that they could and should attend to it all. But, as a matter of fact, so much is assigned to the police by law that any party that has the control and direction of the police at primary and general elections has an enormous advantage over its opponents, and this, too, even though only a small percentage of the men of the force may be corrupt. As matters are now, the Board of Elections, though it has some agents of its own, depends very largely on the police to do its work, and men are detailed from the force as clerks and messengers to the board and its few agencies. In every ward and district the police, either directly from the Board of Elections or by orders, under the law, from the Police Commissioner, investigate and report on lists of residents, check up changes of address or removals of voters, make almost house-to-house visitations, and come into possession of the most minute information in regard to the voting population. It is not to be supposed that the leaders of the party which is in control of the police remain in ignorance of these results, which, indeed, are compiled at Police Headquarters, where many of the officials may be carefully chosen agents of the controlling party.

Moreover, further political power was inadvertently thrown into the hands of the police by the School Census Law, a vicious piece of legislation which, at the time of its passage, was doubtless supposed to be a wise and benevolent measure for the furtherance of public education. In New York City school attendance is compulsory, with truancy laws and agents, and it is part of the duty of the police to assist in the arrest of truant children. In order more thoroughly to carry these laws into effect, the school authorities needed exact information concerning the children, and so caused the introduction of a bill in the State legislature providing for an accurate annual census. They did not quite know how to work out the details, but professional politicians, who were quick to see the benefits to themselves in such a bill, gladly came to their assistance, and framed the details of the law. It provided for a supervisory board, with numerous clerks, all to be appointed without regard to civil-service rules, thus creating a new, valuable, and much-needed resource of direct patronage for the politicians, the funds, of course, to be supplied from the public

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treasury. The schemers not only provided that the details of the work should be placed in the hands of the police, whom they hoped to control, but they went further, and provided for an unlimited number of temporary police as assistants. Then they put a climax to the whole by providing that this elaborate and well-paid machinery should go into operation just before election, when even temporary employment at the public expense is a great political vote-getter. For all this New York will have to pay about a quarter of a million dollars. The school authorities may or may not have seen the trick, but, even if they did, they will escape criticism because of their devotion to the cause of education. The professional politicians, however, have forged a new weapon for their own hands and need only be careful to get control of the Police Department in order to obtain, at public expense, information which is indispensable for political purposes in a close election. What makes it more effective for their purposes is that the census is taken in the autumn, just before election, and that it goes into operation on the eve of the only important municipal election for four years.

With this detailed information at their disposal, the politicians in power go over the lists carefully, name by name, and check off the voters as safe for their side, as doubtful, or as opposed. Men are hired and carefully coached as to name, residence, etc., to impersonate at the polls voters who have died or have removed from their election districts, or even those who are clearly entitled to vote. Meanwhile a vigorous campaign is begun to secure the doubtful and to convert the hostile. For this purpose every conceivable device, straight, bent, or crooked, is invented and used. In the case of a voter inclined to be hostile, the party in control, through its members in public office, can exert the greatest pressure. The voter finds it impossible for him to get a bill paid or an honest claim allowed by the Finance Department; or the building which he is erecting cannot be finished because the necessary permits cannot be obtained from the Building Department, or the plumbing, gas, or water permits; or an inexplicable strike of workmen may occur; or the citizen may be robbed, and the matter receive no attention from the police; or he may be annoyed for the violation of petty ordinances never before invoked, but now enforced by a suddenly virtuous and active police captain. In such devices the ingenuity of the political managers is inexhaustible.

Under the present "system," which, during my incumbency in office I made persistent efforts to break down, police officials are supposed to pay for their positions by daily political service. When no election is imminent, the district leaders are scheming for the next campaign. If a police captain or inspector honestly enforces the law, this hurts the ward-heelers, the saloon- and dive-keepers, the gamblers, the pawnbrokers, and all others who live by breaking the law; so this police officer must be suppressed or be transferred. To accomplish this, a visit to the Commissioner, or even a letter from some one identified with the party, should be sufficient. Even the ordinary patrolman may demand consideration; he may desire an easy or a grafting place in a court, or as valet to a judge or other public official, or he may merely wish to be stationed near his home, where he can loaf among his friends. A Police Commissioner who will not arrange these little details for the humblest politician is regarded not only as useless and hateful, but as a veritable czar.

So it is that, as election time draws near, a considerable number of the force are transferred and so placed as to carry out the schemes of the politicians; and this is being done in New York to-day, a little at a time. These men are being stationed where they will "do the most good"—not for the city; not for the detection and suppression of crime, for which they are paid; not to promote an honest election or to insure the protection of voters, but for the interests of the organized forces of vice and crime, who must carry the next election in order to live. There are other ways in which a Police Commissioner may become helpful to "the boys." He can be too busy to pay much attention to gambling, except occasionally to set on foot a fake "raid," carefully arranged in advance so as to hurt nobody in the long run, but temporarily to produce a good public impression. Or he can be easy in enforcing the excise law (except against political opponents), with a similar crusade now and then for public effect. In both cases

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the persons arrested are likely to be promptly discharged by compliant judges. He may fail to enforce discipline, being extremely lenient with policemen who have the right kind of friends; he may obligingly lend to citizens horses belonging to the Police Department; or, what is more important, may see that valuable contracts are awarded in certain directions.

Finally, on election day, police officials must show by their deeds that they are worthy of consideration by these politicians. Until the very last minute, dispositions must be made and instructions given to the force according to orders. For the final charge of the enemy of the citizens is made on election day. Everything has been prepared for the contest—the "floaters," non-residents, and impersonators have been distributed and thoroughly coached in what they have to do; they have been instructed to be at the polls early, and many a legal voter, on appearing at the booths, finds that his name has been voted on, and that he himself is regarded and treated as a fraud. He is fortunate if he escapes personal violence before he can get a lawyer and a court decision in his favor; but even then it is too late to do more than offset the fraudulent ballot. Of course some of these criminals are detected, but a large percentage succeed. When the offenders are caught, the police are expected to give them "first aid." To secure their release, shrewd lawyers are employed to exercise every legal trick and ingenious device, and as some of the judges who have been elected as friends of the machine stand ready to help, and thereby pay their political obligations, the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of the offender. Should any of the friendly police get into trouble from the opposing party, there is the same resource of lawyers and judges, with adjournments of cases, and a spiriting away or downright purchase of witnesses, so that in the end nothing results.

The reasons for my removal from the office of Police Commissioner will be evident when it is remembered that even my enemies acknowledge my honesty of purpose in the administration of the office. By the help of the citizens and the press I succeeded in obtaining a grip upon the police force which compelled a certain measure of obedience. In consequence, it was not so safe for the force to obey the district leader as it had been, and protection of law-breakers could no longer be guaranteed by the machine. By the same assistance I succeeded in overturning and reorganizing the Detective Bureau, and breaking up the business alliance between that part of the police and the criminal classes. The police were moved out of easy places and made to do the work they were paid for. When they were delinquent, they received due punishment, and all rules were broken by the public announcement that visits and pleas from politicians would only hurt the men, not help them. It was insisted that policemen should be rewarded only for faithful work; the records for candidates for the force were carefully investigated, and many were rejected for false statements and for other causes which would have interfered with efficient service. The school for recruits really became such; the drills began to mean work, and there was a most disagreeable "stiffening-up" of the whole force. Moreover, the investigation of crime and the apprehension of criminals were really made a serious business. Some admirable police work was done in chasing the "Black Hand," in deporting foreign criminals, in breaking up the "white slave" traffic, and in seriously annoying "cadets." The gambling places and dives below Fourteenth Street were broken up and, with the help of the State Excise Board, and over the heads of police judges, the licenses of some dozen places on the Bowery which had been secure for thirty years were revoked. Prize-fights were interfered with, and an earnest effort was made to enforce the Sunday theater law and the laws against indecent plays. Owing to technicalities and legal delays, the latter resulted in only partial success; but the proprietors and managers were continually worried. Coney Island, from being a carnival of indecency, hoodlumism, and thievery, was made safe and clean for the average citizen and his family.

The effect of all this can be imagined. When criminals and other law-breakers actually felt the screws, they rushed to their political friends, who at last appeared to be helpless. For once, protection money did not protect. With the honest men of the

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police force beginning to pluck up courage, the crooked element found great difficulty in managing affairs. The livelihood of the whole underworld was at stake. Clearly the Police Commissioner must be gotten rid of. This was the more necessary because of the approach of the November election, an event of the greatest importance to professional politicians. For what could be expected of a Commissioner who at the election of 1906 had so upset the plans of the machine by his efforts, and his changes of disposition in the force, that there was no certainty as to how the election would go? In the present year the political prizes would include the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the five Borough Presidents, with their vast patronage. And yet, here was a Commissioner from whom nothing could be hoped for,—a man of military training and ethics and without political ambitions.

How, in these desperate straits, my removal was accomplished is a matter of history. What is of chief importance is not what has happened in the past, but what is to happen in the future. The question is,—What will New York do at the November election? Shall Tammany win again, with a defiant sneer?

RITUAL FOR BIRTH AND NAMING

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

The parents or sponsors shall present themselves with the Child before the person (here to be called the Speaker) believed to be most worthy or especially ordained to perform the office. And they shall be in the presence of the element of pure water. And the Speaker shall precede the rite with this utterance:

IN all this world of visible images
There is no music, neither shadow of sound
Nor gladness nor a glory to be found
Potent to yield us, out of loveliness
The life we dream, the breath that we pursue.
But ever and ever unto us is given
The child again, the morning strength to woo
Out of the over and the under heaven
The song that from our wearier hands withdrew.
The dawn returns. The ancient dark is riven,
And from the silence rolls the stone anew.

Then the Speaker shall pray, saying:

O Love, whose face is light,
Let this new glory flown
From out your inner morning
Renew us in the night
And be a voice and warning
To point again the sapphire height,
To heal the scarlet overthrown,
To lead to you the doubt-beguiled.
The child is still your own,
Let it remain your child.
Let the winged Hope it brings
Be always to it, wings;
On all its winding ways
Let your white fire enfold it.
So shall men give you praise
That they behold it.

Amen.

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And the Speaker shall admonish the parents or sponsors as follows:

Consider well your ways and lives,
You gardeners of the precious seed.
As brief attenders of the need,
Draw honey from the upper hives,
Make sweet the weather for the flower;
Withdraw the snares, but make it free.
You shall be watchers for an hour,
But it shall never cease to be.

Then the Speaker shall say to the parents or sponsors, altering certain words, throughout the rite, according to the sex of the child:

I ask therefore
Will you be mindful of your care,
Knowing you are, through him, of those
Who leave their colors in the air
When you are dust and he a rose?

Answer:

I will.

Speaker:

Will you take thought before you find
The words to curb his longing will,
And from commands awhile be still,
Considering which of you is blind?

Answer:

I will.

Speaker:

The petals of his soul are wings
That, by your folly, may not fly
Or long be hindered from the sky:
Have you considered well these things?

Answer:

I have.

Speaker:

Do you believe that of all things
That on your heavenward gaze have smiled
Not one is greater than this child
Nor holier than what he brings?

Answer:

I do.

Then the Speaker shall say:

O Life and Love, who bring him,
Take him no more until
The hopes with which we wing him
Have wrought their holy will.
Withdraw him no more from us;
Let the recall be mute
Until the blossom's promise
Reveals the fullest fruit.
Amen.

Take early from his mortal veins
The failings of his native blood.
Make straight the stalk that has been bent.
Weigh, if you will, with all your rains
The later bloom, but not the bud,
But not the innocent.
Amen.

Make him the keeper of the key
To lock or hold in stern array
The urgent fiber of his clay
And send his ranging spirit free.
Amen.

His be the blessing to renew
The lame, the weary, the misled,
And may his spirit be their bread
And for their thirst a healing dew,
By giving to the greater need
The larger mercy shall be shed,
So on himself shall pour the deed
And the oil on his own head.
Amen.

Then the Speaker shall take the child in his hands asking the parents or sponsors what name is to be given it and with the child he shall approach the water and say:

O Love and Light, who gave him,
This is your crystal sign,
And we have found you best.
Then, as these waters lave him,
Receive him and be trine.
Wash from him all the rest.

And then, naming the child, he shall dip it into the water or pour the water upon it, saying:

In the three names of Love, Light, and your Divine Humanity I name you.

Or he shall name it by whatever other names of these three are most sacred to the parents or sponsors.

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Then the Speaker, looking at the child, shall say:

As Love has made you human
And Light has made you shine,
So may your life illumine
The ways of man and woman
And guide them to the glowing shrine
Where all of human is divine.

Then the following shall be read or chanted as a choral:

Behold, a vision anoints our eyes,
A voice, a trumpet crying "Arise!"

I have heard in the night a failing song,
I have known the stumbling of your feet.
Behold the spirit again made strong
And the bitter is made sweet.

The child, our hope from above the tide
As a wave made star, as a star immersed,
As a pillar of flame is become our guide,
And the last becomes the first.

Let us give him all who has bloomed such grace
As a chalice with light the dark has brimmed,
Let us cherish well the holy vase
That the glory be not dimmed.

Rejoice that our labor was not in vain
For the dream that dares and that fortifies
Has brought to the task his hands again
And the morning in his eyes.

Then the Speaker shall say in conclusion to the parents and sponsors and all present:

Watch, then, for he is given as a sign
Set in the wilderness.
Though life flows forward to an unseen shrine
Whose altars we not even dimly guess,
Yet he, even he, may know
And give a hint to show
Within the widening orbit of his eyes,
Beyond the leaping fountains of surprise,
A light, a gleam of that to which we go.
Oh, let the wisdom hold the light
And let his presence like a star
So heal our bondage and our sight
That we become as little children are!

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THE A-FLAT MAJOR POLONAISE

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof," "Oriented," etc.

THE pianist had listened with many chuckles: he and Mr. Simpson were getting along beautifully.

"Now, would you look at Charley Anderson an' get a liberal education in the art of navigatin' by nothin' whatever!" the latter said. Mr. Anderson was standing high, balancing easily, and we might have been in the next county for all the attention we got.

"He may be listenin' an' he may be smellin', but he certainly ain't seein'; because there 's nothin' to see except that the darkness is a little darker on the side away from the town lights, an' he 's lookin' ahead. Note his long an' prehensile nose rootin' round in the fog. *Now* he 's got it: look—please look at him spinnin' the wheel! Would n't you actually think he knew where he was goin'!" Mr. Anderson had crouched down in the *Porpoise's* pounding bow, and was steering as precisely as if he were coming into a dock, while we could see, as Mr. Simpson said, nothing whatever. The pianist broke into the pause. The Foremouth blacksmith had evidently been troubling his brain.

"I wonder," he murmured, "where in the green fields of English he culled that marguerite about 'a woman's nasty but inconsequent mind.'" Before I had a chance to offer my theory as to the wonderful way the Nova Scotia School System can teach all English literature without the use of the English language, he looked ahead in amazement and said, "Hello, we are now entering a forest!" Straight trunks of mighty trees suddenly stood up around us, with a suggestion of laced branches far overhead. We were disillusioned by the sound of seas swashing heavily among piles and the glare of a rain-blurred red light high above us.

"Railway bridge," said Mr. Simpson, and in the next twenty seconds it had dissolved in the air behind, and we were plowing into the trackless lower basin of the Black River, which is a place of intricate channels. The navigator could run now only by dead reckoning, and for the most part stood facing us, borne backward through the night, with his eyes—we could see them—fixed critically on the faint, low mantle of light from the Leith arcs that lay on the lost horizon astern and lent the illusion of an aura overhanging the funeral bark of some saint being carried through unblemished space into the regions beyond the recumbent Mr. Kidderson in the oncoming dinghy. Then, as Mr. Anderson worked the wheel, the aura departed from the saint and slid around until it hung for two minutes off our starboard beam, whence it slowly retraced till it hovered, faint as the first blush of dawn, over the port quarter.

"About here we turn sharp to the right," said Mr. Anderson, as though speaking to himself.

"*Here* meanin' the middle of the night," Mr. Simpson explained. To the right we forthwith turned for the space of forty-five seconds, at the end of which time something thumped the bluff of the *Porpoise's* bow and slid aft, rasping along the port rubbing strake. Except Mr. Anderson, everybody started. It was a small tree standing amid swirling waters, with its top lost in the darkness.

"Channel bush," he said. "Look and see if there 's an old collar of Henry's tied to it. It 'll be a little wilted by now."

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"W. G. & R., *Tamarac,* 17½," added Mr. Simpson.

I caught sight of a fluttering white rag, and said so.

"All right," said Mr. Anderson; "that 's my mark: it means McCord's Point. Now we 're off," and the *Porpoise* whirled round and slapped the seas again.

"Wah! that 's a miracle!" said the pianist in his admiration.

"Miracle nothin'!" replied Mr. Simpson scornfully; "but he *can* do miracles. *That* ain't good sleight-of-hand. Wait till the Lord is nice enough to let you see him navigatin' this basin at 2 A.M., an' low tide, with a rowboat drawin' three inches more water than there is on the flats: then you can talk about miracles. No heaven an' no earth an' no sea an' no sky, an' two miles of water around ye, as ye know from the county atlas an' former experience, an' five inches of water underneath ye, which ye know by feelin' it, besides some eel-grass an' thirteen feet of mud; an' then: 'Henry, stick y'r oar out there an' see if ye can feel a log with two knots on it—ye-es: here we turn to the left.' Then: 'Now we 're about due to strike a hump. That 's funny'—and then all of a sudden you 're hung up by the middle on something, an' can't feel any bottom round ye at all. From there you buck yourself off backward, 'Not too fast,' until ye get y'r wonderful bearin's by Isaac McLellan's dog barkin', an' have to fire the Mauser pistol every seven minutes to keep him barkin', which we did, an' took our bearin's off that dog alone for the next half mile round the Marcil mussel-bed an' never started a rivet. Talk about y'r submarine bells! An' then, when we 'd got the whole countryside pretty freely stirred up, Charley knew the note an' period of every dog, like whistlin' buoys, an' picked out two on adjacent farms an' used 'em for range-lights all down the Grist Mill Channel. He said he was trustin' to McCord's dog barkin' on the roof of the root cellar, an' if he dragged his moorin's an' got down in the back field, we was lost.

"That 's the time to see miracles," Mr. Simpson concluded. "Would ye be good enough t' look at him now!" The pianist gazed in awe. Mr. Anderson was again steering with precision by something ahead that we failed to make out, as we continued to do for the next fifteen minutes, through all of which time the wind lessened and the rain fell on the sea with a crisp roar like the feed of a steam thresher, and harmlessly cloaked the outsides of our persons in running water.

At the end of that quarter hour the helmsman once more wavered in the midst of space, turned the *Porpoise's* head first gradually to the right, then thoughtfully to the left, and appeared to seek some unguessable landmark.

"What is it now?" respectfully breathed the pianist. Mr. Simpson sadly shook his head, indicating that the problem was beyond him, and in the same instant came a blast of large and unmistakable squawks and a ponderous swishing sound from a district a little to starboard and perhaps thirty feet over our heads. I saw Mr. Kimborough jerk himself around to face this new peril.

"That 's those two cranes that roost on the dolphin off the old gravel pit," Mr. Anderson explained, his voice cleared of all trouble; and added confidentially, pointing, "There 's the spit by the Duck Pond, an' that 's Ice House Point."

"You don't say so!" replied Mr. Simpson, as we followed the wave of the arm, and saw perhaps a blacker blackness in the dark. "Stella'ton! All change!" I stopped the engine, and we slipped the *Porpoise's* little anchor overboard, guarding against the rattling of chain, which carries so far over water.

Silently we drew the dinghy alongside, and silently we drew Mr. Kidderson from beneath the tarpaulin, and, to use Mr. Simpson's words, "coiled him away in the bow," without raising any protest. Mr. Anderson was already aboard, stuffing the rowlocks with waste for the sake of silence, and we climbed in and pushed off. In six strokes the *Porpoise* was gone, and in six more we were rowing beneath a low bank.

All of that mysteriously guided trip upriver is worth telling, but exigencies forbid. The wind had gone. The rain was as steady as the rustling of aspens in August. Every shadowy point had its significance. The two pairs of soft oars paused twenty minutes in a bubbling, pattering silence before an arched and mighty shadow said to be the Glenfairley Bridge, then came to the conclusion that a certain

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portentous disturbance had been a clod washed down from the bank, and softly passed through. Then, beyond a known pine-tree that stood above the spruces like a towering ghost, we were moving up on the right of a low island, and Mr. Simpson, in an endeavor to satisfy a request of Mr. Kimborough's, was giving, in a blood-curdling whisper, a description of head wardens and their awful functions, when the dinghy, apparently acting on a sudden thought of her own, paused, stopped, and started briskly down-river again, backward. I faintly saw the pianist turn a bewildered face up to the weeping skies, as though to seek the cause of this new wonder there, for, to the novice, the phenomenon is startling, especially under the strain of the surroundings. To the matured mind it presents itself as the natural course of events when you run into the elastic, double backrope of a salmon net stretched tight from river-bank to river-bank. Mr. Kidderson suddenly came to life and sat up.

"Let 's have an oar," he said, "till I shove it down. There! Now pull like women. *Cooeeoo,*" he whistled softly, as the backrope scrubbed along under the dinghy's keel, and the pianist gazed overboard to find it invisible in the black water. The woods on the right remained silent.

"All right," he said aloud, "don't answer then, ye whisky-bleared outlaws." At this stage we saw a faint red glow as from a pipe being smoked upside down, and somebody chuckled. Followed a deliberate voice out of the night:

" 'S that you, Hump? *We* heard you had two ribs broke, an' thought we were bein' had."

"They got the pieces out of his heart an' lungs so he could come," interpolated Mr. Simpson, and two voices out of the night laughed.

"What luck?" Mr. Kidderson resumed.

"We 're just set," drawled the reply, "and the tide 's runnin' down yet." Then, after a pause, the words fell like strokes of a gong:

"They got a telephone message at the Glenfairley post-office to say that old Corbin left Churchville by the Black River road at five o'clock, so I s'pose he 's comin' here, an' we may have to lift before we can do any good. He 's not been on this river for a couple of weeks; but he can't get a boat, anyway."

"Oh," said Mr. Kidderson, in a tone which indicated that it was a matter apart from his interests in life, "then you 'd better stand by your nets. We must be moving. Good night."

"Good night." In that moment the command passed over from Mr. Anderson to Mr. Kidderson, for we were now among farms and wood-lots on which the latter had spent his golden youth and speared and netted salmon every autumn since, and he knew them by the sense of touch.

"Those were the Stewart boys," he informed softly.

"And who 's old Corbin?" inquired the pianist. I had jabbed him in the back at the sound of that name. Mr. Simpson took up the task of instruction.

"Old Corbin," he said, "is Joseph Howe Corbin, Chief Overseer, Superintendent, and Inspector of Fisheries and Lord High Chief Head Warden for this section of Nova Scotia in the Dominion of Canada, an' as bilious an' pin-headed an old sculpin as ever cried in a prayer meetin'. His disease is bein' suspicious. Why, one mornin' about 1 A.M. we had what you might call a conversation, an' he would n't believe *me*. We was on opposite sides of the river, with no way for him to come across, so of course he could n't see my frank an' open countenance. That might have made a difference. He said I was a liar," said Mr. Simpson in a hurt tone. "An' besides, he 's got no sense of humor. He can't see any fun in this business, like us. He was n't born with any sportin' instincts, wantin' to play the game. He 's so dead in earnest he don't know whether the little stars in heaven is twinklin' or not. He don't spoil the fishin', but he spoils the restfulness of it, an' keeps ye jumpy an' nervous. He had n't ought to be allowed. He 's in the business for the love of it, an' half of 'em are scared of him. An' he 's no fool, an' he 's scared of nothin'."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Kimborough.

"So far as I know."

"And will he come where we are going to-night?"

"He 'll come there if he comes any place on this river," said Mr. Kidderson, wearily.

"Glory be!" I heard the pianist mur-

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mur in rapture. "I did n't deserve this." Then, more softly, "And the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

"What are you rumbling about?" asked Mr. Simpson. "Are you scared?"

"Not yet," Mr. Kimborough whispered, and I could feel him trembling.

Here, where the river ran narrow and deep, and the dinghy, with her muffled oars, moved without so much sound as could be heard among the lessening raindrops, we ran into the boom of low voices in conversation, and immediately checked and dropped back into more utter darkness, where we put Mr. Anderson ashore with the net and two spears while we re-

"THE DOG CLUNG TO THE HOUSE AS HIS ONLY HOPE"

connoitered. At the end of another net, on an intervale island, two men sat under an overturned flat and talked politics—we caught the name of George Murray. We advertised the oncoming of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin, which was news, recovered Mr. Anderson, and proceeded up-river, the backrope being courteously lowered for our passage. So at last we attained to our pool, which, we learned, was appropriately called the Mill Set.

Then came out the characteristics of Humphrey Kidderson. He rose up in his strength and he forgot about his ribs. The old Black River spirit dominated. He cared not for all the wardens, head or otherwise, in all the green earth, so he did n't. He pulled off two coats in the face of the dying rain, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and worked in his hairy bare arms. He talked loud and free, and banged the oars and the spears about in the boat until it sent shivers up and down the spinal marrow and sympathetic ganglia of Henry Simpson, as Mr. Simpson admitted, to say nothing of me. He said we need n't be so mighty nervous, as, if old Corbin *was* mushrat enough to come out in the rain-storm past, he certainly would n't bother coming down to look for nets until the tide started on the rise. He announced that Mr. Simpson could hop out on the east bank of the river and make fast one end of the backrope round a big boulder he would find at the foot of a sheer forty-foot bank, down which everybody could easily come by falling, and in no other way. I, in my turn, could row like—various things he particularized while I was rowing, keeping her head up-stream while he paid out the net; but "Row, ye son-of-a-gun, row!" he stormed, while I wiped the pool into foam and eventually succeeded in straightening out the current-sagged net till at last we attained near enough to the west bank for Mr. Anderson to claw his way ashore on the low point, like a man in a tug-of-war, and, fighting for every inch of his ground, get a turn of the straining backrope around a marvelously convenient fence-post.

"Now give her a couple o' yanks!" he said, and we yanked, though I heard him groan once as the ribs caught him again. "Fine!" he commented at last, as the backrope swept away in a beautiful taut curve

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into the invisibility where dwelt Mr. Simpson. "Now for the bricks." Back into the dinghy we clambered again, and I heard the bricks grate as Mr. Anderson untied the bag. Then along the backrope we hauled ourselves, with the boat on its up-stream side and held against it by the current, so that when the bottom-rope was weighted and dropped, it might rest on the bottom of the river directly below the backrope, and the net between might belly out with the current. "The fish always mash in the upper curve," said Mr. Kidderson. And though it is altogether aside from the real interest of this tale, I have no keener recollection than that of seeing Humphrey Kidderson, wholly lost in enthusiasm, with his left hand, shadowy, palm up, and open-fingered to receive it, reach over the backrope with his right to where the sixteen-foot net lay out almost flat on the current, and jerk it in with the smooth, swift, rhythmic jerk of the netter of forty-two years' practice, the light twine wisping through the water till the bottom-rope came up, the marlin snood was found, and the brick slip-knotted in, to slide away again with the splashless drop of the expert. So the boat moved on, past the next float, and the wisping net came in again; till ten new bricks, stolen shamelessly from a growing structure in Leith, lay in a curved line across the dark bed of the Black River.

"All finished," said Mr. Kidderson, as the last brick went out over the quarter, and the dinghy surged in the dark with Mr. Simpson climbing in over her bow. "Now we 'll go up to Malcolm McLeod's and talk to them for a while. They 're very nice people." It was the same Malcolm McLeod's where we had sheltered the woolly horse a year before.

"An' leave the net?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Of course. Who 's to bother it?" Such faith was inspiring. We would go. We went up past an upper intervale on our right, where there grazed shadowy cattle, still left out in this over-mild autumn weather, and on through two long reaches, until we had run clean out of the woods, and the river lay between low, treeless banks. In a patch of willow we made fast the dinghy and climbed out on an open intervale that edged into a field sloping up and away toward the Glenfairley road, beyond which one light shone like a star. As we crossed the road and approached the light, walking on the edge of a plowed field, the pianist leaped as leaps a young colt, and I could see that the mantle of leadership, which had slipped so naturally from Mr. Anderson to Mr. Kidderson, was about to change again.

"This is a wonderful country," he said. "Who 'd ever think, to look out the window in Leith at these innocent hills, that to get up here you 'd have to navigate by a 17½ collar and two whooping cranes!"

"Great blue herons," said Mr. Simpson, stiffly. A roar came from the farther side of a wood-pile we were approaching.

"Look out for the dog," warned Mr. Kidderson, ahead; "he 's part mastiff, and very nasty."

"Oh, he is, is he?" said the pianist, and advanced around the wood-pile as a man still-hunting a bull moose. The roar continued for a space, then settled down into a blood-congealing growl. We moved past the end of the wood-pile so that we might view the hunt. The dog and the pianist were approaching each other in a straight line and with great caution, and both were growling furiously. The pianist was crouched down and appeared to be holding something in front of him. At ten feet the dog paused, doubtless in amazement, and at eight feet, with the pianist still coming on, his nerve seemed to break. At the same instant a blinding glare of light struck him in the eyes, and he turned and fled with yelps of terror, for Mr. Kimborough had turned loose the electric flash-light. The dog clung to the house as his only hope, and round and round it he went, with the pianist's oil-skins rasping together on his trail, until we lay on the wood-pile in our weakness and moaned. There, after the dog had broken away and fled out through the next farm and the pianist had given up the chase, we were found by Mr. McLeod.

"I thought the horses had broke' out," said that person. "Where 's the dog gone?"

"Donno," stuttered Mr. Simpson; "I guess he 's dee-railed—jumped his orbit—" he made a highly descriptive tangential motion with his forefinger. "If he ever comes back, it 'll be as a comet—with its tail between its legs."

But Mr. McLeod was continuing in the

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same breath: "You up nettin'? Who do ye think is gettin' a quiet cup of tea in the kitchen? Old Corbin. And he 's got a young fellow from Churchville with him. You 'd better get those oilskins off in the shed before you come in."

To the appointed shed we retired, all together, running, and while the oilskins were being stripped, the pianist hugged me round the neck. Then, in the warm smell of manure, with his feet on a milking-stool and his head among cobwebs, he made a speech to this effect:

"Gentlemen, follow me, and you shall inherit the earth. This concert is about to begin. What the program is to be I can tell you least of all. Your only duty is to await developments and back the band for all you 're worth. No half-measures. Listen carefully, and take your cue from me every time. Don't be afraid. If you see a chance to lie, lie. And be picturesque. I am a good liar, an extraordinary liar, a finished, polished, ingenious, life-long liar; and I can lie you out of any lie you tell, no matter how confused you get. Only be serious and wholly in earnest. Now from here we start. This"—pointing to me—"and I are in this district boring for coal on behalf of myself. I live in Montreal. *You* are very naturally running the drill, and we have driven in to Mr. McLeod's for the night. Our horse is in the barn, and we are very tired. That is all you have to remember." He turned to Mr. McLeod. "Would you be good enough to acquaint your family with these facts and the general situation," he said, and Mr. McLeod went away, confused, but hopeful. We heard Mrs. McLeod being called out for a consultation on domestic matters, and after the pianist had irrelevantly roared "Whoa!" in different keys several times, and we had made mixed sounds in the porch, like people unburdening themselves from outer garments, we went in, to find her seated, knitting, with a stiff upper lip, beside two men who faced a table and ate.

No member of the expedition had ever before been within arm's-length of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin; no one of us could properly be said to have seen him. On one feverish occasion three of those present had known him as a mighty Voice that proceeded out of a bush that overhung the water, and afterward (because of the breaking of the bush) gave way to filthy and unnatural language; and the same three, at another time, had seen a dark object, later said to be him, progressing earnestly but painfully along the crest of a ridge of burnt land in an effort to keep pace with a boat that was moved by two pairs of oars and the current. For Mr. Kidderson's part I knew that he had once heard the same Voice discuss with two other men, standing on a culvert, the unlawful doings of some one unknown; the unknown being Mr. Kidderson, who at that time lay under the culvert in a flat and was aware that the bow of the same projected out into the open night. So the chance of seeing Mr. Corbin face to face was almost too much excitement, and he seemed dazed as he was introduced. Whether it was from joy or bashfulness we failed to discover, but he stared at the Head Warden until it was becoming noticeable, when the pianist arose and caught the situation in mid-air.

"Too bad, Hump," he said; "they must be hurting pretty badly. You 'd better lie down on your left side on the sofa: that 'll ease them," and as Mr. Kidderson recovered his poise and came to rest, groaning appropriately, explained to Mr. Corbin how the jumper beam had swung and cracked two of Humphrey's ribs, and how he had insisted on working when he should n't. Then Mr. Kimborough wheeled properly into the breach and enveloped the Chief Overseer of Fisheries and the surrounding company in a baffling fog of words. It left me free to study and to listen.

Mr. Corbin's assistant had been presented as Mr. McDonald, which in eastern Nova Scotia conveys nothing. It is sufficient to say that he was a dark-colored McDonald, and seemed to have been bred in the depressing atmosphere of Canadian local elections. The Head Warden himself was a medium-sized, reddish Scotchman, doubtless all Highland blood on his mother's side. He had small eyes that traveled, and he snuffed. He looked unhappy, and you could see his trouble at a glance. It has happened before. It was this: never, since he could think, had he done one little thing, except eat, without having some little plan so mean that the average man could n't think it, so trans-

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A WOMAN OF REGGIO

AN EARTHQUAKE REFUGEE

CRAYON DRAWING FROM LIFE BY JOSEPH STELLA

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parent that the average man could n't believe it, as the mainspring. So he believed that every one else had a little plan in everything as well, which made him very miserable, and utterly dried up what should have been the wellspring of his heart. Mr. Simpson expressed it beautifully later on: "Money," he said, "is the only thing I 'd trust him with." At the present moment he was regarding the pianist with disfavor, for the average Scotchman is seldom convinced by words, except that he rules the earth—at a St. Andrews dinner. Ordinarily he is only dazed, and has a suspicion that there is something wrong. Mr. Kimborough noted this from the first, and I could see him spreading his net and pegging it down, corner by corner. But what he was striving for I had no more idea than an unborn child. It was all words.

As the wardens moved back from the table and opened their jack-knives, Henry Simpson, to fulfil his destiny as a tired man, disposed himself in a deep rocking-chair brought from the sitting-room, tilted his head back on an antimacassar, and appeared to sleep. Mr. Anderson lowered himself on the end of the invalid's sofa, and Mr. Kimborough talked, while I followed the labyrinth in vain. It was a beautiful talk. Though at first I could see Mr. Corbin looking patiently over our boots for fish-scales, toward the middle even he must have been convinced. We were almost convinced ourselves. The pianist gave a masterly geological history of the coal-measures in that part of Nova Scotia, leading up with emotion to his reasons for boring. He invented several authorities, and controverted them with some heat, until he got Mr. Corbin to admit that in his opinion that was so. Then he said that the trouble with that part of Nova Scotia in these days was that the miners were too well paid and would n't stick to their work. (I had been wallowing astern trying in vain to make out even some general course.) He said further that things were very different in times gone past, he believed: and to times gone past he reverted, and so, circuitously, through ten minutes, to Joseph Howe, who was a very great man. *Was* Mr. Corbin named after him! Well! well! (Here Mr. Simpson suffered an impediment in his snore.) He remembered an extraordinary story told by Howe of the Government's investigations of a mysterious affair that very closely affected a man then in the room: he referred to Mr. Kidderson. (Here Mr. Kidderson, who had had both eyes closed, opened one slowly, as an elderly spaniel does, and slowly closed it again. Mr. Simpson's chair, which had been rocking almost imperceptibly, came to an icy stop.) Only that afternoon, Mr. Kimborough continued, he had been asking Mr. Kidderson about the affair, and it turned out that the two old people who had so mysteriously disappeared had been Mr. Kidderson's grandfather and grandmother; and, still more strange, to-day, October 27, was the anniversary of their death. But no doubt Mr. Corbin lived in these parts, and knew all about it.

Mr. Corbin said no; he was just driving through.

"Tell him the story yourself, Hump," suggested the pianist. Mr. Kidderson seemed startled, but recovered.

"No, no," he said; "you tell it. You know it just as well as I do—an' it makes me sick to talk about it." (Here Mr. Simpson slowly woke up, and under cover of a yawn I saw him bestow one surprised but gratified glance on Mr. Kidderson.)

"It 's not much of a story," said Mr. Kimborough, sternly looking Mrs. McLeod over for signs of hysterics, "but it 's the strangeness of it—that they should never have found out. You said the farm was less than half a mile from here?"

"Two farms down; other side of the river," said Mr. Kidderson.

"What river?" inquired the pianist, absently.

"They call it the Black River," Mr. Corbin broke in, visibly interested.

"Oh! Well, Humphrey's grandmother and grandfather lived there, and one afternoon in October—27th—that was what year? '67; yes, the old gentleman went down by the river—I remember the river now—to look for some cattle—had to go through some woods—"

"That steep patch leadin' from Crawford's pasture down to the Mill Set," remarked Mr. Kidderson to Mr. Anderson.

"He did n't come back," the pianist resumed, "and about dusk the old lady went to look for him—and she did n't come back; so Hump's father went to look for both with a lantern, and could n't find

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"THE KING-PIN RATTLED OBTRUSIVELY AS HE DROVE AWAY INTO OUTER DARKNESS"

a sign of them. The cattle were there on the intervale, but every time he 'd try to get near them they 'd stampede. That was curious, was n't it?" Mr. Corbin snuffed and nodded. "Then they got hold of everybody they could with lanterns and torches, and hunted all night, and could n't get a trace of them, nor the next day—not a track or a sound."

"Hm!" said Mr. Corbin, and while the pianist paused, the rain from the eaves dripped mournfully on the roof of the porch.

"Then—when did they start hunting again?"

"They come up an' got something to eat, an' started in again about five the next evening," said Mr. Kidderson, reminiscently.

"Yes," the pianist went on; "and when they went down, the cattle stampeded again; broke right away across the river, you said,"—Mr. Kidderson nodded,—"and they found the old lady and the old gentleman dead, right out in open sight, on the edge of the intervale and the woods, in a place they 'd gone over a hundred times before. The bodies were laid out side by side as nicely as could be, and there was n't a track on the ground about them, except cattle; but"—the pianist leaned forward—"their heads were turned round so that the faces were at the back, twisted on the necks in some way, but without a mark."

Mrs. McLeod's knitting had stopped, and she wore an expression of unforced horror. Mr. Corbin said, "Well, that 's extraordinary!" and all eyes were turned on Mr. Kidderson, who moaned as he shifted his position.

"An' they could n't get 'em back," he said sadly. "I was only a little boy, but I remember them tryin'; but it was no use. It seemed to be something inside. So they did n't know whether to bury 'em on their backs—that is, face down—or on their faces—I mean on their stummicks—that is, face up,—" Mr. Kidderson demonstrated with his hands, endeavoring to make his point clear,—"but at last they buried 'em on their stummicks. And they never found out anything to this day. Abso-lootly don't know anything about it." At this stage Mr. Simpson sneezed violently twice, and rose to his feet complaining of a draft and saying that he thought the outside door must be open and he would go and see. From the porch he murmured something about it being time to water the horse, and I heard his footsteps moving toward the barn. At the last it seemed to me they moved with a certain restrained haste like those of one

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leaving the saloon of a liner in the middle of a meal. Mr. McLeod apparently heard the sound also, for he scraped his chair noisily on the hearthstone.

"Never got any clue at all?" said Mr. Corbin, with knitted brow.

"Never," said the pianist; "but Humphrey was telling me a curious story to-day. He says down here they 'll tell you that on the night of every 27th of October—warm seasons like this—any cattle that are out will stampede up and down that intervale. Shows how silly superstitions are started by old stories, eh?"

"Hmm!" said Mr. Corbin; "yes, it does, don't it?" Mr. Kimborough acquiesced that it did, and I said I would go and lend Henry a hand with the horse. Inside the barn door I heard sounds like some one threshing with a flail, mingled with sobs, and found him lying on his face in a pile of straw, and beating the straw with his feet.

"I never come so near congestion of the brain in my life," he stuttered through the dark. "Ain't Hump a daisy! True, now, would you ever ha' thought it of him?"

"Never," I said.

"An' y'r friend with the high-press nervous system—he 's a whale; he 's a lallypaloozer." (This spelling is phonetic. I believe the word properly means a club they use for killing salmon in British Columbia.) "He 's got the natural knack of tellin' a smooth an' sweet lie. You can hear the waters flow an' see the sun go down. He 's a bird. But where was he wadin' to?" Mr. Simpson sat up properly, and with difficulty lighted a pipe. "Was he tryin' to scare the old man off the river for the night? For if he was, I believe he 's done it: he was lookin' very serious when I was called away."

I was forced to shake my head again to indicate the entirety of my ignorance as to what that wonderful person's plans might or might not have been. "But," I said, "you can be sure of one thing: you can still look for the unexpected; and that 's all I know." We sat and talked on together in the darkness and within a quarter of an hour heard the last of the rain die down and the drip from the eaves thin and slow and cease. Finally, as Mr. Simpson happened to look up, he said:

"Hello, church is out!" Through the porch door came the Head Warden and his assistant, in overcoats, followed by Mr. McLeod with a lantern. In the kitchen we could see Mr. Kidderson, stark and motionless on his couch, and Mr. Anderson and the pianist solemnly going through the preliminaries to undressing for bed, though it was not half-past eight. We largely rustled the straw and stepped out to express our surprise that Mr. Corbin should be going on; but he said he had business down-country that had to be attended to before morning, and smiled wisely at Mr. McLeod, who smiled wisely back. So Mr. Henry Simpson, hooking in the breeching, took up the smile also, and smiled learnedly, saying that he thought he (Corbin) must be a deputy sheriff, and Mr. Corbin said, "Maybe," and mysteriously climbed up, with his assistant, into a wagon in which the king-pin rattled obtrusively as he drove away into outer darkness. Mr. Anderson and the pianist came out with their suspenders hanging, and stood on the door-step in the lantern-light and waved farewell, and, as the sounds of traffic faded beyond the top of the next ridge, fled again for the kitchen, where we followed. Altogether it had been a most effective departure.

Mr. Kidderson was already on his feet, straightening himself with heart-breaking groans, and painfully girding himself for action. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod were prostrated in two chairs, and the pianist and Mr. Anderson were fiercely pulling on rubber boots and ordering Mr. Simpson and me to bring the rest of the stuff from the shed.

"What I went out for specially," Mr. Anderson grunted, "was to get the sound of that king-pin down perfect. To-night, with no wind, and things as dead still as they are, I think I could pick it out across two miles of open country."

"You 're in the Mill Set?" inquired Mr. McLeod, between spasms. Mr. Kidderson nodded. "Then he can't get at ye from this side for the big bank. He 'll have to go down and round by the Glenfairley Bridge and worry the Stewarts an' that lot first on the way up. You 've got plenty of time." With this Mr. Kidderson agreed, but Mr. Anderson and the pianist were mistrustful, and said so.

"Mine enemy is gone forth into the

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night," chanted the latter, waving an arm abroad, "and behold I must go also, that I may utterly destroy him from out the earth; and these things are not accomplished as a breath of summer wind—so come on." But Mrs. McLeod seemed to be listening for something in the upper atmosphere.

In the same instant, feet, many feet, and without question large feet, moved overhead, beyond the ceiling. They moved without hurry, but as with one thought, as though it were breakfast-time, toward the stairs, down which they came disposedly. We of the expedition, speechless, looked at one another and at Mr. and Mrs. McLeod. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod looked at the door of the stairway, unperturbed, and from the door proceeded four men, of which the foremost exhibited the lank neck and moist red mustache of Mr. Tyss Burnett, whom I recognized from a year before, and who smiled. My first impulse was not to acquaint Mr. Burnett with the fact that I had helped to rob him of his net on that occasion; my second was to wonder what the next development in the evening's entertainment might be. In the meantime the quartet were introducing themselves freely to the pianist and expressing their appreciation. They also had followed the tragedy of Humphrey's grandparents, through a disused stovepipe-hole, and, having known Humphrey from his early youth, were greatly impressed. Mr. Simpson groped and addressed Mr. McLeod.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that besides harborin' the Head Warden, you 've got every driftwood-cussin' poacher in the Black River concealed among the latticework of this fortress? What are *you* doin' here?"

"We come for tea," explained Mr. Burnett, somewhat abashed, "thinkin' we 'd go down an' try the Mill Set after dark, when suddenly his whiskers arrived, and as we was acquainted, we thought we 'd go into the roof for a spell. Now, as you 're in the Mill Set, we 'll go farther up. That 's all."

"*Ain't* this a wonderful country!" said Mr. Simpson to the pianist, and again the pianist admitted that it was.

Then all together, because Mrs. McLeod insisted, we had tea, and all together, after reluctant good-bys, we advanced on the unresisting river, with the dog that was part mastiff fleeing before us like a dry leaf before the gales of autumn. The rain and the wind were utterly dead; the clouds still hung unbroken, and after the light and the noise of the house, the valley of the Black River lay as dark as a deep cavern at midnight and as silent as a high mountain at noon. At a place where I was restrained by Mr. Kidderson from walking into the river itself, Mr. Burnett and his natives produced two unpainted and crazy flats from under an inadequate bush, and, walking them as surely as a pavement, poled away upstream, using the butt-ends of salmon-spears. We, in our turn, unhitched the dinghy and, as silently as the foam-clots that met us, rowed down again through the black, unbroken woods, past the intervale with the live stock, and out on the deep-shadowed bosom of the Mill Set, where our opening pupils made out once more the blacker curve of our backrope in the dark. The dinghy moved down on its center with Mr. Kidderson, his ribs again neglected, leaning out over the bow, and as the backrope scraped the stem, he seized it and raised it an arm's swing above his head. Thus the salmon fishermen feel for them.

In that moment the law in its majesty and all its officers were forgotten. At the word of command I put my hand on the net and felt it twitch, and in the same second, near the shore, over the gravel bottom of the shoal west bank, rose up a splash, and thither we rowed furiously. Then all was pandemonium, and flying October water. They landed a thirty-six pound salmon, net and all, fair in the pianist's lap, where they proceeded to "unmash" him; and you could n't hear yourself shout. Finally, when he lay thrashing in the bottom of the boat, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kidderson were hugging another, the tail of which slapped Mr. Kidderson's forehead as they worked.

"He 's swallowed it, and one of the bricks." This from Mr. Simpson.

"Then turn him wrong-side out," shouted the pianist, burning with enthusiasm.

"Shove him through it," in Mr. Kidderson's voice. "Great Lord! there 's another! Whoopee!" as Mr. Anderson, on his knees, deftly slipped him out into the

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stern-sheets. "Hi! Sock the beggar with an oar before he goes overboard!" And so it went, while the dinghy rocked and roared her way across the river until seven salmon, from eighteen to thirty-eight pounds, lay thumping the planking in her bottom. Mr. Kidderson ran them over with his hand and broke into open cheers until he was restrained with threats. Even as he cheered, two more fish raised themselves from the river and went over the back-rope, a clean five-foot leap, and boiled on up-stream, followed by the advice that a man named Burnett would be looking for them at the ford.

Then came a moment's rest, which broadened out into a period of quiet such as this expedition had not seen. Though at the time we knew it not, this, in the manner of the Great Artist, was only a fitting introduction to the events that were to come; for it happened that our cup of joy had not even begun to fill. For Mr. Kidderson and Mr. Anderson, who apparently wished only for salmon, it was an era of rising tide and great promise, and of blessed respite from interference on the part of the law. For Mr. Simpson and me, who lived patiently in the hope of more excitement, it was a time of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. For the pianist it appeared to be only a golden opportunity to perform certain things of which we had no knowledge. His faith was as the faith that moveth mountains and maketh the sun to stand still, and his care was the care of genius.

We grounded the dinghy on the east bank, directly beneath the convenient fence-post that held the straining back-rope; for there she became the center of all future tactics. And this is how. It is a most beautiful arrangement worked out by those thoughtful Black River brains during sleepless nights. That fence-post is on the end of a bare, low, intervale point that faces down-river. Across the river the other end of the net, as has been said, is made fast to a boulder at the bottom of a forty-foot bank, down which no man may come and live. Thus, one who would approach by land must come by the east bank and out on that intervale point. And so, when the wardens come, unheralded and by stealth, in the manner of wardens, the breaker of the law, seated in his own ship, which is afloat upon the waters, can pull on one rope once, this rope controlling a slip-knot, by which the end of the net is bound to the fence-post, and immediately, without further labor of any kind, he is floated away on the bosom of the stream as it runs to the sea, holding to the end of the net, by which he is carried across under the opposite bank, where he is not attainable, and can take in his net and pick sticks and autumn leaves out of the same at his leisure, if he considers it desirable, and whence, at the same time, he can address the wardens in their own tongue in

"THEY LANDED A THIRTY-SIX POUND SALMON, NET AND ALL, FAIR IN THE PIANIST'S LAP"

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such language as seems to him fitting; and he need not even raise his precious voice, for the rocks behind him reflect sound perfectly. This was explained at great length by Humphrey Kidderson, who pointed out how its simple beauty all depended on the working of the slip-knot, and Mr. Simpson and I said we yearned to see it worked, and especially for Mr. Corbin.

But throughout a silent and age-long hour the patient elements gave no sign, and we sat close about the post on the edge of the bank and whispered. Once we were interrupted by two salmon striking the net, and these were gathered to their rest. In the meantime the pianist had disappeared into the hinterland, and for a long time we could hear him moving about softly on the mysterious borderline between the intervale and the woods. Frequently we heard a sharp click and the thrill of cut wire, and inferred that the wire-pliers had come into action at last. At the end of the hour he appeared suddenly beside us, and we could see his smile in the dark.

"Any one invading this territory from the forest is going to get into horrible difficulties," he volunteered. "I 've cut up about three hundred yards of old fence and built entanglements specially designed for infantry."

So we waited through another half-hour, during which another salmon arrived, but was permitted to stay where he was; and still no Mr. Corbin. Then, just at the turning of the tide, when every creek and inlet in that night-covered country was filled to its topmost banks, a great trouble came to Mr. Kidderson. He developed an internal pain. He believed that without question it had resulted from over-exerting those ribs; the ends felt as if they were striking through somewhere they should n't.

"Boys," he groaned, "I 'm going to die, an' we 'll have to go home. The tide 's high, anyway." The pianist was almost weeping with disappointment.

"Better wait a little longer and see how you feel," he urged. "It would n't be safe to travel as bad as you are now." Mr. Simpson joined in.

"If you 'r' goin' t' die, Hump, ye can die just as well here as home, if y' 'd only die quiet enough—or we could take ye up to Malcolm McLeod's." Finally Mr. Kidderson thought that if he had a really good place to lie down, he might feel better, and the pianist sprang at the chance.

"In four minutes," he said, "I 'll make you the finest bed you ever slept on," and in a moment he was dragging a sleeping-bag and a pair of great four-point blankets out of the dinghy. "Come on," he said, "I know a place." He led Mr. Kidderson away, groaning, and in a little we heard them moving carefully in the woods almost above us, where they gradually nestled down like a heron rookery at sunset. In a straight line they were hardly twenty-five feet from the point where we stood, and between lay a little backwater.

Once more we settled, and the pianist came down to confer, when I saw Mr. Anderson raise his hand.

"The king-pin!" he murmured. We listened, and at first could hear nothing. Then we caught it, going slowly and carefully a long way off, one thin sound in miles of silence, sometimes louder, sometimes occulted by trees or a little hill.

"Glory be!" said the pianist. We lifted the dinghy afloat and climbed in as silently as shadows. "Now I 'll go and tell Hump," he whispered, leaning over the bow. Even as he spoke there came from up the intervale the loud twang of a wire, with the thud and squelch of a heavy body falling in soft marsh, followed by more twangs and thuds and the subdued voice of one man swearing continuously.

"Our friend Mr. Corbin is now engaged in arrivin'," said Mr. Simpson, under bated breath, "an' y'r woven-wire man-trap seems to be workin' like a fire-engine. My! ain't he pleased!" as further twangs and thuds and another blast of restrained profanity swept through the darkness. "Sounds as if he was tryin' to play a banjo with his feet, don't it?" I saw the pianist stoop and pick up the two salmon-spears from where we had laid them on the bank, and in the twinkling of an eye he had vanished, bearing them away with him.

"All incriminatin' letters destroyed," Mr. Simpson added in the same moment.

"Pull!" breathed Mr. Anderson. "Quick!" The backrope lay under my hand, and I jerked. The fence-post sprung audibly, there was a light splash that ran all across the river, the faintest *wisp* of the net through the water, the least grating

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of gravel, and the dinghy swung away with us into black silence until we approached that towering bank and lay under it, head up-stream. The slip-knot had worked. My head was close to Mr. Simpson's.

"Do you think they heard?" I said.

"No chance in the world; too far away. The deceivin' old sinner! Hired a third party to keep drivin' that king-pin round among these mountains so that any innocent farmer who might be seekin' the necessities of life at the Mill Set would notice that it continued to keep on goin', while him an' that other heavier-than-air treasury suckling glided out over the revolvin' wheels and floated down the nearest wood-road. *There* they are. Look at 'em comin' on fairy feet. See his giblets' whiskers stuck out ahead. Don't he look fierce!" Mr. Simpson hardly more than shaped the words with his lips. I had to say that these details were beyond me. All I could see was two objects without form moving cautiously and noiselessly out on the bare intervale point, until, at the extreme end, in the region of our fence-post, they seemed to fade away into nothing. It was all very indistinct—shadows moving in the deepest shadow.

The night held as black as a mine. The clouds hung even and low and unbroken. The calm remained perfect. The high tide had stilled even the voice of the river over the riffles, and the silence boomed softly in one's ears, keeping time with the heart, as on a mountain. The only sounds at all were faint and long-separated thuds from the hoofs of the cattle on the upper intervale. Then certainly for twenty throbbing minutes that silence went on. Once, fifteen miles away among the wet spruces, a locomotive whistled, and the blast trembled and broke and wailed itself out on every unseen hill in that whole parish. Once a curled sheet of something white, doubtless birch-bark, rode slowly past on the current, and that was the only moving thing I saw.

At last Mr. Anderson, proceeding like the minute-hand of a watch, bent nearer.

"They 've sat down on the bank by the fence-post," he said. "Can't see what his little game can be. He certainly can't tell we 're here. Or, if he did know it in any way, what is he going to do about it? Unless he knows we 're in this boat, and has got some one set for us at the Glenfairley Bridge."

"More likely," submitted Mr. Simpson, "his fatal cleverness has led him to sneak down an' sit among the evergreens over our heads while Humphrey was havin' his pain an' gettin' his death-bed prepared, so that now his little chest is inflated with the knowledge that he has this expedition divided, an' that all the evidence will be in the ship, an' that the ship won't sail without makin' an effort to collect the rest of the crew, and that he 'll wait till it does —when there will be war. By-an'-by he 'll be so happy an' comfortable he 'll smoke. You see."

Mr. Anderson swept away this suggestion with a jerk of his chin. His professional pride was bruised.

"If you don't know me better by this time than to think any boot-footed bush-loafer can walk in the woods over my head without my knowing it, ye learn slow, that 's all," he said, and Mr. Simpson admitted that he might be wrong. Which later proved to be the case. In the meantime, having failed to deduce Mr. Corbin's thoughts, we ceased whispering, waiting for what might come to pass, and once more that great silence came down and lay like a mantle over the whole earth. Mr. Simpson and I reposed comfortably on sleeping-bags, with our faces turned up to the unseen firmament, and Mr. Anderson crouched like a cat, staring across the stream in the direction of the mysterious Mr. Corbin, who, it seemed, might be the winner in the end. I remember when at last the stillness was disturbed for one second by something on our shore. It was not a great noise. It might have been a meadow-mouse upsetting a dead maple-leaf. Immediately afterward I saw the shadow of Mr. Anderson's hand touch Henry Simpson's forehead and point across the river. Mr. Simpson turned his head, and I heard him breathe, "Gentle Jehoshaphat!" I looked. From where we lay, the length of the net down-stream, we could see up into the little backwater that separated Mr. Corbin's earthworks, to the left, from the high, wooded bank, to the right, on one moss-clad shelf of which the pianist had laid Mr. Kidderson. On the glassy surface of that backwater, near its mouth and fair in its center, moved a little globule of purple-pink

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SUDDENLY THE WATER ALL ABOUT THE WARDENS BLOSSOMED INTO THOSE WONDERFUL, RUNNING, FIERY GLOBULES TILL THE SCENE WAS LIGHTED WITH THEIR GHOSTLY LIGHT"

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fire. As we stared, in speechless and frozen astonishment, it changed to palest blue and suddenly disappeared. Before we could speak, out of the blinded obscurity came a crackle, as of a slight electric spark, then nothing but that vast silence again. Then I caught the slow-taken indraft of Mr. Simpson's breath.

"Will-o'-the-Wisp," he murmured uneasily. "I often heard of 'em, but never seen one before." Mr. Anderson considered this point, and placed it with elaborate accuracy.

" 'Bout as much like a Will-o'-the-Wisp as you 're like Humphrey's grandmother," he said.

"Never-mind about Humphrey's gran'-mother, will ye?" Mr. Simpson replied, and I heard him swallow several times. "But if it was n't a Will-o'-the-Wisp, what was it?" I could see Mr. Anderson shaking his head. "I 've heard of quite a lot of different kinds of lightnin'." Mr. Anderson's head still shook.

"Don't know"—Here this hardly breathed conversation ceased, for another globule of purple-pink fire broke out on the surface of the backwater, but nearer the wooded bank, where it lighted one overhanging dead branch dimly with a ghastly blue light before it itself turned blue-white and vanished. Again, a few seconds later, out of the black darkness, came that little nerve-racking crackle, this time so faint as to make you think it might have been in your own ears. Then suddenly appeared two globules of fire, but now out on the main river, between Mr. Corbin's stronghold and us. For a moment they held steady, then ran about like maddened stars, and we could see what appeared to be faint columns of pale vapor ascending from each, till, almost at the same instant, they, too, vanished, and the crackle came again.

Here followed a longish black pause, and I am certain that I could hear not even a breath taken in that dinghy. At the end the manifestation returned to the backwater, for again two points of fire broke out and moved, and the pale vapor ascended and was reflected in that mirror-like calm. But this time with a difference, for above them, three feet or more above the water and apparently resting on the vapor (I state but the facts), was a devil, a purplish-pink devil, and the devil danced. It was an unconventional devil. It was unlike any devil I have ever seen or read about. It may not have had horns, I do not know whether it had a cloven hoof, or any kind of a hoof; and it certainly did not have a tail, or, if it did, it was a stunted tail like a rabbit's: but I am convinced that it was a devil. It either had to be a devil or an angel, and, as it was only about two feet high, it was too small for an angel, and I never heard of an angel dancing over two globules of fire above the surface of a half-wild river at midnight. Of course I have heard of other kinds of spirits, but they are unofficial, and I don't believe in them. In any case, at this point in the proceedings I heard Mr. Simpson say very softly: "Well, I 'm damned!" so it was evident that he saw it, too. The devil lasted a very short time, and then went out: or rather, the globules of fire went out, and the terrible thought was that the devil might still be there, or here, or anywhere else. I saw Mr. Simpson feel the back of his neck, but no one said anything. Then the devil came on again with one globule of fire under him, but this time he was higher up in the air over the same spot and much more indistinct. He moved with great uncertainty before he disappeared.

Then there was a very long and breathless pause in which I thought I heard one snap. It might have been a twig, or it might have been something inside my head. Suddenly there were several *plops* and half a dozen globules of fire played on the backwater. Then, as one by one they went out, each with its crackle, and our eyes became partly accustomed to the dark again, we saw a very terrible thing about halfway up that wooded bank. It seemed to be white and it was a full fifteen feet high. It swayed easily and bowed gracefully from the hips, and it appeared to be full of a faint light that played about among its vitals. Aside from these things it seemed to be without form, and void. Altogether it was a most awe-inspiring sight. It had a nasty way of leaning out over the backwater, as though it thought of fluttering down on the intervale point where the Head Warden was watching. Further, it had a distressing habit of going out into almost utter obscurity and coming on again.

After perhaps two minutes of swaying

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it stood solemnly and silently upright among the spruces, and there came forth from its direction a low, whistling moan that increased and wavered. I cannot describe it at all, but it was one of the most terrible sounds I ever heard. At the same time I became aware of the thuds of hoofs as we had heard them on the upper intervale, but much closer and heavier. They were coming down the intervale in regular beat, as though the cattle were in full stampede, and the moan from the fifteen-foot ghost rose to a wail, and thence mounted into a shriek. More than anything else it was like that frightful cry of the Canada lynx, or perhaps like a lost soul in torment, though I have never heard one of these latter, and it died down again into a moan that was lost in the pounding and squelching of the hoofs of the oncoming cattle. It was answered by a smother of sounds from Mr. Corbin's stronghold. There was a whimpering yell, such as might come from a man thoroughly unstrung, that tailed off into curses and prayers,—we could actually hear some one calling on Heaven to forgive and help,—and we saw two shadows, very close together, fleeing at notable speed up the intervale. The nerve of the Head Warden had collapsed, and he was flying on the wings of a great fear into the outside world. But he was too late. The cattle had reached the head of the little backwater and were thundering down the point like a herd of bison of the days gone past. Later we found these were just seventeen head of steers, but it was enough. We saw the two shadows turn and flee down the point ahead of them, and from the end of the point plow out into the water, where they stopped, waist-deep, while the steers checked on the brink and lowed with fright. Suddenly the water all about the wardens blossomed into those wonderful, running, fiery globules till the scene was lighted with their ghostly light. A second later a series of little explosions came from the edge of the water, under the very feet of the cattle, the air about them was full of fiery stars, and they turned as one steer and fled up the intervale again, overwrought with terror. And the representatives of the law climbed out of the Black River and fled on their tracks, which no doubt helped to increase their terror, if that were possible. In any case, they passed quickly from our dull sight, and in a little the sounds had died down to a frightened lowing very far away upstream, and a slashing of spruce branches somewhere high up on the west bank. And the fifteen-foot ghost may have followed after, for when I turned my fascinated eyes backward, the space where it had been hung empty in the dark.

As for our dinghy, the *Rorqual's* spar-varnished dinghy, she was prancing like a charger, for Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson, in helpless silence and with clenched fists, were rising up and sitting down in a choking ecstasy of excitement and glee. At last Mr. Simpson gasped, "How in God's world did he do it?" If I had been in a condition to reply, I had no reply to offer, but, in any case, the question was swept away by four figures walking toward us on the water from the direction of up-river. These resolved themselves into Mr. Tyss Burnett and his natives in the two disreputable flats, still standing up loosely, coasting down on the current, and wishing to know, for the sake of the Lord of the Universe, what the row had been about. They said they considered they had been more or less in at the finish, and that in their several different lengths and varieties of lives they had never seen anything that remotely resembled it in any way, whatever, at all.

"A yell like a lucifee," said Mr. Burnett, "then steers—millions of steers runnin' up the intervale like the mill-tail o' hell, an' some one cryin' an' cursin' behind 'em!" The end of the net had been forgotten, and had softly gone overboard, and we were drifting down-stream sidewise in company with the reeling flats, while Mr. Simpson, with a wealth of wonderful detail, stood up and told his broken story, until those men of the Black River sat down, and from sitting down lay down on the wet bottoms of the flats, and rolled from side to side in their agony. For proof, poling and rowing uproariously, we went back to the point with the fence-post where Mr. Kidderson and the pianist were only then arriving. Mr. Kimborough must have been partly undressed for ease of movement, for he was robing himself as he came, and at the same time dancing a ceaseless and intricate dance. For some time he could not be induced to speak, but at last, in the midst of a fairy-ring, he

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stopped to reply to Mr. Simpson's inquiry as to how.

"Gentlemen," he said, "all great artistic triumphs are great only in their perfect simplicity. This was as simple as the sunrise; hence its effectiveness. It was the logical sequence of it that made it beautiful. The fire-works were little pieces of potassium that I had in this bottle,"—He held up an inconspicuous something in the dark,—"which burns when you throw it on water, and after it goes out, what is left blows up and makes that little crackle in the dark. It is all highly unnatural on a wet, cold river at midnight, and so is very striking to the mind that has been carefully prepared. Later, when I wanted it to blow up at once and make louder explosions to remove the steers up the intervale again, I threw in bigger pieces of potassium, because that 's what *they* do. The little devil over the water was a little rubber devil that was filled full of my own breath. I keep it for a conjuring trick that amuses children. It came out of the black bag." (This last to me.) "I had it on a fishing-line and a birch pole. The big devil on the bank was the four-point blanket stuck on a salmon-spear, with me and the lightning-bug—squirt-lamp—electric flashlight inside, an' then at the end I sent Hump to bring home the cows. He pretty nearly got his neck twisted like his grandmother when they went back again, but he forgot about his ribs once more."

"Rose from his death-bed to save his countrymen," chimed Mr. Simpson. Mr. Kidderson spoke confidentially to me.

"I guess there was some flatulency mixed in with that pain about the ribs," he said.

"And the lucifee?" inquired Mr. Burnett.

"Oh," said the pianist, with modesty, "I yelled; but at that stage in the game any kind of yell would do. We 'd laid the foundation of what they call an atmosphere, and there was a ghost in every alder."

We salved the net from the bottom of the river, and it took four men and the flash-lamp to unravel the one salmon, for in our absence he had used it as a winding-sheet.

"We lifted," said Mr. Burnett, "because the rain had raised the river, an' when the tide started to run out, we was gettin' everything from leaves to telephone-poles. An' if it 's all the same to you, we 'll hide our flats here and go down with you as far as the Glenfairley Bridge."

So we left those scenes, nine men in one thirteen-foot dinghy, and the Stewarts, farther down, said later that when we passed it sounded like a sleigh-drive, and that one of them had a providential escape from being hit by a flask. This was doubtless a flask that Mr. Simpson found in a pocket and a minute afterward threw away.

All together we climbed out on the Glenfairley Bridge, where the crew of the dinghy produced the thermostatic bottles and invited the strangers to breakfast. The time was 1:10 A.M. This meal was taken standing, and we were in the midst of it, and of certain reminiscences that would have drowned a thunder-storm, when a vehicle with a loose king-pin, being driven rapidly, broke out of the woods on the west side of the river and bore down on the bridge. It carried a large and lighted lantern on the dash. The natives turned, and at the end of three seconds of time the darkness had received them into its bosom.

"No," said the pianist, sternly, "you stand your ground. I am operating this kaleidoscope." The Burnett family slunk back, Mr. Tyss thoughtfully dropping his net over the coping into the dinghy.

"Wardens don't carry lanterns, anyway," he said hopefully.

"Don't know about that," said Mr. Anderson; "but I do know that king-pin." The vehicle came to a spectacular stop, with our party blinking in the full light of the lantern, and Mr. Corbin descended. The pianist frugally laid a chicken leg on the bridge-rail and fanned himself with his sou'wester so that his face might be the better seen. The Head Warden looked at the face in amazement, then mechanically at the boots, which were visibly overlaid with fish-scales, as were all the others in sight. Then he recovered himself and smiled bitterly.

"Out borin' for coal?" he inquired, with elaborate sarcasm.

"No," said Mr. Kimborough, cheerfully; "netting salmon."

"Did you get any?" Mr. Corbin continued, partly stunned by this frankness.

"Lots. The boat 's full of 'em—nets an' everything. Like to see them?" The

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Burnetts and their guests were dancing in the background.

"See 'em! I 'd like to take 'em, an' quick, too. Don't ye know ye can't net salmon?"

"Don't you believe it," broke in Mr. Simpson. "You ought to see us!"

"Are you a warden?" inquired the pianist with pained surprise.

"I am," replied Mr. Corbin, bristling.

"Oh," said Mr. Simpson, "we had two wardens call up at the Mill Set, but we could n't get 'em to stay. Is your pants wet?"

"Hell!" said Mr. Corbin.

"Look!" said the pianist. He had been

"HE NEVER PAUSED FOR ONE LITTLE WORD"

fumbling with something, and now held a jack-knife out beyond the edge of the coping. On the black water below there bloomed out a globule of purple-pink fire, which ran about with great enthusiasm, and after it vanished there came a crackle out of nowhere. For a couple of purple-pink seconds Mr. Corbin was silent, probably drawing breath as a singer. Then—and his face was accurately purple-pink by the lantern light—he broke into the long, full, rhythmical lilt of the expert who has gathered the language of unrighteousness through a lifetime of tribulation and misunderstanding. He never paused for one little word: everything was finished and smooth and lovely in its appropriateness. None of the notable words will bear reporting at all. The thoughts could only have arisen from the suspicion that for a long time he had been mocked by the whole bad Black River.

His theme was us. He began with the assumption that we were of unsound mind and that our home was in an asylum. Then he found all accepted theological divisions of gods and goddesses too limited for working purposes, and stepped aside to subdivide them anew under our naked and wondering eyes before he proceeded. He said that our parents exhibited grave defects of a minutely qualified and extensively particularized sort. (Some of you may be able to translate a little. I am helpless.) He assured us that our education had been perverted, that our outlook was diseased, and that our horizon was limited to lust. He indicated that our physical functions were deranged, and made it evident before high heaven that in personal appearance we were repulsive and that our eyes showed the effects of alcoholic liquors. Up to this point everything had been consummated within the bounds of one marvelous sentence, and we stood locked in a knot, and were dumb. After the next indraft he turned his burning attention to our separate personal defects, and all the while he danced. This blistering passage I hate to remember. The things that he called the pianist—I know no method of reducing their pressure sufficiently to give any idea of them in the restrained English of convention. He searched the outer nebulæ and the casual language of obstetrics—but they will have to stand as classics, untranslated and untranslatable. Toward the trembling end he showed why our presence on earth was repugnant to him and all other right-thinking men, and before he had finished, he climbed into the wagon, jerked the reins from his paralyzed assistant, lashed the slumbering steed with their free ends, and went away with that animal running, while the bridge heaved under our feet.

"Walk y'r horse an' save the fine!" roared Mr. Simpson, quoting from the sign-board on each end. "Hi! Come back! Ye forgot y'r salmon an' the nets." The pianist paced the planks as the stage at Covent Garden.

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" Come back, come back, beloved,
Come back and claim your own,"

he sang; but the Head Warden had gone.

Everybody looked at everybody, and Mr. Kimborough resumed his chicken leg. We were not sure that Mr. Corbin had not evened up for the night's entertainment.

"Hope y'r nervous system is restin' easier now," Mr. Simpson ventured. "That should have flattened it out some." The pianist said it was.

"And," he added, "that man was wonderful. Don't know about the rest of you, but I was stunned—could n't move hand or foot. Besides, I felt ashamed of myself: he was so much in earnest that he made me believe I was some of those awful things he said. But this is true: I 'll be stronger and can keep my temper better all the rest of my life for knowing those words and how to use 'em—if I can only remember. It 's like a country with a big navy: feel very powerful inside; panic very slow and difficult. Henry, did you know before that you were a — — — — cross-eyed, pock-marked gorilla?"

"Why did n't we kill him?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Don't know," said the pianist.

"Why did n't he take the nets and the salmon?" inquired Mr. Kidderson.

"Don't know, either: probably because he forgot."

"Well, he 'll remember, won't he?" Mr. Kidderson insisted.

"Never," said the pianist; "never in this life." As he spoke, I felt the first of the cool breeze come in from the northwest.

This is really the end of this story.

When the bed of the Black River at this place was strewn with the bones of chickens, and when each of us in his turn had scalded his esophagus with tea,—because the little metal cups were too hot to be held long in the naked hand,—and the thermostatic bottles were empty, then Mr. Burnett and his natives loaded themselves with wet fish and a bag, and said good night, and took their departure in this wise: they moved toward the other end of the bridge, and when their feet went off the planking there was silence. They may have stepped on dead grass or into the night air. I do not profess to know; but I know they were no more seen or heard by us. Two minutes later the Glenfairley Bridge stood deserted under the stars, for there were stars then, and we were rowing into the face of a cold and rising northwest breeze. How that breeze grew to a two-hours' squall, through which the *Porpoise* and Mr. Anderson found their way home; how the dinghy broke adrift, and had to be rescued in a spectacular manner on a lee shore full of perils; and how we watched the gray dawn dim the electric light while we were eating illegal salmon steaks in the *Rorqual's* galley and listening to the whoop of the wind and the slat of the halyards overhead, are all minor incidents.

The pianist and I went home in full daylight under a cold and clear sky, with the wind-blown leaves swirling about our feet; and in a little, from the bath-room, I heard sounds of merriment and repressed cheers where he was living the night over again. He appeared at eight o'clock breakfast as usual, unslept and happy, and at half-past ten, leaving all doors and windows open to the naked sunlight outside, played the A♭ Major Polonaise once. A distant carpet-sweeper stopped, and I heard tentative footsteps approaching, together with other footsteps from other directions, muffled by carpets. The gravel of the drive, that had been crunching under the boots of two men carrying spruce to cover the rose-beds, became suddenly quiet with the swish of the spruce being thrown down. The rattling cart that brought the spruce ceased to rattle, and through a window I could barely see the wondering eyes of its driver. Beyond him two little girls, carrying a jug of buttermilk, stood still; and by the door of the music room were five of us together. The one who was most thoroughly musical got pinker and pinker, and her breath came quicker and quicker, till toward the finish she was hardly less than sobbing; and the one who was least musical shifted from foot to foot with his feelings, and, as the triumphant end came at last, said, "By ——, eh!" whatever that may have meant.

A short time ago Mr. Simpson showed me a newspaper in which it was stated that the pressure of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin's other business was so great that he felt called upon to resign his position as chief overseer, and that in his stead there had been appointed one Thomas Leslie Speers, whom we have not met.

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FULTON'S INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT

MAINLY AS RECORDED IN HIS ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED AND WITH PLANS BY HIMSELF RECENTLY DISCOVERED

IN TWO PAPERS: I THE TRIAL BOAT ON THE SEINE
II THE AMERICAN BOAT: THE *CLERMONT*

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE[1]

Great-granddaughter of the Inventor

FIRST PAPER

THE evolution of navigation was almost as gradual as the evolution of man. To deny the preliminary stages in either case would be equally futile. From the moment when primitive eyes witnessed the voyage of a sun-warped leaf upon a pool, the object-lessons of boating were discernible. Soon the hollow log became the prototype of the first canoe; later intelligence built larger craft, with skins of slain beasts upheld to catch the propelling winds; after centuries of progress, perfected sailing ships moved from continental shore to shore. A study of history will reveal in the art of navigation, as in every other science, the clearly formulated ideas of successive progress.

In the year 1807 it remained for Robert Fulton, an energetic American, to arrive, after years of study and numberless tests, at that definite knowledge of proper proportions which enabled him to build and navigate on the Hudson the first successful steamboat. This happy combination of undaunted perseverance and achievement upon a scene of unrivaled beauty, with a group of historic witnesses, and Fulton's subsequent developments of the art of steam navigation, combine to make the occasion worthy of national honor at the close of a century.

It should be observed that the civilized world awaited the invention. In several countries inceptive attempts to solve the problem were manifest, and these are permanently recorded in history. In America John Fitch, William Henry, James Rumsey, and Edward West had experimented with varying degrees of success; in Scotland, as early as 1781, Symington and Bell had tried an experiment upon the waters of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and in the same year, in France, the Abbe Arnal propounded his theories. In 1795 Earl Stanhope of England, who became an intimate friend of Robert Fulton, experimented with a web-foot paddle; in 1801, Hunter and Dickinson, his countrymen, attempted a trip upon the River Thames with a boat which proved a failure. Robert R. Livingston, who later was associated with Fulton as partner in the enterprise of the *Clermont,* had tried his hand at the venture, as had also Nicholas J. Roosevelt, who subsequently (1809) was employed by Livingston and Fulton to study the possibilities of navigation by steam upon the Mississippi and other Western rivers. To this already

[1] See also, by the same writer, "The Early Life of Robert Fulton" and "Robert Fulton in France," in THE CENTURY for September and October, 1908, respectively.

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long, though incomplete, list of sometime claimants for the honorable title of inventor may be added the names of William Longstreet, Samuel Morey, and John Stevens. Truly with Robert Fulton the "psychological moment" of demonstration had arrived.

But earlier than any of these essays toward the new art should be noted an experimenter, John Allen, M.D., who in 1730 mentioned a method of propelling a vessel by steam. He was a scientific Englishman whose fondness for experiment led him to publish a paper entitled "Navigation in a Calm." The propulsion of the becalmed sailing ship could be effected, he averred, "by the propulsion of water through an aperture in the stern of the vessel by pumps actuated by the labor of many men"; and he further suggested that "a fire-engine [evidently Newcomen's atmospheric steam-engine, patented 1705] with its furniture should be put on board a 70-gun ship having on board a 'Pneumatick engine' above described, with two 7-foot cylinders and their pistons," adding that "the force, being equivalent to the labor of ninety or one hundred men, would drive a ship of twelve or fourteen tons at the rate of three knots an hour." [1]

These experiments are all links in an interesting chain which successively led to the perfecting of the first steamboat built by Robert Fulton.

It is important to emphasize the fact that Fulton himself was fully cognizant of those earlier attempts; indeed, he would have deprecated the inference that he had not duly profited by the prior experiments of other scientists. His generous mind sought for comradeship in the solution of the important problem. In his hitherto unpublished "Notes for an Argument on Steam Boats, Should Argument Become Necessary" (in the possession of the estate of his daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary), he distinctly states:

It is now about thirty years since experiments commenced in Europe and America, with a view to move boats or vessels to advantage by the power of steam engines. All of which failed of any useful result. As a proof of this, there were nowhere, either in Europe or America, any kind of steamboat in actual operation when Messrs. Livingston and Fulton commenced their experiments upon the Seine near Paris in the year 1802. And the repeated failure of men of science, among whom were the ingenious Earl of Stanhope, gave an impression to the public mind both in Europe and America, that it was impracticable to make a useful steamboat, and under this belief those who attempted it were considered as visionaries or mad men. In this state of things Mr. Livingston, while in Paris in 1802, persuaded Mr. Fulton to make the attempt, and he, fortunately for our country, has succeeded. America therefore claims the honor of this important invention which may justly be considered an epoch in the useful arts, to the incalculable advantage of these young and rising states.

With this statement of Fulton's it is interesting to subjoin Chancellor Livingston's account of the partnership, which he drew up for the "American and Philosophical Register":

Robert R. Livingston, when minister in France, met with Mr. Fulton and they formed that friendship and connexion with each other, to which a similarity of pursuits generally gives birth. He communicated to Mr. Fulton the importance of steamboats to their common country; informed him of what had been attempted in America, and of his resolution to resume the pursuit on his return, and advised him to turn his attention to the subject. It was agreed between them to embark in the enterprise, and immediately to make such experiments as would enable them to determine how far, in spite of former failures, the object was attainable. The principal direction of these experiments was left to Mr. Fulton, who united in a very considerable degree, practical, to a theoretical knowledge of mechanics. After trying a variety of experiments on a small scale, on models of his own invention, it was understood that *he* [Mr. Fulton] had developed the true principles upon which steamboats should be built, and for the want of knowing which all previous experiments had failed. But as these two gentlemen both knew that many things which were apparently perfect when tried on a small scale, failed when reduced to practice upon a large one, they determined to go to the expense of building an operating boat upon

[1] Eliot Hodgkins (F. S. A.) in "Rariora."

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the Seine. This was done in the year 1803, at their joint expense, under the direction of Mr. Fulton; and so fully evinced the justice of his principles, that it was immediately determined to enrich their country by the valuable discovery, as soon as they should meet there, and in the meantime to order an engine to be made in England. On the arrival at New York of Mr. Fulton, which was not until 1806, they immediately engaged in building a boat of, what was then considered, very considerable dimensions.

A legal form of agreement was drawn by the two men, and signed at Paris October 10, 1802. The terms are not defined in the letter written, in 1814, by the chancellor's heirs, wherein they affirm that "they will always be ready and willing to comply with the Articles of Agreement entered into and executed by you [Robert Fulton] and the Honble. Robert R. Livingston." The chancellor left no son, and the paper is signed, "Robert L. Livingston and Edward P. Livingston."

A complete description of Fulton's trial boat on the Seine is contained in an interesting paper in present possession of the Hon. Peter T. Barlow, of New York, who inherited the family papers of his famous kinsman, Joel Barlow, a former minister to France. The paper was prepared for Barlow's signature by Fulton himself, in the year 1811. It has never before been published. When rival companies threatened to invade the patent rights of Fulton and Livingston, Fulton writes to Barlow:

I want your deposition as follows:

Joel Barlow of the City of Washington, district of Columbia, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposeth and saith: That in the year of our Lord, 1802, Robert Fulton at that time residing in said Barlow's house in Paris, did commence experiments with a view to discover the principles on which boats or vessels should be propelled through the water by the power of Steam engines,—that having made various experiments on a model about 4 feet long and 12 inches wide, which was worked by two Strong clock springs to ascertain the best mode of taking the purchase, whether by paddles, skulls, endless chains, or water wheels, he about Christmass 1802 gave the preference to a wheel on each side of the model,—and in the Spring of 1803, in partnership with Robert R. Livingston, our then resident minister in France, did build a boat 70 French feet long, 8 French feet wide, 3 French feet deep, in which he placed a Steam engine of about 8 horses power, which was hired of Mr. Perrier for the experiment on this large scale, with the engine in the boat and one water wheel of about 12 feet diameter on each side of the boat, the power from the engine being communicated to the wheels by mechanical combinations which I do not recollect. In July 1803 an experiment was made by the said Robert Fulton on the River Seine between the Pont Revolution and the Barrier de Chaleot [*sic*] in presence of a great number of people, and particularly Messrs. Volney, Carnot, Bossu and Proney, who were members of the National Institute appointed to examine the machinery. The speed of said boat on Still water was three miles and a quarter an hour, and on this velocity and the power of the engine I recollect that the said R. Fulton formed tables of resistances, powers and proportions, which he then shewed me and which he said should govern the construction of steamboats designed to run from 2 to 5½ or 6 miles an hour. I well recollect having mentioned to him that previous to the experiment on the large boat he had estimated a boat to be driven 16 or 24 miles an hour by the power of steam and his answer was that by the experiments he found so much power was lost in taking the purchase on the water that he was of opinion that 5 or 5½ to 6 miles an hour in still water was as much as a boat could be propelled by any steam engine now known. In April 1804 the said Robert Fulton left my house for London: while in England he purchased an engine of Messrs. Boulton and Watt which was shipped for New York while I was in London, and as he has informed me is in the first boat that he built on Hudsons River, and which as he says drove the boat with the velocity which he had previously calculated it had the power of doing.

During my residence in Paris from the year to 1804, I never heard of any other experiments on the Seine, to move boats by Steam except the one made by the said R. Fulton. Previous to the year there was a project by Mr. Rumsey & one by Fitch to establish steamboats on the Seine, but they were only projects which were never executed. A Frenchman of the name of Des Blanc, as I have been informed, made

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Owned by Judge Peter T. Barlow

ROBERT FULTON. FROM THE PENCIL DRAWING BY JOHN VANDERLYN

Executed by Vanderlyn at Joel Barlow's house in Paris, 50 rue Vaugirard, where Fulton was living 1797–1804.

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in 1803 some experiments on the Rhoan to navigate boats by steam which *failed.*

This document, in Fulton's own penmanship, is particularly important because it outlines the two experiments and gives some details never before known—first, that the engine for the experimental boat on the Seine was hired from M. Perrier, who in 1774 built a vessel, and made an unsuccessful trial with steam-power on the Seine. He was probably the same man to whom Barlow refers in a letter, dated 1802, where he suggests that Fulton can try "relative velocities in Perrier's pond on the hill." In the same letter Barlow says:

If your mind is satisfied perhaps it is not worth while, as Livingston seems to be satisfied with this part of the business. . . . He talked of forming a Company etc. I wish that Parker or I had the money instead of him, tho' his influence in the State of New York would be energetic.

Other important facts set down in Barlow's deposition are Fulton's doubt about the attainment of speed, after his first disappointment, and the exact dimensions of the trial boat on the Seine.

In 1802, Fulton viewed the patent of M. Des Blanc, to which he refers in the foregoing statement, and described his unsatisfactory impressions in his note-book, hitherto unpublished and now in possession of the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary. He concluded, after he had inscribed a series of drawings and descriptive text, that two thirds of the steam power which the Frenchman sought to apply to propulsion would be lost:

This imperfection makes me believe that M. Des Blanc has not found the proportion which his paddles should bear to the bow of the boat, or the velocity which they should run in proportion to the velocity which the boat is intended to go.—Consequently if he has not known the proportions and velocities he has not mounted or deposited a description by which an artist could construct a Boat to go any given number of miles an hour; nor in fact has he shown the means of constructing a boat which can be of use. He has left the proportions and velocities to be discovered. He has not given any rule to make a boat of any given dimensions, go any given distance in a given time, and hence he has not as yet mounted a boat to navigate by steam in such a manner as to be of use to society; for this invention to be rendered useful does not consist in putting oars, paddles, wheels or resisting chains in motion by a steam engine—but it consists in showing in a clear and distinct manner that it is desired to drive a boat precisely any given number of miles an hour—what must be the size of the cylinder and velocity of the piston? What must be the size and velocity of the resisting chains? All these things being governed by the laws of Nature, the real Invention is to find them.—Till the artist knows the necessary proportions to this and all other sized boats he must work in the dark and to great uncertainty, and can not be said to have made any clear and distinct discovery or useful invention.

In a paper entitled, "Observations on Moving Boats by Machinery," after a technical review of several experiments, Fulton summed up his conclusions thus:

I am inclined to think that if each of the here mentioned methods are minutely examined it will be found impossible to drive a boat 8 miles, and perhaps not 6 miles an hour, by such application of the power—and it appears to me that it has been owing [to] such defective applications of the power and not to any defect in the steam engine, that the experiments hitherto made have failed.[1]

He defined specific errors in Rumsey's attempt in a section of his note-book entitled, "Messrs. Parker & Rumsies experiment for moving boats." After a consideration of their several points, in the form of question and answer, he avers:

It therefore appears that the Engine was not loaded to its full power, that the water was lifted four times too high and that the tube by which the water escaped was more than five times too small.

Reviewing the inconvenience and inadequacy of their proposed method of steam application, Fulton continued:

To see clearly the error of this mode of moving boats, it is necessary first to know exactly how much power is lost by forcing

[1] Unpublished paper in the estate of Fulton's daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary.

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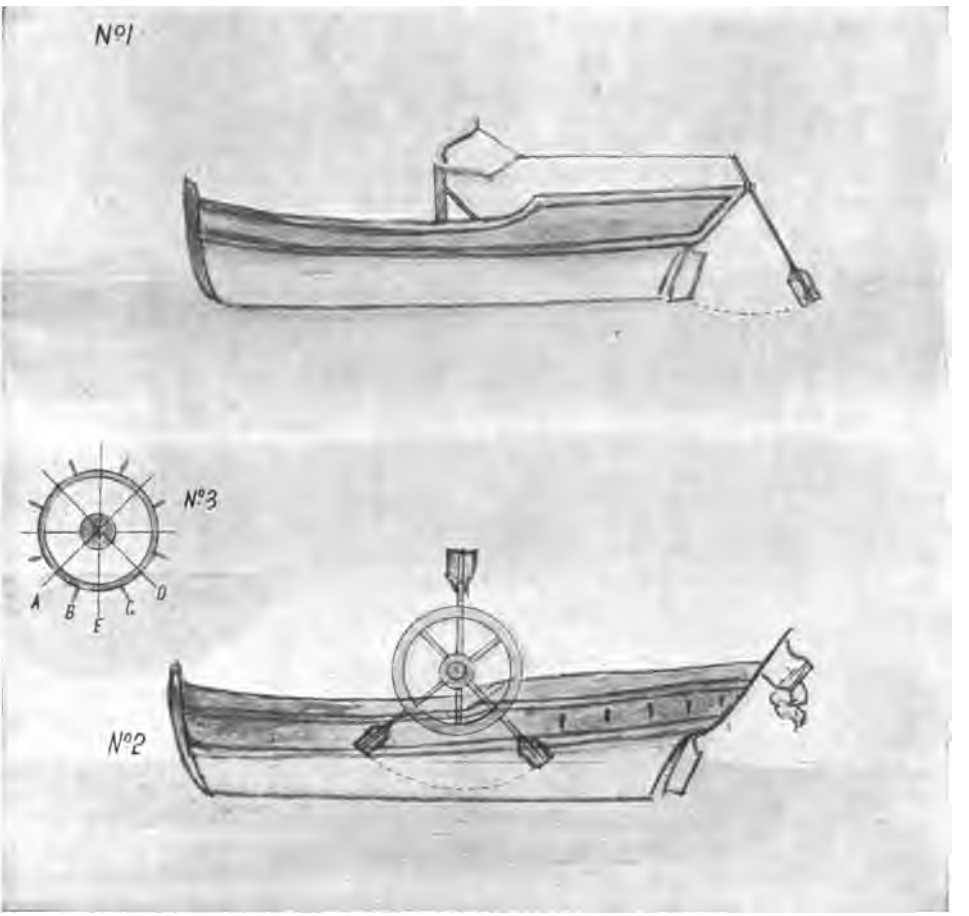
a large column of water through a small aperture. And for this purpose perhaps some experiments must be made. However it is clear that to the less height the Water is raised the more of the power of the Engine must be lost in raising the water above its natural level, and to say nothing of loading the Vessel with Water. In my opinion the power of the Engine cannot be applied to advantage by this means.

So did Fulton dismiss the possibility of Rumsey's device, and all others which had preceded his own. His biographer, Colden, writes that Rumsey had seen the failure of Fitch's enterprise, but Fulton "after a variety of calculations came to an opinion that this [Rumsey's] was the worst of all the methods which had been proposed." [1]

As early as 1793, in a letter to Earl Stanhope, Fulton defined his project to invent a new process of steam navigation. This highly important letter, never before published, is here presented through the personal courtesy of the present Earl of



FULTON'S FIRST PLAN FOR STEAM NAVIGATION. MADE IN 1793, FOURTEEN YEARS BEFORE THE LAUNCHING OF THE *CLERMONT* (NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)

These drawings were sent by Fulton to the Right Honorable the Earl of Stanhope in November, 1793. This reproduction is from a copy in water-color sent to Mrs. Sutcliffe by the present Earl. (See Fulton's letter pp. 758-9.)

[1] Fitch drew water in through the bow, and forced it out through the stern. His boat, the prototype of Rumsey's, was ridiculed—his shareholders withdrew, one by one, from the Company, and Fitch in disappointment laid aside his boat in 1792. Rumsey's idea of propulsion was by means of a water pump, worked by a steam engine, which forced water through a channel from the bow and out at the stern, beneath the rudder. The impetus of the water, as it was forced through a square pipe, acted as an impelling power.

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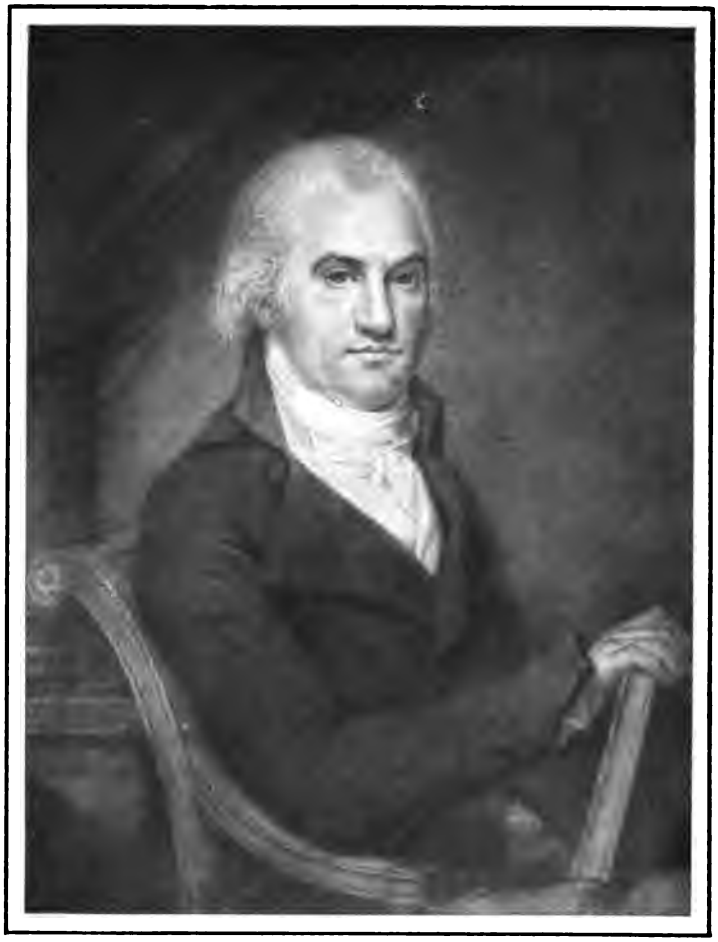

Owned by Judge Peter T. Barlow

JOEL BARLOW. FROM THE PENCIL DRAWING BY JOHN VANDERLYN

Executed at the same time as the portrait of Fulton.

Stanhope, owner of the Fulton-Stanhope correspondence. The two drawings included are from Fulton's originals.

My Lord:

I extremely regret not having received your Lordship's letter in time to have the pleasure of an interview at Exeter as a Mechanical conversation with your Lordship would have been infinitely interesting to a young man. To atone for such loss and conform with your Lordship's wish I have made some slight drawings descriptive of my Ideas on the Subject of the steamship which I submit with diffidence to your Lordship. In June '93 I begun the experiments on the steam ship: my first design was to imitate the spring in the tail of a Salmon,—for this purpose I supposed a large bow to be wound up by the steam engine and the collected force attached to the end of a paddle as in No. 1 to be let off which would urge the Vessel forward. This model I have had made of which No. 1 is the exact representation and I found it to spring forward in proportion to the strength of the bow, about 20 yards, but by the return of the paddle the continuity of the motion would be stopped. I then endeavoured to give it a circular motion which I effected by applying two paddles on an axis: then the boat moved by jerks. There was too great a space between the strokes; I then applied three paddles forming an equilateral triangle to which I gave a circular motion by winding up the bow. I then found it to move in a gradual and even motion 100 yards with the same bow which before drove it but 20 yards.

No. 2 is the figure of my present model, on which there are two equilateral triangles,

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one on each side of the boat acting on the same shaft which crosses the Boat or Ship and turns with the triangles. This, my Lord, is the line of experiment which led me to the triangular paddles which at first sight will convey the Idea of a wheel or perpendicular oars which are no longer in the water than they are doing execution. I have found by repeated experiment that three or six answer better than any other number as they do not counteract each other. By being hung a little above the water it allows a short space from the delivery of one to the entrance of the other, it likewise enters the water more on a perpendicular as the dotted lines will shew its situation when it enters and when it is covered the circular dots exhibit its passage through the water. Your Lordship will please to observe in the small wheel with a number of paddles A. B. C. and D. strike almost flat in the water and rise in the same situation whilst E. is the only one that pulls, the others act against it which renders the purchase fruitless; while E. is urging the Ship forwards B. A. is pressing her into the water and C. D. is pulling her out, but remove all the paddles except E and she moves on in a direct line. The perpendicular triangular Paddles are supposed to be placed in a cast Iron wheel which should ever hang above the water, it will answer as a fly and brace to the perpendicular oars. This boat I have repeatedly let go and ever found her to move in a steady direction in proportion to the original purchase. With regard to the formation of ships moved by steam I have been of opinion that they should be long, narrow and flat at bottom, with a broad keel as a flat Vessel will not occupy so much space in the water; it consequently has not so much resistance. A letter containing your Lordship's opinion of this mode of gaining a purchase on the water and directed for me at the postoffice, Exeter, will much oblige your Lordship's most obedient and

Very humble servant,
Robert Fulton.

Torquay, November 4th, 1793.

The Right Honorable
The Earl of Stanhope.

The foregoing letter provides valuable historical proof of Fulton's early thought upon the problem which, fourteen years later, he carried to perfection, and of his individual conception of the theory of steam navigation; for he proposes an original method, unlike those preliminary experiments which he subsequently noted as inadequate. It is therefore evident that Fulton did not stumble by mere chance upon his formula of success. Numerous experiments preceded his ultimate discovery of proper proportions, which he tabulated in his "Tables of Resistance," the formula mentioned in the deposition prepared for Barlow.

One manuscript in possession of the Rev. Robert Fulton Crary, D.D., Fulton's grandson, to whom it was presented by his friend Philip Hamilton, Esq., son of Alexander Hamilton, describes with painstaking accuracy, in Fulton's own writing, no fewer than six experiments in which Fulton tested his discovery with varying degrees of success. The paper is dated "Paris, the 19 Nevose, Anno II. January the 9th, 1803 [*sic*]," and is entitled "Experiments on the model of a boat to be moved by a steam engine."

A boat 3 feet long and 8 inches wide served as model. It was propelled by two strong clock springs, and Fulton made a comparative table to denote gradations in power, and the progressive distance gained in each test. He concluded that "large paddles would be unwieldy and inconvenient, hence for the large experiment it will be best to commence with paddles which present about twice the surface of the boat's bow reduced to flat resistance. . . . The power of the steam engine is 1500 pounds running two miles an hour, or equal to 3000 lb. running 1 mile an hour. Thus the 3000 pounds ought to draw her 12 miles an hour."

It will be noted that at this point Fulton felt himself master of the situation, and that, throughout all his manœuvers, he contemplated the introduction of his patent in his native land is indisputably shown by many references. A sketch of a steamboat with two side paddles was made on June 5, 1802, while Fulton was at Plombières experimenting with his submarine contrivances for the French government. It is entitled, "The Steamboat from New York to Albany in 12 hours," and is in the estate of Fulton's daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary. As a preface

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to the detailed experiments which follow, Fulton asserted:

Propelling a boat through water is the act of separating two bodies—the boat from its oars or paddles, or whatever else is applied—and this is governed by laws reducible to simple calculations.

A number of pictured tests demonstrate his mode of application. Then he includes a description of the trial trip at Plombières:

The model being arranged a small rivulet was stopped so as to form a stagnant pond 66 feet long, 9 or 10 feet wide and from 3 to 2 feet deep at the upper end; thus prepared and with a good watch which beat the seconds, the experiments were commenced.

FULTON'S FIRST PROPHECY OF STEAM NAVIGATION ON THE HUDSON (NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)

This sheet is the title-page of the inventor's note-book of his experiments. It is in the possession of the estate of Fulton's daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary.

Five detailed demonstrations follow, and Fulton says:

As there is much space in this boat I will add to her velocity by making her go 12 miles an hour instead of 8—the additional weight of this engine will be about 3 tons,

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making in total 21 tons, having 23 tons for passengers, equal to 230 at 200 lbs for each; this boat would make the voyage [from New York to Albany] in 14 hours instead of 20 as there would be 6 hours saved in time it would merit a dollar extraordinary in the price. The expense of such a boat in coals and men would not be 25 dollars a day. Suppose then that the commerce between New York and Albany can give to such a boat 150 passengers per day at 3 dollars each, the amount would be 450 dollars. Hence it seems advisable to go quick, carry cheap, and thus avoid the competition of boats with sails or carriages.

These hitherto unpublished words contain the first recorded prophecy of the great Hudson River Day Line.

Fulton's foresight extended farther even in that day of unrealized possibilities. His next record is a "Note on running 16 miles an hour." This speed cannot be accomplished in small boats, he decides:

For great speed requires great power and a large and heavy engine. But suppose a boat 12 feet wide and 200 feet long, drawing one foot of water. She would displace 2000 cube feet or 68 tons to drive such a boat 16 miles an hour will require 9216 lbs purchase. . . . Suppose 200 [passengers] at 3 dollars each or 600 dollars—Such a boat would make the voyage in 10 or 12 hours. In which time the Engine would not burn more than 3 tons of coals worth perhaps 15 dollars, expense of men perhaps 5 dollars, total 20. To go 16 miles the chains must run 24 miles or 36 feet a second. The engine makes 3—the multiple then is 12 to one. Here it is worthy of observation that as the boat and engine increases in size, the expense in proportion to their passengers is diminished in the first and small boat which carries only 50 persons their expense is 10 dollars. This is twenty cents each and the time 20 hours.

Second boat—230 persons—the Voyage 14 hours—the expense 25 dollars—this is about 11 cents per person.

In the third boat which goes the Voyage in 12 hours and carries 380 persons, the expense, say 30 dollars, or 8 cents per person. The reason of this is the difference in the squares of the boat. A boat 6 feet wide and 90 feet long is only 14 tons, whereas a boat 12 feet wide only twice the resistance of the first, will carry near 5 times the burden or 68 tons and instead of 50 will carry 380 persons which is 7 times the number and this enables one to add to the power and velocity of the engine yet carry cheaper than in the first case.

Robt. Fulton.

It will be noted that these prophecies antedated the experiment which Fulton made, at the joint expense of Livingston, on the Seine in 1803. Their trial boat was seventy feet long, eight feet wide, and of light draft. The hull proved too weak to bear the weight of the machinery, and the boat snapped in two and deposited the engine in the river-bed. The enterprise, because of this strange mishap, was viewed with public disfavor, and probably influenced the adverse decision of Napoleon's savants, who condemned its utility.

The preceding January, 1803, Fulton had formally offered his steamboat to the consideration of a Government commission, and the First Consul appointed three members of the Institute to study its merits. Fulton's original letter, in French, is on file in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris, together with his accompanying drawing. A translation which has appeared in "Cassier's Magazine" is here included by the courtesy of its Editor.

Paris, 4 Pluviose, Year XI
(25th January, 1803)

Robert Fulton to Citizens Molar, Bandell, and Montgolfier.

Friends of the Arts: I send you herewith sketch designs of a machine which I am about to construct with which I propose soon to make experiments upon the towing of boats upon rivers by the aid of fire-engines. My original object in attempting this was to put it in practice upon the great rivers of America where there are no roads suitable for hauling nor indeed are any hardly practicable, and where, in consequence the cost of navigation by the aid of steam would be put in comparison with the labour of men and not with that of horses as in France.

You can see that such a discovery, if successful, would be infinitely more important in America than in France where there exist everywhere roads suitable for hauling, and companies established for the transport of merchandise at such moderate charges that I doubt very much if a steamboat, how-

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From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, dated 1795. Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze
Owned by John H. Livingston, "Clermont," Tivoli, New York

CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

ever perfect it might be, could be able to gain anything over horses for merchandise. But for passengers it is possible to gain something because of the speed.

In these plans you will find nothing new, since this is not the case with paddle wheels, an appliance which has often been tried and always abandoned because it was believed that it has a disadvantageous action in the water. But after the experiments which I have made already I am convinced that the fault is not in the wheel, but in the ignorance concerning its proportions, its speed, the power required, and probably in the mechanical combination.

I have proved by very accurate experi-

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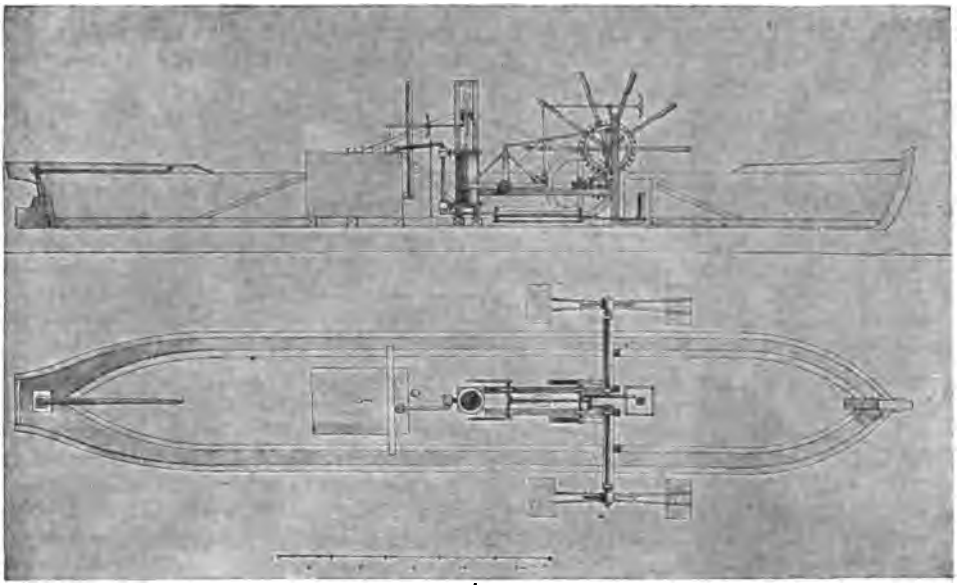
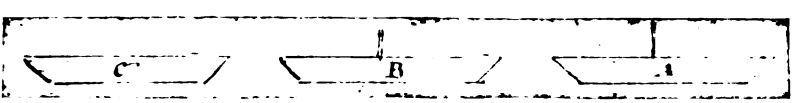


FULTON'S DRAWING FOR A STEAMBOAT SUBMITTED TO THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY NAPOLEON IN 1803. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET MÉTIERS, PARIS, MADE FOR "CASSIER'S MAGAZINE" AND LENT BY ITS EDITOR

ment that paddle wheels are much to be preferred to bands of paddles, and in consequence, although the wheels are not a new application, yet nevertheless I have combined them in such a manner that a large portion of the power of the engine acts to propel the boat in the same way as if they rolled upon the ground; the combination is infinitely better than anything which has yet been done up to the present time, and it is in fact a new discovery.

For the transport of merchandise I propose to use a boat with an engine arranged to draw one or several loaded barges, each one so close to the preceding one that the water can not flow between to make resistance. I have already done this in my patent for small channels, and this is indispensable for boats moved by fire-engines.



Suppose the boat A, with the engine, presents to the water a face of 20 feet, but inclined at an angle of 50 degrees, it will be necessary to have a machine of 420 pounds power making 3 feet per second to move one league per hour in still water. If the boats B and C have their faces parallel to that of A they will each also require a force of 420 pounds, that is to say 1200 pounds for the three, while if they are connected in the manner in which I have indicated, the force of 420 will suffice for all, and this great economy of power is too important to be neglected in such an undertaking.

Citizens:

When my experiments are ready I shall have the pleasure to invite you to see them, and if they are successful I reserve the privilege of presenting my labours to the Republic or of taking for them such advantages as the law may authorize. At the present time I place these notes in your hands in order that if any similar project comes before you before my experiments are completed, they shall not have the preference over mine.

With respectful salutations,

Robert Fulton.

No. 50 Rue Vaugirard.

The unfortunate accident which postponed the official trial trip from the

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early spring of 1803 to midsummer, brought to Fulton, according to his own confession, a despondency which he never felt on any other occasion of his life. After a restless night, he was precipitately visited by a messenger, who exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!"

This disturbing news was literally true. Fulton rushed to the spot, and labored for twenty-four consecutive hours, without rest or refreshment, in raising the boat to the surface. The machinery was comparatively uninjured, but the boat was so wrecked that it had to be virtually rebuilt. The imprudent exposure and the labors incident to the struggle for the recovery of the invention produced a permanent constitutional weakness of the lungs which resulted in a delicate state of health to the close of his life. The vivid description of the accident which Colden, Fulton's biographer, has given, is corroborated by Dr. Edward Everett Hale in his "Memories of a Hundred Years" by an interview with Edward Church, an American who was with Fulton in France, and was an eye-witness of the event. These records amply refute a rumor current through Paris at the time that Fulton himself had purposely sunk the boat because chagrined and disappointed by the continued inactivity and lack of appreciation of the Napoleonic commission.

The reconstruction of the boat occupied several months, and not until July was it again in readiness for the official demonstration. Joel Barlow and Robert Fulton had a friend, Fulner Skipwith by name, who, during the preceding year of 1802, had written to Fulton to ask the details of patent laws in France: Fulton wrote his reply from Paris, on the 20th of September, 1802:

The expense of a patent in France is 300 livres for three years, 800 ditto for ten years, and 1500 ditto for fifteen years. There can be no difficulty in obtaining a patent for the mode of propelling a boat which you have shown me; but if the author of the model wishes to be assured of the merits of his invention before he goes to the expense of a patent, I advise him to make a model of a boat in which he can place a clock-spring, which will give about eight revolutions. He can then combine the movements so as to try oars, paddles, and the leaves which he proposes. If he finds that the leaves drive the boat a greater distance in the same time than either oars or paddles, these consequently are a better application of power. About eight years ago, the Earl of Stanhope, tried an experiment on similar leaves in Greenland Docks, London, but without success. I have also tried experiments on similar leaves, wheels, oars, paddles, and flyers similar to those of a smoak-jack and found oars to be the best. The velocity with which a boat moves is in proportion as the sum of the surfaces of the oars, paddles, leaves or other machine is to the bow of the boat presented to the water, and in proportion to the power with which such machinery is put in motion; hence if the sum of the surfaces of the oars is equal to the sum of the surfaces of the leaves and they pass through similar curves in the same time, the effect must be the same but oars have this advantage they return through air to make a second stroke and hence create very little resistance whereas the leaves return through water and add considerably to the resistance, which resistance is increased as the velocity of the boat is augmented. No kind of machinery can create power: all that can be done is to apply the manual or other power to the best advantage. If the author of the model is fond of mechanics, he will be much amused and not lose his time by trying the experiments in the manner I propose, and this perhaps is the most prudent measure before a patent is taken.

I am, Sir, with much respect,
Yours, *Robert Fulton.*

(A facsimile of the above letter is in the Lenox Library.)

A generous letter, one must admit, toward a like-minded novice attempting a solution of the identical problem before him. When the second trial trip was about to take place, Fulton wrote again to Mr. Skipwith, with whom his friendship had increased. Mr. Skipwith had been married in Paris, while Fulton was experimenting upon the French coast, and in 1802 his first child was born. Fulton's merry letter of invitation should be read in the light of this recent happy experience to be fully understood:

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Paris, the 5th Thermidor, Anno 11
(24 July, 1803)[1]

MR. SKIPWITH,

My dear friend, You have experienced all the anxiety of a fond father, on a child's coming into the world. So have I. The little cherub, now plump as a partridge, advances to the perfection of her nature and each day presents some new charm. I wish mine may do the same. Some weeks hence, when you will be sitting in one corner of the room and Mrs. Skipwith in the other, learning the little creature to walk, the first unsteady step will scarcely balance the tottering frame; but you will have the pleasing perspective of seeing it grow to a steady walk and then to dancing. I wish mine may do the same. My boy, who is all bones and corners, just like his daddy and whose birth has given me much uneasiness, or rather, anxiety,—is just learning to walk, and I hope in time he will be an active runner. I therefore have the honour to invite you and the ladies to see his first movements on Monday next from 6 till 9 in the evening between the Barrière des Bons Hommes and the steam engine. May our children, my friend, be an honour to their country and a comfort to the gray hairs of their doting parents.

Yours

R. Fulton.

The trial of the boat was made on the 9th of August, and was accounted a success, although the desired speed was not attained.

A contemporaneous account published in the "Recueil Polytechnique des Ponts et Chaussées": Paris, 1803, was reprinted in "Cassier's Magazine," and may well be accorded prominence, as the best account to be obtained:

On the 21st Thermidor (9 August, 1803), a trial was made of a new invention of which the complete and brilliant success should have important consequences for the commerce and internal navigation of France. During the past two or three months there has been seen at the end of quay Chaillot a boat of curious appearance, equipped with two large wheels, mounted on an axle like a chariot, while behind these wheels was a kind of large stove with a pipe, as if there were some kind of a small fire engine (*pompe à feu*) intended to operate the wheels of the boat. Several weeks ago some evil-minded persons threw this structure down. The builder, having repaired this damage, received, the day before yesterday, a most flattering reward for his labour and talent.

At six o'clock in the evening, aided by only three persons, he put his boat in motion with two other boats attached behind it, and for an hour and a half he produced the curious spectacle of a boat moved by wheels, like a chariot, these wheels being provided with paddles or flat plates, and being moved by a fire-engine.

In following it along the quay the speed, against the current of the Seine, appeared to us about that of a rapid pedestrian, that is, about 2400 toises[1] an hour; while in going down-stream it was more rapid; it ascended and descended four times from Les Bons-Hommes as far as the pump of Chaillot; it was manœuvered with facility, turning to the right and left, came to anchor, started again, and passed by the swimming school.

One of the boats took to the quay a number of savants and representatives of the Institute, among whom were Citizens Bossut, Carnot, Prony, Perrier, Volney, etc. Doubtless they will make a report which will give to this discovery all the éclat which it merits; for this mechanism, applied to our rivers, the Seine, the Loire and the Rhone, will have most advantageous consequences upon our internal navigation. The tows of barges which now require four months to come from Nantes to Paris, would arrive promptly in 10 to 15 days. The author of this brilliant invention is M. Fulton, an American and a celebrated mechanic.

In this first success, Fulton was mindful of the needs and opportunities for steam navigation in America. To this end he wrote, during the same month, August, 1803, to Boulton & Watt of England to order a steam engine for a boat to be launched in America. The letter, now in possession of George Tangye, Esq. of Birmingham, England, was recently appended to the presidential address of Mr. John Ward at the Session of the Institution of Engineers and Ship-Builders in Scotland.

[1] From copy from original in possession of Mr. C. H. Hart of Philadelphia.
[2] The *toise* was an old French measurement = 6.395 English feet.

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Paris, 6th August, 1803.

GENTLEMEN:

If there is not a law which prohibits the exportation of steam engines to the United States of America, or if you can get a permit to export parts of an engine, will you be so good as to make me a cylinder of 24 horse power double effect, the piston making a four foot stroke; also the piston and piston rod.

The valves and movements for opening and shutting them.

The air pump piston and rod.

The condenser with its communications to the cylinder and air-pump. . . . etc.

The other parts can be made in New York, and as it will save the expense of transport, and they require a particular arrangement which must be done while I am present, I prefer to have them done there. Therefore if it is permitted to export the above parts you will confer on me a great obligation by favoring me with them, and placing me the next on your list. . . .

When finished please to pack them in such a manner as not to receive injury, and send them to the nearest port, which I suppose is Liverpool, to be shipped to New York to the address of Brockhurst Livingston, Esq. The amount of the expenses will be placed to your order in the hands of George William Erving, American Consul, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, No. 10, London. The situation for which this engine is designed, and the machinery which is to be combined with it, will not admit of placing the condenser under the cylinder as usual, but I hope the communicating tube to the condenser will not render the condensation less perfect or injure the making of the engine.

Should you find a difficulty in getting a permit to export the parts above mentioned, I hope to be able to obtain it through our Minister, Mr. Monroe. And as there is some difficulty in passing letters to and from Paris and Birmingham, which may lose much time, you will be so good as to furnish me the above parts as soon as possible without waiting to hear further from me.

Please to write as soon as possible under cover to Mr. Erving as before mentioned. In which I beg you to answer the following questions:

What must be the size of the boiler for such an engine?

How much space for the water and how much for the steam? What is the most improved method of making the boiler and economic mode of setting it? How many pounds of coal will such an engine require per hour, and what is the expense at Birmingham?

Can you inform me what is the difference in heating with coals or wood, as in most cases wood must be used in America; and must not the furnace be made different when wood is to be used?

What will be the consequences of condensing with water salt, as in places where the engine is to work the water is brackish?

What will be the interior and exterior diameter of the cylinder and its length, and what will be the velocity of the piston per second? This information will enable me to combine the other parts of the machinery.

When can the engine be finished, and how much will be the expense? Your favoring me with the execution of this order, and answering the above questions will much oblige

Your most obedient servant,

Robert Fulton.

Rue Vaugirard, No. 50 Paris.

Can the position and arrangement of the cylinder condenser and air-pump be adhered to as in the drawing, without injuring the working of the engine?

This is the first authentic order of the engine for the *Clermont,* but it was not the last, for the trouble Fulton expected in gaining official permission of transport was encountered. Boulton & Watt declined the order on October 4, 1803, as they had been unable to obtain permission to forward the engine to America. The following month, Fulton's hope revived, and he wrote as he had planned to the Honorable James Monroe, who was at that time American minister at the Court of St. James. The letter is preserved at the Lenox Library, New York.

Amsterdam, November 3rd, 1803.

HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES MONROE:

Sir: You have perhaps heard of the success of my experiment for navigating boats by Steam Engines; and you will feel the importance of establishing such boats on the Mississippi and other rivers of the United States as soon as possible. With this view I have written to Messrs. Boulton & Watt

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of Birmingham, to forward me a steam engine to America. They answer that they cannot export the engine without the permission of Government. I therefore beg of you to apply to Government for permission for you to ship a Steam Engine of a 24 horse power to New York. It will be well to ask this permission for yourself without mentioning my name, as I have reason to believe Government will not be much disposed to favour any wish of mine.[1] Messrs Boulton has a House of Agency [in] London Street in the City, who will inform you what office to apply to. And Mr. Huntingdon, a young gentleman who left this [place] some days ago will call on you, or may be heard of at Mr. Erving's [American Consul] will go to the offices with your request and transact the business for me, but perhaps your best and shortest mode will be to apply direct to Lord Hawksbury. Your desire to see useful arts introduced or created in our country is the strongest reason for your urging the permission and accepting no refusal;—the fact is I cannot establish the Boat without the engine. The question is then,—shall we or shall we not have such boats? Please to write me under cover to Mr. Livingston as soon as possible the result of your application.

Best respects to Mrs. and Miss Monroe and to Mr and Mrs. Sumter if they are still in London; and believe me, with much esteem, Your most obedient

Robert Fulton.

P. S. For greater safety I take the liberty to inclose in your letter one for Boulton & Watt, which you will be so good as to order into the Post Office, and when you obtain the permission send it directly to them. I should apologize for this trouble, but that I have no hope of success but through your goodness.

Addressed to His Excellency,
James Monroe,
Minister of the United States,
London.

The letter to Boulton & Watt was inclosed, but bears no mark of post. Perhaps Mr. Monroe decided that America did not want such boats, perhaps he hesitated to interfere in a matter where permission had already been refused to a young enthusiast. The letter to the engine-builders (which is in the Lenox Library) briefly reiterated the former order. Fulton said:

Messrs. Boulton, Watt & Co.

Gentlemen: I have your letter of the 4th of October. Although you have not yet received permission from Government to export the parts of the engine which I requested, yet I hope it is still possible to obtain such permission. I have therefore written to Mr. Monroe, the American Minister in London, begging him to apply to Government for the permit. Should he obtain it, he will inform you thereof, and in such case you will infinitely oblige me by executing the work as soon as possible. It gives me pain to trouble you on a business so insignificant, but as I have not confidence in any other engines, and hope you will be so good as to give me the necessary information on the Boiler and other parts so as to produce the best effect, I wish exceedingly to be obliged by you. I am with great respect

Yours,

Robert Fulton.

There is a strange pathos in the inexplicable delays which postponed the important invention. Presumably Fulton had no reply from Mr. Monroe, for he wrote to him again, from Paris, November 17 [1803], renewing his request. He says in part:

I wrote you on the 3rd inst from Amsterdam, and two letters afterwards from Rotterdam on a subject which a good conveyance gives me an opportunity to repeat. Having succeeded in my experiment for navigating boats with steam, I wrote to Messrs Boulton, Watt & Company of Birmingham to forward me a steam engine to America. They write me in answer they cannot export the engine without the permission of Government. etc.

No action followed, and Fulton, who had returned to England in May, 1804, made a personal attempt to gain the governmental permission of export. At the same time he was busy urging his torpedo project upon the British ministry, and he tarried in London and spent his days in

[1] The British ministry was watching Fulton's offer to the French Government of the submarine vessel *Nautilus* (see The Century for October, 1908).

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eager anticipation of the great decision. Barlow and his wife were *en route* to America after their long sojourn in France, where Fulton had for seven years shared their home. Fulton wrote for their passport through London, and took this, and every opportunity, to get the engine for the first steamboat in America. The letter, which is in possession of the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary, Robert Fulton's daughter, has never before been published:

"London, Story Gate Coffee House, the 30th of May, 1804.

"Mr. Hammond will have the goodness to obtain from Government permission that Mr & Mrs Barlow may pass through London on their way to America, to which they purpose to sail in August, the object is to consult the London physicians on Mr. Barlow's health. Whatever reasons Government might have to be displeased with Mr. Barlow, I am convinced that they will find no umbrage in his present sentiments and tranquil disposition. His late writings to prove the happy effects of British, in preference to French, colonization by extending the arts, civilization and liberal ideas, are worthy your admiration.

"I also beg permission to ship one of Mr. Watt's Steam engines to New York for the purpose of carrying into effect an experiment in which I have fortunately succeeded,—that of navigating boats against currents of not more than 4 miles an hour, hence calculated for most of our rivers. Your Government must be sensible that every improvement which may tend to augment the produce of industry in America, creates the means of paying for British manufactures, increases the demand and adds to the wealth of England. The time will come when America alone will take more of your manufactures than you now diffuse over the whole globe, and is to give you a perspective of immense wealth, which it is your interest to nourish.

"I hope Government will see nothing impudent in these two requests. I shall esteem it a favor if they are granted."

The letter to Mr. Erving, American Consul is also on record. It was indorsed by Mr. Barlow, who aided Fulton in every turn. In February of 1804 he traveled to Birmingham to order the engine personally, and in January, 1805, made a payment for it of £548, English money. But not until March was the actual permission granted, when Fulton paid his treasury fee, £2, 14, 6, on receiving permission to ship the engine to America.

There is no doubt that Fulton contemplated an early return to America, when he left France in 1804, but he was detained by the negotiations with the British Government which repeatedly buoyed him to expect an acceptance of his torpedo project. Four days after his arrival in England he wrote to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, as follows:

"London, May the 23rd, 1804.

"His Excellency Thomas Jefferson:

"Sir: On Arriving in England I find I shall be detained some weeks longer than I first calculated. I therefore forward your letters committed to my care in Paris. I am, Sir, with profound respect,

"Your most obedient,

"Robert Fulton."

(From Jefferson Papers, Series 6, Vol. IX, No. 211. Library of Congress.)

Successive disappointments ensued. Fulton, in touch with the English statesmen of the day, continued as a neutral observer to study international conditions. Determined to return to America as soon as possible to establish his project of steam navigation, he was equally determined, if persuasion and demonstration would make it possible, to interest and engage the British navy in his torpedo proposition. Letters to many contemporary men of state show that the chief impulse of his mind was to establish a plan for universal peace.

Finally, in 1806, the British ministry rejected his project of the submarine torpedo. Fulton immediately set about to arrange his affairs for the return to America. He wrote to Mr. Parker, a friend, on the 29th of September, 1806:

"My dear Parker,

"On the 29th I sail for New York. Some time ago I begged of you to purchase

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any kind of American funds with the 1927£ in your hands, and to forward them to Gen'l Mason to be transferred into my name. You will have the goodness to do this as soon as possible, as I and my friend [Barlow] will need all our means to settle down comfortable. Believe me, my dear friend, how sincerely I love and esteem you and how much it would add to the pleasure of our Athenian Garden in America, to have you living on the margin of it.

"Truly,
"*R. F.*"

On the same day Fulton also wrote to two friends in Amsterdam. The name "Van Staphout" is so similar to "Van Staphast," to whom Colden refers as having supplied Fulton with funds to further his first attempts toward his submarine contrivance, then under consideration by the Dutch Government, and in the hands of a commission for examination, that it is probable that they indicate the same person. The torpedo project had been received with no enthusiasm, and the Batavian Republic had abandoned the offer. Fulton's letter, among family papers, has never before been published:

"*London, Sept. 29th, 1806.*

"To Mr. and Mrs. Van Staphout,—

"*My dear Friends,* You have no doubt been frequently astonished at not having heard from me since I had the pleasure of seeing you. But extraordinary as it may appear, you will not, I am sure, easy accuse me of an ungrateful or bad heart, and you will give me some credit for prudence. You know our favorite pursuit was to establish principles which should reduce the number of ships of war and give liberty to the seas. France gave me no encouragement. Lord Sidmouth invited me here. Pitt did not see the final consequences of my inventions and felt desirous to practice them against the French fleets. I therefore entered into his project, hoping to succeed so far as [to] bring the engines into general use and then let them produce their natural effect; but while acting thus as a seeming enemy to France and Holland, and while the French were outrageous against me, it might have involved you in difficulties had I written you; hence, my dear friends, instead of neglecting you for a moment, it was real love and respect for you, and what I conceived a necessary prudence, which caused my silence. And I beg you to believe that my heart feels all the warmth of regard and affection which it ever entertained for you. To tell you all that has happened to me, the cause of non-success and the prospect of still succeeding to the total annihilation of Military Marines, and of my disappointment since the death of Mr. Pitt, would be too long for this letter. On the 29th I sail for New York. On arriving I will write you fully and often and I shall hope to hear from you.

"And you, dear and amiable Madam Staphout, how often have you accused me of neglect and perhaps put my bust in the cellar to keep company with the charcoal! Well, you were right, for you could not tell the reason of my silence. But I beg of you to believe me that I never forgot your kindness and interesting friendship to me, nor will I ever forget it: and after so good a reason as is here given, you must pardon me and try whether I will behave better in future.

"My dear Staphout, do translate the whole of this to your amiable wife. Tell her I would have written her a few lines in French but I have packed up my dictionary and cannot make common sense without it. Beg of her to take my bust out of the coal-hole, to hang up my picture, and to write me a few lines to New York under cover of Mr. Bayard, and she shall never have reason to complain of me again. . . .

"God bless you, my dear friends, and believe me ever with the greatest esteem,

"Yours,
"*R. Fulton.*

"I have committed this to the care of an American gentleman, Major Hunt, who may perhaps go to Amsterdam, and in that case I beg leave to introduce him to you."

Fulton's perplexities with the British ministry, great as they proved, were not the only affairs which engrossed his mind and delayed his return to America. Evidence is given in a letter from Joel Barlow, who has been termed "an adopted father" in devotion to Fulton, that the inventor then contemplated marriage with an English widow of large fortune. The

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letter, intimate and confidential, is a perfect example on Barlow's part, of loyal friendship and affectionate counsel. It has never before been published, and extracts which seem to be of public interest are here given:

"Washington 3, March 1806.

"My very dear and excellent friend

"I write you with a heavy heart. Your letter of the 12th January came upon us like a shipwreck. We see in it at least the wreck of our most brilliant projects of domestic happiness, if not of public usefulness. . . . We can say nothing to your proposal except that you ought by all means to pursue your own ideas of your own happiness, well weighed and well considered. On this last clause I must offer a word, tho' it may probably come too late to be of any use, if indeed advice in such cases can in its nature, be of use. My friendship is unlimited and unabated, and I have no reason to doubt of the variety of excellence you find in the person you describe. But her education, habits, feelings, character and cast of mind are English and London. And what is perhaps more unfortunate for you, she has a fortune. These things render it extremely improbable that she can be happy in this country. I should think it equally impossible that you can be very happy in *that* country. Your mind is American, your services are wanted here. Your patriotism, your philanthropy, your ideas of public improvement, your wishes to be a comfort to me and my wife in our declining years (if we should unluckily have many of them) would tend to make you uneasy at such a distance from the theatre of so much good. Another consideration, which you used to consider a very grave one, is a family of children. Girls to create anxiety to yourself and wife during the whole course of their dependence and boys to be turbulent and vexatious. . . . I congratulate myself and my wife every day that we have none. If we were to have any, it ought to have been when we were young and poor, that they might have been brought up to labor. To have one now, to be educated with ideas of affluence and ease,—I would rather have the yellow fever. (Accept these hints as they are meant in perfect friendship, and with as little regard to self as possible.)

"Before receiving your letter, my dear friend, we had determined that Washington would not do as a residence for any of us and we were setting out for a circuit which should bring us to Philadelphia . . . where, while the book[1] was printing, we were to look up a convenient and elegant seat in that vicinity suitable for our whole establishment, *according to the old firm.* This beau vive we consider now at an end. Our little friend is fully convinced (and she is generally in the right) that aside from the rebellion of the heart, and all the evils that that difficulty would entrain, a new firm—as you contemplate it, could not be assorted. Young and old, Rich and Poor, Gay and Sober, Urban and Sylvan, Thames and Schuylkill, cannot harmonize so that one soul shall animate the whole,—one taste, one temper, one cast of character pervade and direct so complicated a machine.

"Oh, my estimable friend, my younger self, my expansion and prolongation of existence! You cannot conceive the pain it gives me to communicate these ideas. I was contemplating the pleasure I should have, among other things, in getting forward and finishing the fine Scientific Poem of the Canal, of which you were to write the geological and I the historical and mythological notes,—of which you were to furnish the philosophy and I the poetry,—you the ideas, and I the versification,—all which we could only do together. Is the mighty fabric vanished? It seems forever gone. You have a more substantial happiness in view, at least, you think so, and who shall say the contrary. I cannot in friendship and conscience, advise you to give it up.

"As to fortune; I would rather take you with only what you now have, than with the largest in the world. Great expenses are great vexations. My taste is so decided for simplicity and moderation, that it would spoil me, whatever it did you, to be the slave of a splendid income. I hope the Fox Administration [then in consideration of Fulton's Torpedo Project] will settle with you liberally and let you off. And in your case, I would not demand a great sum, neither would I have it by way of annuity. But this again must

[1] The reference here is to Barlow's poem "The Columbiad," which he dedicated to Fulton.

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depend on your taste, and is perhaps an improper subject of advice.

"My heart is so full of these subjects that I cannot write upon any other by this occasion which is probably by the April packet from New York.

"Adieu, my excellent friend."

[*Joel Barlow.*]

(Letter in possession of Judge Peter T. Barlow.)

It is not known how far the attachment had progressed. We only know that Fulton returned to America six months later unmarried, and immediately engaged in great activity toward the development of his two inventions.

From a photograph of the cast in the National Academy of Design

THREE VIEWS OF THE BUST OF ROBERT FULTON BY HOUDON

This bust is signed on one arm Houdon, with the date "An. XII (1804)." On the other arm it is inscribed "R. Fulton 38 an." At the suggestion of the Colonial Dames of America, it is being recast in bronze to be presented by that organization to the New York Historical Society. The whereabouts of the original marble are unknown.

In September, 1806, Fulton had written to Mr. Barlow, who was then enjoying the delights of his new country-place "Kalorama," near Washington, to which Fulton had previously alluded as "the Athenian Garden in America":[1]

My arbitration is finished, and I have been allowed the £10,000 which I had received, with £5000 salary, total £15,000, though £1600 which I have received on settling accounts will just square all old debts and expenses in London and leave me about £200. My situation now is, my hands are free to burn, sink, and destroy whom I please, and I shall now seriously set about giving liberty to the seas by publishing my system of attack. I have, or will have, when Mr. Parker sends my two thousand pounds, 500 sterling a year, with a steam engine and pictures worth two thousand pounds. Therefore I am not in a state to be pitied. I am now busy winding up everything and will leave London about the 23rd inst. for Falmouth, from whence I shall sail in the packet the first week in October, and be with you, I hope, in November, perhaps about the 14th, my birthday, so you must have a roast goose ready. Do not write me again after receiving this. The packet, being well manned and provided, will be more commodious and safe for an autumn passage, and I think that there will be little or no risk, at least I prefer taking all the risk there is to idling here a winter. But though there is not much risk, yet accidents may happen, and that the produce

[1] From "Life & Letters of Joel Barlow," by Charles Burr Todd.

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of my studies and experience may not be lost to my country, I have made out a complete set of drawings and descriptions of my whole system of submarine attack,[1] and another set of drawings with description of the steamboat. These, with my will, I shall put in a tin cylinder, sealed, and leave them in the care of General Lyman, not to be opened unless I am lost. Should such an event happen, I have left you the means to publish these works, with engravings, in a handsome manner, and to which you will add your own ideas—showing how the liberty of the seas may be gained by such means, and, with such liberty, the immense advantages to America and civilization: you will also show the necessity of perfecting and establishing the steamboat and canals on the inclined plane principle. I have sent you three hundred complete sets of prints for the "Columbiad" by the Orb, directed to Mr. Tolman, New York, value £30. As the transport by land to Philadelphia will not be much, I have sent them by this opportunity, that they may arrive before the law for prohibiting such things is in force, and that the shipment and risk may not approach too near to winter. All my pictures, prints, and other things I mean to leave here, to be shipped in spring vessels, about April next, when the risk will be inconsiderable. How shall we manage this winter, as you must be in Philadelphia for the printing, and I want to be at New York to build my boat? I am in excellent health, never better, and good spirits. You know I cannot exist without a project or projects, and I have two or three of the first order of sublimity. As all your prints are soldered up I do not see how I can leave the number you desire with Phillips [the London publisher], but as I leave the plates with Mr. West the necessary number can be struck off when the sheets arrive. We will talk of this in America. Mr. West has been retouching my pictures: they are charming.

Fulton, upon his arrival in America, speedily joined Barlow in Kalorama, this delightful retreat which was termed the "Holland House of America," Charles Burr Todd, Barlow's biographer, states that "Fulton lent his genius to the task of embellishing the house and grounds, there being in one of his letters of the period a drawing for a summer-house which he intends 'for the grounds of our mansion,' " as he called it. It is said that Fulton constructed a model of the *Clermont* at Kalorama and tested its powers on the waters of Rock Creek. Be that as it may, we know that he contrived to gain inspiration from the bonds of closest affection with Barlow, who was a man of rare liberality of mind.

Fulton's characteristic optimism was again speedily illustrated. With a sublime disregard for the fact that his torpedo project had been dismissed by two important governments, France and England, he immediately offered to America his plan for this destructive machine, designed to provide a weapon sufficiently strong, in the hands of a righteous nation, to maintain universal peace.

His offer was favorably considered by President Jefferson, and in the presence of naval experts, Fulton publicly demonstrated its power by blowing up a brig in the harbor of New York, July 20, 1807, less than a month before the successful voyage of the *Clermont*. Subsequently (1814) Fulton was authorized by Congress to build the first steam war vessel of the world the *Demologus*, also known as *Fulton the First*.

Truly could Robert Fulton say that he had "two or three projects of the first order of sublimity." His area of usefulness was as wide as the world; his theory of peace included all nations; and with true American spirit he illustrated,—by his advocacy and improvement of Canal Navigation, and by his inventions of the Submarine Torpedo and the Steamboat,—the great motto coined by him, "The Liberty of the Seas will be the Happiness of the Earth."

[1] This MS. is in possession of the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary. An important recent discovery will shortly restore to the public Fulton's complete set of these drawings with his descriptions, together with two of the drawings of the steamboat, mentioned in the above letter. The steamboat plans of 1806, with other drawings by Fulton, which show his subsequent improvements of the *Clermont*, will be published for the first time in the next number of THE CENTURY.

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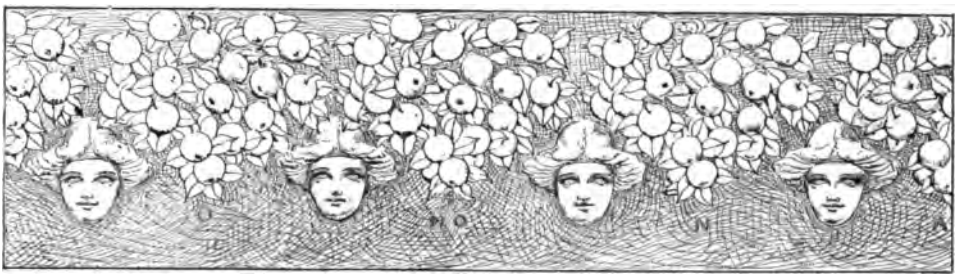

CITY FARMS AND HARVEST DANCES

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

ONCE upon a time there was in the heart of New York's busiest crowd an abandoned farm. It lay upon a rocky bluff overlooking the North River, with railroad tracks and freight-yards intervening. South of it was Hell's Kitchen, north of it towering factories, west of it, and all about, the tenements of the poor. The "Sociological Canvass" described the neighborhood as a place where the ratio of preponderance of saloons over churches, schools, and educational agencies of every kind was such that "saloon social ideals were minting themselves upon the people's minds at the rate of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." The police wasted no words in describing it. They buckled on their night-sticks when they went on duty, and at night, when those ideals were stirring, they patroled by twos. In the civic awakening of half a score of years ago forty pastors prayed that the city build a park upon its seven acres as a moral agent.

So the old farm became a great playground, and was called after De Witt Clinton, who dug the Erie Canal and did other things besides. But before that happened, a woman, Mrs. Henry Parsons, had secured the loan of a small plot in it to try a scheme of very modern farming for the benefit of the children. She has kept it ever since. Though the Children's Farm School occupies less than one seventh of the area of the park, it is the pearl of great price in it. Play that has more than justified the faith of the forty pastors goes on all about, but this is play with a purpose all its own. Eleven hundred little gardeners took a hand in it last summer, among them a hundred cripples, who stumped about on their pitiful crutches, planting and weeding with the best of them, their little, pinched faces aglow with joy at the discovery that there was something they could do—even make things grow. And there in June were pale-faced children from the tenements who in September were brown and hearty. They were the little victims of tuberculosis whom the tenement would have killed, but whom the garden and the sunlight, and the doing something there which they loved, had saved.

They dug their first garden patch with clam-shells, after a plow had been found strong enough to break that ground, and the rubbish of years had been carried away. And then on a bright summer's day they gathered under the flag and saw a gardener plant the seed. Thereafter they did as he did, and for a week they and their mothers and even the babies hung over the fence in the evening, when chores were done, straining their eyes to see something "come up." And one night their was a shriek and a wild rush that brought the fathers and the big brothers from around the corner, and clear down to Hell's Kitchen the report spread that

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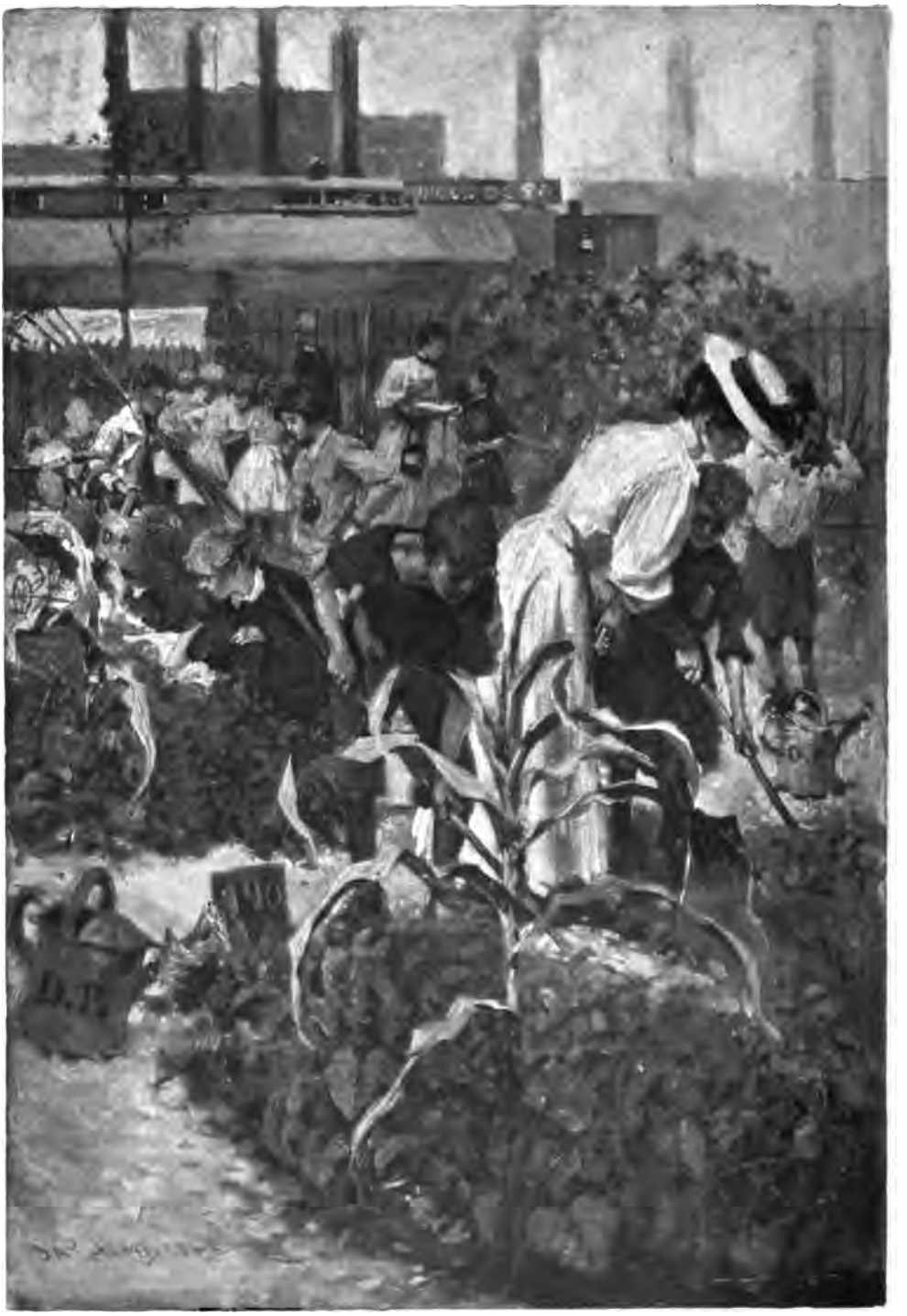

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CHILDREN'S FARM GARDEN IN DE WITT CLINTON PARK, NEW YORK CITY

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the things in the "brats' patch" had sprouted. Morning showed the little blades of corn, radish, bean, pea, and carrot peeping through and growing. The children declared that on a rainy day you could *hear* them grow. Father and the boys squinted at them in passing. They held aloof until last summer, when a big school of sunfish came down the river just before planting-time, and the whole neighborhood went fishing, getting their worms in the children's garden. Since then the *entente cordiale* has been complete, and, indeed, the rehabilitation of the neighborhood. Witness the fact that not once has the garden been trespassed upon, though the fence is only breast-high and sunfish are still reported, with worm-digging tabooed in the growing season.

Policemen patrol singly and grow fat. Within the fence the children of German and Irish, of Jew and "Dago," work together in peace, no longer with clam-shells, but with tools quite up to date. Nowadays the Children's Farm School is official, and from far and near teachers and their classes come to see it and to listen to the talks that its founder and her helpers give to the "school" in language they can understand; also to admire the garden-plots, of which there are five hundred; and the peanuts that grow by themselves, the cotton, the flax, the buckwheat, and even the weed-plot, where the children give the enemy a chance only that they may better spot him thereafter. They learn, too, to identify hostile insects and incidentally to get rid of foolish superstitions, such as that about the "devil's darning-needle" weaving their ears together, which once caused one of the saddest tragedies of our city. Old New Yorkers remember yet how one flew into a schoolroom and threw the children into a panic in which thirteen of them were trampled to death. That could never have happened with any of these young gardeners about, for they can tell you what a harmless beast the dragon-fly is, though he looks so fierce. Also, they have learned that the ladybug is a friend, and they save her where they find her, to put her in their gardens.

When the children first answered roll-call, Mrs. Parsons tells us, they could do nothing useful with their hands. They could destroy—that the street had taught them—or dig in the refuse-heap. But before any work requiring thought and steady hands they were helpless. It is the old testimony of the playground, newly come: "The children did n't know any game." And this is the primary value of well-ordered play, that it teaches the child something he needs to know, gives him and his fellows a wholesome outlet for their energies, while it bars the policeman out of the game. In the playground set between two gutters the "copper" was ever a factor, for street-play is unlawful, as it is unsafe, even though there be no other place provided for the children. The result was the gang, with all that it stood for, and the gang is only the caricature of the team, the club. It cherishes the same ideals, but twisted to suit the environment. Loyalty being always first among these, it attaches itself to the gutter, with the result we know.

We move swiftly in our day, and who shall say that on the whole the movement is not forward? It is only half a dozen years since common sense pitched its tent on the old abandoned farm at Stryker's Lane, barely a dozen since the board of education in the metropolis refused to open the door of one school for children's play out of hours because it could see "nothing educational in it." Within a year we have seen two sovereign States, Massachusetts and Washington, pass laws ordering all towns to maintain playgrounds at the public expense. Chicago has built a system of play parks which the wildest Utopian dream could not have fancied. And in our cities a thousand educators gather from all over the land gravely to discuss play as an ethical, moral, and physical need of the child, of the race, if its development is to be normal and healthy. It has been all work too long. It is time to play, and since we must pull together in teams to get anywhere in our national life, let us have team-play and get acquainted.

That we have paid too little heed to the "festival" as a form of national, patriotic expression, was the burden of the message one of the speakers brought to the recent Playground Congress. "The festival has to do with the heart history of a people." Our own Fourth of July has heretofore had rather more to do with the surgical record of it. It may well be that

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE HUNGARIAN CZARDAS

The groups sketched in the decorative border are from other folk-dances seen at the Van Cortlandt Park festival, New York.

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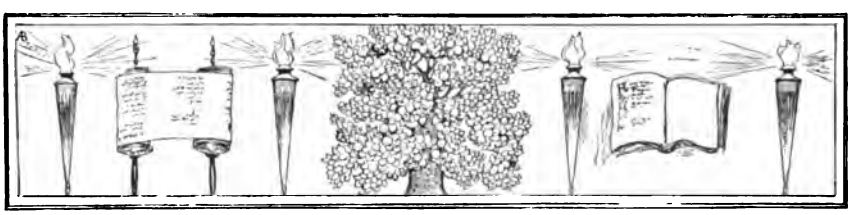
the folk-dances on the green in Van Cortlandt Park, which ten thousand persons applauded with delight last summer, are destined to make a better beginning. They were, in fact, a revelation to those who saw them. The passionate ardor of the Hungarian Czardas, the proud step of the Spanish Manchegas, the vivacity of the Italian Saltarella, the grace of the Polish Mazur that has engrafted itself upon the dances of half the peoples of the Western world, the jollity of the German peasants' dance, and the joyousness of the Irish lilt, gave to us all a glimpse of something we much needed to know. And when the children of many climes and many traditions joined in the harvest dance and the green resounded with rapturous cheers, the seed the festival had sown sprouted then and there into a new appreciation of our common citizenship that was wholesome and good.

It was a good thing to bring these dances here, for they are the expression of a people's life, of their historic development, which we have known and thought too little about, calmly assuming that we had work enough for them, too, to do without troubling themselves with thoughts of joy. The fervent Italian, the proud Hungarian, the idealistic Russian, we have let them be burden-bearers even as we were ourselves, and a generation among us has left them too little of their joys. That is not good for them or for us. And now they come with their graceful children that are yet our own, and give us of their great past that must needs be part of our own future as a people; only we can take the mere body and reject the soul if we so choose. That we shall not so choose is the concern of those who, recognizing in these plays and dances a social agency of great force, have used the playground movement to put them before us. If it helps us to pull together more heartily not only at our play, but all through our civic life, they have wrought well, for so and not otherwise shall we solve the problems that crowd ever more urgently upon our national life.



MEREDITH

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

WHAT am I reading? He is dead?—
He, the great interpreter
And seer, England's noblest head?
What am I reading? It is hushed?—
The deepest voice that life had found
To read a century profound
With all Time's seethe and stir?

Why, it is but a scanty score
Of days since, at his side,
Clasping his hand with more than pride,
I felt that the immortal tide
Of his great mind would long break o'er
The cold command of Death.
Still in my ear is echoing
The surf of his strong words, and still
Against the wild trees on the hill
His cottage sheltered under,
I see the toss of his gray locks,
Like Lear's—for he had felt the sting
Of all too greatly giving
The kingdom of his mind to those
Who for it held him mad.

O England, guard thy living
Like him from a like fate!
For not the mighty thunder
Of thy proud name from all the rocks
Of all the world can compensate
A nation whom no Song makes glad,
And whom no Seer makes great.

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Drawn by Maynard Dixon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HER WISTFUL PRETTINESS AND GRACE HAD AN INSTANT EFFECT IN SILENCING THE TURBULENT HOUSE"

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THE SIGNORINA'S DÉBUT

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

ELSIE MONAHAN, in the words of the popular song, was "crazy to go on the stage." Far from encountering the usual family opposition to this desire, she was encouraged by her maternal and sole surviving parent; indeed, it is likely the idea originated in the consciousness of Mrs. Monahan, who at Elsie's age had longed to be an actress. She was a woman who, to quote herself, was often "near choked with the fine sentiments struggling to escape." Elsie herself was a very lamb for gentleness and domesticity, and by the side of a lingering predilection for dolls in her soft heart she cuddled a sneaking fondness for Dan Comerford, who had just set up an express route for himself. Left alone, her ambition would undoubtedly have developed along the line of cooking Danny's dinners for ever and ever; but Elsie was above all receptive; the colorful pictures of a life of glory which Mrs. Monahan was forever sketching with broad strokes ravished her quiet bosom, and she soon glowed with a reflected ardor. Elsie, with her glossy hair, her large blue eyes, and her sweet lips, was very pretty, something her mother had never been; but, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Monahan would have made much the better actress: she had the grand imagination.

"Patrick Monahan was an honest man and a good provider, God rest him!" Mrs. Monahan remarked to Miss Pickie, the sewing-woman, as they worked together at the former's green "moray"; "but not understanding fine sentiments himself, he could n't abear the sight of them in others. 'There 's sentiment,' he would say scornful-like, pointing to the collar on the beer. But fine sentiments ain't to be turned off just by a man's joke. What would us women do to hearten us without the thrill of them!"

Miss Pickie warmly acquiesced.

"For seventeen years," continued Mrs. Monahan, "I had to keep myself bottled up under that man's eye like seltzer-water. That 's why my face is so flushed-like now. After I buried him, at first I was that weak-willed I could n't put my mind on what to cook for dinner, him being gone. But bit by bit I come back to myself. Patrick left me comfortable, I *will* say; and the children being growed up, I had time to look around. So I took up literature and the drama, and begun to dress tasty, for which I always had the inclination, though not the same satisfaction, having lost my figure, as was natural. As for Elsie, I mean to see that she has a future in which grease and pot-black ain't included. In her triumphs, Miss Pickie, I shall live over my own which was first-rated on account of lack of sympathy when *I* was a miss."

Miss Pickie hazarded a question about Dan Comerford.

"Nothing in it," said Mrs. Monahan, sharply. "Mark my words, Danny Comerford, with his sneery blue eye, which bores into you like a gimlet, will make just such another as my Patrick. God help the woman with any sentiments that falls into *that* lad's hands! Oh, I 've no doubt Danny Comerford 's a good, steady lad; but rully, Miss Pickie, an express-driver does n't hardly fit in with Elsie's caree-ar."

Having chosen Elsie's course, the next thing was to launch her. Mrs. Monahan's outlook on the stage was limited to the weekly melodrama at the "Allacazar," which she never missed, and the vaudeville bill at Foody's. In thinking it over, she eliminated the first alternative from her calculations; for though it was only a play, she felt she would not be able to sleep nights for thinking of Elsie going through the dreadful things every good

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girl is called upon to suffer in a melodrama. What if some night, when the hero was napping, the villain *should* prevail? What if the whirling buzz-saw *should* bite into her precious daughter's head? What if the human chain should break and precipitate the heroine into the mob which always howls below? The risk was too great; the music and the levity of Foody's seemed much safer: moreover, an opportunity was offered in Foody's "amateur night" each week. So Mrs. Monahan cast about for the means to prepare Elsie to be a vaudeville artiste, and this led to the introduction of Professor Raymo Esposito.

The professor held a chair in the near-by "University Tonsor"; in other words, he was third barber at Hamilcri's, at the corner. In the afternoons when business was slack he gave lessons on the guitar and mandolin, and upon the recommendation of Miss Pickie presented himself at the door of the Monahan flat, carefully dressed, and smelling of the best extracts in the shop. Raymo was short and swarthy, with thick, black curls, an interesting sallowness, and an air of discontent. Mrs. Monahan was immediately won by his respectfulness and ready sympathy with fine sentiments, and lessons in singing and stage dancing were started. The elder lady supplied most of the enthusiasm, and was much more apt in learning than the actual pupil. Once Elsie came upon her mother practising in secret before the mirror; and at the sight of Mrs. Monahan's serious, red face and the strange contortions of her stout body as she flung her arms over her head in the attitudes of what Raymo called the "cachooker," even the lamblike Elsie laughed. Mrs. Monahan was deeply aggrieved.

Unsuspected by Mrs. Monahan, more bade fair to come of these lessons than a proficiency in the *cachuca*. Elsie liked young Raymo, as she liked everybody who was kind to her. He was very different from the hardier young men she had known, who flouted any display of the tenderer feelings. Raymo made no bones of showing what he felt for her; he prostrated himself. For the first time Elsie experienced the sensation of being wilful and prettily unreasonable with a slavish admirer, and of course she liked it. With Danny it had not been that way at all. Danny's bright, blue eyes had a way of making her hang her head, and it was always Danny who teased *her*.

Danny, it must be confessed, had not been a satisfactory wooer; he had made up his mind that Elsie was the girl for him, but for the time being he let it go at that: there was his new business to be looked after, the bowling club, and ward politics. This showed up sadly against Raymo's ox-eyed immolation; and of course Elsie had no way of guessing there was ten times as much real tenderness for her under Danny's double-breasted coat. When he came swinging down the street, with his hat cocked slightly over one ear, his blue eyes gleaming, his tilted nose as pink as his cheeks, and a scoffing smile on his lips, his outrageous independence was more than a girl could bear. Elsie's greeting at first became cool, and then, at Danny's broader grin, as one would smile at a lambkin that set up to be dignified, ceased altogether.

On the first Thursday night in November, Foody's Theater of Varieties hummed with the bumper house of the season. Thursday was amateur night, when, after the regular bill, aspirants for vaudevillean honors competed for the approval of the house. A large crowd is always attracted to see the fun, and on this particular Thursday night, coming in election week, Mr. Foody had let it be known that he had secured a particularly rich assortment of amateurs for his patrons.

Foody's advertised itself as a family theater, and it is not to be denied that a certain homelike air clung to the place. This was largely due to the genius of Mr. Bert Foody himself, whose guiding maxim was, "Keep in touch with the public." Mr. Bert Foody was a good-looking, blond, exquisitely tailored young man who had been a young man for many theatrical seasons. He had none of the noisy heartiness of the old-fashioned showman, but a downcast glance and a sly smile which seemed to take you right into his private confidence. During the performance he frequently made announcements of this and that from the stage, wherein in his modest way he so earnestly expressed his devotion to the interest of his patrons, and thanked them so often and so humbly, that it made every one present feel as if he were in his own theater. On Thursday nights

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Mr. Foody personally introduced the amateurs, and at the end of the performance distributed the cash prizes, according to the verdict of the house, with his own white and bediamonded hands. On these occasions he permitted himself a vein of sly jocosity which tickled his patrons mightily. It had been enviously stated that Mr. Foody was of Hebrew extraction, and had adopted an Irish cognomen merely out of deference to the prejudices of the neighborhood. Be that as it may, he was thoroughly *en rapport* with his patrons; and in this, added to the fact that week after week the same families, the same young men and maidens, occupied their favorite seats down-stairs, while the same irresponsible youths whistled and guffawed in the gallery, lies the explanation of the intimate social feeling which pervaded Foody's, and made one forget the shabby decorations and the musty atmosphere of that little temple.

To complete the picture of the interior of Foody's on this momentous night, add to the shabby decorations of the walls, dusty green in color, with scrollwork and abnormal cupids, a single gallery in the rear sweeping up to the roof, and facing the crowd, a brilliant drop-curtain depicting a street in Paris with a wall filling a third of the foreground, bearing, as a final touch of verisimilitude, the business cards of several Bushwick tradespeople. On each side of the proscenium were a pair of capacious boxes, one above the other, while down in front a patient orchestra sawed uninterruptedly from two till five every afternoon, and every night from eight to eleven.

The "organization," of which the larger part of the patrons of Foody's were sympathizers, had won a sweeping victory in the election just gone, and an unusual hilarity in the house premised ill to the amateurs. Many a tin horn and watchman's rattle which had seen service on election night was being held in reserve under the seats. On amateur night everything goes at Foody's—except fruit and vegetables: on that point the affable proprietor is adamant. The stage-box on the right of the spectators was filled with the large persons of a dozen triumphant local politicians who had dined exceedingly well, and were as playful as grampuses. The largest and most playful grampus was deposited in the corner by the stage, from which point of vantage he exchanged Foodyesque badinage with the performers during the regular bill, to the exceeding joy of the house in general. In the stage-box on the other side were wedged the members of the Eureka Bowling Club, whose attendance was by way of celebrating an honorable victory in a recent tournament. The vice-president, Mr. Daniel Comerford, as the member who had by his prowess contributed the largest individual share to the said victory, occupied the post of honor in the corner, where he also could "tickle the toes" of the performers, if he was so minded. Young Mr. Comerford wore a red carnation in his buttonhole, and in one hand he grasped a fine bouquet, which was intended for the amateurs. But it should not be inferred that he felt any tenderness for those unfortunate young souls. The bouquet had a string to it, of which Mr. Comerford designed to retain one end and pull smartly as the surprised and gratified amateur bent over to pick up the flowers. Yet, in spite of the jocularity, a canker was gnawing under the red carnation, as it were; for Mr. Comerford had a private anxiety at the back of his head which would not away. For six weeks Elsie had not spoken to him. He was beginning to suspect that there was something more behind it than the mere perversity of a lambkin; and he would gladly have relinquished both the seat of honor and the bouquet to have Elsie beside him out in the body of the house. Nothing could make up for Elsie, he was thinking, with her funny way of pretending to be scandalized by his jokes, while secretly struggling with her laughter. He was far from guessing that the object of his thoughts was at this moment just around the corner of the proscenium against which he leaned his shoulder.

The stage of Foody's is small at the best, and incredibly cluttered with the properties and the effects of the performers. To the stranger it is always marvelous how a performance can be evolved from such chaos, and to-night it was worse than usual, on account of the amateurs waiting miserably in the corners for their hour of trial. For the stage-hands, as for every one else about the theater, they were fair game. The poor aspirants were kept busy dodging flats, and were obliged to

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put up with an amount of ridicule and reviling which should have cured them forever of their hankering for the footlights. They were principally half-grown girls and boys, and their attempts at stage costume and make-up would have been pathetic in the extreme, had it not been so funny. The wiser youngsters went on as they were.

Elsie, Mrs. Monahan, and Raymo had secured the corner behind the stage-manager and the electrician in the first entrance, where they remained throughout the regular performance, comparatively unmolested. Mrs. Monahan, as was to be expected of a woman of much sentiment, was on the verge of hysterics, and had more than once been threatened by the stage-manager with ejection. She had on her green "moray," of course, and in spite of Miss Pickie's every effort and the aid of corset, the point of the much-gathered bodice was still farthest in advance as she traveled forward. Her face was like the setting sun about to disappear in a sea of green "moray," and the similitude was further carried out by a purple hat with feather and bow, true creation of the Bushwick milliner, which by no great stretch of the imagination might have been likened to a sunset cloud upon the brow of the orb of day. She wore purple gloves to match.

Raymo was frightfully uneasy in his cavaliero's costume, for the gray cotton tights belied their name and wrinkled on his shanks, in spite of the garters which were stopping all circulation in his legs: and he had a suspicion that the costumer had lied in telling him that it was proper for a doublet to hang almost to a cavaliero's knees. He also doubted, now that it was too late, if new patent-leather shoes, Bushwick style, were quite in keeping. They looked enormous down at the end of the gray tights. Raymo had to remember, all at once, to keep his plumed hat out of his eyes, to keep his mustache from coming off, and to avoid stepping on his cloak; so it was small wonder that his sallow face turned a sickly green and his hand shook uncontrollably.

Elsie was the quietest of the three. She had not her mother's imagination to taste beforehand the horrors of the coming ordeal, but she was profoundly depressed. Behind the scenes at Foody's, dark, dirty, and peopled with profane stage-hands, she had awakened from her little dream of glory. The painted ladies in the regular bill, dropping their masks of gaiety as they finished bowing themselves off, and turning around, weary, complaining, and vulgar of speech, completed her disillusionment with the life of an actress. Nor could she extract the slightest comfort from the support of her excited mother and the quaking Raymo; she was disillusioned there, too. She longed with all her heart for a certain square shoulder under a blue coat to lay her head on, and for a keen blue eye with the proper measure of scorn for such a sham as this. But, in spite of her dejection, Elsie never looked better. Mrs. Monahan had spared no expense in eking out the hired costume; her daughter's slender ankles were clad in yellow silk, finished off with gold slippers, while about her waist was draped a treasured black-lace shawl. Elsie made a very bewitching little Bushwick cigarette-girl.

The regular bill was run off with slightly less noisy appreciation than usual, although the performers played up to that brimming house; but their auditors were saving themselves for the amateurs, with precisely the same feeling of unholy expectation that animated the breasts of the ancient Romans waiting for the Christians to be turned into the arena. When the moving-picture stage of the program was reached, there were audible suggestions from the house to cut out this tepid form of entertainment; but the proprietor, knowing well that the majority of his patrons would resent the slightest curtailment of their evening's pleasure, refused to hearken. However, the longest program must come to an end: the last picture was whisked off, and the screen, being lifted, showed the stage set with a sort of Grecian portico and garden for the amateurs to disport themselves in. Then at last Mr. Bert Foody, with his deprecating little smile, stepped mincingly into view, list in hand. He was greeted with a round of applause.

"The Esmeralda Sisters—song-birds!" he announced, with a grimace which delighted the house.

The two Esmeraldas, in short white dresses, with blue sashes and hair-ribbons, and showing a pair of scared, drawn faces, made their bows. Each carried a banjo.

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Promptly upon their appearance the long-pent hilarity of the crowd was let loose in a roar of good-natured welcome, over which could be distinguished ironical comments on the length of their dresses, the suitability of such a fancy name, etc. The Esmeraldas sat on the extreme edge of two chairs which had been placed for them, and their horridly conscious stockinged legs writhed vainly in the endeavor to withdraw themselves from the public view. In anticipation of their music, the noise subsided. After several false starts, which each spitefully blamed on the other while the house chortled, they lifted up a pair of acid voices in a sad discord, their trembling fingers meanwhile making havoc of the banjo chords. Instantly pandemonium was let loose again; the watchmen's rattles and fishmongers' horns were produced with deafening effect. The Esmeraldas's voices visibly withered in their throats; they struggled for a moment to produce their customary notes, then broke for the shelter of the wings, shuffling out of sight with hanging banjoes, while the house howled with delight, and old men rocked in their seats and held their ribs to keep them from cracking.

The imperturbable Mr. Foody reappeared immediately with the next announcement; and so down his list. Some of the victims gave up cravenly, like the Esmeraldas, others set their teeth, and, defying the utmost racket of the house, carried their turns through to the end. Still others, fortunate enough to be graced with good looks, won the approval of the executioners and a shower of small change. Of the last, the most conspicuous example was a self-possessed young lady who sang in a manner evolved from long study of the Foody soubrette. The song was of a sentimental kind, and the singer, to the vast delight of her beholders, addressed the refrain point-blank to the stout politician in the stage-box. When, at the end of the last verse, the other politicians joined in boosting their confrère on the stage, and joining hands with the young amateur, he executed a few steps with true grampusine grace, the joy of the house knew no bounds. The grampus concluded by throwing his arms about the singer and administering a sonorous smack on her cheek. Everything goes at Foody's on amateur night.

Mr. Foody waited on the stage for the excitement to subside before making his next announcement. In his eye there was a promise of drollery to come. "Something out of the common," he was heard to say. "Signor Esposito and Signorina Monahanio will present a Spanish sketch." The house giggled.

Raymo stood in the wings with knocking knees. Some one gave him a hard push from behind, and he staggered on with a wild expression, clutching his cloak in one hand and the neck of his guitar in the other. His hat flew off with the impact of the shove, and was thrown on after him. A mighty shout greeted the appearance of the mustachioed little cavaliero with the wrinkled hose and the patent-leather shoes: the Esmeraldas had been nothing to this for sport. At the sound of it, cold beads sprang out on Raymo's forehead, and his tongue was like a ball of wool under his palate. From the wings Mrs. Monahan shrieked to him to put on his hat. He obeyed her stupidly, and the flapping brim fell down over his nose. The house shook with uncontrollable mirth. To make matters worse, Raymo was recognized. From the corner of the box occupied by the bowling club came a piercing voice, as Danny leaned over the rail, making a trumpet with both hands.

"Trim your mustache, sir? Face massage? Boy, brush the gen'l'man's hat! Next!"

The joke is still remembered at Foody's on amateur nights.

Raymo was supposed to open their act with a serenade to Elsie, waiting off right. He fingered his guitar in a dazed way, and essayed to open his mouth once or twice, but no sound could be heard above that awful din. It was Mr. Foody who saved them. He sent a message by speaking-tube to the leader of the orchestra and the musicians struck up the music of Elsie's dance. From the wings the little cigarette-girl tripped into view, waving her arms over her head and pointing her gilded slippers as she had been taught.

Her wistful prettiness and grace had an instant effect in silencing the turbulent house. Then presently a thunder of hand-clapping arose, genuine applause this time, without a trace of irony. Mrs. Monahan in the wings, beating time with head and hands, swelled with pride almost to the

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exploding point. One man in the house failed to join in the applause—the vice-president of the Eureka Bowling Club. At the first sight of the cigarette-girl, Danny had sprung to his feet, then dropped into his chair again, while a hot wave of red overspread his face at the sight of his ewe-lamb exhibiting her dainty ankles in public. He rose, gripped the rail of the box, and scowled blackly at the unhappy cavaliero.

During the first part of Elsie's dance, Raymo was supposed to linger up-stage, strumming an accompaniment on his guitar. This part he accomplished satisfactorily, and it gave him time to recover himself. Then, as arranged, the orchestra changed to the air of the "cachooker," Elsie dropped on one knee, and, swaying from the waist, flung her round arms over her head, and clicked her castanets. This was Raymo's cue to join her; so he laid down his hat and guitar, and pranced forward as gracefully as the impeding cloak and the new patent-leather shoes would allow. Elsie smiled up at him as she had been told; he bent low over her and circled, gazing lackadaisically into her eyes. The house resumed its ironical commentary.

The sight was too much for Danny. He suddenly flung a leg over the rail of the box and climbed out on the stage. He approached the performers with his head sunk between his shoulders and his fists doubled. His attitude was so dramatic that the spectators instinctively took him for part of the act.

"Stop this fool nonsense!" commanded Danny.

The audience gave loud voice to its approval of this sentiment, coming as it did pat to every man's own feelings.

Raymo shrunk back in affright, while Elsie, after a glance of horror at Danny's blazing eyes, covered her face with her hands and remained on one knee. It was a perfect tableau. The orchestra continued to play the *cachuca,* and the wise Mr. Foody, taking it all in from his post in the first entrance, realized the possibilities of the situation, and declined to interfere—yet.

What else Danny may have said to Raymo was lost in the hubbub which arose on the hero's first sally; but they could see Danny with his head thrust forward, doggedly following the luckless Raymo, who, with pale and twitching features, was slowly giving away backward.

"Soak the Dago!" yelled the stout politician in Box B.

And that is exactly what Danny did. His right fist shot out, whereupon doublet and hose sank to the stage, and lay there, right center; meanwhile Elsie remained in the attitude of prayer. Danny returned to her, hoisting Raymo's plumed hat to the flies with a tremendous kick in passing, and appeared to plead with the heroine. The crowd hushed its voice to hear what he said; but, to every one's disappointment, he whispered in her ear:

"Speak out!" prompted the stout politician, as one would admonish an actor who mumbled his part.

Danny, who was in no mood to submit to interference, turned like a flash and consigned the speaker to the depths below. This was coming out of his part, to be sure; but the unregenerate audience was rarely tickled, nevertheless.

At this juncture another character was introduced in the person of Mrs. Monahan, who, unable to contain herself a moment longer, rushed on, right second entrance, in a veritable purple-and-green fury.

"Hands off my daughter!" she cried dramatically. "She 's not for the likes of you, Dan Comerford! You get back in your box, and let them go on with their act! How dare you try to break her up at the beginning of her caree-ar! There 's manliness and manners for you!"

The noise broke loose afresh at this; but when it was perceived that Danny was about to make answer, it was as suddenly hushed.

"Foolish woman!" said Danny, with concentrated scorn. "Would you force your daughter to a life of glitter and sham?"

This was the heroic retort to perfection; the walls of Foody's trembled with the sound of virtuous approbation.

Mrs. Monahan returned to the prostrate Raymo and shook him by the sleeve of his doublet. "Get up!" she commanded. "Don't let him spoil it all. Go right ahead! I 'll have *him* put out!"

Raymo arose unwillingly, and somewhat entangled in his cloak, and with his

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mustachios hanging by a single hair, was dragged back toward Elsie. At the same moment Danny was seen to whisper to Elsie, who had by this time risen rather dizzily to her feet. She nodded in reply, and without more ado Danny picked her up in his arms. Roughly shouldering Raymo out of his path and evading a wild clutch from Mrs. Monahan, he quickly crossed the stage and stepped nimbly into his own box. His friends promptly made a passage for him, and Danny hustled Elsie up the side aisle amid great applause and laughter. They disappeared through the lobby.

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Mrs. Monahan from the center of the stage. "He 's extorting my daughter! Will you see a mother robbed of her child and not lift a finger to help!"

A storm of hoots and jeers and cat-calls descended on her head. Fury flamed up in Mrs. Monahan. She shook a purple fist over the footlights.

"You can't bawl *me* down!" she shouted back. "You low-down raggle-taggle! You despicutable loafers! I 'm a mother, *I* am, and as long as I have a breath in my bones, I 'll stand here and speak up for my child!"

She found herself addressing a blank wall of canvas. The experienced Mr. Foody's instinct told him the moment had arrived to ring down the curtain.

THE BOY, THE GIRL, AND THE UNION

BY CASPAR DAY

Author of "The Saints and Mary Toole at the Bazaar"

TOM TOOLE was seventeen when a piece of good luck took him out of the mines to a good position as timekeeper in Lawler's lumber-yard. This new fortune he had enjoyed only a few months when he fell half-way in love with Cathie Mulrea. Coincidentally, the Carpenters' Union took advantage of a certain business urgency to declare a strike at the yard, a war measure which, alas! shut Tom out from Cathie's affections.

Now, at home a widowed mother and three youngsters depended upon Tom's wages, while at the yard a gang of green Italians depended upon his orders. But midway between Lawler's and home lived the beloved one, a carpenter's daughter.

Lawler of the lumber company commanded Tom's unquestioning allegiance at noon, but mornings and evenings made the thing look different. There were always plenty of carpenters, firemen, enginemen, and miners to join the boy on the street and walk up part of the way toward Lawler's, and they were all good union men, just running over with loyalty. Then there was the carpenter's pretty daughter, who made opportunities to slam her gate in his face. So things went along for a while; it was February before Tom committed himself either way.

Wednesday evening was cold and comfortless, with an east wind and a thaw. Tommy dressed himself in his best clothes after supper, and went up-town to have his hair cut. Just about eight o'clock he came out of the barber's and stood lonely on Main Street, with the wind raw on his neck. Then Eddie Cargrove came by.

Now, Cargrove was a noted non-union man, and not at all the companion Tom would have chosen with all Main Street looking on. But Ed had had a drop or two of something warm, and felt sociable.

"Carpenters' Local is meetin' over you now—the deuce of a meetin'," he told Tommy, with a wave of the hand up toward Griffin's Labor Hall.

"How 's that?"

" 'T ain't every little boy in long pants

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can blossom right out into the full-blowed rose o' labor," Ed told him. Ed went to every labor meeting that would admit him, and listened carefully, and he loved to imitate the orators he had heard. "It ain't every pitiful child o' the toilin' millions can step right up into a journeyman carpenter's strike 'lowance, like you can. Hon'rary carpenter, that 's what you 'll be. No trouble learnin' the trade; no nasty sweat o' yer brow for the blood-suckers to make money on whilst you 're a-learnin' to drive nails an' hit the chisel square. No, sir; a union-card as a free gift. 'Nitiation fee excused for special reasons. Dues, two dollars a month when the strike 's settled, you bein' free to hire out as a genu-*wine* carpenter to anybody that 'll take you on an eight-hour day, reg'lar union wages. Say, what a cinch!"

"You 're talkin' through your hat," Tommy told him. "I ain't no carpenter."

" 'T was the very point I made to you just now. You 're not. But you 've heard of an issue, ain't you, Tommy? You have to have a couple o' issues in a strike, so 's the newspapers 'll know what to talk about. Well, you come to be an issue with Lawler's carpenters. See?"

"Come off the hooks!" said the boy, thoroughly disgusted.

"Wait till mornin', sonny. You 'll be a carpenter or a scab by that time. They 'll invite you after breakfast, you to decline or turn carpenter on the spot. Wait yet and see, Tom!"

With that, Cargrove sauntered away. Tom was left to think about the story. But beyond all his business perplexities there persisted the feeling within him that he wanted to see Cathie Mulrea. He was a labor issue, but he walked off down a side street with a queer, gone feeling.

After a while he stood at Mulrea's gate and went in. Cathie herself answered his knock, and stood holding the door neither open nor shut.

"Good evenin'," said he. "Cathie, can I come in?"

She looked at him without knowing what to say.

"Well, well, yes or no?" he demanded.

"I don't know am I talkin' to a scab or an honest man, Mr. Toole," she made answer, though she had all the will in the world to forgive him if she could find an excuse.

"You 're talkin' to me, Cathie."

That puzzled her for a moment.

"I came to see would you go to a show with me next week up to Scranton."

"What put that into your head?" Her face was stern, but the door came wider open.

"The play is 'Ben Hur,' " Tommy said. "I seen in the newspaper it was the finest theater that 's come this way in two years now. Will I get the tickets? I 'll have to get them ahead. It 's on a Wednesday, the play is."

"It 's Lent," Cathie told him, shaking her head, though she was quite too elevated in her feelings to risk a refusal. "It 's a sin, goin' in Lent to a show."

Tommy Toole sniffed. Lent was nothing and sins were nothing to a resolute man earning wages like his and inviting a lady out for an evening.

"You can come in, an' I 'll think will I go or not," said Mulrea's daughter, swinging the door back as far as it would go.

The pair sat down on opposite sides of the room, feeling heavy and grown-up and strange. What to talk about was a genuine trouble. Cathie, though, had a private satisfaction in that her dress was her second-best and becoming.

"I did n't know would I dare come here," Tommy said all at once. It might not be the graceful thing to begin with, but it was an intimate thought, and very, very true.

"How 's that?" stared Miss Cathie. "I did n't know you was so easy scared."

"I 'm timid for me size," answered Tommy Toole, expanding his chest. "That bang o' your front gate 's so hard on a nervous person. I hear it in me sleep sometimes. Yes, I be jumpin' all night from it."

"I 'll bang it harder to-morrow."

"You 'll make me a coward entirely, if you keep on."

Cathie giggled. Tom marveled at his own self-possession and the ease of his small talk.

"What you laughin' at?"

"You, maybe."

"Aw, you just say that. A girl always says that."

"Because maybe it 's true."

"I might," said the caller, "begin an' laugh at you, if I was n't so polite."

"What about?" snapped the lady.

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"Aw, I would n't say," he returned, smiling at her. He put down his hat on the sofa, jammed his hands into his pockets, and stretched out his knees a bit; he felt much at home, and something told him that he was making a good impression.

"Ain't you mean!" she cried, rolling her eyes with admiration. "An' you ain't so polite as you think you are, neither. See, the lamp 's smokin'."

"Will I turn it down?"

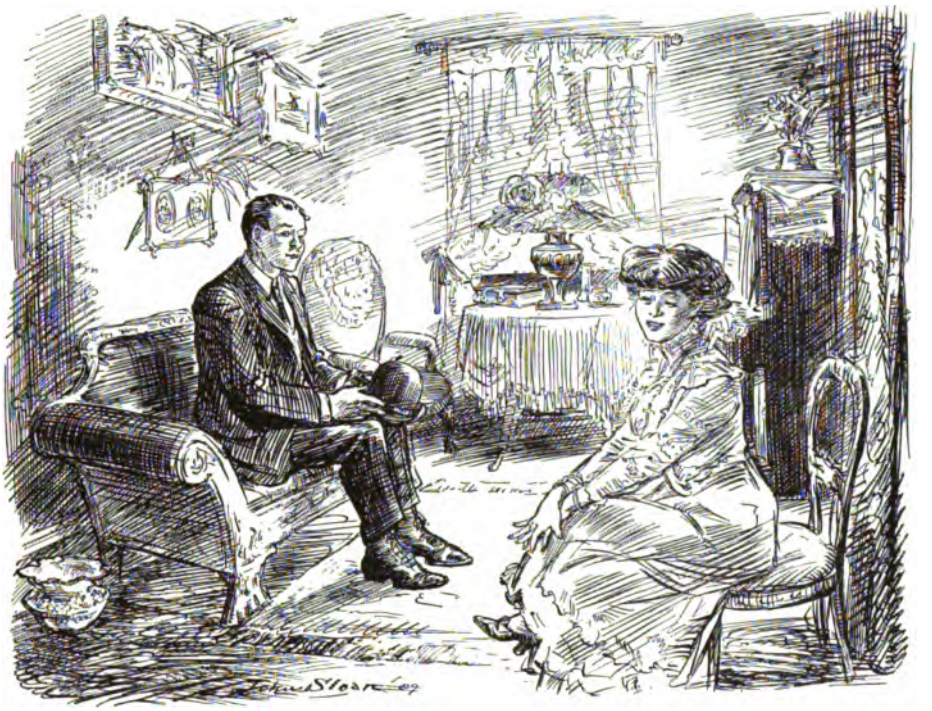
"This here is union-made. It might go out on strike if a scab was to touch it."

"Oh, I ain't worryin' about that," said Tom. Cathie was standing beside the table, and the full light from above the shade brought out the red of her cheeks and the milk-white of her forehead. He came over and stood by her. Cathie, with all unnecessary prudence, ducked her head away.

Then because poor Tom's glance reproached her, the girl flew into a royal rage. Both were scarlet, both close to tears.

"Oh, you *talk* all right; but you act the way your ma makes you. You don't call your soul your own when it 's job or no job."

Tommy stiffened; he was getting up his blood to take any dare she offered him,



Drawn by John Sloan

"'WHAT YOU LAUGHIN' AT?' 'YOU, MAYBE'"

and the process was painful. For he was an easy-going creature, more used to working than thinking, and accustomed to have his mother make his plans.

"You ain't said will you go to the show with me or not."

Cathie looked down at the toes of her shoes, studying them intently.

"I 'd be pleased—if you was a union man."

"Will I get the tickets, then?"

Just at the moment the kitchen door flew open, and Mulrea, back from the carpenters' meeting, slammed into the house.

"*You* here!" said he. "You here! What 's struck you to think o' comin' to my house? Would it be you 'd quit scabbin'?"

Tom picked up his hat from the sofa and regarded it earnestly. The last minute of his last chance with Mulrea's daughter was now due.

Mulrea told him Eddie Cargrove's

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news, shorn, of course, of its embellishments. Tom took a long breath, gave a short promise, and the thing was done.

It was long past eleven o'clock when Tommy came home to Duck Hollow, and all the lights were out except in Mary's house. To a boy who felt as important as he did, the matter of bluffing his mother was nothing at all.

Mary was sitting by the kitchen table with the lamp turned high. A pack of cards lay by her.

"It 's you, Tom," said she, looking up at him and smiling. "Was you to the show?"

"Not to-night," Tommy told her, turning away and shoving his hands into his coat pockets. He stared a while at the newspaper that was pinned upside down across the window for a curtain, and tried to seem careless. "Next week Wednesday I 'm a-goin', though. It 's 'Ben Hur.' They say it 's a dandy. It 's comin' to Scranton."

"It would n't be an Irish piece, would it? Dear! I can remember I used to go an' cry my eyes out on the sad pieces. I do love a show."

"I do meself," answered the son, never seeing the next step ahead.

"I 've the great mind to say I 'll go 'long of you—at the age I am!"

To that he had no answer ready.

" 'T will be the good practice for you, too, Tom," said she, laughing at him, as if she had no idea of his thoughts; "for you 're gettin' along the age when you 'll be wantin' a girl. 'T is time you got some *experience* how to behave to her."

This was a shot in the bull's-eye, and very well Mary knew it.

"H-m," began Master Tom, fairly scraping and scratching his mind for the right thing to say.

Mary was outwardly bland and unobservant; inwardly she said to herself: "It 'll be the fine visit he does think he 's had, the fine, big man he does be feelin' himself! I seen she was after him this long time—with the red hair pinned up on her head. Ow, the cat!"

"I 'd like it fine," the boy told her, sinking his chin down in his collar; "but I ain't got money enough, Ma. I bought my ticket—a'ready. I promised—I 'd go with some others—that 's goin' up."

He turned red as he said it, and for fear he should blush, he turned redder. He had a feeling in his own mind that now Mary would go straight ahead and find out all about Mulrea and the carpenters' strike before she let him sleep. It was the greatest surprise, then, to have her take a matter-of-course tone.

"Dear soul, Tom, why would n't you say so before? 'T is done every day. You 'll do it fifty times yet. But I 'll tell you one thing: a year from now you 'll not be takin' a red-headed girl around places; you 'll foind it ain't a color that wears good. That 's all."

Tom slammed the stair-door and went up without answering. Mary, left to herself, sat with her arms locked, swaying back and forth in her chair, smiling, and yet crying a little. For she was a lone widow, and Tommy was her first-born.

In the morning Tom opened his eyes with the full remembrance that he was an issue and a striking carpenter; but his mother treated him just as usual, and he was sleepy. Tom ate his breakfast and started up the road with a full dinner-can, carrying the news of his strike with him.

At the gate of Lawler's yard an Italian was trying to load up a cart, and was making a mess of it. The sight made Tommy swell up big with pride; he loafed over with his fists in his pockets to watch the job. His man knew him and grinned, expecting an order; but Tom had no orders to give that day.

All at once the devil of cautiousness came into him and popped it into his head that he might soap up his bearings on Lawler's side so as to be safe, whatever happened.

"Say, John, you tell the boss I ain't workin' to-day; I ain't feelin' good. Kinder sick. You verstand—hey, John?"

"Sure," the man answered, making signs with his head back, as if he were draining the last drop of a glass. "Mebbe very seeck. Sure. Me tell."

Tommy had never tasted beer, and he grew an inch at the bare thought of such an explanation. He loafed away down the road, laughing.

Up at Griffin's Labor Hall, later on, the carpenters made a great fuss over Lawler's timekeeper. It was a delightful air to Tommy Toole. He soaked up their praises like a sponge till he fairly dripped

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satisfaction. They settled down to play cards. At noon the boy took out of his pocket a slice of bread and ate it, winking at Reardon and a couple of others.

"A little goes far, if you 've made up your mind and want peace," he explained to them. "By to-morrow or next day things might come easier at home. The less Ma sees o' me, the less she 'll be worryin', maybe. Women-folks has got to get used to things, I 've noticed."

But Mary Toole at home worried not at all that day or the next; for Tom, to spare her feelings and his own and everybody's, carried away a full dinner-can at six in the morning, to bring it back empty at night. Mary supposed he was working every shift, Lawler supposed he was sick, and the carpenters supposed he was just retiring at discretion. Everybody was as pleased as possible with his conduct. There were hours when the boy could not pride himself enough on the way he kept the peace.

Of course pay-day would have ended the mystery, but an accident brought about Tom's downfall two days earlier. Lawler had been more than meeting his contracts with his Italians and imported carpenters; so it was only natural that a little mild picketing should begin. In a trifling shindy, Tommy Toole sustained a scalp cut. The news was down on Main Street before he had come to his senses, and of course the story grew to the size of a riot and the hopelessness of a broken back as people passed it along.

Inside of half an hour Mrs. Toole was up at the yard. She seemed not to notice the wintry air, though she wore no bonnet or shawl. A stranger had to give her news; the men who had known her all their lives shrank away and slipped off down the roads as they had a chance.

"Tom 's hurt, but not to matter. You 're Mrs. Toole, ma'am? His mother? Well, you need n't be scairt. He 's started to walk home on his own legs, sound as bells. Just a cut. Don't let it worry you, ma'am at all."

Her look changed at that, as if fear went to the bottom and left just a plain rage floating on top. Eddie Cargrove was by to see what happened and to tell it afterward; and Eddie said that the Carpenters' Local just wilted under the gaze of Mrs. Toole.

"Hurt, was he?" said she, just bristling with the disgust of a mother who hears that somebody has laid hands on a child of hers. "My gracious! It 's scand'lous to see how them unions go on! Oh, 't is the proud lot ye are!"

The carpenters and bystanders were puzzled. "There 's some mistake, Mrs. Toole," spoke Patrick Reardon. " 'T was in picketin' Tommy got his swipe. Him an' some o' our boys just lit into the Eyetalians, an' the whole thing happened quick. The blamed Dagoes got back in the yard, too."

"And what had my Tom to do with your crowd at all," said his mother, despising them with a look—"you, that 's on strike?"

"Who else would he be with?" Reardon asked her. "Ain't he on our side?"

"He is not. He 's got too much sense."

"Maybe Tom ain't told his ma yet," suggested Mulrea, and those nearest him laughed, picturing the situation. But Eddie Cargrove, who had liked Mary from the time he was a youngster in dresses, stepped in and broke the news gently. It came hard to Mrs. Toole.

"Oh, dear, the day! He 'd got such a nice job—an' him that young, too!"

"I see how you feel, ma'am," answered Eddie.

"I got the news sort of sudden," poor Mary continued, "an' it give me a turn. 'T was telephoned down to McCormick's. I did n't know was he hurted bad, and I started on up to see. 'T is a wonder I ain't met him on the way."

"He might 'a' gone the back road, just for fear," somebody put in. If the men winked at one another, Mary never noticed it.

"Maybe he did, then. It 's likely. Well, I 'll hurry back an' be there, if that is why."

"Now, then," said Eddie Cargrove, watching her apron flutter around the first corner, "there 's a bad half-hour waitin' for Tommy the union man."

MRS. TOOLE had not gone far on her way when there was a man stopping to speak with her. It was Lawler himself, the last one in the world that she wanted to see. However, the thing had to be gone through.

"You 're in a hurry, Mrs. Toole. And

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it 's a cold day for you to be out, too," said he, after they had exchanged good mornings. "I 'll not keep you; but I wanted to ask how is Tommy."

"I guess he ain't hurt very bad. I ain't seen him yet; I 'm goin' down now."

"Hurt, is he?" Lawler asked her. "An' how would that happen to him, ma'am, with him sick abed?"

"He ain't sick," said poor Mary.

"Why, the young rascal! Did n't he send me word he was?"

"I could n't say, sir. It 's ashamed I do be feelin', Mr. Lawler, an' that 's the fact. 'T is just to-day I heard of the thing meself, and I 'll not conceal from you that I 'm put out entirely."

Lawler stiffened up in a minute from the friend into the man of business. "You mean he 's on strike, then?"

" 'Deed, I 've just heard it meself from them that 's strangers to me."

"Confound the scamp!" said Lawler, heartily. "An' me all this time keepin' his job for him! What he needs is a strappin' about bedtime. How was it he got hurt?"

"I could n't say," Mrs. Toole answered, with tears in her eyes. "He mixed into some kind of a fight here this mornin'."

"He mixed into sluggin' my men, then," the boss growled. "Why, I could land him in jail for that. Don't the young fool know it? Why, the impidence of him is a burning disgrace."

"There 's something behind it, Mr. Lawler; there 's bound to be some reason. Tom 's foolish, an' too easy persuaded by a glib tongue, but he 's a good boy. He 's been a good boy to me sinst he was twelve, Mr. Lawler, an' worked steady. He 's my own blood; a mother can't never go back on that."

"I suppose," said Lawler, pulling at his mustache.

"Howsoever, I 'll get the truth outen him before noon. You can bet on that. I will, if I have to take his own belt to do it."

"I would. Good day, ma'am."

And Mary started over the hill with a sore heart. Never since Barney Toole's funeral day had she dreaded a home-coming like that one.

Tom was alone in the kitchen when she reached the house. It went to her heart, in spite of herself, to see him washing at the sink, with a cloth held to the bleeding cut on his head.

Drawn by John Sloan

"'I SUPPOSE YOU CAN FEEL YERSELF THE BIG MAN AN' THE HERO FOR FAIR'"

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"You 're not hurted very bad, Tom?"

"Just a cut, Ma," Master Tom told her, looking foolish. " 'T ain't nothin'."

"Don't you know you deserved to get killt? Ain't you got a particle of shame in yourself, a-mixin' up in Dago fights an' rows like as if you was a for'ner? I 'm just disgusted at you, Tom Toole! At the age you are, you 'd ought to show sinse."

" 'T was n't only an accident," said he, very busy with the towel.

"An' I suppose you can feel yerself the big man an' the hero for fair? To think everybody all over town was sayin', 'Tom Toole 's killt up at Lawler's!' Maybe you 'd feel big to be so important? 'T is just the thing that marks ye out a kid an' a fool."

"I ain't the only one. Nor I did n't get it up, neither. There was others."

"Now we 'll be havin' doctor bills, I s'pose. Well, 't is good your pay comes day after to-morrow. How many shifts did ye put in these last two weeks?"

" 'Bout two, I guess."

"I mean what pay will you be gettin'?"

"Two days," said Tom. Now that he was cornered, he held up his head and showed fight. He looked his mother in the eyes, and poked out his chin a bit more than usual. The whole was so like a trick his father had had that Mary's heart hardened and softened over the boy by turns.

"You see, Ma, it 's this way: I went out with the men—joined the union. I can get two dollars strike benefit, if ye like to have me ast for it; but I worked two days only."

" 'Deed, I know it well enough; for was n't I like to drop on the ground wi' very shame when I met your boss Lawler on the road up a ways? 'Tom 's sick?' says he! Oh, ye 've lied here an' ye 've lied there, Tom Toole! Ye 've made the fine mess entirely wid yer sneakin' ways. But if ye 'd lied to me at the last end, 't would have been the top trouble o' the whole heap. Holy Mother, 't would have finished me entirely!"

And all at once she dropped down into a chair, threw her apron over her head, and began to cry.

This eased her a great deal, though Tommy was distressed to the soul by her grief. His behavior had seemed to him to be fairly bristling with high principles, before this; now he began to worry and doubt. Anyhow, his mother would face hard times. The twins were too young to be set to work, and the loss of his pay bore hardest on her.

"Oh, boy, this sorryful day! If we ever run behind, how will we make it up at all? There 's five of us eatin'. Cissie must go somewhere in a store. Debt is the terrible thing, och, yes!"

"But I 'll be gettin' a job inside the mines again; I 'll be makin' good pay, I would n't wonder, by this time to-morrow night. Work is pretty steady for Number 10 and Number 8 both."

"Ain't Lawler own sister's son to the boss Mulhall, Tom Toole? Not if you was a blessed angel from heaven could you get a job from Mulhall for this day's work."

"There 's a good dozen mines round in walking distance. Don't say nothin' yet to the kids. I don't want 'em down on me, if I can help it."

"There 's a red-headed girl that you did n't want to have down on you, I guess. Tell me the straight of it, this once. Did she coax you into the union or not?"

"Why, no, Ma," replied Master Tom, trying his best to remember what had passed on that first of his many evenings up at Mulrea's. "I dunno 's she did. No, I should say she did n't. I guess she had n't nothing to do with it."

"Well, then, I know she had," pronounced Mrs. Toole to herself.

"Mulrea—Mr. Mulrea was kinder anxious I should join. He 's a great man for the union, always. I remember of him askin' me."

"The little sarpint!" cried Mary. Tommy did not ask why she so classified Mulrea.

"Was it to see her you was last night? An' the night before? An' every day this two weeks past? Was it?"

"Not every night, o' course."

Poor Tom had an urgent desire to go up-stairs or out of the door or to step behind the furniture into a corner. But, in spite of the longing, something else in him held him fast in front of her, to see the fight through and have everything over.

"Last night, then?"

"No, ma'am. I was up at the union rooms last night."

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"Night before, then?"

"I was n't there, Ma. I ain't seen her in five days. She 's gone to visit some rich aunt o' her mother's, up to Scranton."

"An' you 're missin' her, I s'pose?" Mary asked him. She watched every change of his face with eager eyes. Master Tom stood up under it better than could have been expected of a boy.

"I do kinder. Not so much as I thought I would, though, either. What d' you care?"

With that, Mary began to cry afresh, but more comfortably.

"Oh, boy, boy dear, I 'm just yer old mother an' jealous! An' you 're that like yer father I could tear the eyes outen her when I think of it. God forgive me! I 'm no Christian at all—none at all!"

Finally Tom put on his hat, setting it very much on one side, and went off to hunt for a mine boss. Mary was left alone to her trouble. Not five minutes had passed before Mrs. McCormick ran in, all neighborly talk and sympathy.

Mrs. Toole was worn out completely. While Mrs. McCormick made tea and fed it to her from a cup, she broke down and told the story, not even hiding the parts that were the least credit to Tommy.

Mrs. McCormick was just the friend Mary needed at this time. Both of them had a deal to say against Cathie, and by three o'clock they felt better.

"I 'll just peel the petaties first," said Mary Toole, "and tidy my hair, an' get my bonnet an' run up to Lawler's. An apology has got to be made to him for the actions o' my Tom. I hate it, indeed, but 't is only right."

"Well, I suppose Tom himself would n't hardly be welcome at the office," Mrs. McCormick murmured in a consoling voice. "And there 's no doubt at all, Mary, that you can do it beautiful. A boy always says things wrong-end to."

"When 't is over, I 'll feel more myself again," proceeded Mrs. Toole, gradually cheering up.

"You will. You will, indeed. I know how that is."

"But something had ought to be done about this here strike, too. I wish Mr. McCormick 'u'd tell them what he thought, some day soon. A little plain talk might keep others out o' trouble, though my Tom 's in a'ready. It ain't too late for some."

"There 's a good half-dozen carpenters comes down for a glass an' a smoke every evenin'," said the visitor. "As sure as my name is Jenny McCormick, Mac shall talk sense to them this very night. An' it 's a fine power of argyment Mac does have when he chooses to get a-goin'. He has, if I do say it."

"There 's many a home would be made happy if he could manage to knock sinse into 'em," sighed Mary. "It would be a Christian deed put down to his credit if he should happen to feel like explainin' their foolishness to 'em."

"Follies is where Mac can come out strong, ma'am, too. Well, I 'll slip down home in a hurry an' make him a mess o' canned peach fritters for supper, I guess. Good-by, Mrs. Toole. And I hope Lawler will be civil and easy with you."

It was between four and half-past that afternoon when Mary made her visit to the wood yard. Lawler was alone in the office. He saw her through the window as she came in at the gate, and his "Come in," was as savage a greeting as any one could have wished for. A contractor in the general building line hates to do business with a woman.

"Can I take five minutes of your time, Mr. Lawler?" said Mary.

"You can, I suppose," returned he.

"I 'll not be long at all," she assured him. " 'Deed, I took the precaution on meself of puttin' the petatics on the fire with all drafts on, so I could n't get talkin' an' overstay meself if I should want to."

At that Mr. Lawler began to laugh, and dropped his pen from the letter he was writing to swing around and face her.

"A fine idea, Mrs. Toole. If ladies would all do that when they went out on business, there would be time and words saved, would n't there? Well, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Lawler. 'T is to apologize for my Tom I come."

"Indeed." Mr. Lawler made a motion to pick up the pen.

"And, as might be knowed from the beginning, there was a girl at the bottom of it. Tom 's easy an' simple-like for a girl to manage, like all o' them at the age. She

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got round him an' coaxed him up till he joined the union."

"I should n't wonder," answered Mr. Lawler, not much interested.

"She got him so he 'd do anything to follow the red head of her. She 's a kinder pretty girl, you must know. An' the old one—that 's her father, I mean—was out on the strike, too, o' course, an' a hot union man. So Tom joins to please her, an' he dares n't tell me. He 's tender-hearted, kinder, an' he knew I 'd worry. But 't was her really made the boy do it, Mr. Lawler."

"What 's her father's name? Not Mulrea, would it be?" asked the boss, interested all of a sudden.

"Cathie Mulrea: yes, that 's her. A plague take the red hair of her, too! Oh, if my Tom runs after her any more, I dunno—"

"He 'll not, I guess." All at once Mr. Lawler began to laugh out loud and hearty, and to slap his chair-arms with the flat of his hands. "Lord! Lord! what a world this is! The jokes we play on ourselves in our lives, too! What a way for Higgins to settle a strike for the firm! 'T is a romance entirely!"

"What would you have referince to?" inquired Mary, very sedately.

"You 've given me half the story, Mrs. Toole, so I 'll just give you the other half, an' ask you to let it go no further. 'T is a joke on the firm, at the least. 'T is a wedding at the most, if it comes to that. Higgins, my partner, you know, was left a widower three years ago come April. Well, ma'am, what does he do lately but go to a party up in Scranton an' get himself fascinated with a young lady that 's visiting her aunt there. She was a pretty girl, an' not twenty yet, and her name is Catherine Mulrea. Red hair she has, too. Higgins did n't learn where she lived when she was home, you see. He ain't down around here on the hill much; he tends to the other end of the business. He was up there last night takin' her to the theater. He 'll be there again to-night for the same. For a widower, an' in Lent, too, I 'd call it goin' the pace pretty heavy. She never let on she 'd heard tell of him at all."

"It 's like her slyness, the limb!" snapped Mary Toole, and her eyes had a wonderful brightness.

"So it 's my belief, if you ask me, that this strike might settle itself in a month or so. Mulrea 's a great talker, an' the men sort o' listen to him. If he 'd begin takin' up for the firm an' for his possible son-in-law, the others would just cave in, one at a time."

Mrs. Toole nodded wisely.

"One o' the ladies says to me just lately her husband has about made up his mind to scab it, if you 'd take him on again. They 'd come to want, pretty nearly."

"Indeed? That 's good news to me, Mrs. Toole. If there 's others feels that way, though, I wish they 'd call it off, 'stead o' scabbin' it one by one. There 's all the difference betwixt peace an' bad feelin's, when you want men to do work for you. We 've got a new contract, too. An' they had n't no real grudge against us to begin with. We always done what was right by the boys."

"There 's no doubt at all," Mrs. Toole agreed with him. She remembered the potatoes and got up to leave; but Mr. Lawler had begun on a new subject.

"When I started the business, every cent I had was saved from the day-wages I earned for eight years. There was times an' times I thought we 'd lose it all, too. Higgins put in all he had, money he 'd got dollar by dollar, like mine. And there was months when twelve dollars a week to take home Saturday night *an' spend,* would have been a fortune to either of us. Hard work was what killed Higgins's wife, much as anything. There was weeks on end when my girl an' the kids did n't see meat in the house, because every cent had to go into the business. An' now because we 've got a big contract on, lots o' borrowed money movin' through the office door an' out again,—a make-or-break contract like we 're undertaking,—why, the boys have to run in on us an' slug us! Leastways, they try to."

"You 've got the right of it, Mr. Lawler, I will say," cried Mary, very much in earnest. "But if there 's a thing comes in my way that I could think of to give them boys a start back to you, I say to you solemn I 'll do it. And thanks for your kindness, Mr. Lawler, in what 's come an' gone. Good evenin', sir. 'T is time I was gone. I 'll no more 'n make it now till the petaties bees boilin' fast to the kettle. Good evenin'."

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As Mary was coming away from the office, whom should she meet at the roadside but Patrick Reardon? He might have passed her by with no more than a hurried "Good day," being a trifle uneasy in his mind about his share in Tommy's union opinions. But it was a muddy bit of clay, with only the one dry strip for foot-passengers, and he had no choice but to meet her face to face.

"Mrs. Toole, ma'am," said he, planting himself in the road, his cheeks flushing and his feet braced, "I hope Tom 's no worse than he was this noon, is he?"

Mary was crying, and could not control her voice. She motioned with her hand to him to let her go by.

"My God! he 's not *that* bad! He could n't be!" cried the carpenters' secretary, misunderstanding. "Why, he walked home this noon on his feet!"

"He 's walkin' yet," Mrs. Toole made shift to say. "He 'll walk the long ways before he finds his journey's end, I guess. He 's out huntin' a job."

Reardon turned redder, and nodded.

"I know myself how that goes. I been from one mine to the other this week past. But for all there 's such steady work, jobs is awful scarce to get, someway. I 'd take a timberin' job, even, or tendin' foot; but I 'm kinder on the waitin'-list. You 'd be amazed, Mrs. Toole, what a wonderful lot o' bosses is relations or wife's relations to the Higginses, let alone all the families the six Lawler girls got married into. No, sir, Higgins an' Lawler's relations can blacklist us for most any mine up this way. I s'pose Lawler would n't take back the boy?"

"I 'd not let him if he would," Mrs. Toole answered with spirit. "But I felt I had to go up an' see him. It 's the hard thing, too, Mr. Reardon, to be apol*ogiz*in' for your own flesh an' blood."

Patrick Reardon was preoccupied.

"Say, Mrs. Toole, you know I ain't been married very long. An' about all I 'd saved up ahead went for fixin' the house. Two whole months without pay has about cleaned me out. Yes'day—well, Mame wants to go back in the mill for me; her old job 's waitin,' as it happens. But I 'd scab it ten times over afore I 'd set still in the house an' let her work for me."

"I bet you would. 'T is the right feelin's, too. Be you goin' to see Lawler today?"

"I dunno. I 'm ashamed to; but I can't get a job nowhere."

"He spoke very kind about the boys, considerin'," Mary reflected. "How would it be for you to try an' bring them to see reason? 'T is about time people began to talk out o' the other side o' their mouths; two months is a long time to be o' the one way o' thinking. Mr. Lawler would like the old boys back, too."

"Did he say so?"

The look of hope on Patrick's face started Mary off. She went on to repeat to him part of what Mr. Lawler had said about the new contract and about his fear for the savings of his whole lifetime. The young fellow listening could feel from his own experience what such risks meant. So by the time Mrs. Toole left him and went on down the road, Reardon was in a fine frame of mind for peace. He took himself up to Griffin's Labor Hall to consult with the carpenters.

By noon the next day Eddie Cargrove dropped into McCormick's saloon.

"D' ye know, Mac," said he, cracking a pretzel in the pauses of his speech, "the wonderful woman o' the whole town resides right here in Duck Hollow? She 's a witch-like. She 's now turnin' her hand to arbi*trat*in' between cap'tal an' labor, like Roosevelt. It 's the walkin' delegate of the Peace Congress she is; and a tongue on her would make a rusty saw sing low an' sweet when it answered back to her. I mean Mrs. Toole, that is."

"Why, what 's happened?" asked Mac. "I never heard she was one to mix in matters that was no business o' her own." Of course, though, McCormick felt in his heart that the little lecture he had delivered to the carpenters the evening before had brought them to reason. Mrs. Jenny was a keen woman in her way, and she had not betrayed to him that it was Mrs. Toole who had asked for the speech-making.

" 'T is just so," Eddie agreed. "She 's not mixed in. An' yet someway she 's made it a business o' her own. Lawler's marble heart is just about meltin'. An' the union feels as sorry for their sins an' as pitiful over the harm they done him as a bunch o' kids that 's just been spanked an' given their Saturday night bath."

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"Will they go back, though?" asked McCormick.

"They will. They voted it last night. They give three cheers, too, I was told. But I ast Mulrea this mornin' what was they hurrahing for, an' he got quarrelsome right away, so I ain't got no real information on that point."

"Higgins won't take them, if Lawler would."

"That 's what I 'd say myself, Mac; but wonders won't never cease in this here town. Higgins has took the contract for the new Russian church at Pump Creek. An' he 's goin' to be that polite to the sentiments the boys feels for the rights o' free American labor that you would n't know him for the same man."

"My Lord! who 'll be the next one!" says McCormick to himself. "Will the *Eye*talians turn round on us an' object to the immygrants comin' to America, I wonder?"

"It 's been discovered," proceeded Ed Cargrove, "that the blame of the whole bad feelin's is on Tommy Toole. I could n't begin to give you the perfectness o' the whole argyment. But, anyway, if there had n't been no Tom Toole at Lawler's, there would n't 'a' been no union; an' where there 's no union, there 's no grievance; an' where there 's no crool oppression of the wage-earner, there can't be no strike. So they all get took back at the yard but him. He 'll hunt up his mine-lamp an' drive mules awhile for his penance. 'T will teach him a good lesson, so they all say."

McCormick scrubbed away on a shelf, thinking hard as he flourished the bar-cloth.

"It 's hard on his ma, too," he remarked finally.

But Eddie Cargrove tipped back in his chair and balanced there, kicking his heels, with his eyes shut.

"Indeed, it 's her own idea, so they tell me. 'T is herself says he needs to be teached a lesson or two for the country's good. An' there 's not one to dispute with her for the lad."

"That 's the wonderful news to me," pondered McCormick. "There 's no rarer thing in the world than that—to see the mother down on her own son when other people do be. Someway, it 's a reasonableness I could n't 'a' expected o' Barney's Mary, either."

But Eddie Cargrove had finished his talk, and there was no more to be got out of him. "Aw, she 's a witch-like," said he, when McCormick asked him for the details.

THE CRISIS

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

THIS solemn hour God takes from out all Time—
Time that built up the mountains and the main,
And brought embattled empires down the plain,
And raised the cities seen in every clime;
This solemn hour God takes from out all Time
(Though Time with mightier issues pregnant be
Forevermore), and gives this hour to me
Wherein to prove my manhood at the prime.
And I walk on even to the martial voice
Of strong musicians that have faced the foe;
And with me stars and troops of angels go;
And God is watching . . . ready to rejoice.
And I walk on . . . to where the roads of Choice
Are broad and narrow . . . Shall I falter? . . . No!

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THE GREAT SCENE OF ACT II

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

Author of "Chimmie Fadden," etc.

SIDNEY BROWN was thin with the thinness which comes from the continual strain of brain, nerve, and muscle; his eyes were habitually half-closed. as are those of painters when they try visually to fix vague or tricky colors in their subjects; the utter weariness that his face revealed was accentuated by a riveted, joyless smile meant to conceal that weariness; and his manner of tolerant patience was so confirmed that he seldom showed the tempestuous impatience under which he worked—and all of that is to say that Brown was a stage-manager, a producing stage-manager.

The firm had accepted a play by Arthur Alystyne chiefly on its merits as a comedy, but with the special purpose of securing a medium for starring Miss Carlson, who had just made a hit in a "bit" part—accepted it in spite of the fact that Brown, after reading the 'script, had reported that there might be material for a comedy in the stuff, but he could not see much in it as it left the author's hands.

This judgment would have surprised Mr. Alystyne, a reasonable man, who would have accepted with calmness a verdict that the play was not playable, but would have laughed at the notion that, such as it was, it had not been perfectly worked out. Alystyne knew the drama, had taken a special course in its literature, knew all that the books told about stage technicalities, was liberal-minded in the study of contemporary plays, and in writing "The Suffragist" had made concessions to modern ideas not highly esteemed in his academic authorities. He would have smiled at Brown's dictum that the play might be partly right: the author knew that the play was all right or all wrong. For when he decided upon the class of play, at a hint that Miss Carlson's managers were looking for one to fit her, he had done his best work upon it; so if it was wrong, it was wrong as to class, not in construction, scene crises, act climaxes, story, exposition, lines, proportion, or characterization.

The firm, in spite of Brown's doubts, became enthusiastic about "The Suffragist" when they thought of the great scene in the second act. The greatness of this had been discovered by the firm without a suggestive word from Alystyne, and that had been balm to the author's soul. It *was* a great scene,—he knew that,—but he also knew that theatrical firms are not always moved in their judgment of plays by keen intellect and correct critical acumen, such as they had displayed in this case. The great scene on which he had done hard, honest work, rewriting, polishing, pointing, strengthening, straightening, he knew to be a masterpiece, and the firm had discovered its greatness! The public also soon discovered this through the winsome activities of the firm's press-agent. Paragraphs got into all the papers whereby public interest was pleasantly aroused over the guaranteed greatness of the big scene in the second act of Mr. Alystyne's new play, in which Miss Carlson was to be starred—a witty and unconventional scene in which a society belle, hot in the front ranks of the suffragists' army, converts a woman-hating banker who incidentally controls legislation. The fair suffragist also converts the banker's nephew, who is in love with her and naturally eager to please, but who fears to offend his rich and powerful uncle. It was a modern idea, something of a problem, too, good comedy, topical, and adapted to show Miss Carlson at her best. Friends stopped Mr. Alystyne to congratulate him on the great scene: it had plainly struck popular fancy; it would teach the old playwrights a trick. "Well, rather," Mr. Alystyne admitted, and the

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way the suffrage petition that the men are finally to sign is stolen in the lover's effort to foil his sweetheart would make people sit up and laugh. Rather! Rehearsals would begin soon.

BROWN sat at a little table under a border light which left the stage so dim that all but the younger players had trouble reading their parts. He was studying a little model of the first act set, and as he studied he occasionally turned to the 'script of the act and drew curved pencil-lines on the backs of the type-written pages. By his side sat Alystyne, not knowing quite why he was there, because he professed no skill as a stage-manager and knew that Brown was the best in the country. All there seemed to do was for Brown to rehearse the players in their parts as they had just been delivered to them. Still, he knew that authors attended rehearsals, and it was a poignant joy to be there, to see the work of his brain materialize, expand into a series of stage-pictures, to know the thrill of the poet hearing his own verses sung, to watch all the resources of the mighty firm used without stint in the production of his drama.

"All right, ladies and gentlemen; first act, if you please." Thus said Mr. Brown, laying aside the set model and opening the 'script at the first page.

A woman walked down stage toward a plain pine table which was the chief furnishing of what was supposed to be the library of a Fifth Avenue mansion.

"What are you doing there, Jane?" Brown called out to the woman, who was wagging her hands.

"My business reads, 'You are discovered dusting furniture,' " the woman replied, consulting her part.

"Cut that!" Brown ordered, and then turned to Alystyne, saying: "If you don't mind. We 'll find something for her to do less conventional."

Conventional! No word could have hurt Alystyne more. He bowed assent, however, as Brown did not seem to give thought to what the author might think; and, besides, Alystyne wished the reading to go on, wished the people on the stage, even a scrub-woman and some stage hands moving about in the half-darkness, to hear the lines, to note their orderly sequence from the very start, their skilful exposition of the story, their superior literary quality.

Brown again turned his attention to the set model. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the set," he said, and a dozen players gathered about his table, closely following with their eyes as Brown indicated with a pencil. "A library, double doors center, entrances right and left. The door center leads to a hall, the right door is used by members of the family, left door by servants, guests enter center. Bookcases right and left of center, and perhaps some at sides. Fireplace left, with table and chairs, and table and chairs right. Room between table and fireplace for movement up and down, and room for crossing both above and down from tables. Now, Jane, you are discovered at table, right, reading a letter."

"But Jane 's a servant," interposed Alystyne.

"She is," agreed Brown. "That 's the reason she is reading a letter,—somebody else's letter,—if you don't mind."

"I don't see just why," Alystyne said. "Is there any more character in her reading a letter than in dusting furniture?"

"That 's the way we plant the fact that she 's a rascally servant, by showing her reading another person's letter at this time —see? Then it will come easier to let her steal the petition in the second. See what I mean?"

Alystyne saw nothing, felt nothing, except that Brown had used the word "we" in a manner suggesting that he meant to help in reconstructing the play.

"Now, go ahead, Jane," said Brown, himself turning the pages of the 'script rapidly, and scanning the lines with the eye of suspicion.

"It is nine o'clock, and Mr. Frank is usually here by this time," the woman read from her part.

"Oh, cut—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne—cut that speech, Jane. You see," he added, turning to the author, "there is no value—it plants nothing—to show that Frank is late. Besides, if Frank enters on a spoken cue, it makes it harder for him to discover Jane reading somebody's letter. See what I mean? If Jane was expecting Frank, she would be on her guard."

"But, Mr. Brown, I don't see. I don't know why Jane should be discovered read-

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ing a letter," Alystyne responded with dignity.

"I 'll tell you," said Brown, leaning far over toward the author, so that the others on the stage might not overhear. "You have a six-line speech for Frank telling the audience why he picks Jane to do that theft in the second. Let him discover her reading letters he shows he knows do not belong to her, and the reason he tips her to get the petition for him is understood by the audience without a word."

"But plays are made up of words, after all," Alystyne replied, with a wan smile.

"Just as few of them as possible," pronounced Brown. "Now, Frank, you enter right, show that you know that Jane is mussing with letters which do not belong to her, then you say—cross there, so, that—now you say, 'At your old tricks, Jane,' and you, Jane, you say—no, say nothing; just show that you have been caught,—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne, —and, Frank, you say, coming down left of table to fireplace, you know, back to fireplace, hands behind you—old gag—you say, 'Suppose I teach you a new trick, Jane, that will pay you a bit,' and—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne."

But Mr. Alystyne did mind. Now he leaned far over toward Brown and whispered firmly: "That cuts out three speeches by Jane and four by Frank, and substitutes your speech for mine when Frank comes to his fifth speech. Why?"

"No value in them," Brown said. "They 're beautifully written speeches, but just when late-comers in the audience are slamming down seats and women are taking off hats, if we can get a situation over by a little quick action, we arrest attention sooner and get to our scene faster. Let me try it my way, and you 'll see. Now, Jane—Jane! I want everybody's attention, please! Jane, you skip your next four cues and come right down to where you say: 'Then, when women vote, the Walpole dictum must be changed to: "All those men and women have their price," ' and cut that out and say—"

"Oh, Mr. Brown!" groaned Alystyne.

"We 'll save that line,—it 's a lovely line,—but not for Jane—too literary; and, Jane, you say—no, don't say anything. Turn your back, and put out your open hand behind you. Bet you 'll get a laugh—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne."

Thus the rehearsal proceeded: Mr. Alystyne reduced to a daze by the rush of the stage-manager's changes, cuts, and revisions, which, however, always seemed to make the act go faster, to move in more sprightly manner; loose places were snugly fitted, and action supplanted words. Not that the author admitted the justice of all these changes, but somehow there did not seem to be any means of stopping Brown. He was hot in the work now, reading lines for everybody, youths, old men, and women; comedy, satire, and sentiment. He read all with the exact emphasis, shading, and meaning he wanted, and the players were never released from one drill to go into another until in some measure their readings resembled Brown's. He invented business, and showed how it should be done, supplied exit speeches, suppressed others, and shortened many; he was all over the stage, shouting, directing, acting, ever with his applied smile, his armor of assumed patience unpierced. Even Alystyne was at last forced into half-admiration, though he saw his own work ruthlessly chopped and wrenched. At intervals Brown remembered to turn to the distracted author and, tightening his smile, say: "If you don't mind? The stuff 's all here, but we must make a little rearrangement of it. If you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne?"

At half-past one o'clock Brown looked at his watch, reminded to do so, perhaps, because every actor had looked at his own frequently and with meaning, and announced: "We will resume at a quarter after two, second act, ladies and gentlemen, if you please. Thank you."

The stage-manager accepted the author's invitation to lunch. Alystyne was seething with excitement, eager to talk of the morning's work, to hear Brown's criticisms, views; but the stage-manager was suddenly devoid of all interest theatrical, ordered his lunch with serenity, and spoke with enthusiasm of a contemplated trip to England in search of an example which showed a peculiar modification by Chippendale of a Louis XV chair. He revelled in speculations on that chair, and could not be led by hints to talk of the play. At last Alystyne bluntly asked him if he did not think the second act was more closely written—would it not act as it was written, without changes?

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"That second act is where we are a scream or a bloomer," Brown replied. "There 's one scene we may have to shake together a bit—the scene between Miss Carlson, the old man, and the lover—I forget their names."

Alystyne smiled in comfortable security. That was the great scene, the one which, he felt, got his play accepted. Even the impossible Brown, when he heard those lines spoken, would protect their integrity to the ultimate syllable. So the author returned to the theater with the manager in happy confidence.

The players were all on the stage, scattered about, conning their lines or gossiping. Brown held a highly technical conference with the electrician, gave orders to a scene-painter and a costumer, settled a telegraphic controversy between two ladies in a road company as to precedence in the matter of dressing-rooms, ran hastily through the 'script of the second act, making pencil curves on the backs of pages here and there, and then said: "Second act, ladies and gentlemen. The set will be the lawn and veranda of a country club; tables and chairs on veranda and down right; driveway between club-house and back drop, entrances right and left between trees or shrubs. We will pass over the rise—extra people to be discovered, tennis racquets, golf-sticks, and that sort of thing, waiters clearing tables of food, drink, and that sort of thing—down to—to—ah, here is where you enter, Miss Carlson, on cue of last waiter exiting to club-house. You are supposed to have arrived by auto."

"I have an entrance cue marked for me here," said the star, consulting her part—" 'jolly well tipped, old chap.' "

"That 's a servant's line; we 'll cut it," Brown announced. He turned to Alystyne. "No value in that sort of thing; and if a character speaks even a line, it 's forty or fifty a week. Just as well to have extra people—get all the effect—without lines, at eighteen or so a week. Now, Miss Carlson, if you please, just skip your entrance lines about the country cop trying to hold up your car and get right down to the line—here it is: 'Where are those criminal oppressors of down-trodden woman,' and so forth. And you, Frank—I 'd like your attention, ladies and gentlemen."

Alystyne was suddenly aglow with a high pitch of excitement. By exclusions, cuts, and sweeping away of characters, Brown had abruptly carried the act forward up to the start of the great scene. The author furtively glanced at the manager to see if even he was not showing some signs of excitement, but noted only that Brown's brow had taken on a few extra furrows as he rapidly read and reread the thrilling lines.

"Now, then," Brown continued, "Frank, you take the same cue and enter with Miss Carlson—Lucy—and Mercer. This is the order: Lucy, Frank, Mercer—automobile togs, you know, business of dust in eyes, shaking dust off collars, and that sort of thing, you know, and all down to table right. Now we 'll try the entrance that way, if you please."

"No!" whispered Alystyne, excitedly. "They enter to table on veranda."

"We can never get that scene over from as far up stage," Brown whispered back. "We 'll dress the veranda with golfers and that sort of thing at table up, and try the scene down here at right. Now, then, you enter a little right of center as from road. *Honk! Honk!*—we 'll have the horn,—Come on!"

The three players walked down to the designated table and proceeded with the scene,—the great scene!—Lucy speaking her lines without looking at her part, and the men reading. The talk went on and on, Brown following the lines with finger on 'script until he cried out, "One moment, please. One moment!" Then he turned to Alystyne. "This is pretty long—if you don't mind? I think we 'd better cut some of these lines. The scene will play eight minutes."

"Eight minutes is not very long," protested Alystyne, angry now; for here was his great scene, a laugh every second of it, threatened by a man who knew and cared so little for the play that he tried not to mention it all through lunch.

"I 've known a twenty-five-thousand-dollar production killed by a three-minute scene," Brown responded quietly. "Just write a line or two for each of those three, something like—'Well, Miss, if you are clever enough to put it all over a wise old whisker like me,'—that 's for Mercer, you know,—'you certainly are clever enough to vote.' See what I mean? Get down to the comedy of it—*bang!*"

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"But it 's comedy all the way through—comedy of lines."

"Best comedy I ever read," Brown replied. "I laughed my silly head off when I read it at home—Mrs. Brown thought that at last I had gone the other half crazy. But the lines won't act. Stage comedy is bringing characters suddenly into a situation which puts them into a hole; there 's nothing else in it."

"But we 're coming to such a situation now—the men about to sign the petition, and Jane, bribed by Frank to do it, coming in and stealing it."

"Well, we 'll try it," Brown agreed patiently. With all his skill he drilled the three people to make something of the scene. Somehow, in the new light he had received, it did not look so bright, even to Alystyne, as he had mentally pictured it. He was no fool.

"Give me the 'script," he said, and with bleeding heart he began to draw a pencil through words and phrases. Again they ran through the scene as corrected.

"That 's better," Brown admitted; "but you can never hold an audience six minutes telling them what they already know. They know that Lucy is going to capture those two men for this petition stunt,—see what I mean?—and they are dying to see her do it. This argument is beautiful and funny, Mrs. Brown thought when I was reading it; you 'll chase your audience into the street if you take six minutes telling them that something is going to happen they know is going to happen, and they want to see happen."

"But it does n't happen," groaned Alystyne. "They don't sign the petition now because Jane steals it now."

A momentary look of horror forced its way through Brown's mask as he asked, "Do you mean that *that* was what we planted on Jane in the first act—that she steals the petition *now!*"

"Of course; you planted it yourself."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Brown. "Not now; after it 's signed. Your whole first act leads up to—demands—the signing of that petition now. If you steal it now, you have n't got any third act left. They must sign now—if you don't mind?—and the theft stunt later. Then you have your third act all planted. Just let me run through it my way, and you 'll see what I mean. Listen, Lucy, Mercer, Frank! Go back to your entrance, please. Now, as you come down, you men look at Lucy beseechingly—see what I mean?—and you, Mercer, you ask—this is what you *say:* 'Can't we have just one drink first?'—and, Lucy, this is what you *say:* 'Not one now; two after!'—commanding gesture—see? And now you men come down to table right—we won't have the petition on the veranda table,—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne?—and you sign, cowering—see? Lucy, big, sweeping gesture of command. Now let 's try from the entrance,—dust off, you know,—Lucy first. *Honk! Honk!* Come on!"

They came down; Mercer, an old and experienced actor who had n't the remotest idea what the play was about, and never would have, looking the cowed and whipped man. When he said, "Can't we have just one drink first?" there was that in his look and voice to move a prison-keeper, and it made the reply of pretty little Lucy all the funnier.

"There," declared Brown, "we 've saved all the value, and work the scene in ten seconds instead of ten minutes—if you don't mind?"

"I 'm glad," said the miserable author, with a brave attempt at satire, "that we 've saved at least two speeches—even if they are yours and not mine."

"One moment, please," remarked Brown, thoughtfully looking from the 'script to the players waiting stolidly by the table. "I think we can work that scene without a word—and it will be a corker!"

He motioned Alystyne to follow, and they climbed through a stage-box into the orchestra, and took seats several rows back.

"Now we 'll go back to the entrance please. *Honk! Honk!* Lucy, you enter smartly on the horn cue—see?—showing triumph. Mercer, try coming down without speaking that line—look as if you would give your week's salary for one high ball—see? Lucy, stern gesture to the petition thing—Frank, afraid of uncle—see?—and afraid of Lucy—that 's it! Lucy—You 've got 'em licked—see?—stern gesture to petition thing—that 's the work. Good! You men cast one last, longing look at café, catch Lucy's gesture, and sit and sign. Good work! Great scene! And not a word spoken—if you don't mind, Mr. Alystyne?"

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

CYNICISM AND THE TARIFF

EMINENT and honorable men have differed irreconcilably as to the economic phases of a high tariff. Some have held that it is the basis of the prosperity of the country, while others find that basis in our extraordinary natural resources and in certain aptitudes of the American character. Some have regarded it as an essential to the establishment and growth of manufactures and secondarily to the existence of extensive national trade, while others have regarded a protective tariff as itself "a conspiracy in restraint of trade." Some point to the great achievements of capital under the operation of the tariff and say "See what we have become"; others cite the accomplishments of the capital which is not the beneficiary of the tariff and say, "See what we might have been." These are differences of opinion measurable in dollars and cents, and if all the data were procurable, one might ascertain whether, in the mass, the policy of protection were financially advantageous to the country. Until such a balance can be struck, the desirability of such a policy is likely to be judged in general by the benefit it affords to the class or individual concerned.

But there are other ways of gaging the value of a public policy, and one of the most important is its effect upon the character of the people. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the high tariff policy has been of enormous use in building up the country materially, has this been done at a countervailing expense of moral deterioration?

The people of this country have not recently been so busy that they have not been able to do a great deal of thinking about the merits of a high tariff. The breaking down of party lines in Congress has made the question a fiscal rather than a political one, and by the time this article appears, a settlement—temporary, at least—will have been made of the question of revision, and calm philosophic inquiry may not be out of place.

The question we wish to raise is one which may fairly be addressed primarily to all patriotic and well-meaning citizens who may be direct beneficiaries of the tariff. It would be idle to deny that, as regards the equality of men before law-making bodies, there is throughout the country an arrant skepticism. Ask any ten men—young in idealism or old in experience—what is the strongest influence to obtain indulgence, whether by favoritism or evasion, and nine will answer "Pull." We are not saying that these are right. Honest legislators can tell of many instances in which "forbidden and abhorrent forces" have failed to overcome causes thrice armed in justice. But the cynicism is there, and it has grown with the last half-century to an alarming extent. Even men who are devoting themselves day and night to the betterment of their time, though they exhibit not the "faltering" that is "sin," cannot rid themselves of the "doubt" which the poet calls "disloyalty." Many are the braver for their fighting, but the less efficient for their doubt. As for "the man in the street," justice on its merits has become with him a hissing and a byword.

From what chief source has come this pervasive distrust of the "square deal" in the making and the administration of law—most pervasive in regard to State legislatures and municipalities—which has caused the finger of scorn to be pointed at us? Does any candid advocate of a high tariff fail to see that it is due in large part to the object-lesson which that system presents of inequality before the law, of special privilege? This may or may not be in return for political support. The time has long gone by when legislation in Congress can be influenced directly by money. Every scandal makes a new moral record, and the Credit Mobilier exposure had its use in quickening the sensitiveness of legislators. There is no difference be-

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tween the personal honesty of a protectionist and that of any other representative, and some of the highest types in both Houses are men who are convinced that the skies would fall with the abandonment of this time-honored policy. But the inequality is there, and inequality is a denial of democracy and a lie to our professions. It has brought us dangerously near to political hypocrisy in pretending to be something we are not, and this by consequence has made us almost a nation of cynics.

Now the question to be taken into account is whether all the class prosperity of great magnitude due to the tariff, followed as it has been by a wake of lesser prosperity to others, is worth what it has cost in helping to take the heart out of the popular faith in republican institutions. The enormous increase of wealth is spoken of as though it were an unmixed good. But has not the very spread and increase of fortunes made us skeptics of the higher things in politics? Shakspere read one great temptation of life aright when he wrote:

> Great preys make true men thieves.

Wealth has noble uses, but it has also a hypnotizing power which stills the conscience and makes us oblivious to the fact that the greatest product of a political system is not money, but high-minded, self-respecting, and altruistic men.

CHAMPLAIN, HUDSON, AND FULTON

REMARKABLE as the year 1909 is in its centenaries of the births of distinguished men—Milton, Calvin, Darwin, Dr. Johnson, Lincoln, Tennyson, Holmes, Gladstone, Poe, and others, it is also remarkable for the great events now being commemorated in important celebrations, especially those of eastern New York, from Lake Champlain to the mouth of the Hudson. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, in the first volume of her recently published authoritative and admirable "History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century," brings together in a single paragraph the two great discoveries of 1609. She says:

In 1609 the domain of the London Virginia Company was extended to include four hundred miles of seacoast and the breadth of the continent from ocean to ocean. By this time the French had made a settlement at Port Royal on the great peninsula they called Acadia, now Nova Scotia, and Henri IV had bestowed a patent for "Acadia, Canada, and other places in New France" which covered the continent from the forty-sixth down to the fortieth parallel, including the present sites of Montreal and Philadelphia. In 1608 Champlain set the foundations of Quebec; and in 1609 he and two other Frenchmen with a few score Huron and Ottawa Indians defeated a band of Mohawks at Ticonderoga near the great lake that bears his name. This, the first battle within the borders of New York State in which white men were engaged, was fought, it will be noticed, in the year when Hudson entered his Great River.

Hardly less interesting than the achievements of these two great foreigners, and certainly not less influential upon human happiness, is the pioneer work in the science of steamboat navigation by the American whose fame is soon to be accentuated by the world's remembrance. Robert Fulton is a noble example of the pioneer in invention, who, devoted to the development of ideas, and undaunted by indifference or jeers, keeps steadily to the path of conviction which ultimately proves to be the road to success. It is indeed a year of rediscovery—of the rediscovery of the treasures of great men in our history. Fulton we know as the accomplished painter, the sincere friend, the unfailing gentleman, and the unswerving patriot both in his relations with his own country and with foreign potentates. But it will remain for the present year to show the breadth of his human sympathy and his profound absorption in some of the largest problems of mankind. This revelation will be made by the publication of his letters and writings, known but little or not at all, which the devotion and enterprise of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Alice Crary Sutcliffe, have secured and brought together, and which in large part are appearing in THE CENTURY. It seems amazing that these have so long been left in obscurity and that only within a few months Fulton's own plans of his inven-

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tion have come to light. It will be fortunate if the coming celebration shall add to those recently found, and to appear in this magazine, the still missing drawings of the group.

Champlain—Hudson—Fulton: what a trio of worthies! and what influence upon progress has sprung from their virtues and their high adventures! They illustrate anew the saying that history is but the record of great men.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE AS A PROPHET

THE important part played by both the English and the French ambassadors in the past summer's Champlain celebrations accent the advantages of sending to this country such genuine ambassadors from the people of England and the people of France to the people of the United States as the two eminent men of letters Mr. Bryce and M. Jusserand.

In his Burlington address, Mr. Bryce ventured upon the delicate office of prophecy in a line accordant with his particular experience and tastes. It was as President of the Alpine Club that the learned and amiable ambassador predicted that the region celebrating would develop as a place of rest and recreation rather than agriculturally or industrially:

> There are still some forests, and there may possibly be mineral wealth not yet revealed. But the greatest asset of Vermont seems to be its men, the race, vigorous in mind and body, that inhabit it, and the varied beauty of its wild and romantic nature. As wealth goes on increasing in those regions of the Middle West to which Nature has given a richer soil and a profusion of minerals, but far less beauty, as well as in the gigantic cities of the Eastern States, there will be an ever-increasing longing among the people to enjoy the scenic loveliness of this land of lake and mountain. More and more will the Green Mountains and the White Mountains, and the shores of your lakes be the places to which men will come from those crowded regions to seek rest and health and recreation and the joys of unspoiled Nature. One who foresees such a future and who himself loves Nature would counsel you to bear this in mind and to suffer none of the finest gifts of Nature to be lost by any want of foresight. To spare the woods, wherever they are an element of beauty, to prevent unsightly buildings from destroying some exquisite prospect, to keep open the mountains, and allow no one to debar pedestrians from climbing to their tops and wandering along their slopes, as men are (most unfortunately) debarred, for the sake of what is called sport, in some parts of Europe—these are some of the means by which this noble pleasure ground, the most delightful region of eastern America, can be preserved for the enjoyment of your nation, retaining some of that romantic charm and wild simplicity which it had when Champlain's canoe first clove the silent waters of your lake.

Doubtless the men of energy of this favored neighborhood will continue to apply their abilities in the industrial field, and successfully extend both the manufacturing and agricultural enterprises of the region. But the movement for the conservation of natural resources of the lake and mountain regions of New York, and the northern New England States, should receive new impetus from the warning and prophetic words of one of America's wisest friends.

THE "THIRTEEN AT TABLE" STORIES

IN accordance with the preliminary statement, the EDITOR announces the authorship of these stories, in the June, July, and August numbers, as follows: I. "With the Coin of her Life," Owen Wister; II. "The Waiting Hand," Margaret Deland; III. "The Fourteenth Guest," S. Weir Mitchell.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

"The Lord Walked in the Garden"

WASHERWOMAN'S HYMN

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—
O Lord, whar kin dat gyarden be?
I 'd turn my weary foots dat way
An' pray Thee cool de day for me.
Lord, Lord, walkin' in de gyarden,
Open de gate to me!
I 'd nuver be afeard o' de flamin' sword,
Ef I could walk wi' Thee.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day;
He sa'ntered 'mongs' de shrubbery;
He nuver turned aroun' to look dat way—
I wusht He 'd watched dat apple-tree.
Lord, Lord, trouble in de gyarden!
Ev'-ry-bod-y knows
Dat sins begins wid needles an' pins
An' de scan'lous need o' clo'es.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—
My bleachin'-grass ain't fittin' for Thee;
But dat Bible gyarden 's so far away,
So, Lord, come bless my fiel' for me!
Lord, Lord, come into my gyarden!
Ev'-ry-bod-y knows
How Eve's mistake when she listened to de snake
Still keeps me washin' clo'es.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—
Ef I could stand an' see Him pass,
Wid de n'eye o' faith, as de scripture saith,
I 'd shout heah on my bleachin'-grass.
Lord, Lord, my little gyarden
Ain't no place for Thee;
But come an' shine wid a light divine
An' fix my faith for me!
Glo-ry, glory, hallelujah!
Peter, James, an' John,
Behol' de Light—an' de raiment white!
Yo visiom 's passin' on!

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

"The Call of the Wild"

Whene'er I woo thee, timid Muse,
And to poetic heights aspire,
That is the time the family choose
To interrupt, and rouse my ire;
Just when my mind is soaring higher,
And inspiration 's pouring in it,
Some one will thoughtlessly inquire,
"Please may I speak to you a minute?"

When thoughts assume prismatic hues,
And fiercely burns the sacred fire,
The pattering of tiny shoes
Will stem the tide of my desire:
Some gap in infantile attire
Requires maternal hands to pin it,
While softly calls that pleading crier,
"Please may I speak to you a minute?"

Now, how can I such things refuse,
Though they work devastation dire
Upon my pen? Would you excuse
A woman who could tune her lyre
While cold and hungry Need sat by her?
Fame is not worth the time to win it
When Duty sends an urgent wire:
"Please may I speak to you a minute?"

ENVOY

So, timid Muse, though you grow shyer
Than any oriole or linnet,
This supplicating call comes nigher,
"Please may I speak to you a minute?"

Anne P. L. Field.

THE WRONG MAN

Confidence Man: Why, how do you do, Mr. Wilson. I met you last —.
Westerner: See here, young feller, my name ain't Wilson. My name 's John Jones *alias* Pete Rodney, *alias* Jim Hall, *alias* Joe Peters. So you better move on.

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Mabel

MABEL has a laughing eye—
Oh, the mischief in it!
Who 'd not love to look and lie
In it every minute?

Mabel has a roguish lip—
Oh, the red that wreathes there!
Who 'd not be the words that slip,
Or the breath she breathes, there?

Mabel has a dainty ear—
Oh, the dearness of it!
Who 'd not have it very near,
Like the flower above it?

Mabel has a darling foot—
Oh, the way she trips it!
Who 'd not love to be the boot
That this moment clips it?

Mabel has a lissome waist—
Oh, the grace that molds it!
Who 'd not be the belt that 's placed
Round it, and that holds it?

Oft and oft she smiles at me—
Smiles, as she draws nearer.
How she loves me! But, you see,
I am just her mirror.

Madison Cawein.

"COME ON IN, MA. THE WATER 'S FINE"

THE CRISIS

"Now, Tommy, you must go and wash yourself."
"Ma, if you keep on at this washin' business, you 'll queer me whole vacation."

An Unfair Advantage

DURING May the forest fires played such havoc among the scattered farms in northern Michigan that in each county a relief fund was raised by public-spirited citizens to be expended judiciously by committees chosen for that purpose. Shortly after the distribution of these funds, Antoine Barbeau, a farmer from a certain almost totally destroyed French settlement, paid a visit to the nearest town to buy provisions. Noting his gloomy aspect, the sympathetic shopkeeper began to ask questions.

"Did you lose your house, Antoine?"

"Non," growled Antoine, evidently with feeling.

"Your barn? Your stock? Your hay? Your timber?"

"Sapree! I lose notting. I have no such of luck."

"Luck! Do you call it luck to—"

"Monsieur," interrupted Antoine, dislocating his spine in order to rest a shabby elbow on the counter, "I tole you som' t'ings. Den you will *comp*rehend. You are acquaint' wit' Victorine Turcotte? Eet ees of the cow of Victorine that I mus' speak. Bah! Soch cow! He ees old, he ees emaciate', *cette* cow. He ees appear hon de rib jus' lak de wash-board of Victorine. He ees geeve two, pos*seeb*le t'ree, pint a day, but not with *savoir-faire*. *Monsieur,* evaire taime she ees get milk, he ees elevate hees hin' foot of a suddenness to go for keeck Victorine. Also, he ees keeck hees pail all ovaire de plass.

"W'en de beeg fire she ees proceed hon de fairm of Victorine, dose cow she ees ron,

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ron lak mad hon de bush wit' de cattelle of Pete Gurneau, de peeg of Napoleon LeVeque, de hen of Gaston Touchette.

"Dose cow she ees nevaire return. But, *Monsieur,* she ees replass. Behol', de loss of Victorine ees made more good dan *bif*fore. *Sapree!* Eet ees de Relief Commit' w'at now goes to arrive.

"*Monsieur,* you t'ank de new cow she ees keeck? She ees emaciat'? She ees proceed of a nearness to dry? *Non, Monsieur.* Of ribs, *Mademoiselle* dose new cow has none. Wit'in she ees lak de ocean; also she ees of a gentleness so benign dat she ees seet still all day long w'ile dat Victorine has honly to bring de pail to *hob*tain sufficient of milk, of cream, of buttaire, of cheese, for last t'ree day.

"And, again, *Monsieur.* Dere ees de barn of Napoleon LeVeque. Of de roof de shingle have long since *de*part'. She ees leak lak sieve hon herself. She ees leak so hard she ees halmost drown de bes' peeg of Napoleon. De beeg fire he ees not care for dat. Behol', *Monsieur!* Dose bad barn of Napoleon LeVeque. Poof! She ees no more! De fire she ees eat op dose shack lak cat lick cream.

"You t'ank dat ees mak' for in*jure* Napoleon? *Non, Monsieur.* Dat ees se mos' bes' t'ing can hap'. Dose Relief Commit' she ees come now hon Napoleon, an' beeld one grand new barn of a size twice more great as de ol'.

"And, also, *Monsieur,* perhaps you lak' I tole you of de clothes of Gaston Touchette. *Bif*fore de fire she ees *have* no clo'—none of w'ich to pay de compliment to speak. *Les enfants* of Gaston she al*so* ees go bare on hees foots, wit' no hat for girl, no *sos*pendaire hon boy.

"De fire she ees arrive hon de shainty of Gaston. She ees burn up all w'at she can find—dat ees not so vaire moch. You t'ank she be shamed to bodder wit' so leetle.

"Now arrives, *Monsieur,* dose Relief Commit'. Behol' *now* dose leetle one of Gaston! All dress op wit' parasol, wit' sospendaire, wit' necktie, wit' han'kerchief!

"But me, Antoine Barbeau, behol' *me!* W'at I get? Notting. W'en dat fire she ees 'mos' hon top ma fairme, de bad wind she ees torn roun' hon herself an' proceed to *es*cort de flame de odder way. Ever'body else lose som' t'ing. I am untouch. *Sapree!* Eet ees miracle! I am preserve ma hen, ma peeg, ma cattelle, ma fairm-tool, *ma femme,* ma ca*bin.* All, all ees preserve.

"Bah! Dere ees no of luck for poor Antoine. *Bif*fore we are all of a same richness. But now, *Monsieur,* considaire. Eet will require one *douzaine* of year for me alone to equal dose cow of Victorine Turcotte, dose barn of Napoleon, dose parasol of Gaston."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

A Limerick of Frankness

THERE was a frank lady of Dedham
Who whenever she thought of things, said 'em.
When she opened her lips
People took to their ships
And the sound of her accents just sped 'em.

X. Y. Z.

A CONDITION AND A THEORY

MOTHER: You tiresome child! Did n't you see that wet paint sign?
SON: Yes, but I thought maybe some one had put it there to fool people.

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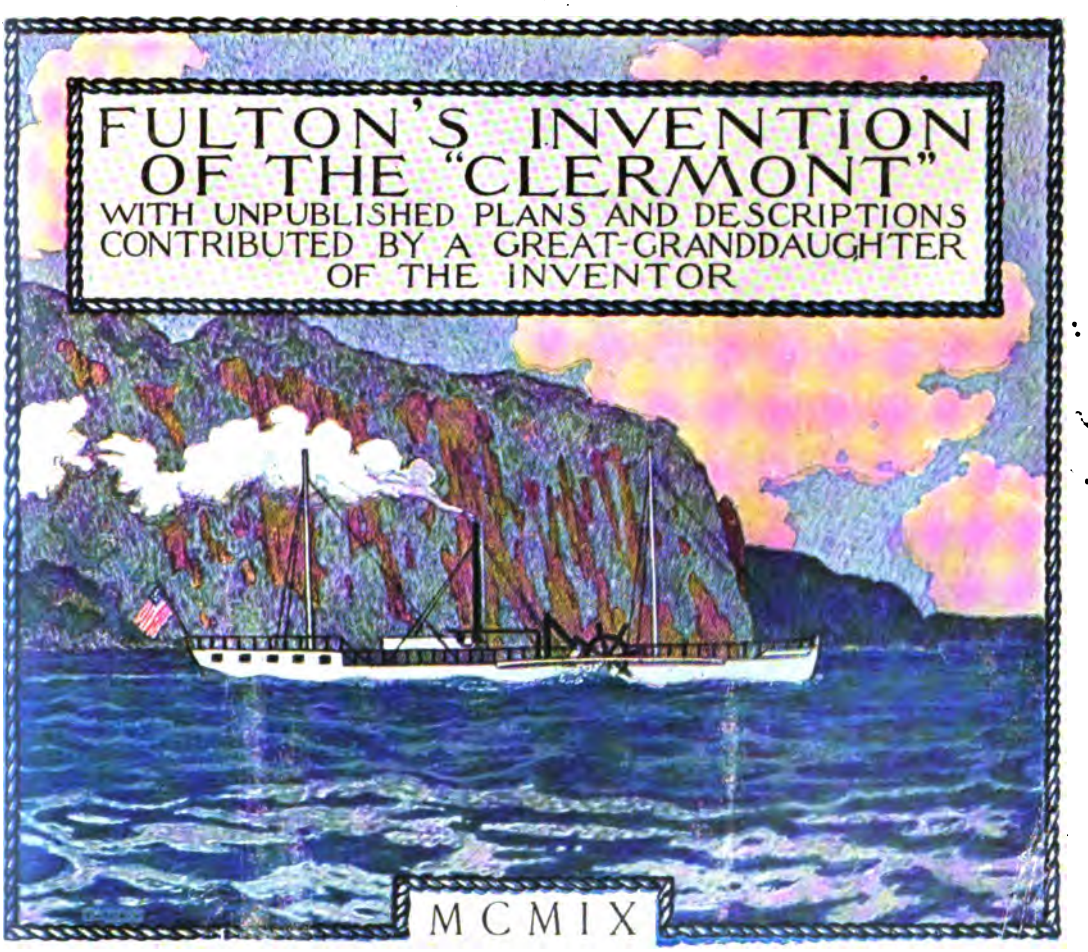

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SAPOLIO

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WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

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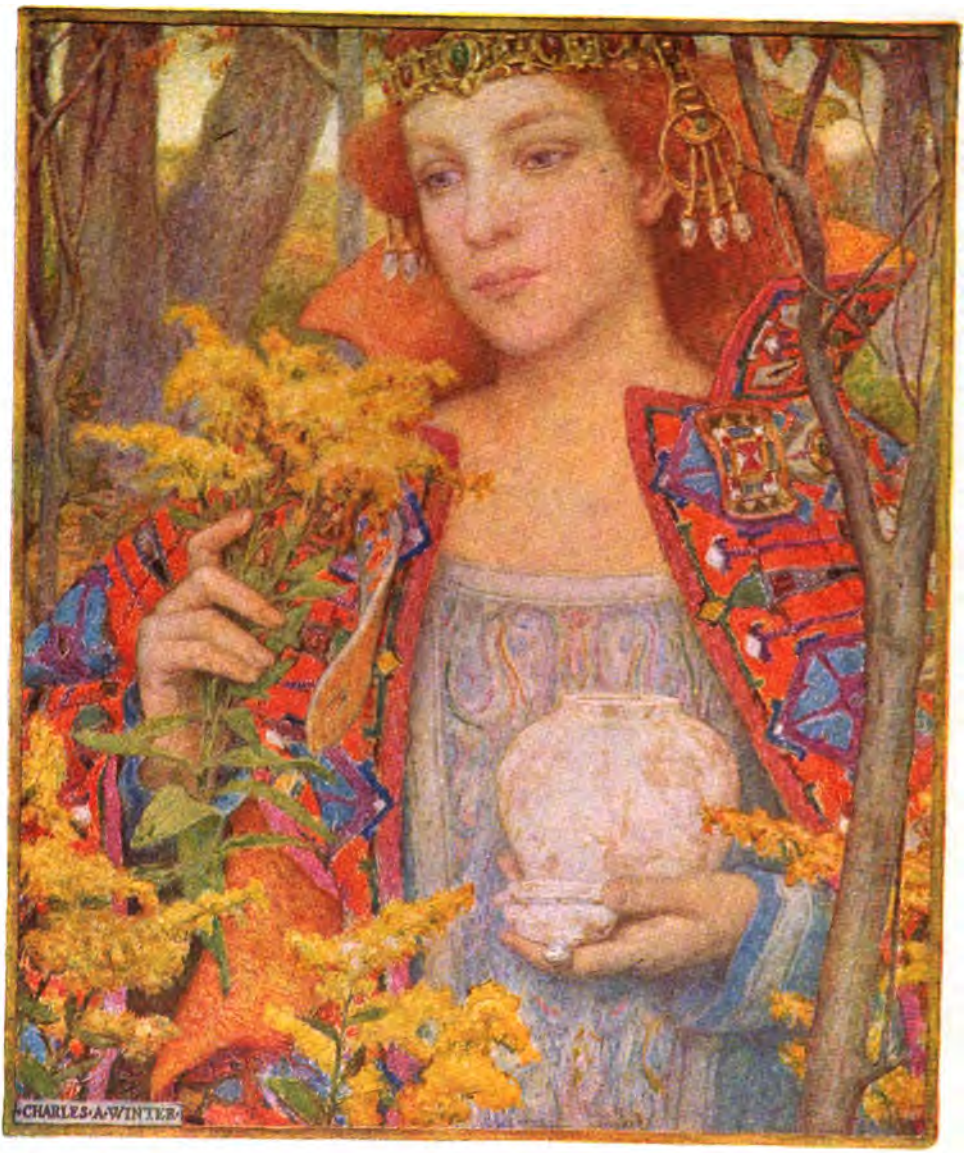

The Urn of the Year

By Edith M. Thomas

A LITTLE WHILE AND ALL THIS GOLDEN FIRE
SHALL FALL IN SILVER ASH AND BE INURNED,
AND FOR THE FLOWER IN VAIN SHALL MAN INQUIRE,
AIN MYSTIC SALVATORY UNDISCERNED;
BUT IN THE ASH WILL BE A LIVING SPARK,
AND FROM THE SEED WILL BLOOM ESCAPE THE DARK.

Decorative drawing by Charles A. Winter

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVIII OCTOBER, 1909 No. 6

FULTON'S INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT

INCLUDING HIS OWN ACCOUNTS IN LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, AND HIS PLANS FOR THE *CLERMONT* RECENTLY DISCOVERED

IN TWO PAPERS: I. THE TRIAL BOAT ON THE SEINE[1]
II. THE AMERICAN BOAT: THE *CLERMONT*

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE

Great-granddaughter of the Inventor

II. THE *CLERMONT*

"ROBERT FULTON is going to be a great man this year!" recently observed a casual speaker.

"Sir," was the answer, "Robert Fulton was a great man a hundred years ago, or the justice of the American nation would not, at the end of a century, be recalling his life with gratitude."

An adequate recital of Fulton's achievements has never been written, nor can it be until some fellow-craftsman, having access to his papers, sets forth the technical progress of his inventive power, which successively produced a machine for cutting marble, a machine for spinning flax, a double inclined plane for canal navigation, a machine for twisting rope, an earth-scoop for canal and irrigation purposes, a cable-cutter, the first French panorama, the submarine torpedo-boat, and several minor canal improvements,—all predecessors of his greatest invention, the steamboat. When to this list is added a record of his numerous paintings and miniatures, and of his far-sighted writings, including "A Treatise on Canal Navigation," his "Torpedo Warfare" and "Submarine Navigation," an "Essay to the Friends of Mankind" and another entitled "Thoughts on Free Trade," a cause of which he was an ardent advocate; and when it is remembered that he died at the

[1] In THE CENTURY for September.

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age of fifty, there comes a sense of wonder that so short a working span could yield products so many and so diverse.

Washington Irving, in the zenith of his fame, was asked by members of Fulton's family to write a biography of the inventor. After a tentative endeavor Irving gave up the undertaking. In 1878 a subsequent biographer, J. F. Reigart, in a hitherto unpublished letter to Fulton's grandson, the late Robert Fulton Blight, recorded Irving as having said: "That Fulton's works were already immortal monuments upon the waters of the globe, and ornamented every city and public road of the land"; that he "could not possibly procure correct drawings or illustrations of his mechanical inventions, and if he did, he had not the ability to specify or describe them; and to write a grand eulogy or literary essay would not be a correct biography of the greatest of inventors." A similar deterrent prevented his daughter from accomplishing a like desire. Cadwallader Colden, who wrote a life of Fulton, stated that the inventor had intended to write an autobiography but was too occupied with his scientific work. It has remained, therefore, at the close of a century, for his great-granddaughter, although

"would take care that it [Fulton's patience] shall not be forgotten by the writer of your life, who I hope is not born yet."

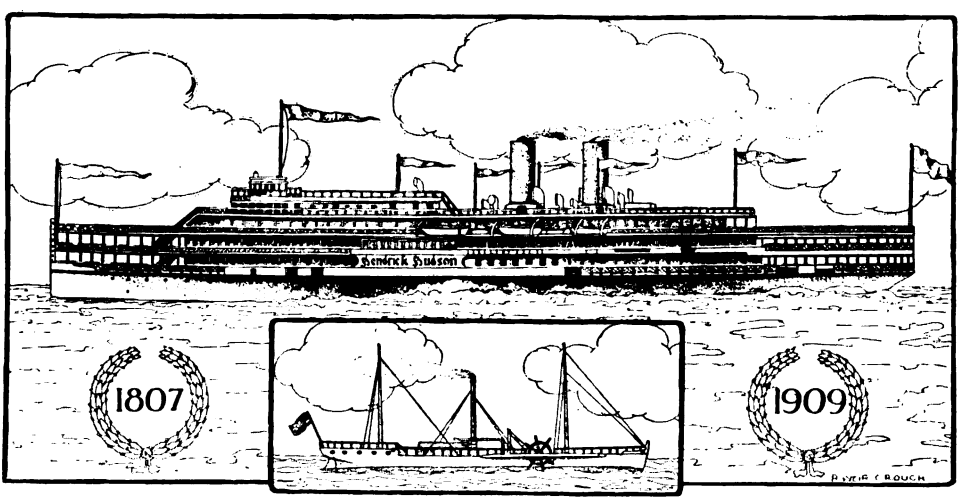
Upon his arrival in America from England in December, 1806, after a voyage of two months from Falmouth, Fulton immediately devoted himself to his several projects. The winter was passed in the construction of the American boat, which he called the *Clermont* in recognition of the hospitality which he had enjoyed at Chancellor Livingston's country place of that name on the Hudson. He engaged Charles Brownne, a shipbuilder of note, whose yards were at Corlear's Hook on the East River, to construct the hull. Already, as noted in the preceding paper, Fulton had expended a considerable sum of money upon the project. We find in his note-book [1] the following items:

February 5, 1804. Travelling from London to Birmingham and back again to order the steam engine . . . . . £8—0—0

Jan. 21, 1805 To Messrs. Boulton, Watt and Co. for cylinder and parts of the engine £548—0—0

March 18, 1805 To Messrs. Cave and Son, for Copper Boiler weighing 4,399 lbs at 2s. 2d. the lb. . . . . £476—11—2

March, 1805 Fee at the Treasury on receiving permission to ship the Engine for America . . . . . £2—14—6



A MODERN STEAMBOAT ON THE HUDSON RIVER AND THE *CLERMONT*

less qualified than her predecessors, to take up the delayed work of transcribing his family papers and to fulfil Joel Barlow's promise made to Fulton in 1800 that he

The entry relative to the copper for the boiler refutes the legend, once current, that it was made of copper pennies melted down. Early coins were worth their face

[1] In possession of Robert Fulton Ludlow, and much quoted in this article.

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value as metal, and collectors suppose that the rarity of certain issues is due to the fact that the easiest and least costly way to procure copper when the metal was needed for useful devices was to melt coins. The story apparently arose from the extreme rarity of copper cents of the coinages of 1799–1804.

It has been asserted that after its arrival from Birmingham the engine lay for six months in charge of the New York Custom House before Fulton could raise the money to pay the duties, but the cause of delay may have arisen from the fact that the boat was not ready to receive the machinery. Finally it was stored at a Mr. Barker's warehouse, for we find an entry in Fulton's account-book, April 23, 1807, of £5 "to the carriage of the engine from Mr. Barker's to the Boat." It is not known at what date the engine arrived in America, but it was in Mr. Barker's warehouse on South Street for several months before its erection in the boat.

While the boat was being built, a throng of idle-minded men who congregated in the vicinity called it "Fulton's Folly" and scoffed at its possibilities. The actual safety of the invention was seriously menaced by this lawless throng and by the careless piloting of sloops in the slip. After one threatened mishap, Fulton found it necessary to guard the boat. On June 7, he paid "$4.00 to the men for guarding the boat two nights and a day after the vessel ran against her." And six days later "$20.00 Pay to the men who guard the boat."

ROBERT FULTON

From an original miniature owned by C. Franklin Crary, grandson of Fulton. Now first published. Artist unknown.

These are some of the other disbursements copied from the inventor's notebook:

April 23, 1807, To John Cunningham, for planks for fly and wheel spokes $23.43
May the 7, To Mr. Jackson, for sheet iron for the chimney 26.25

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May 15, To Mr. Brownne	400.00
June 3, To Mr. Maxwell, for work done to the Boiler	200.00
June 8, To a wooden pump, Thomas Smith	7.71
June 16, To plank for the bottom of the boat	15.00
June 18, To Mr. Martin, Brass Founder	50.00
Pair of Sweeps	4.00
To Peter Coruth, for iron braces for the boiler	22.20
June 8, Chaldron of Coal	100.00
June 26, To Mr. Brownne, for workmen's wages	30.00
Aug. 1, To a stone float in the boiler	1.75
Aug. 10, Mr. Cunningham, for hickory plank	8.38
James Trie, final settlement	10.00

Other interesting expenditures for the fittings of the *Clermont* follow:

Aug. 10, To a North River man for the loan of an anchor	$2.00
Iron monger's bill	10.60
Dishes and plates	4.00
Aug. 12, Water Casks	3.00
Aug. 15, Wine, sugar, brandy	3.00
Mr. Johnson, the Mason	40.00
Mr. Brownne (the Ship builder)	50.00

Only a few weeks before the completion of the boat the funds provided by Livingston and Fulton threatened to become exhausted and they invited a third person to join the enterprise, but as no one was found who was sufficiently convinced of the utility of the plan, the two continued in the proprietorship. Fulton has left a record of a previous attempt to obtain coöperation. He says: "In 1806 Messrs. Livingston and Fulton offered to take Mr. Stevens in as a partner. He refused, asserting that Mr. Fulton's plan could not succeed." This was Mr. John Stevens, brother-in-law of Chancellor Livingston, who afterward built the *"Phenix,"* a steamboat for the Delaware River. At a special crisis, when $1000 was imperatively needed, Fulton spent an evening in a vain attempt to convince an intimate friend of the practicability of his invention. The next morning he repeated his persuasions, and the friend agreed to advance one hundred dollars, with the proviso that Fulton should induce others of his friends to subscribe the remaining nine hundred. After great difficulty the inventor succeeded in obtaining the amount, but only on the promise that the names of the subscribers should be kept secret, as they feared that their folly would become a matter of public ridicule.

FULTON'S own description of the *Clermont* is contained in a paper in possession of one of his heirs:

> My first steamboat on the Hudson's River was 150 feet long, 13 feet wide, drawing 2 ft. of water, bow and stern 60 degrees: she displaced 36.40 cubic feet, equal 100 tons of water; her bow presented 26 ft. to the water, plus and minus the resistance of 1 ft. running 4 miles an hour.

In the "Nautical Gazette" for 1907, the editor, Mr. Samuel Ward Stanton, gives the following additional details:

> The bottom of the boat was formed of yellow pine plank 1.5 in. thick, tongued and grooved, and set together with white lead. This bottom or platform was laid in a transverse platform and moulded out with batten and nails. The shape of the bottom being thus formed, the floors of oak and spruce were placed across the bottom; the spruce floors being 4 x 8 inches and 2 ft. apart. The oak floors were reserved for the ends, and were both sided and moulded 8 in. Her top timbers (which were of spruce and extended from a log that formed the bridge to the deck) were sided 6 in. and moulded at heel, and both sided and moulded 4 in. at the head. She had no guards when first built and was steered by a tiller. Her draught of water was 28 inches.

Fulton did not take out a patent for his steamboat until February, 1809, and his second patent was secured October 2, 1810. None of his patents is in existence. The United States Patent Office has recently stated that while the Index of Patents says that on February 9, 1811, a patent was issued to Robert Fulton, the office is unable to furnish a copy of it, as the records of this and other early patents were destroyed in the Patent Office fire of 1836. There remains however in possession of one of his heirs his "Notes on the Patent of 1809."

The commercial success which the *Clermont* attained led, within a few months, to the necessity of its enlargement and development, and this reconstruction obscured the knowledge of the initial plans for the first American boat, which until recently have been considered lost. A highly important discovery by the present writer in May, 1909, of four folios of Fulton's original drawings, at the New Jersey Historical Society, presented to it

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From a miniature in possession of Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight.
Engraved by Frank French.

MRS. ROBERT FULTON (HARRIET LIVINGSTON)

about thirty years ago by the late Solomon Alossen, a Hollander, who had a fondness for collecting historical data, has brought to light two of Fulton's original drawings of 1806, which by permission of that society are here reproduced for the first time. The six plans here published have been submitted to Mr. Frank E. Kirby, the well-known naval architect, who drew the plans for the Hudson-Fulton Commission's replica of the *Clermont* and is also the designer of the *Hendrick Hudson* and many other large vessels. Mr. Kirby has identified these plans and given them the titles used herewith. He says: "The discovery of these plans of Robert Fulton's is the most important addition to the authentic history of early steam navigation."

On Sunday, the 9th of August, 1807, Fulton first tested the capabilities of his new boat, and on the 10th he wrote to Mr. Livingston the following letter, given in the privately printed volume "The Livingstons of Callendar":

Yesterday about 12 o'clock I put the steamboat in motion first with a paddle 8 inches broad 3 feet long, with which I ran about one mile up the East River against a tide of about one mile an hour, it being nearly high water. I then anchored and put on another paddle 8 inches wide 3 feet long, started again and then, according to my best observations, I went 3 miles an hour, that is two against a tide of one: another board of 8 inches was wanting, which had not been prepared, I therefore turned the boat and ran down with the tide—and turned her round neatly into the berth from which I parted. She answers the helm equal to any thing that ever was built, and I turned her twice in three times her own length. Much has been proved by this experiment. First that she will, when in complete order, run up to my full calculations. Second, that my axles, I believe, will be sufficiently strong to run the engine to her full power. Third, that she steers well, and can be turned with ease. . . . I beat all the sloops that were endeavoring to stem tide with the slight breeze

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TWO ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY MRS. ROBERT FULTON (HARRIET LIVINGSTON), THOUGHT TO BE SKETCHES OF HER TWO ELDEST DAUGHTERS, JULIA FULTON AND CORNELIA LIVINGSTON FULTON

Originals in possession of the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary.

which they had; had I hoisted my sails I consequently should have had all their means added to my own. Whatever may be the fate of steamboats for the Hudson, everything is completely proved for the Mississippi, and the object is immense. . . . I shall start on Monday next at 4 miles an hour.

We now come to the *Clermont's* memorable first voyage on the Hudson. On August 17, at one o'clock, the boat was loosed from its moorings at a dock on the North River near the State's Prison, Greenwich Village. Fulton's own account of the event and of his feelings at this crisis are revealed in a letter to an unknown friend, which was owned by the late Robert Fulton Blight, and which appears as a Fulton "reminiscence" in Sanders' "Early History of Schenectady." It reads:

My dear sir:

The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the boat to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given and the boat moved on a short distance and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated—"I told you it was so; it is a foolish scheme: I wish we were well out of it."

I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short time it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores,—and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment.

Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

Yours,

R. Fulton.

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It was an odd craft. The machinery, placed in the center, was exposed to view and creaked ominously. Only the bow and stern were covered to form the cabins. The unprotected paddle-wheels swung ponderously at each side and splashed the water as they revolved. There were two masts, but no bowsprit, as sometimes pictured. The compass was rather rude, but answered the purpose well, though the man at the tiller in the stern had difficulty in defining the course. After the first voyage Fulton recognized the misplacement of the tiller and proposed an adjustment of guiding ropes from each side of the tiller to a forward wheel near the mainmast, and this alteration was made before the vessel passed into commercial service. There was no steam-whistle, and upon arrival at a wharf a horn was blown, and some of the crew were set to work to carry enough wood on board to supply fuel to last until the next landing. The historic bell of the *Clermont,* rung at the launching of the new model, July 10, 1909, under the auspices of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission, was probably used on the original boat after it had been widened and enlarged in accommodations. This bell, which is to be an interesting feature of the celebration, has been loaned to the Commission by the President of the Hudson River Day Line of steamboats.

Like the vessel itself, the impression it made was unique. It was described as an "ungainly craft looking precisely like a back-woods saw-mill mounted on a scow and set on fire." It is easy to fancy the astonishment and even the alarm of the crews of the ordinary sailing boats of the river and of the dwellers in the towns along the shores. It is asserted that some of the sailors when they saw "this queer looking sail-less thing" gaining upon them in spite of contrary wind and tide, actually abandoned their vessels and took to the woods in fright. Others, who saw the boat in the night, described her as a "monster moving on the waters defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke." Some prostrated themselves and prayed a kind Providence for protection from the approaches of the monster, which was marching on the waters and lighting its pathway with fire. It is easy in this day to find amusement in their consternation, but the unexpected appearance of the strange craft must indeed have been terrific. The fuel used was pine wood, and when the fire was stirred by the engineer a galaxy of sparks ascended.

The guests on this notable voyage numbered about forty and included several persons identified with the history of the State of New York. Fortunately some of them made record of their experiences and impressions. Among the few ladies was Miss Helen Livingston, who had previously written to her mother, Mrs. Gilbert R. Livingston:

> Cousin Chancellor has a wonderful new boat which is to make the voyage up the Hudson some day soon. It will hold a good many passengers, and he has, with his usual kindness, invited us to be of the party. He says it will be something to remember all our lives. He says we need not trouble ourselves about provisions, as his men will see to all that.

Her recollections of the voyage were personally narrated to her granddaughter, Helen Evertson Smith, who included them in an interesting article published in THE CENTURY for December, 1896. Among

PHOTOGRAPH FROM MINIATURE OF BARLOW FULTON AND JULIA FULTON, ELDEST CHILDREN OF ROBERT FULTON AND HARRIET FULTON

Miniature owned by C. Franklin Crary, grandson of Robert Fulton.

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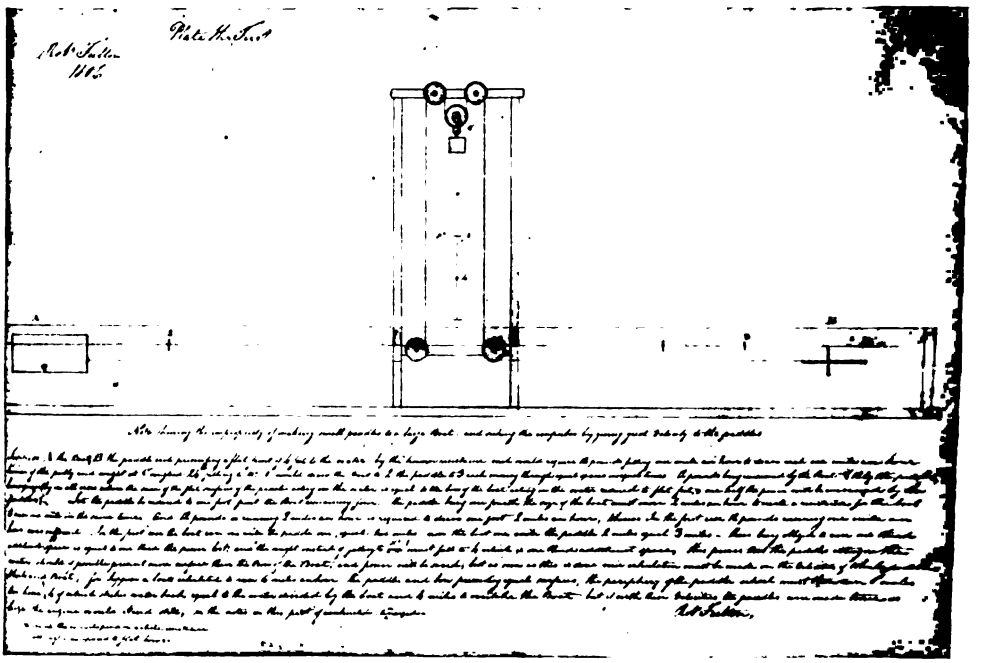
the ladies were Miss Helen Livingston's sister Kate; their aunt, Mrs. Thomas Morris, daughter-in-law of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution; one of the Chancellor's two daughters; four of the many daughters of his brothers John R. Harry Livingston; and Miss Harriet Livingston, daughter of Walter Livingston, first custodian of the United States Treasury. Other passengers, besides Chancellor Livingston and Fulton, were John R. and John Swift Livingston; Doctors Mitchell and McNeven, to whom Cadwallader Colden, who wrote a life of Fulton, acknowledges his description of the voyage; the Dean of Ripon, England, who was en route to visit the Chancellor, and Mr. Barker, at whose warehouse the engine had been stored, and who had with him his young daughter, afterward Mrs. Hunt of New Orleans, who was very small and sat upon a plank stretched across the stern of the boat.



"PLATE THE FIRST": FULTON'S DESIGN OF ORIGINAL APPARATUS FOR DETERMINING THE RESISTANCE OF PADDLES FOR THE PROPULSION OF THE *CLERMONT*, DATED 1806

From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

The note under the plan is in Fulton's handwriting and reads as follows:

Note showing the impropriety of making small paddles to a large Boat, and seeking the impulse by giving great Velocity to the paddles.

Suppose A the Boat; B the paddle each presenting a flat front of 4 feet to the water, by the known resistance each would require 12 pounds falling one mile an hour to draw each one mile an hour, hence if the pully and weight at C weighed 24 lbs falling to No. 1 would draw the Boat to 2 the paddle to 3 each moving through equal spaces in equal times; 12 pounds being consumed by the Boat & 12 by the paddles. Consequently in all cases where the sum of the flat surfaces of the paddles acting in the water is equal to the bow of the boat acting in the water reduced to flat feet, [2] one half the power will be consumed by the paddles; let the paddle be reduced to one foot front the Boat remaining four. The paddle being one fourth the size of the boat must move 2 miles an hour to create a resistance for the boat to move one mile in the same time, And 12 pounds in running 2 miles an hour is required to draw one foot 2 miles an hour; Whereas In the first case 12 pounds running one mile an hour was sufficient. In the first case the boat ran one mile the paddle one, equal two miles, now the boat one mile the paddle 2 miles equal 3 miles—thus being obliged to run one third additional space is equal to one third the power lost; and the weight instead of falling to ~~one~~ No. 1 must fall to 4 which is one third additional space, this proves that the paddles acting in the water should if possible present more surface than the Bow of the Boat, and Power will be saved; but as soon as this is done nice calculation must be made on the Velocities of Wheels, and paddle-Wheels and Boat, for Suppose a boat calculated to run 4 miles an hour, the paddles and bow presenting equal surfaces, the periphery of the paddle wheel must then run 8 miles an hour, 4 of which strikes water back equal to the water divided by the boat and 4 miles to overtake the Boat, but if with these Velocities the paddles were made twice as large the engine would Stand still, see the notes on this part of combination, annexed.

Robt Fulton.

[2] See in the encyclopaedia article resistance all angles compared to flat bows.

On the second day of the trip a romantic incident occurred, as related in Miss Helen Evertson Smith's narrative. Just

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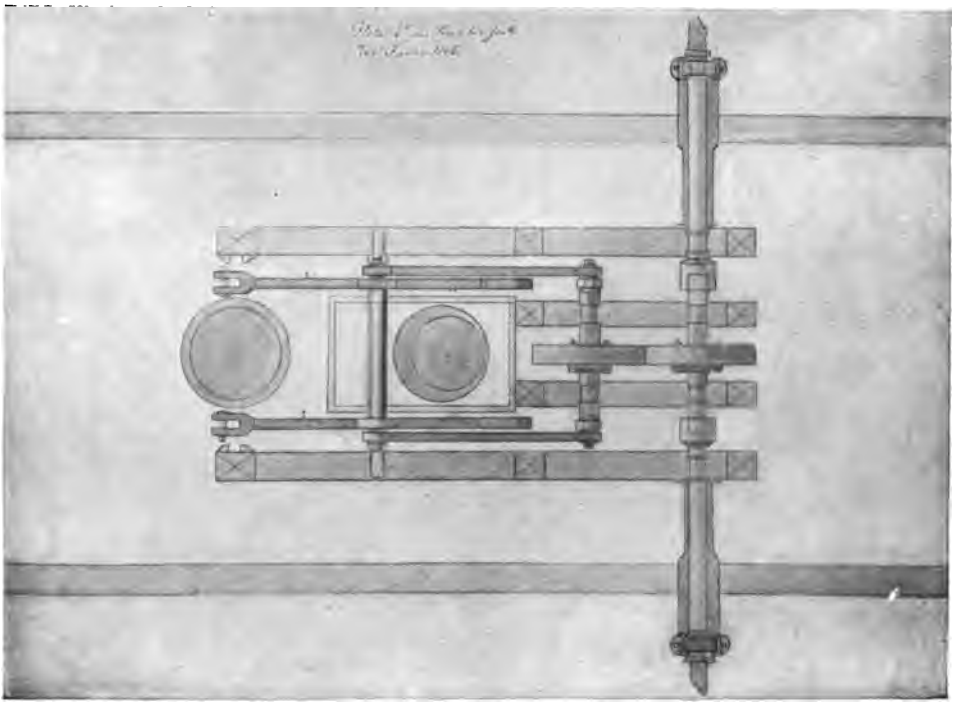
before the boat was anchored off Clermont, Chancellor Livingston made the interesting announcement of the betrothal of Robert Fulton to the Chancellor's young kinswoman Harriet Livingston, and made the prophecy that the name of the inventor would descend to posterity as a benefactor to the world, and that it was not impossible that before the close of the present century, vessels might even be able to make the voyage to Europe without other means," the Chancellor is said to have replied; "her father may object because you are a poor and humble inventor, and the family may object, but if Harriet does not object,—and she seems to have a world of good sense,—go ahead, and my best wishes and blessings go with you."

Certainly that day was one of crowning glory in Fulton's life. He was now forty-two years old, and a prominent man upon both sides of the Atlantic, vouched for by



"PLATE 4TH." FULTON'S PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR THE *CLERMONT'S* ENGINE
From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

motive power than steam. This hardy prediction was received with but moderate approval: while smiles of incredulity were exchanged between those who were so placed that they could not be seen by the speechmaker or the inventor. John R. Livingston was heard to say, in an aside to his cousin John Swift Livingston: "Bob has had many a bee in his bonnet before now, but this steam folly will prove the worst yet."

An early newspaper clipping is authority for the statement that Fulton had previously asked the Chancellor, "Is it presumptuous in me to aspire to the hand of Miss Harriet Livingston?" "By no Chancellor Livingston, who recognized his fine manhood and superior talents, and who in France had known his prestige and popularity with Barlow and other men of distinction. It was natural that Harriet Livingston should return Fulton's regard by an estimate of his genius amounting to enthusiasm. A contemporaneous writer describes him thus:

> Among a thousand individuals you might readily point out Robert Fulton. He was conspicuous for his gentle, manly bearing and freedom from embarrassment, for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet,—his slender yet energetic form and well accommodated dress, for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his fore-

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head and falling around his neck. His complexion was fair, his forehead high, his eyes dark and penetrating and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depths; his brow was thick and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent, his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance. Trifles were not calculated to impede him or damp his perseverance.

MRS. WALTER LIVINGSTON (CORNELIA SCHUYLER)
MOTHER OF MRS. ROBERT FULTON

Original owned by Mrs. Hermann H. Cammann, granddaughter of Robert Fulton. This portrait, painted by Fulton on a panel, bears on the reverse his unfinished portrait of his only son, Barlow Fulton. Now first published.

Helen Livingston's estimate was no less complimentary. Miss Smith says:

There were many distinguished and fine-looking men on board the *Clermont,* but my grand-mother always described Robert Fulton as surpassing them all. "That son of a Pennsylvania farmer" she was wont to say, "was really a prince among men. He was as modest as he was great, and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius."

In 1857 Paul A. Sabbaton, Fulton's later Chief Engineer, wrote to J. F. Reigart, a biographer of Fulton:

I was so constantly with Mr. Fulton, saw him at his occupation, at his family fire-side, and in almost every situation, that I have to this day a most distinct and strongly impressed likeness on my mind. He had all the traits of a man with the gentleness of a child. I never heard him use ill words to any one of those employed under him no matter how strong the provocation might be,—and I do know there was enough of that at times; and ever and anon my mind recurs to the times

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when his labours were so severe. His habit was, cane in hand, to walk up and down for hours. I see him now in my mind's eye, with his white, loosely-tied cravat, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his ruffles waving from side to side as his movements caused their movements; he, all the while in deep thought, scarcely noticing anything passing him.

The late J. B. Calhoun of Brooklyn, who was in Fulton's employ at the time of the latter's death in 1815, described Fulton as a tall, somewhat slender man, of fair, delicate complexion, of graceful, dignified bearing, and mild and gentle in his temper. He said: "His workmen were always pleased to see him about his shops. With his rattan cane in hand, he always appeared to me a counterpart of an English nobleman."

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

UNFINISHED PORTRAIT OF BARLOW FULTON

Original in possession of Mrs. Hermann H. Cammann. Painted by Robert Fulton on the back of a portrait of Mrs. Walter Livingston. Now first published.

Fulton himself, the central figure of congratulation, was happy beyond utterance. It was the supreme moment of his life. His bride-elect, Harriet Livingston, a beauty of the day, daughter of Walter Livingston and Cornelia Schuyler, was an accomplished harpist and sketched and painted with more than ordinary skill. Her father, by the will of his father, the last Lord of the Manor, had received as his portion of the famous estate about 28,000 acres of ground, lying East of the Post Road. Upon a commanding elevation, between the "Klein" and "Roeloff Jansen" Kills, Walter Livingston built an imposing mansion which he called "Tiviotdale." This became the country home of Fulton and his wife, and frequent mention is made of it in family letters.

It is impossible to overestimate the intensity of the suspense and interest of Fulton and his friends as the *Clermont* proceeded upon her voyage. The apprehension of the incredulous was turned to joyous approval and wondering satisfaction. As the guests realized the safety and success of the invention, they were moved to merriment and broke into song. In the stern sat the throng of gaily dressed gentlemen and ladies, and as the boat moved through the glorious scenery of the Highlands, some one struck up "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," said to have been Fulton's favorite song, appropriate enough from the lips of the members of the Scottish Fulton and Livingston families upon America's most bonny river.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' of care?[1]

The invitations for the first voyage had been so quietly issued by Fulton and the Chancellor that the newspapers of the city, with but one exception, failed to refer to it. The "American Citizen" contained this brief notice:

Mr. Fulton's Ingenious Steam Boat, invented with a view to the navigation of the Mississippi from New Orleans upward, sails today from the North River, near State's Prison, to Albany. The velocity of the Steamboat is calculated at four miles an hour. It is said it will make a progress of two against the current of the Mississippi, and if so it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the commerce of Western States.

The general impression of utility for the new invention was that the boat would prove an important factor upon the Mississippi and other Western rivers, rather than upon the waters of the East. This is easily explained by the fact that the recent acquisition of Louisiana had

[1] On the 100th Anniversary of Steam-Navigation, the same song was sung upon the decks of the great boats of the Hudson River Day Line, where several of Fulton's descendants, including the writer, were guests of honor.

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THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF THE *CLERMONT*

turned public attention toward the necessity of exploiting and speedily improving the new territory. Probably most of the citizens of New York thought themselves fortunately supplied by the hosts of Hudson River sloops, for any needs of commerce or travel which might arise. But that Livingston and Fulton, the proprietors of the new enterprise, realized a wider purpose for their new invention is shown by Fulton's letter to Barlow (quoted later) announcing his successful voyage and by his prompt formation of schemes of navigation upon far distant waters.

Fulton himself, sensible of the recog-

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nition of the one newspaper which had chronicled his departure, wrote this letter to the editor:

New York, August 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN CITIZEN,

Sir:

I arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock [on] the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hope that such boats may be rendered of much importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and to give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:

I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday, time 24 hours, distance 110 miles: on Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon, distance 40 miles, time 8 hours; the sum of this is 150 miles in 32 hours, equal near 5 miles an hour.

On Thursday at 9 o'clock in the morning I left Albany and arrived at the Chancellor's at 6 in the evening; I started from thence at 7, and arrived at New York on Friday at 4 in the afternoon; time 30 hours, space run through 150 miles, equal 5 miles an hour. Throughout the whole way my going and returning the wind was ahead; no advantage could be drawn from my sails—the whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam engine.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient,
Robert Fulton.

The night of August 17 was spent by the company within such shelter as the boat could afford. Flickering candles gave scant illumination in the cabin. Probably there were improvised couches for the ladies of the party, but we know from Fulton's family note-book that the bedding for the boat was not purchased until the month of September, when it appears that he paid $80.75 to a Mr. Lym, and about the same time bought "knives and forks" for $5 from James Wood. On the night of August 18, the captain, Andrew Brink by name, after he had successfully landed the Chancellor's party upon the east bank, rowed across the river to his home, and brought back his wife, that he might fulfil his promise to "take her to Albany on a boat driven by a tea-kettle."

The exact number of men employed on the *Clermont* is not known. In Fulton's account-book, under date of September 20, 1807, we find a partial pay-roll thus recorded:

To Captain Brink	$30.	Dollars
George, the Steward . . .	10	"
Paid Griffin, the Black Steward	12	"
Paid Richard Wilson, the Black Cook	10	"

These sums undoubtedly represented the wages for the month which had elapsed since the first trip. There was also a white stewardess at this time, or at a later date, for a woman who lived at Highland Falls, New York, once sent an engraving of Robert Fulton to his grandson, Rev. Dr. Crary, with the message that her mother, who was stewardess on the *Clermont,* had cherished the picture of her employer for many years.

The chief engineer on the first voyage was a Scotchman whose name is not on record. On the arrival of the boat in Albany it is said that he celebrated the event by a rousing "spree," so paralyzing his activities that Mr. Fulton was obliged to discharge him and to promote a Mr. Dyke, assistant engineer, to the chief position. This Mr. Dyke, Charles by name, continued in Fulton's employ for many years, and when the Fulton Ferry to Brooklyn was established, Dyke was appointed by Fulton engineer of the first boat.

WINE-COOLER FROM DINNER SERVICE, IN GOLD AND MAROON, BEARING THE ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES AND SAID TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO FULTON BY THOMAS JEFFERSON. NOW FIRST REPRODUCED. IN POSSESSION OF R. LIVINGSTON JENKINS

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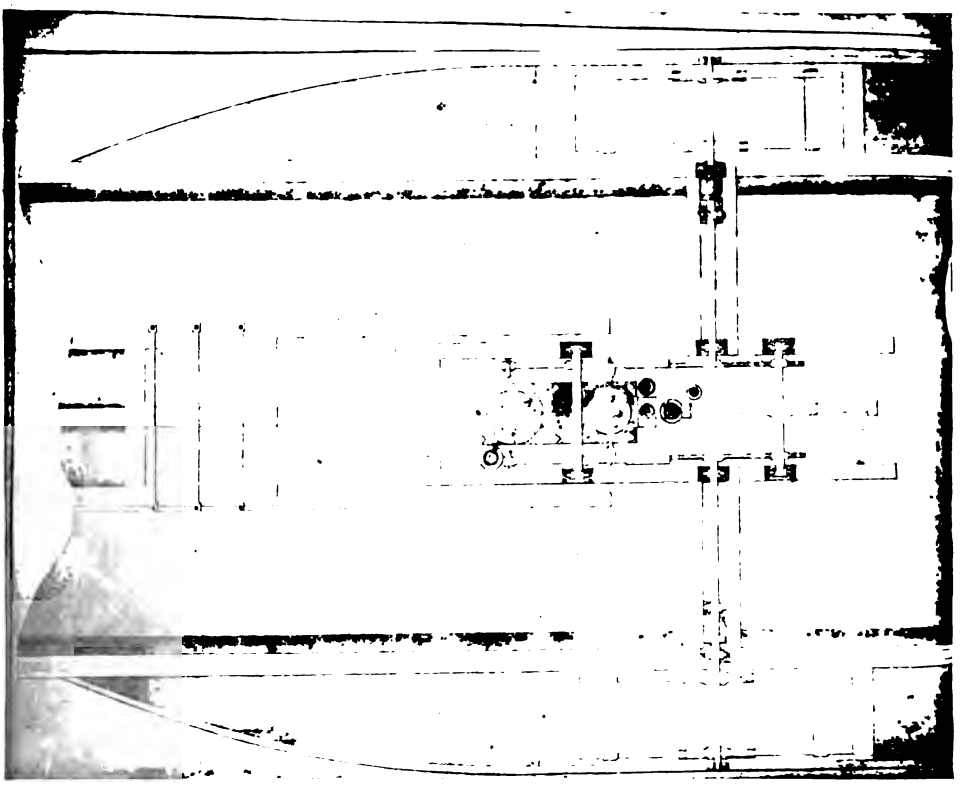
An interesting contemporaneous account was written by M. Michaux, a distinguished French botanist traveling in America, who was a passenger on the return trip from Albany. It was translated for the Journal of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, and reads, in part, as follows:

We had been three days at Albany when the arrival from New York of a vessel propelled by steam was announced. This boat, which was decked, was about 25 metres (82 feet)[1] long and was commanded by the inventor, Mr. Robert Fulton. Many of the inhabitants of the city and strangers who were there at the time went to visit it. Every one made his remarks upon the advantages consequent upon the new means of navigation, but also upon the serious accidents which might result from the explosion of the boiler. The vessel was lying alongside the wharf: a placard announced its return to New York for the next day but one, the 20th of August, and that it would take passengers at the same price as the sailing vessels—three dollars [*sic.*]

So great was the fear of the explosion of the boiler that no one, except my companion and myself, dared to take passage in it for New York. We quitted Albany on the 20th of August in the presence of a great number of spectators. Chancellor Livingston, whom we supposed to be one of the promoters of this new way of navigating rivers, was the only stranger with us: he quitted the boat in the afternoon to go to his country residence, which was upon the left bank of the river. From every point on the river whence the boat, announced by the smoke of its chimney, could be seen, we saw the inhabitants collect; they waved their handkerchiefs and hurrahed for Fulton, whose passage they had probably noticed as he ascended the river.

We arrived the next day between one and two o'clock at New York. We separated from Mr. Fulton after paying him the price of our passage. The day after our departure from Albany, and a few minutes after Chancellor Livingston had quitted us, Mr. Fulton expressed his surprise that notwithstanding the number of persons who were going to New York, only two Frenchmen had the courage to embark with him.



A. FULTON'S PLAN OF THE MACHINERY OF THE *NORTH RIVER* (THE REMODELED *CLERMONT*)
From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

[1] An evident error: the length of the vessel was 150 feet.

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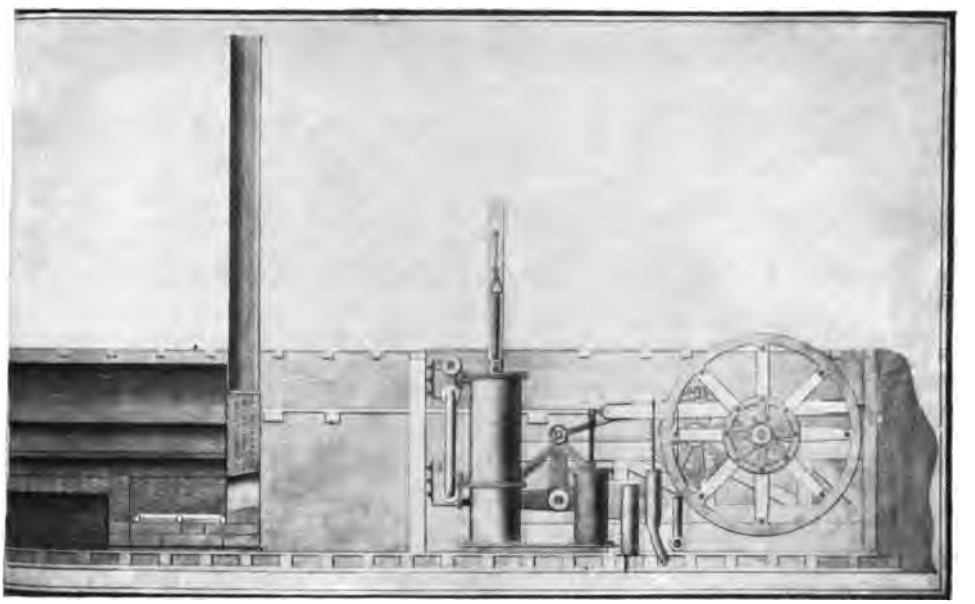
An entry in the "Captain's Book," quoted in "The Livingstons of Callendar," gives the list of passengers on this trip and the fares paid by them as follows:

	Dollars
Captain Thomas Hunt	7
Monsieur Parmentoo } Monsieur Mishaud }	13
Mr. D. E. Tyle	6
Captain Davies	1
	27

Mr. Fulton

sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophy and its projectors. Having employed much time, money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchants on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our country; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the numerous advantages that my country will derive from the invention.



B. FULTON'S ELEVATION OF PLAN A

From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

Soon after the trial trip Fulton wrote to Barlow this letter, printed in Todd's "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow":

My steamboat voyage to Albany has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles. I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of steam. I overtook many sloops and schooners, beating to the windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility, and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of

In a letter to Chancellor Livingston, now in the Roberts Autograph Collection in the Library of Haverford College, written the 18th of September, 1807, Barlow says:

I sincerely rejoice with you at the success of our mutual and good friend Fulton with the Steam Boat, and hope and trust it will answer your highest expectations. Next year we intend to make an excursion to the North, we hope with Fulton, when we will try the new Balloon up the river, and make you the visit on which our hearts are much fixt.

After her return from the first voyage up the Hudson, the *Clermont* was left at the New York dock for more than two weeks. This time was considered neces-

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sary by Fulton and Livingston to fit the boat for regular traffic and to make certain improvements which Fulton notes in the following letter to the Chancellor, who had remained at his country place:

New York,
Saturday, the 29th of August, 1807.

Dear Sir:

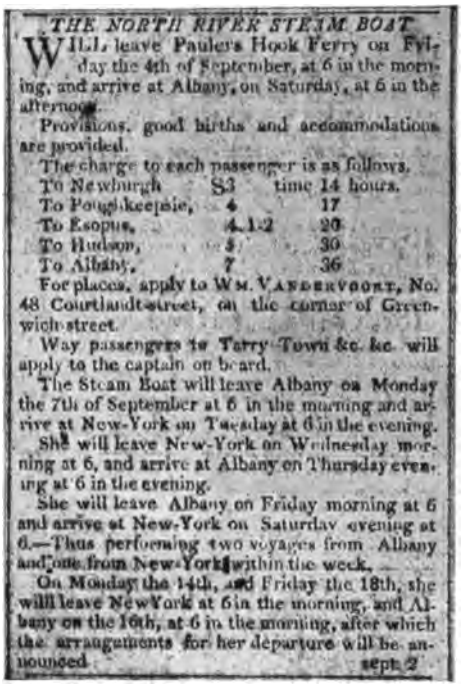
On Saturday I wrote you that I arrived here on Friday at four o'clock, which made my voyage from Albany exactly thirty hours. We had a little wind on Friday morning, but no waves which produced an effect. I have been making every exertion to get off on Monday morning, but there has been much work to do, boarding all the sides, decking over the boiler works, finishing each cabin with twelve berths to make them comfortable, and strengthening many parts of the iron work. So much to do, and the rain, which delays the caulkers, will, I fear, not let me off till Wednesday morning. Then, however, the boat will be as complete as she can be made, all strong and in good order and the men well organized, and I hope nothing to do but to run her for six weeks or two months. The first week, that is, if she starts on Wednesday, she will make one trip to Albany and back; every succeeding week she will run three trips—that is, two to Albany and one to New York, or two to New York and one to Albany, always having Sunday and four nights for rest to the crew. By carrying for the usual price there can be no doubt but the steamboat will have the preference because of the certainty and agreeable movements. I have seen the captain of the fine sloop from Hudson. He says the average of his passages have been forty-eight hours. For the steamboat it would have been thirty certain. The persons who came down with me were so much pleased that they said were she established to run periodically they would never go in any thing else. I will have her registered and every thing done which I can recollect. Every thing looks well and I have no doubt will be very productive.

Yours truly,
Robert Fulton.

On the 2d of September, the necessary equipment and alterations having been completed, Fulton inserted his first advertisement in "The Albany Gazette" and the New York "Evening Post," herewith reproduced.

This advertisement continued to appear for three weeks, but on September 23 a new announcement was issued:

THE STEAM BOAT being thoroughly repaired, and precaution taken that injury shall not be done to her wheels in future, it is intended to run her as a PACKET for the remainder of the season. She will take her departure from New York and Albany at 9 o'clock in the morning, and always perform her voyage in from 30 to 36 hours.



THE NORTH RIVER STEAM BOAT

WILL leave Paulus Hook Ferry on Friday the 4th of September, at 6 in the morning, and arrive at Albany, on Saturday, at 6 in the afternoon.

Provisions, good births and accommodations are provided.

The charge to each passenger is as follows.

To Newburgh	$3	time 14 hours.
To Poughkeepsie,	4	17
To Esopus,	4 1-2	20
To Hudson,	5	30
To Albany,	7	36

For places, apply to WM. VANDERVOORT, No. 48 Courtlandt-street, on the corner of Greenwich street.

Way passengers to Terry Town &c. &c. will apply to the captain on board.

The Steam Boat will leave Albany on Monday the 7th of September at 6 in the morning and arrive at New-York on Tuesday at 6 in the evening.

She will leave New-York on Wednesday morning at 6, and arrive at Albany on Thursday evening at 6 in the evening.

She will leave Albany on Friday morning at 6 and arrive at New-York on Saturday evening at 6.—Thus performing two voyages from Albany and one from New-York within the week.

On Monday the 14th, and Friday the 18th, she will leave New York at 6 in the morning, and Albany on the 16th, at 6 in the morning, after which the arrangements for her departure will be announced. sept. 2

FACSIMILE OF ADVERTISEMENT IN THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST," SEPTEMBER 2, 1807

Then follows the schedule of departures from Albany and New York.

During the first months of the new manner of voyaging several minor mishaps occurred. Maladjustments were to be expected, but it also appears that the sloops of the Hudson, either purposely or by the strange attraction which one moving body feels for another, especially in the moment of a helmsman's fear, had several serious collisions with the *Clermont*. On October 2 the boat lost one paddle-wheel from this cause, and therefore had to be withdrawn from service. Repairs were speedily made and she was soon able to resume regular trips. Each day the passengers became more numerous. Twenty-four made the trip on September 4 but by October 1 the number had increased to sixty and by November the cabins were crowded with more than a hundred.

The "Evening Post" of October 2, 1807, contained this item of news:

Steam Boat. Mr Fulton's new invented Steam Boat which is fitted up in a neat stile for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a Packet, left here

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this morning with Ninety passengers, against a strong head wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged she moved through the water at the rate of six miles an hour. Yesterday she came in from Albany in 28 hours with 60 passengers. Quere, would it not be well if she could contract with the Post Master General to carry the mail from this to Albany?

The popularity and success of Fulton's venture were now assured. Enthusiastic passengers began to write letters to the press, and from that time on records are less meager. One of the earliest descriptions is that of Judge John Q. Wilson, of Albany, who in 1856, at the request of friends, wrote this account, quoted in the "Nautical Gazette":

It may be of some interest to the present generation to have a correct account of the first boat built by Fulton and Livingston, on her first trip as a passage vessel, by one who was then a passenger. The writer of this article resided in New York, and was often in the shipyard when Mr. Fulton was building his first boat. She was a queer looking craft; and, like every thing new, excited much attention, and not a little ridicule. When she was launched, and the steam engine placed in her that also was looked upon as a piece with the boat built to float it. In those days the operations of the steam engine were but little known. A few had seen the one for raising the Manhattan water, but to the people at large the thing was a hidden mystery. Curiosity was now greatly excited. When it was announced in New York that the boat would start from the foot of Courtlandt street at 6½ o'clock on Friday morning, the 4th of September, and take passengers to Albany, there was a broad smile on every face as the inquiry was made if anybody would be fool-hardy enough to go. A friend of the writer of this article, hearing he intended to venture, accosted him in the street:

"John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee she is the most fearful wild fowl living, and thy father ought to restrain thee."

When Friday morning came the wharves, piers, housetops, and every spot from which a sight could be obtained, were filled with spectators. There were twelve berths, and every one was taken. The fare was $7. All the machinery of the boat was fully exposed to view; the water and balance wheels were entirely uncovered. [Note by Editor of the "Nautical Gazette": This is an error, for we have Fulton's own statement that the paddle wheels were covered before he began making trips with the *Clermont* as a packet.] The peripheries were of cast-iron, some four inches or more square, and ran just clear of the water. The weight of both the water and balance-wheels were sustained by the shafts, which projected over the sides of the vessel. There were no outside guards. The forward part of the boat was covered by a deck, which afforded shelter for the men employed in navigating the boat. The after part was fitted up in a rough manner for passengers; the entrance into the cabin was from the stern, in front of the steersman, who worked a tiller, the same as in an ordinary sloop. Thick, black smoke issued from the chimney, steam hissed from every ill-fated valve and crevice of the engine. Fulton himself was there, his remarkably clear and sharp voice was heard above the hum of the multitude and noise of the engine. All his actions were confident and decided, unheeding the fearfulness of some and the doubts and sarcasms of others. In the whole scene combined there was an individuality and an interest which, like "love's young dream," comes but once, and is remem-

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON AT THE FULTON FERRY HOUSE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

In the volume "Historical Sketch of the Fulton Ferry" occur these details: "This statue was modeled in 1873 by M. J. Seelig & Co., Sculptors & Founders, after the portrait by Jarvis, which formerly belonged to Fulton's biographer Cadwallader D. Colden, and was subsequently given by Mrs. Colden to the late Dr. Vinton. . . . Fulton is represented leaning on the model of the *Nassau*, the first steam ferry-boat placed upon Fulton Ferry."

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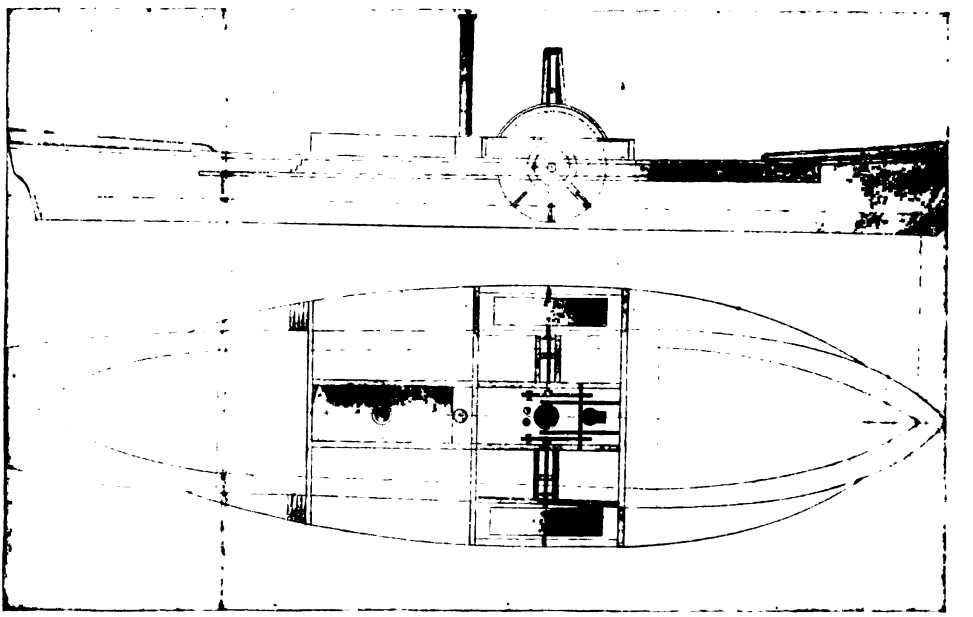
bered forever. The time for the departure of the boat arrived; some of the machinery still required to be adjusted; there was a delay. Some of the passengers said, in Fulton's hearing, they feared the voyage would prove a failure. He replied:

"Gentlemen, you need not be uneasy; you shall be in Albany before twelve o'clock tomorrow."

When everything was ready, the engine was started, and the boat moved steadily but slowly from the wharf. As she turned up the river and was fairly under way there arose such a huzza as ten thousand throats never gave before. The passengers returned the where two passengers, one of whom was Mr. Fulton, were landed at fifteen minutes before 2 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Albany at twenty-seven minutes past 11 o'clock, making the whole time twenty-eight hours and forty-five minutes; distance, one hundred and fifty miles. The wind was favorable but light from Verplanck's Point to Wappinger's Creek (forty miles). The remainder of the way it was ahead, or there was a dead calm. The subscribers, passengers on board of this boat on her first passage as a packet, think it but justice to state that the accommodations and conveniences on board exceeded their most sanguine expectations:



C. FULTON'S PLANS OF A LATER STEAMBOAT THAN THE *CLERMONT—NORTH RIVER*, SHOWING APPLICATION OF THE SQUARE SIDE-CONNECTING-ROD ENGINE, THE INVENTION OF WHICH HE ASCRIBES TO JOHN STEVENS (SEE PAGE 832)

From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

cheer, but Fulton stood erect upon the deck, his eye flashing with an unearthly brilliancy as he surveyed the crowd. He felt that the magic wand of success was waving over him, and he was silent. It was agreed that a kind of log-book should be kept. Gerrit H. Van Wagenen was designated to give the time, and the writer of this article to set it down. At the termination of the voyage, the following paper was drawn up and signed by all the passengers and published in the Albany Register of Tuesday, September 8, 1807:

On Friday morning, at eighteen minutes before 7 o'clock, the North River steamboat left New York, landed one passenger at Tarrytown (twenty-five miles) and arrived at Newburgh (sixty-three miles) at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; landed one passenger there, and arrived at Clermont (one hundred miles),

Selah Strong,	G. H. Van Wagenen,
Thomas Wallace,	John Q. Wilson,
John P. Anthony,	Dennis H. Doyle,
George Wetmore,	William S. Hicks,
J. Bowman,	J. Crane,
James Braden,	Stephen N. Rowan.

Albany, September 5, 1807.

When coming up Haverstraw Bay a man in a skiff lay waiting for us. His appearance indicated a miller; the paddle-wheels had very naturally attracted his attention; he asked permission to come on board. Fulton ordered a line to be thrown to him, and he was drawn alongside. He said he "did not know about a mill going up stream, and came to inquire about it." One of the passengers, an Irishman, seeing through the simple-minded miller man at a glance, became his cicerone; showed him all the machinery and contrivances

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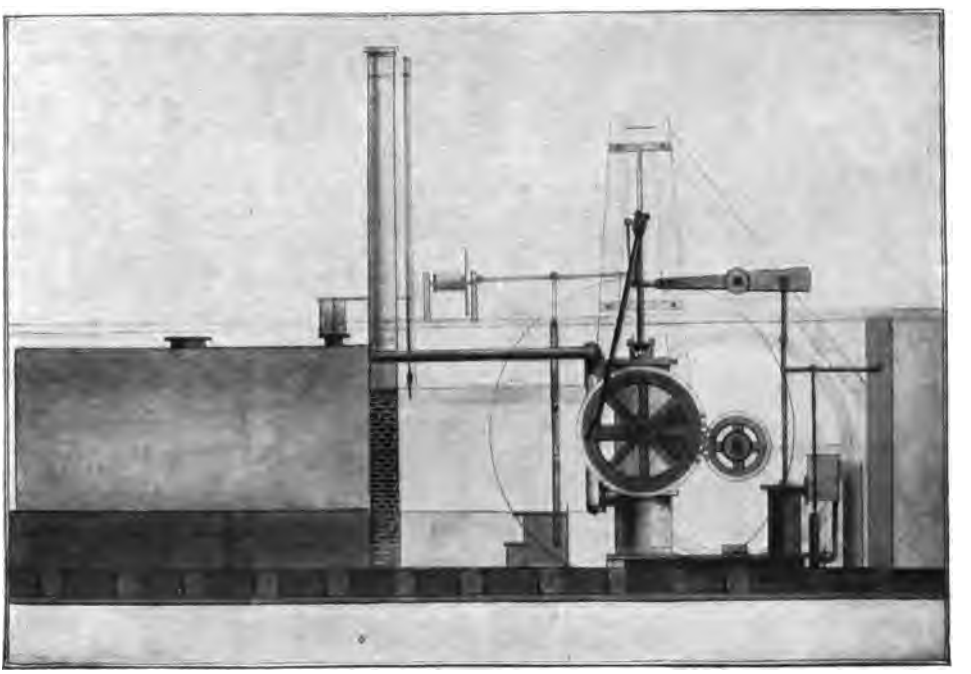
by which one wheel could be thrown out of gear when the mill was required to come about. After finishing the examination, said he, "that will do; now show me the mill-stones." "Oh," said the other, "that is a secret which the master," pointing to Fulton, "has never told us yet; but when we come back from Albany with a load of corn, then if you come on board you will see the meal fly." Dennis kept his countenance and the miller left. As we passed West Point the whole garrison was out and cheered us as we passed. At Newburgh it seemed as if all Orange County had collected there; the whole side-hill city seemed animated with life. Every sail-boat and water craft was out; the ferry-boat from Fishkill was filled with ladies. Fulton was engaged in seeing a passenger landed, and did not observe the boat until she bore up alongside. The flapping of the sail arrested his attention, and, as he turned, the waving of so many handkerchiefs and the smiles of bright and happy faces, struck him with surprise. He raised his hat and exclaimed, "That is the finest sight we have seen yet."



D. FULTON'S ELEVATION OF PLAN C

From the original in the New Jersey Historical Society. Now first published.

By October the *Clermont* was fully established as a packet for the public. Captain Brink remained in charge throughout the year 1807 and was succeeded the following spring by Captain Samuel Wiswall, who remained for many years thereafter in Fulton's employ. That Fulton realized the responsibilities of leadership and expected each man whom he placed in authority to prove his fitness for the task is shown in the following masterly letter now in possession of a grandson of Captain Brink:

New York, Oct. 9, 1807.

CAPT BRINK:—

Sir:

Inclosed is the number of voyages which is intended the Boat should run this season. You may have them published in the Albany papers.

As she is strongly man'd and every one except Jackson under your command, you must insist on each one doing his duty or turn him on shore and put another in his place. Everything must be kept in order, everything in its place, and all parts of the Boat scoured and clean. It is not sufficient to tell men to do a thing, but stand over them and make them do it. One pair of Quick and good eyes is worth six pair of hands in a commander. If the Boat is dirty and out of order the fault shall be yours. Let no man be Idle when there is the least thing to do, and make them move quick.

Run no risques of any kind when you meet or overtake vessels beating or crossing your way, always run under their stern if there be the least doubt that you cannot clear their head by 50 yards or more. Give in the accounts of Recepts and expenses every week to the Chancellor.

Your most Obedient

Robt Fulton.

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During the succeeding months, she was kept in winter quarters, and underwent important alterations and improvements. The following letter from Fulton, who was then in Washington, to Chancellor Livingston in New York, fully notes the plans for the enlargement and gives specifications for her future financial and structural development. It is now in the New York Historical Society:

COMPASS USED ON THE *CLERMONT*

Original owned by Robert Fulton Ludlow.

Washington November the 20th 1807

Dear Sir

I have received your letter of the 12th inst. after all accidents and delays our boat has cleared 5 per cent on the capital expended and as the people are not discouraged but continue to go in her at all risques, and even increase in numbers, I think with you that one which should be complete would produce us from 8 to 10,000 dollars a year or perhaps more and that another boat which will cost 15,000 dollars will also produce us 10,000 dollars a year therefore as this is the only method which I know of gaining 50 or 75 per cent I am on my part determined not to dispose of any portion of my Interest on the North river but I will sell so much of my funds as will pay my part of rendering this boat complete and for establishing another so that one will depart from Albany and one from New York every other day and carry all the passengers. It is now necessary to consider how to put our first boat in a complete state for 8 or 10 years —and when I reflect that the present one is so weak that she must have additional knees and timbers, new side timbers, deck beams and deck, new windows and cabins altered, that she perhaps must be sheathed, her boiler taken out and a new one put in her axels forged and Iron work strengthened with all this work the saving of the present hull is of little consequence particularly as many of her Knees Bolts timbers and planks could enter into the construction of a new boat, my present opinion therefore is that we should build a new hull her knees and floor timbers to be of oak her bottom planks of 2 Inch oak her side planks two Inch oak for three feet high She to be 16 feet wide 150 feet long this will make her near twice as Stiff as at present and enable us to carry a much greater quantity of sail, the 4 feet additional width will require 1146 lbs additional purchase at the engine moving 2 feet a second or 15 double strokes a minute this will be gained by raising the steam 5 lb to the inch as 24 Inches the diameter of the cylinder gives 570 round Inches at 3 lb to the inch= 1710 lb purchase gained to accomplish this with a good boiler and a commodious boat running our present speed, of a voyage in 30 hours I think better and more productive to us than to gain one mile on the present boat.

The new boat Cabins and all complete

OBVERSE Engraved by R. C. Collins REVERSE

FULTON MEDAL, STRUCK AFTER THE INVENTOR'S DEATH IN 1815

From the original owned by Mrs. Hermann H. Cammann.

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including our materials will cost perhaps . . . . . 2000$
Boiler 800
Iron work in the best manner and mens wages during the winter 1200

4,000

To meet this I find that our copper boiler weighs 3930 lb which at 40 cents all the price paid by government will produce . . 1570$
Profits of this year 1000

2570

So that we shall have to provide about 1,500$ added to 3,000 Bills against us in the Bank. With this arrangement we shall have one Boat in complete play producing about 10,000 dollars a year to enable us to proceed with the second to come out in the spring of 1809, and then our receipts will be about 20,000 dollars a year.

Please to think of this and if you like it to try to contract with the carpenter at Hudson for the hull and let him immediately prepare his timbers, knees and planks—

She should be almost wall sided if 16 feet at bottom she need not be more than 18 on deck Streight Sides will be strong it fits the mill work and prevents motion in the waves. [diagram omitted]

It is now time to lay her up for the winter. Nothing should be risqued from bad weather —the gain will be triffling the risque great.

I cannot be with you before the first week of January

Compliments to all friends write me again

Yours truly
R Fulton

Do not risque the engine in the winds and Waves of this Season.

In 1858 a detailed description of the *Clermont* after its widening and renaming as the *North River* was deposited in the New York Historical Society by Richard Varick De Witt, of Albany, whose familiarity with the boat dated from his earliest boyhood when for weeks it had been tied at the wharf opposite his home. This account coincides with the main points, as set forth by Mr. Fulton himself in his brief description, already quoted, and is indorsed as authentic by Mr. Riley Bartholomew, an officer of the boat.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STEAMBOAT *North River* OF CLERMONT

The old *North River,* as it was familiarly called, was an enlargement and reconstruction of the *Clermont,* the experimental Vessel first built by Mr. Fulton.

The hull must have been about 150 feet long and 18 wide and about 8 feet deep from the bow for 126 feet. Thence for 24 feet the stern was elevated above the main deck about three feet, forming a quarter deck which covered the Ladies Cabin and the lobby between that cabin and the main or dining cabin. The descent into this lobby was by 3 or 4 steps in the centre of the vessel. The star board corner of the lobby formed the captain's office, the lar board corner the passage into the dining cabin. In front of the Engine Room, which occupied the waist of the vessel, was a small front cabin, and between that and the bow a fore castle for the crew. The engine occupied the centre of the room, leaving space on one side for a kitchen and on the other for a pantry and bar.

The Ladies Cabin contained 6 upper and 4 lower berths The Main Cabin contained 14 upper and 14 lower berths The forward Cabin contained 8 upper and 8 lower berths

The boat was rigged with a small mast passing up through the quarter deck carrying a boom and gaff main sail and a larger mast and top mast forward of the engine, carrying a foreguard and square sail, over which was set a flying top sail. On a fore stay extending to a short bow-sprit, was a jib, and studding sails were at times carried from the yard, having booms projecting from the gunwale of the boat. The foremast was fitted between up right standards which rose from the keel to 6 feet above the deck, and the mast was pivotted between them so as to be lowered down upon the bowsprit during head winds.

A pair of yawls, for the landing of passengers were hung on iron cranes on each side of the main deck aft, and the space where the wheel guards finish aft into the hull were shaped into steps, to facilitate the passage into and from the boats when in the water.

The boiler was between the engine and main cabin, its top being covered with a slightly elevated deck.

The Engine (one of Watt and Boultons, double acting condensing) consisted of a cylinder with a piston 2 feet in diameter, having a stroke of 4 feet, standing upon an iron condenser. In front of the cylinder stood the air pump [drawing omitted]. On the top of the piston rod was an iron cross head sliding between guides on the gallows frame, which reached from the bottom framing of the vessel to some 12 feet above its deck. From the cross head down on each side of the cylinder depended a rod, the lower end of which was pivotted to the end of a bell-crank lever. The fulcram and axis of the levers lying in front of the cylinder [drawing omitted]. The other arms of these levers, being bent upward and at right angles to the first levers, the pitmans or shackle bars, were pivotted to their upper ends. The shackle bars extended forwards and their front ends were pivotted to the peripheries of crank wheels attached to the inboard ends of the water wheel shafts. These wheels were toothed and cogged into the teeth of pinion wheels affixed to the axis of a fly wheel, which revolved in the centre of the engine. The valves of the cylinder were poppet valves operated by the clack gearing, then in use.

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The steering was done by a wheel placed between the gallows frame and the smoke pipe, the wheel ropes passing along the sides of the vessel, to a standard attached to the tail of the rudder blade which was a flat board of about 8 feet long and four wide.

To enable the boat to be turned more promptly than the rudder could do it, the water wheel shafts were divided at the gunwale of the boat, and there connected with couplings so that the wheel shaft proper could be detached from the crank shaft, and thus either wheel be kept in motion by the engine whilst the other was inoperative.

In the *Clermont* the fly wheels were hung outside of the hull and just in front of the water wheels. Upon one occasion, when by accident both the water wheels had been destroyed, the engineer had recourse to the expedient of attaching small paddle boards to the rims of the fly wheels, by which means the voyage was completed without any great loss of time. This fact I had from a passenger then on board the steamboat. . . .

On the 13th of November, the breaking of one of the axletrees necessitated a delay of one day in her schedule. With this exception Fulton contrived to run the vessel upon scheduled trips until the ice in the river made navigation impossible. She was crowded with passengers and the commercial success of the experiment was fully guaranteed.

Another interesting letter from Robert Fulton to Charles Wilson Peale, from Clermont, June 11, 1808, and now in possession of Mr. Charles Henry Hart of Philadelphia, refers to the enlarged boat:

My steam boat is now in complete operation and works much to my satisfaction, making her voyages from or to New York or Albany, 160 miles, on an average in 35 hours. She has three excellent cabins, or rather rooms, containing 54 berths, with kitchen, larder, pantry, bar, and steward's room. Passengers have been encouraging. Last Saturday she started from New York with 70, which is doing very well for these times when trade has not its usual activity.

More light on the financial side of the enterprise is furnished by the following page in Fulton's handwriting, which is in possession of J. R. Leamont, Esq., of Montreal, here published for the first time. By "the new boat" is probably meant the *Rariton*, Fulton's second American steamboat, which ran between New York and New Brunswick, New Jersey, taking passengers who were transferred by stage-coach to Philadelphia.

1808	DISBURSEMENTS BY ROBT FULTON	D	C
June 25	To Mr. Cheetham for printing	25	75
Dec. 22	For copying the writing of the patent	15	00
1809			
Jan. 22	For the patent	30	00
Feb. 1	To Mr. Milligan for binding the patent	8	00
" 4	A Mahogany box to contain the patent	3	00
Mch. 4	To Mandivil the pilot of the N. R. Boat	7	00
" 13	To Capt. Wisnell a Cheque .	150	00
" 23	Mr. Stowdenger a Cheque . .	120	00
Apr. 8	Mr. Cheetham for printing .	14	56
" 22	To Bachelar the Blacksmith .	50	00
" 20	To Mr. Clogson Attorney at law	20	00
" 24	Mr. Jenkel for insurance against fire—one year . .	150	00
		598	31

FOR THE NEW BOAT

June 9	To Mr. Revere for Copper .	4259	00
	To Do. " Copper Rivets	195	40
	To Mr. Smallman for the steam engine	2450	00
	To Mr. Brownne for the Boat	5000	00
	To Bennet the Coppersmith making boiler	200	00
	To Capt. Roorback	50	00
	To Mess. Ogden and Hoffman for Writings	25	00
28	Mr. Rooseveld on Mississippi expedition	600	00
	dollars	13377	81
		6688	90

1809 CASH RECEIVED OF R. R. LIVINGSTON, ESQ.

March 19	2000
April 20	1000
June 1	2000
	5000
Paid for Wood at Albany	300
	5300

TO PAY TO THE NEW BOAT

To Mr. Smallman	900
To Mr. Brownne	3000
To Bennet the Coppersmith	1000
To McQueen for Contract and Labor .	3000
for Sails, furniture and Sundries . .	3000
	10900
paid—	12779 51
	23679 51

It should be noted that Fulton realized the revolutionizing possibilities of steam-

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navigation, and in this connection, at the close of the record of the *Clermont's* success, it may not be inappropriate to tell of an incident told to me by a descendant of the lady alluded to, which indicates that he also contemplated the possibility of steam-railways. On one occasion about 1810–11, he was journeying with others to Washington by stage-coach. A long delay in changing horses at one of the wayside taverns, en route, prompted a lady in the party to say to the inventor:

"Oh, Mr. Fulton, you have invented a way to travel quickly over the water—why can you not invent a way to carry us quickly over the land?"

Fulton bowed low, and said, "Madam, it will come."

About this time he wrote to Chancellor Livingston outlining a project for steam-railways, as indicated by the Chancellor's reply which reads as follows:

Albany, N. Y., March 1, 1811.

Dear Sir:

I did not till yesterday receive yours of the 25th of February, where it has loitered on the road I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to the railway communication. I fear however, on mature reflection, that they will be liable to serious objections, and ultimately more expensive than a canal. They must be double so as to prevent the danger of two such bodies meeting. The walls on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface, and three above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour on wheels. As to wood it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron and that too, very thick and strong.

The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock and of preventing them from running on each other—for they would be many on the road at once, would be very difficult. In case of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take on wood and water, etc. many accidents would happen.

The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient.

R. R. Livingston.

To Robert Fulton, Esq.

Mr. Paul A. Sabbaton, in the letter already quoted from, relates that Fulton and Colden had agreed to go to Richmond, Virginia, to build a railway to transport coal from Captain Heath's mines, twelve miles distant, and that Fulton's death put an end to the project. He adds: "Had it been otherwise he would have been the first to put railways in use here."

During the winter of 1807, as we have seen, the *Clermont* was virtually rebuilt and enlarged to accommodate the increased number of patrons. As the *North River* she made regular trips on the Hudson for several years. An advertisement, quoted in Sanders's "Early History of Schenectady," was published in June, 1808, giving the time-table of the boat and continuing:

As the time at which the boat may arrive at the different places above mentioned may vary an hour or more or less, according to the advantage or disadvantage of wind and tide, those who wish to come on board will see the necessity of being on the spot an hour before the time. Persons wishing to come on board from any other landing than those here specified, can calculate the time the boat will pass, and be ready on her arrival. Innkeepers or boatmen, who bring passengers on board or take them ashore from any part of the river will be allowed one shilling for each person.

PRICE OF PASSAGE. FROM NEW YORK

To West Point, $2.50; Newburgh, $3.00; Poughkeepsie, $3.50; Esopus, $4.00; Red Hook, $4.50; Hudson, $5.00; Albany, $7.00.

FROM ALBANY

To Hudson, $2.00; Red Hook, $3.00; Esopus, $3.50; Poughkeepsie, $4.00; Newburgh & West Point, $4.50; New York, $7.00.

All other passengers are to pay at the rate of $1 for every twenty miles and a half dollar for every meal they may eat. Children from 1 to 5 years of age, to pay one third price, and sleep with the persons under whose care they are.

Young persons from 5 to 15 years of age, to pay half price, provided they sleep two in a berth, & whole price for each one who requests to occupy a whole berth.

Servants who pay two thirds price are entitled to a berth: They pay half price if they do not have berth.

Every person paying full price is allowed 60 pounds of baggage: If less than whole price, 40 pounds.

They are to pay at the rate of 3 cents a pound for surplus baggage.

Storekeepers who wish to carry light and valuable merchandise, can be accommodated on paying 3 cents a pound.

Passengers will breakfast before they come on board. Dinner will be served up exactly at 1 o'clock: tea, with meats, which is also supper, at 8 in the evening, and breakfast at 9 in the morning. No one has a claim on the steward for victuals at any other time.

The final whereabouts of the historic vessel remains a mystery. It has been as-

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serted that she was finally transported as *The Henrietta* to the Cape Fear River, North Carolina, where Fulton himself as early as 1813 had suggested the formation of a steam navigation company. Another authority, Mr. J. Seymour Bullock, states that the boat was broken up, when further important improvements rendered her antiquated shape and construction unequal to the increased traffic upon the river and that the "ribs" of the hull were used under the wharf in Jersey City where the Secor Foundry built monitors during the Civil War.

Fulton's own claims of priority in the invention of the steamboat are contained in interesting papers now in possession of Judge Peter T. Barlow. In a letter to Joel Barlow (never before published) the inventor asks him to obtain the signature of William Thornton, Clerk of the Patent Office, to a deposition, and writes in part:

New York, June 28th, 1811.

Dear Barlow:

. . . my whole time [is] now occupied in building North River and Steam ferry boats, and in an interesting lawsuit to crush 22 Pirates who have clubbed their purses and copied my boats and have actually started my own Invention in opposition to me by running one trip to Albany: her machinery however gave way in the first voyage and she is now repairing, which will detain her I presume until we obtain an Injunction[1] to stop her. A more infamous and outrageous attack upon mental property has not disgraced America. Thornton has been one of the great causes of it. In this interesting suit which places a great fortune at stake I want you to do two things for me immediately First go or send Lee to Thornton's office and demand a certified copy of my transfer of one half of my United States patents to Robert R. Livingston and let the certificate state that such transfer is legally registered in the patent office,—it may be certified by a Notary Public;

The deposition which Fulton asked Thornton to sign was as follows: it is given in full because it so thoroughly defines Fulton's several points of originality:

William Thornton, Director of the Patent Office of the United States at the City of Washington, in the district of Columbia, being first duly sworn deposeth and saith, That in all essays to navigate boats with steam he has never known a steam boat to be more than 50 tons burthen, until the onebuilt on the Hudson's river by Robert Fulton: That to the best of his knowledge the said Robert Fulton is the first who ever applied a water wheel *on each side of a boat* to be navigated by the power of *steam* and so arranged the water wheels that he can use them in and out of gear so as to try the movements of the engine without working the wheels; or work one wheel at a time; That he, the said Robert Fulton, is the first who put guards round the outside of water wheels applied to a boat, so as to support the outer ends of the axels of said wheels and guard them from injury by vessels wharves & having formed the guards he consequently is the inventor of every convenience which the guards afford, such as steps from the stern end of the guards to enter the row boats, Space in and on guards for carrying fuel, bins in the guards for various materials, Coverings to the water wheels to prevent their entangling in ropes or throwing water on deck to the annoyance of passengers: convenience such as water closets on the fore part of said wheel guards for passengers—That the said Robert Fulton is the first who has so arranged the rudder of his Steamboat as that the pilot may stand near the centre of the boat and near the engineer to give him orders when to stop or put the engine in motion. That the said Robert Fulton is the first who has combined a *Gib fore sail top sail* studden sails and Square sail with a steam engine to drive a boat[2] and so placed his Masts one before the machinery and the other so far aft as to leave a convenient Space between the two for spreading an awning for the comfort of the passengers and which space is not interrupted by booms or ropes such as annoy passengers in the usual boats which navigate by wind only. The said Robert Fulton is also the first who has, to his knowledge, used triangular beams in the body of his boat to communicate the power from the piston rod to the Water wheels and work his air pump. And John Stevens, Esq. of Broadway in the City of New York, is the first to the best of his knowledge, who has communicated the power from the piston rod to the water wheels by means of crank wheels and shackle bars which work on each side of the Cylender.

The said William Thornton also deposeth and saith that to the best of his knowledge there is no steam boat now in actual and permanent operation anywhere in Europe, nor ever has been, all attempts of the kind in Europe have been merely experiments which, failing of any useful result, have been abandoned as useless.

(Signed)

Fulton adds in a postscript to Barlow:

Now, my friend, all this is fact which you will insist on with Thornton and tell him if pirates can thus copy me he has no chance at any time.

[1] This injunction was obtained and the Albany boats were confiscated.—A. C. S.

[2] [Fulton's note:] Thornton says he had or intended to put sails to a steam boat which was to go round from Phila. to New Orleans: it was however never done and is one of his embrio and useless Ideas. Insist on this. The boat was 20 tons.

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The deposition was apparently not signed, for Barlow wrote to Fulton the following month apropos of Thornton:

The poor fellow can depose nothing now unless it be his bones. He has not recovered from his fever & it is thought by some that he never will. He has not been out of the house since the day he made the other deposition. I called and took him out that morning in my carriage before breakfast and kept him at the judge's till eleven o'clock when I sent him home. . . . It seems he was sick with the fever when I took him out, tho' I did not know it. I leave your papers for him with Cutting who promises to make him attend to it as soon as possible. Latrobe, as I told you, is very anxious to aid you in establishing the originality and high importance of your invention.

Before the death of the inventor, which occurred in 1815, eight years after the *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson, he had built no fewer than seventeen boats including the first steam war frigate, the torpedo-boat, and the first steam ferry-boats, the latter equipped with rounded ends for approach at either shore and floating docks to receive them. He not only introduced steam-navigation upon the chief rivers of America but also contemplated its introduction upon foreign rivers. A letter at the Lenox Library in the Thomas Addis Emmet collection shows that in 1812 he signed a joint contract with a certain Thomas Lane to introduce steamboats in India. He writes:

I agree to make the Ganges a joint concern—the work is so honorable and important. It is so grand an Idea that America should establish steam vessels to work in India that it requires vigor activity, exertion, industry, attention and no time should be lost. My *Paragon* [a boat of 1811] beats everything on this globe, for made as you and I are, we cannot tell what is in the moon—this Day she came on from Albany 160 miles in 26 hours, wind ahead.

Four days earlier, Fulton wrote another letter to Chevalier Svinie [Swinine], a Russian gentleman, then staying in Weymouth Street, London. The letter forwarded by J. Eliot Hodgkin of London, in response to the author's inquiry in "Notes and Queries" is here printed for the first time:

New York, April 12, 1812.

CHAVELIER SVINIE,

Sir; Being inventor of the Steam Boats having a claim on every Government for the use of my invention much superior to that of any other individual, and relying on the respect which the Government of Russia have for the arts, I wrote to Mr. Adams[1] in November last to obtain for me an exclusive right for 20 years on condition that I should cause a steamboat to be established from Petersburgh to Cronstat in three years after obtaining the Grant, the considerations proposed to Mr. Adams render it necessary for me to wait his answer; But should he neglect or not obtain the grant, and it should be given to another, it will then be time enough to talk of the terms on which I would go into the enterprise, on which it is impossible for me at present to make up my mind. I am Sir Respectfully your most obedient,

Robert Fulton.

A second letter upon this proposition is extant from the Chevalier. It is among Fulton's family papers in possession of the estate of his daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary. Monsieur Swinine in this unpublished letter says in part:

Doubtless Sir, it is known to you, that for several months past I have been taken up with your admirable invention of the steam boat, dedicating all my knowledge for its introduction in Russia. As you have received the Imperial permission for this introduction, I offer you, Sir, my services, which I flatter myself may be of great utility. Certainly it will be necessary for you to have the plan of the River Neva and of the channel from St. Petersbourg to Cronstadt, to have the clearest information of the value of materials necessary for the construction of the steam boat, the description of other communications by water in Russia etc. I hope to give you all that and whatever else may be requisite for you in the most agreeable way, as none but myself can satisfy you.

My demands are limited to the two following agreements;

1st That your Company honour me with the title of Superintendent of the Steamboats of Russia.

2nd: That it will grant me on my arrival in Russia an annual salary as may seem most just.

At the time of Fulton's death the steamboat *The Emperor of Russia* was in process of building and in accordance to contract was to be transferred to Russian waters before December 1. The enterprise was postponed, and was subsequently taken up by other contractors.

The absorbing demands of the *Clermont* deterred Fulton from undertaking other important projects. President Jefferson, who had been interested in Fulton's treatise on Canal Navigation and

[1] John Quincy Adams, American Ambassador to Russia 1809–1814.

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who had enjoyed a correspondence with him on this and kindred subjects, proposed at this time that he should examine the ground and report on a canal to unite the Mississippi River with Lake Pontchartrain. In his reply to the Secretary of War, Fulton speaks specifically not only of the building of the *Clermont* but also of the torpedo project which he had already offered to the American nation. This letter, in possession of the estate of Cornelia Livingston Crary, Fulton's daughter, has never before been published. An extract is here given:

Philadelphia, March 20th, 1807.

To General Dearborn, Secretary of War,—

Dear Sir; I am infinitely obliged by the proposal of the President that I should examine the ground and report on a canal to unite the waters of the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain, And am sorry I cannot undertake a work so interesting and honourable. The reason is I have now Ship Builders, Blacksmiths and Carpenters occupied at New York in building and executing the machinery of my Steam Boat, And I must return to that City in ten days to direct the work till finished, which probably will require 4 months. This enterprise is of much Importance to me individually and I hope will be of great use in facilitating the navigation of some of our long rivers. Like every enthusiast I have no doubt of success. I therefore work with ardor, and when adjusting the parts of the machine, I cannot leave the men for a day. I am also preparing the engines for the experiment of blowing up a Vessel in the harbour of New York this Spring. The machines for this purpose are in great forwardness and I hope to convince the rational part of the inhabitants of our cities, that vessels of war shall never enter our harbours or approach our Coasts but by our consent. Thus I hope I am usefully employed for 6 or 9 months—

Yours truly,

Robt. Fulton.

Three days earlier, Joel Barlow, who was always in Fulton's confidence, wrote to his wife this letter, in possession of Judge Peter T. Barlow and now first published:

The President wants Toot [Fulton] to go immediately to New Orleans to survey the ground for a great canal there. Mrs. Dearborn says her home is high, airy and healthy, that you must come on with Fulton as far as here in the little phaeton & pass the summer with her, either here or jaunting a little about in these regions. Fulton, they say, is to be back in July, and then if it is thought best to go north, it can be done, as he may then be going to operate at N. York. All this is only thrown out to think on.

He adds this postscript to Fulton:

Toot, don't give an answer to Gen'l. Dearborn's letter of yesterday till I come. He does not expect it till then.

In this time of the celebration of Robert Fulton's chief invention it should be kept in mind that he was deeply interested in the largest problems of humanity. He was not only an inventor, but a reformer, a statesman, and a patriot. With a splendid courage born of conviction, he enriched the world by original products which he was pleased to term "useful arts" and sometimes "mental property." To forward his plans he gave in unstinted measure, his time, his talents, and his wealth. It is characteristic that in his writings he always capitalized the word "Ideas" and spelled "money" with a small initial. As the world gages success, he died poor: yet, as a century translates that poverty it becomes golden with the wealth of honor.

For further details see "Open Letters" department of this number.—The Editor.

FULTON'S INKSTAND

In possession of Alice Crary Sutcliffe.

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AN UNOFFICIAL LOVE-STORY

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof," "The A-Flat Major Polonaise," etc.

THERE are many kinds of love-stories, but I think this is a new kind. Besides, it is true. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that you do not like to write it, because some people are reasonably sure to doubt its being truth, and then they are equally sure to say that your sort of invention shows that you lack common sense and good taste. But in this story there are certain little things that will convince your inner judgment that it is plain truth, after all, and I shall be freed from blame.

Once not very long ago, in a small city in Canada there rose up a young woman. These are only the gravest essentials, for it is very unwise to localize true stories too fully. But it had to be a small city, it had to be in Canada, and "rose up" is strictly the most proper way of expressing it, as will be duly made evident.

The young woman's name was Miss Marjorie Dyer, and her father lived a good deal of his life in a rather small shop on one of the back streets of the city, where he sold coal and smoked. He worried very little, and he kept out of this story wonderfully.

Now, to make all things clear, it will be necessary to explain a little. This particular city had quietly gone to seed, just as some men do, and nobody knew it, though a certain few had strong suspicions. And, like all other cities that have gone to seed, this city was filled with old families. Perhaps they are the mainspring of the silence. In any case, they not only did not recognize Miss Dyer, but they did not recognize Miss Dyer's existence—at first. The essential difference between their standing in the social fabric and Miss Dyer's was that their fathers had retired from business or were dead, and Miss Dyer's father was still in business and was alive. If it happened to be their grandfathers, so much the greater gulf. For instance, the particular family that had once had a grandfather who did a most profitable grocery business in the same shop from which Miss Dyer's father now sold coal could not see Miss Dyer at all. This is a subvariant of what the doctors call acquired immunity.

Then, further, in a number of the old families the stock had somewhat run out, and some of the young ladies in even the third generation had patent porcelain teeth and a good deal of some one else's hair, and things called forms sewed into obscure places for safety's sake.

Miss Dyer was built on a different principle altogether. She was rather short and she did not mind a bit. She was capable of filling all her clothes adequately everywhere. In fact, about the alluring contours of her suits there was a strength of line that carried strong conviction and led you to suspect that the suits were not responsible in the least, but that their function was rather to restrain than to exaggerate details. She had the nice, even, brilliant coloring that goes with supreme health, and in all the essentials, hair and teeth and eyes, she was technically perfect, so that when she was present, you always forgot to notice whether she was beautiful, and when she was absent, you always planned to look the next time, and then always forgot when the next time came. I think this was because she had what is called a magnetic personality. So I doubt whether any one knows to-day whether she was beautiful or not. I doubt also whether it makes any difference. She said that her hair was not black, so we shall have to call it dark brown, and her eyes were a quite even dark blue,—that wonderful country, the north of Ireland, being

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responsible again,—and like the late Count Von Moltke, were silent in at least seven languages, which is more than could be said of Miss Dyer. But they had one trick. Within one flick of their lids they could take on an expression of the most convincing, childlike innocence, which so wanted to understand, and was sure it could, if you would only explain a little further. It would have been unmanly to question. There was no arguing round it, because the more you argued, the more bewildered the eyes became. It was one of the young woman's finest assets, and with it in full working order she arrived at the age of nineteen years.

Having arrived, she seems to have looked about her and become instantly inspired. This may appear precocious, considering that it was a Canadian climate, but the fact remains. And the inspiration could not have come from her surroundings, because these, as has been explained, could breed no inspiration; and it did not come from reading, because it was too original and all-embracing, and because she did little reading of an inspiring kind: so it must have come largely from within—pure genius.

Now, when genius elects to bloom in a city that has otherwise gone to seed and undertakes to expend itself within that city, there is bound to be an instant disturbance, an accretional cataclysm, until sometimes it fairly rocks the stars; for the people in general can afford to devote their time to it, and they do, when in a living, breathing city they might be otherwise troubled.

Miss Dyer had some of the finest characteristics of Madame de Maintenon and Cleopatra, and a number of still finer characteristics of her own, and she looked about her and foresaw the possibilities of even that situation. The first desideratum was the establishment of an entirely continuous performance, such as can be worked up without great difficulty in London. That is, she wished to live every moment of what she planned was to be a long and joyful life. She did not ask for London; she did not ask to go on the stage; she disapproved of the stage as a profession. This was to be part of her ultimate attitude, and she had adopted it thus early. Consider the magnitude of this strategy. She wanted and asked for nothing but full liberty and health to do the best she could, in all innocency, with what the gods had provided. And I think this was notable, for if you take your dweller in a wayside city, who has been brought up to draw a line between labor and rest, and explain to him ever so fully how the smallish coterie who truly live the life of the world have not one single altogether-slack waking moment in it, and how even in their stillest thoughts they are working toward one great end,—not always minutely particularized,—he may believe, but he certainly will not understand. At a dinner of the Liverpool Shipbrokers' Benevolent Association once Ian Maclaren said that "If Sir Alfred Jones could be tempted aside from his task of absorbing the rest of the world's merchant marine—" This is the precise attitude. It is best expressed with the ancient word "Excelsior," and Miss Dyer had it, only she would not be content with the world's merchant marine, any more than would Sir Alfred Jones. Or Napoleon Bonaparte.

If you started in to make it clear to yourself just how Miss Dyer's earlier activities were calculated to affect her progress, you might have some little trouble in tracing the connection unless you considered two more things. The first of these is the heart and soul of true genius, the amazing regard paid to essential detail and the still more amazing disregard of non-essential detail. The second is one of the most curious and obscure rules that geniuses use. It seems to be beyond all reason. I think it would be very difficult to state it correctly, but it is something like this: "If you concentrate your full energies on the things that are at hand, you will, through the mercy of Heaven, be able to attain to your heart's desire among the things that are not at hand." This is all bound up with the theory of equivalent sacrifice and the law of compensation and such things; but if you think it over carefully, you will see that there is a deep truth somewhere. Also, if you come back from the finish of this story and read this text over again you will see how it applied. I do not pretend to believe for a moment that Miss Dyer knew this law existed, but when you combine genius with a woman's compound intuition, the combination is authorized to use laws without inquiring whether they exist

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or not. This she doubtless did; and see where she ended.

So, when at the age of nineteen years she became inspired and stepped softly into the arena, she noted that one of the essential details was dress, and she dressed. I imagine she exhausted the subject, as a genius does any subject he finds it necessary to touch. She dressed on the nether verge of the fashion. To have been quite within the fashion would have been too severe a shock for even Miss Dyer to administer to that city, and she knew it. But she was strictly within the period, and to be within the period in surroundings that might almost yet turn out a basque or a polonaise is to breed thunder and lightning.

The period of Miss Dyer's arrival at nineteen corresponded with the period of the arrival of long gloves, and it is her long gloves I remember above all other weapons she used, and I was but an onlooker on the far outside. She had a forearm that should have sent a susceptible man clean out of his mind, and the gloves were a dream. When she had them on, you wished her to take them off, and when she took them off, you wished her to put them on, for the sake of seeing her take them off again. They were in certain subdued shades, and they had a nerve-wearing way of slipping down, and continuing to slip down, till they slid over a shell-pink and dimpled elbow that had two movable shadows, where they had to be rescued; and she was constantly having to get her hands out of them through an inadequate aperture at the wrist, all of which seemed to call for outside assistance, which was not permitted. As to the rest of the dress, it was as subdued as the gloves, and its taste was beyond all question; but the money Mr. Dyer must have laid out on patent-leather shoes and open-work silk stockings and those gloves and such like would have stocked several farms. However, the coal business, properly conducted, is a profitable business, and I think Mr. Dyer believed in his daughter.

But you must not be deceived by the apparent thoroughness of this dress effect. It has been attempted before.

Miss Dyer saw also that another essential detail was a fluent command of the English language. This was more wonderful. The dress instinct might be normal enough, but this involved genius again. Safely past the last new adverb in the exhausted hysteria of the North American press, picking scraps from things as far apart as "Kim" and "Lorna Doone," she simplified her English down to the simplicity of the English of Dean Swift, of whom she had never heard, and used it largely for suggesting what she did not mean and concealing what she did. In the first of these two attainments she had the wisdom of the serpent. The high gods had given her a subversive drawl that would have lured the same gods out of heaven. She could spell the word T-H-E, and the tyro would be confident that he had been let into a family secret, and when he proceeded to presume upon it through the medium of fervent words, he would pause to find those troubled eyes searching his and an unruffled voice explaining that it did not understand. The expert, if necessary, collided with briefer and more pointed phrases, which could not possibly be mistaken. That is, the foundation of Miss Dyer's formidable and simplified method was neither more nor less than the great secret method that has moved triumphant down the centuries: thoughtless and most casual remarks, slipped at certain calculated intervals, as inconspicuous as drops of attar of roses, each containing two pregnant meanings that would involve vast knowledge and one other meaning that would involve nothing whatever, coupled with a barrier that could not conceivably be broken at all. There is no danger in giving away the secret, because there are so few who can keep the barrier quite intact. It is not intended that they should. But once in a while there is a woman born, and she goes ever so far.

So, having inspected her earthworks, Miss Dyer let things take their course without so much as raising one pink finger to aid or restrain; and in that moment her own particular public fixed its wandering regard on the light of her presence.

The first apparent candidate was a lawyer, the second was a member of the Provincial Parliament, and both were from outside cities. She absorbed them without a sign. What on earth she did with them I am sure I do not know, but they came back and continued to come back. I think each had his time rigidly prescribed, and

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followed it on pain of excommunication. She never appeared in public with either of them, except at chance moments, as she might have appeared with any one else she met on the street. But there were times when each of them appeared on the street alone, walking hurriedly and with a puzzled expression, as if something might have gone wrong or missed connection or been misunderstood. At such times Miss Dyer was invisible to the naked eye, as was also the other man, though which man it was appeared to make no difference; and, when next seen, the other man, who had been invisible, would be whistling like a bullfinch, and Miss Dyer would be the same as before, and as ever. If the two men happened to meet, they were very friendly and seemed to regard each other with a sort of pity.

Now these obscure symptoms troubled certain of the ladies of that city, and they rose up and took Miss Dyer's name in vain, as she had not only foreseen, but planned that they should, and it was utterly in vain, because there was really nothing to say, except that she dressed better than they, and this was not worth saying. But the things they said about why she dressed, and how she dressed—the raw, vulgar, unproved, usual things, were very bitter indeed. Most of them Miss Dyer heard immediately, because her intelligence system was as efficient as a transformer, and they did not even affect her as a tonic, for she showed no signs of needing a tonic, but went her way and was as sweet as clover in bloom.

Then, as synchronously as triplets, came three brand-new additions to this happy family. They were a doctor of medicine, very young for a doctor; a violinist, who was younger than he looked; and a literary man, this last middle-aged and obscurely but certainly married. He admitted it himself. Miss Dyer absorbed the lot. When openly questioned about the literary man who was married she said he was "the very least friend in the world, and she thought he was awfully nice; and besides, what could she do?" This finishing question is unanswerable, as has been fully proved through some thousands of years; so the literary man stayed.

The orders of the day—and night—had nicely been given out, and matters had more or less settled into their proper routine again, when, without warning, appeared two more, both lawyers and both young and insistent. These were apparently admitted without discussion, but shortly afterward things showed signs of becoming somewhat heated, and the air was full of scintillations. It became rapidly noticeable, until it was evident that the only thing that was not heated was Miss Dyer. She appeared with a poised and unforced smile, as a life-trained juggler, who with only two bare human hands persuades many knives and balls and flaming torches to move at one time, in the same firmament, without interfering with one another at all. And gradually the trouble subsided.

At this stage of the performance any of the spectators who had a sense of humor rocked in their seats, but the others failed to see anything especially funny in it, and stood up in their rigor and said that it was shocking. All this was in midwinter, and opera-house and rink and moving-picture shows, with the other classical entertainments of a small Canadian city, presented thin cross-sections of Miss Dyer's existence, and almost always with a totally different man. Between these high lights there were vast spaces of shadow wherein she would entirely disappear, and leave the dazzled onlookers in wonder, without one inkling of a suspicion as to what might be happening.

Very shortly after this I think she must have found the work too wearing, for she began to discard from her weak suits. She dropped the doctor, who belonged to that city, and he retired with some grace and became the abbot of a new order that was to be styled her "bosom friends." The member of the Provincial Parliament vanished utterly,—you could pass your hand through the space where he had been,—and was replaced by a member of the Dominion Parliament. She retained the violinist and the literary man who was married, on account of their enthusiasm, and a little afterward came an engineer and replaced one of the younger lawyers, who stepped in among the bosom friends.

The lot of these latter, if they had only known it, was the more enviable of the two; but they did not know it, and further, they did not want it explained to

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them. It would have been worth your life to try it. They formed a sort of Band of Hope, and kept cheerful in public, and bided their time, trusting, I suppose, that all the rest might die.

But nobody died. Instead, matters went on with gradually increasing intensity through two years, and Miss Dyer passed from the age of nineteen to twenty-one and became expert to the point of public suffocation. How she did it all was a clean mystery. The men continued to be very friendly in public and patently pitied one another. In the ordinary course of affairs, when a new man came to town, with due introductions to the first families, his track through their afternoon teas and on to Miss Dyer was like the track of a falling star. She would favor him with a public annexation without so much as a quiver of her lips, and after that his position depended purely upon his own capability. At first, if he fell, his name was Anathema, and the first families would not take him back; but later they took him back freely, and were thankful. They had to, because, with a rare and fossilized exception, the only men available were made up of the chaff that had gone through Miss Dyer's winnower, and, being light in weight, had come forth, freed from all dignity, on the wings of the wind.

Throughout this whole time Miss Dyer's inner, private life, which I have later reason to know was still entirely her own, must have been a rich and feverish study. With my own respectful eyes I have seen the boy leave the telegraph office with four messages to her address, and have seen the prompt answers come back, written in a neat and decided hand. The cables also were her servants, and I even came across the results of two pregnant messages that must have gone wireless, for they stopped a twelve-thousand-ton steamer long enough for a man within to be debarked into a towboat without. She went to every notable dance within reasonable railway connection—the invitations were the least part of it, and she could manufacture a chaperon out of less material than any one I ever saw,—and she slept and dressed in a sleeper as in her own bedroom. Roses and violets were her companions, and through the whole glittering program she passed in full poise and with such evident self-respect that common sense was dumb. But there is too little common sense in this world.

So, in the autumn of her twenty-first year she bathed and walked and thought and lived, and swung many things to her determined ends, as do the people of another world that has no more in common with the life of a Canadian town than if it were on the inner edge of the outer ring of Saturn. And she had accomplished this all out of her own soul. And nobody had the smallest idea where it might all end, and, least of all, Miss Dyer. Wherein again she resembled Sir Alfred Jones and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then, when the first snow lay in the upper hills and the fine ice was making in the smallest lakes, came one more man to live in that city; and he was a stranger and a diplomat. He was a diplomat by instinct and training and profession, and even by birth, if diplomats are born, for his grandfather, who was an earl, had been a diplomat before him. But, unless something like the great earthquake at Messina occurred when he was not present, there was no more chance for his being an earl than there is for you or me. He was what is called, I believe, an agent of the Foreign Office, and it was considered expedient that he should be stationed in that city for that winter. Why an agent of the Foreign Office should be stationed in a Canadian town might seem to need some explanation, but remember again that this is truth, and truth always needs so many explanations that it is better not to attempt them. His name was Trevor, —Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor in full,— and his face was as fresh as a baby's, or an Englishman's, can be. He had been brought up to live in the way Miss Dyer had had to invent for herself. His age could not have been over thirty, which is very young to be cast loose by the Foreign Office, and with his little shadow of a mustache he looked twenty-five. In actual, secret fact the Foreign Office did not consider him brilliant, but steady, extremely steady. In sweet innocence of expression his countenance was like the countenance of an unshorn lamb. Taken all in all, he was a most deceptive appearance. He brought one or two excellent letters and seemed anxious to please, so he was swept into the first families without reserve. Of

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course they knew nothing about the earl, or the Foreign Office, or anything of the sort, but they said they thought his people must have been very nice people, and judged that, as he did not seem to have much force, he was some sort of a remittance-man. So they decided that they would be nice to him, and perhaps, when he grew up, he would have some money and marry one of them.

Now, a man might reside for a long time in that city without so much as seeing Miss Dyer's face, but assuredly no man with his freedom and hearing might be present forty-eight hours without having heard Miss Dyer's name.

Within the first day Mr. Trevor heard it twice rather obscurely, as a traveler from a far land might hear the name of a sacred elephant or an enchanted princess; and in the second day he heard it several times in a way that should have been gratifying to Miss Dyer. Even his Foreign-Office-discouraged curiosity was affected for the time. Then he forgot all about it until two days later, when he was seated in the round-bayed end of a long drawing-room with many young ladies and a few young gentlemen, drinking tea. Here something called it up, and, chatting facetiously with two young ladies, and with his mind freed from all evil, he chirped in a half-lull:

"By the way, who is Miss Marjorie Dyer?"

He did not say this very loudly, but all other sounds died down and the tea seemed to freeze in the cups. In two seconds his life-training stepped in, and he was gravely chasing a piece of frosted fruit-cake across a Wilton carpet, and in twenty seconds, by a circuitous method, he had convinced them that he laid so little stress on the question that he had forgotten about it. But this made no difference. The young gentlemen were as silent as lost tombs, and the young ladies wished to explain, and they did, through forty minutes; and when they had finished, Mr. Trevor said to himself: "Either these people are most ingenious and consistent liars, which I doubt, or here at last is one of the wonders of the world. How she can do it in so small a town I cannot quite see; but this is a great world full of mystery—and she does not seem to be what you could call popular. Anyway, I should like to see her very much." But he did not for two weeks.

His official duties occupied about ten minutes in each day, and in the rest of the time he fraternized largely with two Marconi men, so as to be a normal Englishman, and walked in the hills as only an Englishman will. At the end of the two weeks, at a band night at the rink, Miss Dyer, in a maroon cloth suit and mink toque and stole, backward, and on the left outside edge, skated into his arms and had to be picked up. She was so sorry. He solemnly asked for an introduction and solemnly got it, but there seemed to be a substratum of levity in the atmosphere. The next band was theirs beyond question. Miss Dyer's eyes were sparkling.

"Would it hurt your sense of fitness to drop that distinguished expression this early?" she inquired in the middle of the first round. Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor laughed outright.

"In what?"

"Life," she flashed. "I skated into you on purpose."

"I know," he said.

"That is why I told you. I heard of you, and I thought it just as well to be direct." Following which she meditated aloud: "An Englishman in Canada, with no Cockney accent and no provincialisms, and not just being on the verge of making a plan to do something very special. So he came here as a winter resort, with the London labels outside all the other labels on his baggage, and he had been staying at Claridge's, as the prospective exile always does. Is n't 'prospective exile' good for me? No, don't be frightened; I did n't ask anybody. I never ask anybody anything I don't know. I saw it all with my own innocent eyes, by the merest accident. It 's my abused star that looks after those things. I was standing quite close to you at the station when you came, and heard you say 'Railleh!'—you do it much better than I do,—so I went at once and looked at your baggage—the only baggage that looked like you, all leather and brass and labels. I always do things so directly that nobody ever suspects me. I 'll whisper: *I* think you 're a sort of mystery." Mr. Trevor's face showed no sign of being frightened, and his smile glowed with interest and a desire to follow; but his inmost soul was troubled, for this was an

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uncanny performance, most especially for one who should not have known the difference between Claridge's and the Star and Garter. However, he scored his first point, for Miss Dyer minutely studied that bland countenance, and, finding nothing to interpret, gave him full credit for being clever to the point of great excitement, and deftly changed the subject. That was Miss Dyer's mistake; but steadiness sometimes passes for cleverness and nobody ever knows.

Could he waltz?

He had not lavished ten guineas a season on Prince's for nothing, and he could, extravagantly so. And they waltzed, and Mr. Trevor remembers that waltz to this day. It was the beginning of the trouble. It was calculated to be.

Waltzing on a floor is a tentative business beside waltzing on skates. A man may throw his strength into it, and the more strength, the more superb the swing. You are heaved precariously backward along an unseen curve in the universe that is created for your support, and when this comes to its extreme and delicately balanced end, you are drawn into another curve forward that brings you back mysteriously to the place whence you were launched. The theory is wonderful and improbable, and that it should work out in practice is much more wonderful and improbable than the theory. But it does, and you are convinced that you did it. Hence the enthusiasm. And besides, there is a helpless girl traveling that same critical pathway for you to guide and protect, —this is also part of the theory,—so you may even become inspired, and add the energy that inspiration gives, until the energy and the inspiration and the reaction and the music become thoroughly blended, and you hold the entire world loosely within your grasp, assured that it is yours. The attainment of this height depends on whether you are an expert and whether it is the proper girl.

In this case Mr. Trevor found that this girl had the poise of a planet and that her muscles were as nearly living steel as he conceived that a woman's might be. She was a little more self-reliant and unwavering and stronger on her skates than he, and there was a clean precision about her changes of edge that was impressive to the point of exhilaration. So he waltzed clear out of his trained restraint and into an ineffable odor: he was outrageously crushing a large bunch of violets. Her breath on his right cheek sunk half the silly world, and the next breath, being taken deeply, sunk the rest. One little wisp of hair persistently blew back until its silky trail across his lips made the wheeling lights overhead tremble in their orbits. So the music slowed and stopped, and that waltz was finished.

"Oh!" breathed Miss Dyer, letting herself down in one deep sigh, "I wonder why so many people are born into this world!" The accent wavered along somewhere between "wonder" and "why" and "this," and the inference was highly adjustable. The diplomat came painfully back and was silently and appropriately puzzled through a suspiring half minute. "Wow!" he said irreverently to himself at its close. But Miss Dyer was speaking in an unimpeachable voice.

"Have you ever heard of the cynosure of three hundred eyes?"

"I have," he said, "something of that sort. Why, particularly?"

"You 're it," she informed. "You 've waltzed yourself into peerless repute. If you never knew your own importance, turn round,"—She stopped him with a falling hand,—"when you think it would be properly advisable, and gaze at the giggling gargoyles that decorate the upper millstone in this —— mill. I can't stay very long in the air without overheating my engine and stopping; but you know what I mean. Their eyes are turned this way, and their leaping hearts are still. Socially you are dead, and your memory is dying—or it will be unless from this moment you are very good. They may overlook this once, owing to your youth, and call it an error in judgment. I think they will this time, because they will get a singular fit of charity,—I won't tell you why,—and say you may not have been altogether to blame. Now, having been properly warned, go away and prepare to live happily ever after." Miss Dyer was smiling an alluring and all-concealing smile. "And—thank you for the waltz. It was one of the very best I ever had; perhaps the best—in—my—life. Good-by. This is Kismet, and common sense."

Mr. Trevor regarded her with great gravity as he spoke.

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"I 'm moderately stupid, but don't be crude—I mean crude enough to make me —have to pretend—to think for one second that you believe—that I could be tempted to depart—into outer darkness for any reasonable reason whatever—not alone for the sacred sake of my glittering status in this metropolis."

"Please," she said—"please, you forgive me this once, and I never will again. I only wanted to do my duty and properly warn—"

"Which, now, having done, your spirit is at rest. I am warned, and my life is in my own hands. Now be practical. Do you think I shall be permitted to have the chance of risking it—or whatever it is y' do risk?" Miss Dyer stood solemnly erect, and made a grave and ponderous quotation:

"What power may stop the man who has set his mind upon a worthy end! I am a profound believer in the efficacy of individual prayer—and effort. What that means in English is, You never can tell till you try."

"Madam," said Mr. Trevor, "that is not good enough. If that is your best, I shall have to try to hold myself in check." There was a sad sub-tone here that was convincing to deep intuition. "I try never to go into real competition in anything. I have made it my life's labor to be so efficient in action that there will be no call for substitutes; *but* imitation competition of any sort in the world I don't mind a bit, so long as I really know—" Here there was a considerable pause—"Now," he said slowly, "please be frank. Please trust one human being for one time on earth, and I solemnly promise I 'll try to deserve the trust. What is absolutely the best you have to offer?" Miss Dyer gasped.

"Well—of all the brazen impertinence that was ever—oh, I think that it is the most sublime nerve—and inside of twenty minutes! Now, if I had a small enough mind, my proper answer would be the majestic and traditional thing, and I 'd stand up regally and tell you to go and hold yourself in check, then. But I have n't, thank God! I think I know impudence fresh from heaven when I see it. It 's your courage that saves you—"

"It 's our courage that always does," Mr. Trevor interrupted with the voice of a sermon. "But tell me, now, and I promise I 'll try to deserve it."

"Don't you worry about deserving it. People with as much courage as that deserve ever so many things. It 's the rarest gift, I think. Here 's your concession—you don't know what a big one it is. The best I have to offer is curiosity."

"How much?" This in the mechanical singsong of the huckster.

"Oceans of it; more than I should like to tell you." Her gloved hands spread suggestively apart.

"More than—let 's say ever before within the same time? Remember, I promise to try and deserve even this." She studied a maroon-strapped watch with one eyebrow finely arched, and pondered.

"Twenty-two minutes. Yes, but in earnest—very much more than ever within the same time. There, I won't say one more word, because I might be making myself ridiculous."

"That is quite good enough. I wonder if it happens to be true." This last was intoned to the roof.

"Do you never tell anything but the truth?"

"Never," he said. "It might be worth noting that as you pass. You see, it is n't necessary."

"Nothing but the truth," she commented, "and very little of that. What a tremendous lot you must leave untold!"

"Quite so. It 's much the better way, is n't it! But, to be practical once more, when am I to see you again?"

" 'The actual change from the quiet preparation of convent life to the intricate problems of the practical world always comes to the young girl with more or less shock,' " quoted Miss Dyer. Mr. Trevor stared.

"What on earth have you been reading?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know. All I ever remember are nice apposite quotations. Is n't 'apposite' a bully word! Oh, what was the question?" with a puckered forehead and a rising inflection. "Oh, yes: when were you to see me again?" This seemed to call once more for deep thought. Then she laughed. "You 're quite sure you want to?" Mr. Trevor was offendedly silent. "Well, then, you 're quite sure you 're willing to take the responsibility without consulting your godfather and

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godmother?" Mr. Trevor took the responsibility freely. "All right," she said; "you 've done it all yourself. Can you drive a horse?" Mr. Trevor swallowed this insult with a boyish grin and a nod. "Then, see!" She swept the nearest members of the nearest groups with casual, radiant eyes, and the subversive drawl was at its best: "You realize, because the surroundings are so little and so complicated, that the principle of official secrecy must be strictly maintained,"—Here Mr. Trevor nearly jumped, for "the principle of official secrecy" was the pet phrase of his chief; but Miss Dyer was proceeding,—"so, I think the best thing for you to do would be to take a horse and a sleigh and go to the north side of Pember Square—that is the dark side—to-morrow evening at eight o'clock to the second."

"Snow, sleet, hail, or—"

"Fire," she finished. "And bring quantities of rugs—extra rugs. I 'm sure we 'll find use for them all." Mr. Trevor paused long enough to be sure that his voice was freed from all emotion.

"And what sort of horse does Your Excellency prefer?"

Miss Dyer turned her unwavering eyes on his, and pure glory shown round about.

"I always think there are different sorts of horses for different times of day," she began.

"And for night?"

"For night—you see, it is dark, and I think a horse that is to travel in the dark should be an intelligent horse, don't you? The sort of horse that could find his way home from miles and miles away, if he had to, through any accident. From the north side of Pember Square this town is disgracefully lighted all the way out into the blessed country." She fled, and he saw her disappear through an outer door, where two men stood darkly on guard, like the Angels of the Gate, and closed in, shoulder to shoulder, behind her as she went.

This was the full initiation and introduction of Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor. In the light of his life-training it may seem a bit hurried, but for it to seem quite within reason you would have to see and talk to Miss Dyer. He skated and waltzed most normally through the rest of that evening, making a thoughtful point of being unaware that he was regarded in a new and important light by the élite, until he quite convinced them that nothing had happened, and he was restored to favor softly, so that he might not notice he had been out, though they seemed a little worried. At the same time, in his slack moments, he was saying to himself "twenty-one," "the principle of official secrecy," and some other things. He went to his room, which was in a hotel called the Trent, and he duly prepared to go to bed.

"This," he said, "is the blazing exception that proves the truth of all natural laws—one of the wonders of the world, without doubt." He searched his London methodically, but could think of no such example of armored sophistication. "But that," he said, "is not the point. It is the other thing—the largely unattainable. The best test of it is this: I can think of no situation I ever knew where I would n't trust her to look after herself—and me, if she owned me—and be a woman. Such a pyramidal balance I never saw; which goes to show that underneath all this other stuff her heart is clean." (When you come to think of it, that test is a good test.) He looked out across the lighted snow. "It 's a burning shame," he said. "I wonder—" But here he stayed. You cannot learn everything at one time. And he was not nearly so cold-blooded as this sounds, which is easily proved. Thus, he went to bed and curiously he went to sleep; but at three o'clock in the morning he woke up, stark awake, and seeing no prospect of going to sleep again, got up and bathed and dressed, not casually, but most carefully, and went to work, writing unimportant letters, because they were the only sort he could write. (That was Miss Dyer in full reaction.) A little after gray dawn, passing a full-length mirror, he looked in, said, "Silly ass!" and went on, and after a very early breakfast he went out into the snow-clad back country and walked eighteen unsuspected miles. Altogether it was a pretty notable disturbance for the time it took.

Then, in mid-afternoon, he went to a livery stable and selected, with minute care, a sleigh and one horse, roan, with a peaceful eye and a lovely testimonial, and even a harness, and also four luxurious robes, which he ordered to be installed in a prescribed way. He searched the livery-

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man's eye, but that person was advanced in years and knew his business. And within one minute of eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor, blending the steam of his breath with the steam of the roan's, sprayed open one unbroken drift in the mouth of a side street and wheeled, largely on one runner, into the north side of Pember Square. For he was human and he was young, and his imagination was keen, and his heart was big within him, and the bells sang songs.

And Miss Dyer was not there; nor did she come there. The spaces under the stars where she might have been lay as empty as the Barren Grounds. In the following twenty minutes several people passed that way, but none of them resembled Miss Dyer in the least, and at the end of half an hour Mr. Trevor went away, and drove by himself for the sake of driving. But beyond a street light he met one sleigh carrying two people and moving at high speed. As they passed, the lady held a muff to her face, as though she was shielding it from the cold, so that he could only see her eyes, and he imagined —but that was doubtless imagination.

So, being human and being young, Mr. Trevor was very much disappointed, but his training came to his rescue sooner than most men's would, because it was a habit, and his heart was not hardened, and he laughed to himself, and at himself, and waited. Herein resideth a mighty power. If you are able to laugh with yourself and at yourself at certain times, you have a better piece of armor than any cuirass ever forged; but if you are able to wait without bitterness, you can dissolve away the diamond teeth of oppressive gods. Mr. Trevor knew that a woman always has a reason for doing everything, though no one would suspect it, and he was sure that if he waited long enough he would find out. He always trusted that he might have mental capacity enough to master the complications when he did. He had a simple theory that in this and in certain other respects women and governments were exactly alike, and unlike anything else on earth. It worked something like this: If you wanted anything very special from either of them, and were impolitely rebuked, and stood on your dignity, you might continue to stand on your dignity, as they hoped you would, until you had nothing else to stand on; but if you trampled on your dignity, and accepted the rebuke with cheerfulness, and were generally irritating, and said, "Quite so; but—" and reverted to the original subject once more, and so forth, forever, that in the end you might attain to the place where you desired to be, and the dignity you gained would be greater than the dignity you lost—only you must never show it, for the sake of peace. So, applying this theory, and without attempting to understand anything, thereby showing essential wisdom, Mr. Trevor went to his rooms that night and said, "Now we begin." Perhaps this is what Miss Dyer intended him to say. But this time, curiously again, he went to sleep at once, and he did not wake up until the proper time next morning; which would seem to show that he had some sort of a feeling of security in his heart.

Then, with the morning mail, came a letter, dated the day before and of course postmarked to match. Its form and formalism were beyond reproach on earth; it was brief and straight-worded, as sincere and as kindly as the southwest wind. It was a clever letter. She was so sorry that something had come up that would prevent her going. She was keenly disappointed, as she had so much enjoyed their talk of the night before. If, however, he were able to come to-morrow night instead, she would try not to fail. That is, it was clever in its artless inanity and mature restraint, and in the fact that, while it told nothing but the truth, it neglected entirely to tell the truth about the thing for which it was supposed to be written. But Mr. Trevor put it away in a pocket, and that evening, with the same horse and the same sleigh, and within one minute of eight o'clock, turned into the north side of Pember Square. And Miss Dyer was not there: nor did she come this time. So he went driving by himself again, and after feeling properly downcast for a few minutes, laughed uproariously in the midst of a belt of spruce, and hoped that nobody would hear. Mr. Trevor had been brought up to consider and love intricate games.

"Here is something worth living for," he said. "Think of those childlike eyes planning this out for me!" On the way home he said, "I wonder where she is to-

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"BACKWARD, AND ON THE LEFT OUTSIDE EDGE, SKATED INTO HIS ARMS"

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night," and he felt a wave of some sort sweep across his heart. It might be loneliness. Perhaps Miss Dyer intended it.

In the morning came another letter, dated and postmarked as before, and so sincere that he knew she had the priceless gift of meaning what she wrote while she was writing it. If he would come once more, she would try not to fail this time. Now strategy is confounded by faith.

So that evening also, with faith unabated, with horse and sleigh and robes all proper, and within one minute of eight o'clock, Mr. Trevor turned into the north side of Pember Square. And Miss Dyer was there.

(To be continued)

GROVER CLEVELAND: CONVERSATIONS—LETTERS[1]

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP—III

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

DEED, NOT RECORD

I HAVE spoken of Mr. Cleveland's refusing to worry about the record of his correspondence. This was characteristic of his whole attitude as to record. I have known many public men, and I never knew so pronounced an instance of absorption in deed and disregard of record. During his active life he was too intent upon the making of history to give any thought to recording it.

In the days of "records" and "claims," it was bracing to find a man who let the accomplishment pass from his hand without the slightest anxiety about its history. His theory of life was to do the best he could each day, and then to stop worrying about it—and not to worry at all about telling the story of it.

This trait was only one phase of an admirable absence of self-consciousness or taint of vanity. From my point of view, he carried his indifference too far, and I was rejoiced when, after his final retirement from office, his connection with Princeton University led to his preparation of the lectures which resulted in a volume entitled "Presidential Problems," in which four among his most important public acts are carefully narrated.

It can well be believed that he was frequently urged by intimates and others to make autobiographic notes. It was put to him by different interests in a way that would have been as little onerous as possible and very profitable, and sometimes he seemed to be on the point of yielding to importunity. For at times he realized, especially as a young family grew up about him, and when false statements appeared in books, that correctness of record was due to his descendants and to those who had trusted him. And sometimes it occurred to him that the story of his career might be an incentive to patriotic service. But the habit of his mind not to think of history, but of act, was too fixed, and he never reached the decision to write down the interesting and racy details with which his private conversation abounded. I am sorry for this, but I am reconciled to it, in admiration of his aversion to all forms of publicity and self-exploitation.

"PLAYING POLITICS"

ONCE, at Princeton, when talking about reminiscences, he said he hated to write anything of that sort in the first person. He thought that there were things in his life the telling of which would be of service to young men. He said: "The more I study my own career, there seems to me

[1] The letters by Mr. Cleveland are published with the permission of his executors.

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something that has had to do with it—call it Providence or what you will. This talk about the importance of 'playing politics' —look at the men who have played it. Have they got as far, after all, as I have?" He added that he believed profoundly in the effect of good early teachings and associations in the family. "You may not always live up to what you learn in this way, but the good influence always remains with you," he said.

After his retirement he wrote a good deal, from time to time, on fishing and hunting and on various timely public subjects. But he refused the offer of a salary from a New York periodical to write miscellaneous essays twice a month for one year. The price was not large, but he did not object to that, but to assuming an obligation to produce copy regularly. He thought the task difficult and incongruous.

The following letters refer to certain attempts to turn his attention to the record of his public life:

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
Nov 20, 1896

" . . . You are quite right. There are now three projects on foot to serve me up and help people to breast or dark meat, with or without stuffing. The one I have heard the most of, was, when I last got a sight of it, running towards Prof —— . . . I 've forgotten his name.

"I don't know in the shuffle what will become of me and my poor old battered name, but I think perhaps I ought to look after it a little.

"I shall probably avail myself of your kindness.

"Yours sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

"JOY'S FULL SOUL LIES IN THE DOING"

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"January 16, 1897

" . . . Of course you know what my desire would be in regard to biography &c. I have been so prodded by public duty for a number of years past that I have had no opportunity to look after the preservation of anything that might be useful in writing history. . . . 'Joy's full soul lies in the doing'[1] has perforce been the motto over my mantel.

"It is late to gather things, but I thank you for your hint and will as far as possible act upon it.

"I feel in this matter as I do in regard to my White House portrait. I am not anxious to have one on exhibition, but if it is insisted on I naturally would be glad to be represented in a way that would be recognizable. . . .

"Yours very sincerely
"Grover Cleveland"

MR. CLEVELAND FISHING FROM A FLOATING ISLAND IN OTIS RESERVOIR, AUGUST, 1901

"MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY WRITTEN ON THEIR HEARTS"

"Princeton Jan 28, 1905

" . . . You need not thank me, as you did in your last letter, for my co-operation with you in doing something that may cheer our old friend Mr. Moore. The

[1] "Troilus and Cressida."

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kindness and the thoughtfulness of it is all with you; and you were kind to me as well as kind to him, in permitting me to join you.

" . . . I want to thank you for your trouble in attempting to set Mr. —— right [referring to certain published historical mistakes concerning himself].

" . . . I honestly think my dear Gilder that there are things in my life and career that if set out, and *read* by the young men of our country, might be of benefit to a generation soon to have in their keeping the safety and the mission of our Nation; but I am not certain of this, for I am by no means sure that it would be in tune with the vaudeville that attracts our people and wins their applause. Somehow I don't want to appear wearing a fur coat in July.

"Mr. —— and all the forces about him have lately importuned me, in season and out of season, to write, say 12 autobiographical articles, offering what seems to me a large sum for them; but I have declined the proposition. I went so far (for I softened up a bit under the suggestion of duty and money) to inquire how something would do like talking to another person for publication; but that did not take at all. I don't really think I would have done even that, but the disapproval of merely a hint that the 'I' might to an extent be eliminated, made it seem to me more than ever, that the retention of everything that might attract the lovers of a 'snappy life' was considered important, by the would-be publisher.

"There is a circle of friends like you, who I hope will believe in me. I am happy in the conviction that they will continue in the faith whether an autobiography is written or not. I want my wife and children to love me now, and hereafter to proudly honor my memory. They will have my autobiography written on their hearts where every day they may turn the pages and read it. In these days what else is there that is worth while to a man nearly sixty-eight years old?

"Give my love to Mrs Gilder and believe me

"Yours faithfully
"Grover Cleveland"

CLEVELAND'S OWN ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF

ONE of the most interesting days I ever spent with Mr. Cleveland was the day of the dedication of the Grant monument. It was the 27th of April, 1897, in the month after his retirement, and at a time when he thought he had reason to feel disappointment at the lack of understanding and appreciation of his own public service. President McKinley was to make the address on the occasion, and Mr. Cleveland, who was just beginning his life in Princeton, had no duties to perform except to be present as a guest of the city. Having been designated by Mayor Strong to act as attendant upon the ex-President, I accompanied him in the parade, and witnessed the extraordinary reception tendered him by the people of the city along the line of the procession. The demonstration was, indeed, a revelation of the true feeling of the great masses of the people for the man. I could see that he was very deeply touched.

While we were alone at luncheon that day he talked in a tone of appreciation of his fellow-workers in his last administration. In speaking of Mr. Carlisle, he said he was perfectly sure of his disinterestedness. His very last speech, that of the 24th of April, he considered a new proof of this. He might have said to himself that the whirligig of time, that brings such strange things around, might bring something to him. Nevertheless, he was perfectly outspoken and frank. Carlisle might have said, "There is no necessity for me to add to my sound-money record." Mr. Cleveland said that he only wished the public could have been behind the scenes and have heard all their talks together.

Mr. Cleveland's mind had carried him back to the days of stress when the Secretary and the President were battling together, in the interest of sound money and other causes dear to the President's heart; and thereupon he gave utterance to the most memorable words of self-estimate I ever heard from his lips:

"We are just right for each other; he knows all I ought to know, *and I can bear all we have to bear.*"

CLEVELAND AND ROOSEVELT

THE relations between Cleveland and Roosevelt were of long standing. Mr. Cleveland was always very much interested in the younger man. They had met first in Albany, when Roosevelt was a

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND AND THEIR THREE CHILDREN, RUTH, ESTHER, AND MARION, AT GRAY GABLES

leading young Republican reformer in the Assembly, and Cleveland was the Democratic reform Governor. Mr. Cleveland told me that he coöperated with Mr. Roosevelt sometimes in the interest of good measures before the legislature. He spoke of having sent for the assemblyman to get him so to shape a good bill that the Governor would be able to sign it.

As time went on, the two men were again brought into friendly official relations, the younger as a member of the National Civil Service Commission at Washington, and the older as President of the United States. After Mr. Cleveland made such wide extensions of the merit system in the Civil Service, during his second term, I said to him at Gray Gables, "Procter [the President of the Board] is immensely pleased with what you have done." "Yes," Mr. Cleveland answered, with a good deal of feeling, "but I can't help wishing Roosevelt had been there." [1]

As Mr. Roosevelt's career opened up, Mr. Cleveland continued to be deeply interested in his activities and success. He said to me once: "Don't make any mistake; your friend Roosevelt is a good deal of a politician!" When the young politician was tragically plunged into the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland was deeply sympathetic. Mr. Roosevelt, during his first full day in the White House,—that is, the day after his arrival there,—told me

[1] John R. Procter, that most attractive Kentuckian, was made President of the Commission by Mr. Cleveland while Mr. Roosevelt was a member, and largely through his influence.

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that the best word written to him, on his becoming President, was from a Western governor; and that the kindest word said to him was by ex-President Cleveland, right there in the White House, when he came down from Princeton to take part in the funeral exercises for President McKinley. To Mrs. Cleveland, soon afterward, Mr. Roosevelt said that Mr. Cleveland's hearty words of encouragement were as if a senior had patted a freshman on the shoulder, and assured him of his success.

AT THE NELLIGAN CAMP, OTIS RESERVOIR, MASSACHUSETTS. MR. CLEVELAND; JOHN R. PROCTER (IN DISTANCE)

The two men were of such different temperaments, and were so often opposed as to opinions and methods, that it would have been a miracle if they had always continued in accord, and if the political and other proceedings of the younger had always met with the approval of the elder.

A DINNER AT LAURENCE HUTTON'S—A REMARKABLE SCENE

On the night of President Woodrow Wilson's inauguration at Princeton, in 1902, Laurence Hutton gave a dinner at his house at which were present ex-President Cleveland, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, "Mark Twain," E. C. Benedict, Henry Harper, Colonel Harvey, young Mr. Armour, Mr. Samuel Elliott of New York, and myself. Mr. Cleveland sat at one end of the table, and Mr. Reed at the other. As we went out, there was every prospect of an amusing, story-telling evening. But as the evening went on and there was no general talk, I thought, Well, this is another case of too many lions—one kills the other. After a while, however, Mr. Elliott spoke up in a "general" voice, asking a serious question about the labor situation suggested by the violent acts of members of trades-unions in connection with the great coal strike. Then there began a conversation on the subject in which all but two or three took part. Mark Twain's talk was partly humorous extravagance and partly conviction; Reed's was mostly serious. In fact it was an illuminative discussion, some inclining to find reasons for the laborers, the others principally impressed by the outrages committed by them. Toward the end Mr. Benedict gave some interesting points in his own experience with workmen.

Finally, Mr. Hutton, prefacing with a statement that he was "a Cleveland-Reed Republicrat," declared that there was a trustee of Princeton University present, and as we had heard from Mr. Reed, he thought we ought now to hear from Mr. Cleveland. The ex-President and Trustee had made only a single remark, and that not important, during the debate. While it was going on he had sat most of the time silent and part of the time with drooped eyelids, a bit sleepy perhaps, and no one could tell whether or not he was interested in the give-and-take that was going on. When Hutton tried to call him out, no one knew whether or not he would care just then and there to give his views on this burning subject.

But quite suddenly Cleveland drew him-

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self up in his chair and began one of the most eloquent and impressive deliverances I have ever heard from him. I was reminded of his look at his second inauguration. His eyes glowed with emotion; his expression was most earnest. He spoke with the fire of intense conviction. He began by saying that he did not know whether he had "any standing at all" in a debate where some had hinted at a dark future for the American people, possibly a return to monarchy. "What," he said, "is to become of the influence of our universities, our churches, our better press, and of the good men scattered throughout our community! America has often been threatened, but the results, for instance, of the last Presidential election show that the people as a whole could not be deceived. In these labor troubles there are wrongs on both sides; but have we made no advances? Look at the situation at this very moment, when a Commission appointed by the President of the United States is sitting to decide the points at issue. Is not this a sign of progress? Let us wait. Do not let us despair. Let us see what will come of this commission. I cannot lose faith in the ultimate right action of the American people."

And more in this same strain. I could not help thinking this: the only man now living who has been *elected* to the Presidency of the Republic is moved before our eyes to the defense of what is, in a peculiar sense, "his own people."

The little assembly listened with the keenest attention and the most profound respect. A new and solemn mood fell upon every one. There was nothing more to be said. The party broke up, and every one went home under an impression of hopefulness as to the future of our country.

CLEVELAND'S FEELING ABOUT LINCOLN

MR. CLEVELAND'S feeling about Lincoln grew more definitely appreciative and admiring as time went on, and as he came more and more to understand Lincoln's character. It was not Mr. Cleveland's habit to adopt a popular opinion without question, and he had not read deeply in the Lincoln literature when he went to Washington. I remember a scene in the White House one day when the Lincoln and the Cleveland countenances were brought opposite one another in a singular manner. I had brought a bronze copy of the Volk life-mask of Lincoln to Washington in order to deposit it—for a committee—in the National Museum, and was staying at the White House. "You are sure this is genuine?" the President asked, as usual with him in all such matters. Being told the history of the mask, he took it in both hands and studied the face for a long time, intently and silently, and then gave it back to me without a word.

In September of 1906, at Mr. Cleveland's summer home at Tamworth, New Hampshire, I had a most interesting talk with the ex-President about Lincoln. I found that he cherished a number of stories about him which he had gathered at Washington. He repeated these stories to me with great relish, especially the incident of Chase's displeasure at Lincoln's reading and enjoyment of the comic writers of war-time. He delighted in Lincoln's declaration that his own enjoyment of jokes and humorous stories helped him to live through his troubles.

Mr. Cleveland got to talking about the genuineness of Lincoln's devotion to the country. The reason, said Mr. Cleveland, that Lincoln was able to do his work so successfully was because he was absolutely disinterested, absolutely patriotic; he had real patriotism.

MR. CLEVELAND ON LAKE MAY, NEAR TYRINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

He went on talking about Lincoln with

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increasing earnestness. He referred to the objections of the military authorities to his sympathetic attitude toward individual delinquents, and his frequent pardons. "Notwithstanding all that might be objectionable in these," said Cleveland, "what was he doing? *He was fortifying his own heart!* And that," said he, with intense feeling, "that was his strength, his own heart; *that* is a man's strength!"

'closeness' grows more valuable to me and somehow, more—more—sacredly enshrined in my passionate Americanism, with every year of my life. . . .

"Faithfully your friend

"Grover Cleveland"

"FORTIFYING HIS OWN HEART"

MR. CLEVELAND'S friends have any number of stories about his own kindhearted-

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

WOODLEY

This was Mr. Cleveland's country home in Washington, during his second administration. Mr. Cleveland rented it from the owner, Senator Francis Griffith Newlands. An addition has lately been made, to the east.

It is very gratifying to find a striking record of that increasing appreciation of Lincoln of which I have spoken in a letter written just six months before his death:

"MY PASSIONATE AMERICANISM"

"Princeton Dec 28, 1907

". . . I am delighted with the book you sent me as a Christmas gift—'Lincoln in the Telegraph Office,' and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. I have already read enough of it to be impressed with what it contains of a new *closeness* to a supremely great and good man. This

ness to both men and animals. When fishing, he limited the number of fish caught with a view to some reasonable use, and he killed his fish as soon as they were caught. When lying ill at Westland, he greatly enjoyed the singing of the birds in the early morning in the trees about the place, and was anxious that the cats should not be permitted to get at them. Once when he was living in New York I remember his worrying for days about a cat that he saw some boys chasing; he blamed himself for not getting out of the street car and defending the frightened animal. He was doubtless restrained from such chivalric

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descent upon the young hoodlums by reflection as to the crowd and the conspicuity that would have attended the rescue.

The Presidential family were amused by the frequently grotesque begging letters that poured in upon them. But the numbers of these applications, and the absurdity of many of them, did not by any means cause the President to disregard them all; he gave attention to some appeals, indeed, that might be thought to have little warrant. I remember the case of a youth who "had the nerve" to ask the President to assist him financially through college. The young man had no claim at all upon Mr. Cleveland, but there was something about the letter that interested him; so, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper basket, he made careful inquiries and actually granted the request.

I found out that, at Marion, he had lent a neighbor some seven hundred dollars for what seemed a reasonable seafaring venture, nearly all of which sum was lost. I do not know how many "old farm," and other small real estate "investments" of his were made simply for the purpose of helping out some unfortunate owner, sometimes an entire stranger to the purchaser. It would be easy to multiply instances of this sort, but I will mention only one more case that I learned about only after his death. A lawyer friend told me about it at the time of the funeral—how, not a great while before, Mr. Cleveland sent for him and confessed that he had "made a fool of himself again," and wanted to be helped out of the scrape. In other words, he had gone security for a perfect stranger,—to the extent of some five thousand dollars,—in a case where he thought the man had been unjustly treated, though his beneficiary was a kind of man for whom Mr. Cleveland really could have little sympathy. Surely, all through his life Mr. Cleveland was "fortifying his own heart" with acts of kindness. No wonder he understood so well that trait in Lincoln.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE EX-PRESIDENT —THE SPANISH WAR

THERE follow records of some of the writer's many conversations with Mr. Cleveland during the last ten years of his life:

Indian Harbor. Summer of 1898.—"Spent the night at the Benedicts with the Clevelands, on their way to Gray Gables, just after Mr. Cleveland's Lawrenceville address. I was somewhat surprised during the evening that I could not get him to say much about the war with Spain. But later he came up to my bedroom and settled down for a good talk. I never saw him in a more solemn mood. He spoke like a prophet, with a burden of warning upon him. It made me feel that, even if one did not see everything exactly in the same light, if a man like him felt as he felt, with such a passion of earnestness, the views themselves had a tremendous importance. He deplored the war-fury—said that it was amazing to see that the same clergy that, a little while ago, were calling for peace and arbitration and the confirmation of the arbitration treaty, were now for war, for 'killing everybody.' He was afraid the country would gain a reputation for hypocrisy in the way the war was brought on."

Gray Gables. September, 1898.—"I asked whether it were true that he declared when President he would not send a ship to Havana—'to be blown up.' He said that story must have originated in Secretary Herbert's saying that a single vessel, if sent there, might be blown out of water by the guns of the fortifications; and that if any were sent, in a case of necessity, it would be better to be prepared to send more than one. As a fact, vessels were placed in near American ports to be used not for war purposes, but for the quick protection of American interests in Cuba.

"I told him that General Stewart L. Woodford told me at the Tolstoi dinner, a few nights before that, if it had not been for Congress, the administration, with himself as ambassador, could by this time have gained all that we now have, except the Philippines, without firing a shot or losing a single life. Mr. Cleveland said he thought this was true, and that he feared that in the historical record the declaration of war, occurring as it did in the midst of such great concessions on the part of Spain, would not redound altogether to the credit of our country. He said that when he saw that certain senators had called on President McKinley and had come away with the assurance satisfactory to them, to the effect that if

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something was not done in a week he would hand the matter over to them—he felt that all was up. He said that the final Spanish concession as to the *reconcentrados* took away our humanitarian grounds of interference—their appropriation for relief and invitation to us to assist in the relief measures.

"The attack upon the enemy's fleet by Dewey was, he said, of course perfectly right and proper, but after that, Dewey should have been ordered to join the blockading squadron. He looked with alarm at the acquisition of island territory, and thought that Harmon's view as to the unconstitutionality of the proceeding was important. He said that the trouble would be increased by the fact that these island populations had no traditional ties whatever in relation to either our government or country. He thought it amazing that we should be reversing our system as to military armaments, while the Czar of Russia himself was calling for peace and disarmament.

"He spoke with much earnestness of Bayard, whom he believed to be dying. He said that patriotism was the very principle of his life. He had been somewhat disappointed at his attitude concerning the Venezuelan affair, especially as Bayard himself had had something to do with it when Secretary of State, and he had written to him ('from this very room'), telling him what they were going to do. He finally took the matter from Ambassador Bayard's hands and dealt through Pauncefote. But all this, he said, made no difference in his feeling for Bayard. They, by tacit consent, never discussed the subject. He became eloquent in praising Bayard's devotion to country.

"He said that the arbitration treaty was the direct outgrowth of the Venezuelan message. He thought that Pauncefote first suggested it, right on the heels of the other matter. Cleveland thought the failure of the treaty a wicked thing."

[Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, Mr. Thurber, told me that when Mr. Cleveland showed him the Venezuelan Message, he, the secretary, remarked that it was pretty strong, or words to that effect. Whereupon Mr. Cleveland put his hand on Mr. Thurber's shoulder and said: "Thurber, this does not mean war; *it means arbitration.*" It should be remembered that the President really obtained delay by that message, forestalling any possibly rash act by Congress, and postponing action till a commission should be appointed and report.]

"In talking about the Senate, I asked him if the country would not be better governed if the functions of confirmation were limited. He thought so decidedly, and spoke of having signed a bill when Governor taking away the right of confirmation of nominations from aldermanic boards. His signature was accompanied by a message.

CABINET APPOINTMENTS

"He said there was little excuse for a very bad cabinet appointment, for a cabinet officer was a member of the President's family, so to speak; and it was generally understood that it was indelicate for candidates to be too strenuously pushed upon the Executive. He said he had had very little trouble in this particular. In this connection he went over the Garland matter, and gave me in detail his reasons for not believing Garland guilty of any actual impropriety whatever. In the circumstances it would have been grossly unjust, he thought, for him to have asked for his resignation."

CUBA AGAIN—CIVIL SERVICE REFORM—CAN NEVER SATISFY SPOILSMEN

Princeton, Tyringham, and Gray Gables, 1899.—"Some people, he said, said to him that if he had remained President, there would have been no war with Spain. He thought this was not quite fair, as we did not know just what had gone on below the surface. He deprecated the war, though, and especially the Philippine fighting.

"With regard to the civil service, politicians used to come to him after he was elected and urge him to disregard the pledges of the party and his own personal pledges in this regard. He would say to them: 'There it is in the platform, and I have given my word. I would no more lie to the American public than to you.'

"He added: 'If a President yields to the demands of the spoilsmen, he can never satisfy them. As between satisfying them and seeing this great Government well ad-

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ministered, there ought to be no choice—and civil-service reform above all things is a relief to the Executive and a good thing in itself.'

"In making his final extensions, he was, he said, guided by the opinion of those who were administering details. If any of them recommended extensions with a view of protecting incumbents, they forgot how freely removals could be made."

PUTTING DOWN THE PRESIDENTIAL FOOT

Westland, Princeton, Saturday to Tuesday—in 1899.—"Sunday night I brought Professor Woodrow Wilson down to the house, wanting to have him talk with the President on the subject Wilson is thinking and writing about,—namely, high politics,—and the relation of statesmanship to practical partizanship, etc. The professor wants to arrive at a working theory—to set forth considerations which will make it easier for men of conscience to remain in touch with the machinery of party. Mr. Cleveland said that it was sometimes perplexing to draw the line; to know how far one could go in yielding to the views of others. (He said to me once, referring to a contribution he had made to the campaign fund of 1892, that he had to oppose the politicians so often that he was always glad when there was anything he could conscientiously do that would please them.)

"After Professor Wilson went, Cleveland entered into details as to the relations of the President to the question of partizan appointments. He spoke of a certain large city where he had appointed a good postmaster. The question was on the assistant postmaster. A tremendous effort was made to have him appoint the local Democratic boss, the kind of boss, as he believed, who represented the most venal elements in both of the great parties. They sent on a delegation consisting of the postmaster himself, and some men who were classed as the President's friends. The ex-governor of the State, also a political friend, came, and either in that or another conversation alone pressed the appointment upon him very hard. The President told him he was surprised that the ex-governor would give in to such a request; the answer was that the candidate had played so fair in the election, had done so well, that although there had been no promises, they felt it was only just to recognize his services; a good thing for the party, etc.

" 'When the delegation had finished speaking, I looked out of the window a while, then said: "Gentlemen: Blank Blank will never in any circumstances be appointed assistant postmaster of Blank." Then I looked out of the window again.'

"In his talk with the ex-governor, after expressing his surprise, he said that he did not know whether he could stand up against the opinion of *all* his friends out there; one level-headed man especially he would like to hear from. In a few days he *did* hear from him, and he was confirmed in his opinion of the unfitness of the candidate." (In this case the appointment was in the hands of the postmaster, as I understand, but the President could have called for his resignation if he had done anything of which he disapproved.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900

Gray Gables, Saturday, September 22, 1900, till Monday.—"Long talks about the campaign in progress. Constant attempts are being made to force an expression of opinion that would assist Bryan. These will be unsuccessful. He said he had written about four confidential letters; read one of the most explicit to me. He said there are *three* horns to this dilemma; McKinleyism, Bryanism, and the Bryanization of the Democratic Party. As a Democrat he thought this last as great an evil as any; he cannot think that the party will keep on its present road; believes the time will come when it will turn against its present leaders, who have led it astray, away from sound Democratic principles. The papers had hinted that he had seen Olney's letter in favor of Bryan, that it was talked over, and, as it were, agreed upon before issuing; and that it was likely that Cleveland would himself come out before the election in a somewhat similar strain. He said that it was untrue; he had only seen Olney once this summer.

"I asked him about his relations with Bryan. I said, 'You were making a fight for good government—irrespective of any political doctrine or program—did you feel that Bryan was one of the men in Congress whom you could count on in that fight?' He answered, 'Not the slight-

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est; I remember his coming to me to get men into office, whom I generally found to be Populists. I did n't look upon him as a genuine Democrat.' "

TAXING COMBINATIONS, ETC.

Tyringham, July 11, 1901.—"Mr. Cleveland was in one of his talkative moods tonight, telling first about the applications for loans, etc., received day by day in the belief that he had made three or four hundred thousand dollars in the recent Wall Street turn-over. To-day one man wanted to borrow the handy sum of $25,000 (without security except a chattel mortgage), to assist him in the oyster business. Mr. Cleveland looked upon this request as an instance of the struggle to make large fortunes. He thought the rich were rather reckless in their goings-on, especially as to the effect upon the minds of poor men. The poor man heard constantly about combinations involving billions even, and bringing millions to a few. He said lots of people were getting rich, but he did not see that the poor were getting into so much better condition. I said that probably it could be proved that the poor were better off, but that that was no consolation to those who were suffering. (Mrs. Cleveland here remarked that the poor did not care anything about comparisons as to present and former conditions.)

"Bryanism he considered as a sort of disease in the body politic. What he dreaded was the coming of an abler man than Bryan, who might take advantage of the situation and produce a frightful condition of affairs. He said that the recent Democratic Convention in Ohio might be the harbinger of better days in the political world; that Bryan cut no figure there, and the gold men were encouraged. Speaking of the resolution about taxing certain combinations and about publicity, carried by Tom Johnson's influence, he said: 'I don't know but what it 's right.' He went on speaking about the doings of certain corporations having public franchises,—their bribery of legislators charged as attorneys' fees,—and referred to a passage in one of his messages as Governor, to which he was inspired by the English auditing law, as brought to his attention by Dorsheimer."

"I 'D VOTE FOR DAT MAN"

Tyringham, July 13, 1901.—"Fishing on Lake May. Mr. Cleveland got to telling anecdotes. He was fishing at a place on the Potomac where both armies, during the Civil War, had passed and repassed. 'The man there made me think of a pirate. During the war he would be asked by Confederate soldiers for whisky; he would say he did n't sell it, but if they would go up that path and dig in such and such a place, they might find a flask that had been buried. The same game would be played on the Federal troops. Once he had accumulated $150 in gold, and the Confederates found out about it and cleaned him out. There was a darky there that was nearer to an animal than any human being he had ever seen. His speech was hardly human. Some one asked him how old he was, and if he was a voter. He said he did n't know how old he was, but he always voted. It was during the campaign of 1888, and he was asked who were the candidates; he did n't know, but guessed he 'd find out on election day.' Some one pointed out the President, and asked him if he would vote for him if he ran. He looked at him sharply, and answered with a chuckle: 'Oh, yes, I 'd vote for dat man, if he ran.' Cleveland went on to tell about the way that colored men in the South, no matter how faithful to their old masters and employers, would always vote against them, no matter what the colored men were promised. They would die for their white friends, but not vote with them.

"He said that when he first ran for the Presidency some of the negroes were very much alarmed, the rumor having spread that if he were elected they would be put back into slavery. He heard that some of them flocked to their former masters, with the feeling that if they were to be enslaved they would rather pick their masters, and go back to the old places. He felt compelled upon this to issue a statement saying how absurd the idea was.

MR. SHERMAN AND THE CUBANS—WAS THE WAR JUSTIFIED?

"He told about the visit to him of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs concerning the Cuban situation. Mr. Sher-

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man was a member of the Committee. They wanted to know all he could tell them as to the condition. He said that one thing troubled the Executive department very much in their conduct of affairs with Cuba, and that was the things that were said in Congress, for of course they might as well be said direct to the Spanish government. The gentlemen seemed opposed to annexation. Either then or at some other time the question arose as to whether Cuba would be less troublesome to us if, perhaps, connected with Mexico. As to annexation, the President turned to Mr. Sherman and said: 'I see you are of your old opinion about Cuba.' 'What is that?' said Mr. Sherman. 'You had just visited the island,' said Mr. Cleveland, 'and you expressed to me your very strong opposition, as the result of your observation, to its annexation to the United States; you said the country was all right, but you did n't want the people.'

"Mr. Cleveland spoke of the pressure brought upon his second administration by Congress about Cuba, which pressure was resisted by the Administration. He said the other day, apropos of an editorial on certain despatches connected with the Cuban matter recently given to the public, that the editor said what he himself had said at the time, that there seemed to be really no justification for the attack upon Spain, as she was step by step meeting all the demands we made to her with relation to Cuba."

A DREAM

Tyringham, July 21, 1901.—"Mr. Cleveland told of a dream he had just had: that, 'without any preliminaries,' he was walking up-stairs and through the hall and offices of the White House to his desk there once more. He saw the different old clerks at their desks, and thought to himself, 'Well, this is queer, that I should be taking this thing up again.' When he got to the inner office, 'There was Thurber [his last private secretary] dancing a war-dance!'

"He seemed never to have had this dream before. I told him afterward that I constantly went back in my dreams to former employments, and asked him if he ever did this, and he said no. He also said that he never dreamed of what he actually was thinking about, evidently meaning that he was *not* thinking about going back to the White House."

Westland, Sunday, December, 1901.—"I stopped at Princeton on the way from Bordentown to New York. Found Mr. Cleveland still in bed, and somewhat weak after his attack of pneumonia. I spent some time with him in the evening, and again in the morning before taking the train. His lung trouble was a thing of the past, except in its effects. He was being troubled a bit with what was now, he said, promoted to be rheumatic gout, having formerly been called simple rheumatism. He said he supposed his somewhat weak condition exposed him to it, but that it had not taken hold very viciously. His complexion was good, and he seemed bright and cheerful; evidently was doing a good deal of book-reading. He seemed a shorn Samson, a giant lying helpless, reduced to the gentle ministries of the sick-room.

"He had noticed the death of an old Buffalo acquaintance, and he ran through his career for us. The event reminded him of his intimate association with this man in about the year 1856; they were thrown together a good deal, and both at that time made choice as to their respective national politics. His friend became a Republican, and he chose the Democratic party because it seemed to him to represent greater solidity and conservatism. He was, he said, repelled by the Frémont candidacy, which struck him as having a good deal of fuss and feathers about it. This seemed to me very characteristic."

THE PANAMA AFFAIR—A MESSAGE TO THE PRESIDENT

New York, February, 1904.—"Mr. Cleveland called in the afternoon on the way from Princeton after the Whitney funeral. Talked about the Panama Canal matter and the Philippines. He said to Root, whom he met at the funeral, that he did not want to talk about it, but just to send word to President Roosevelt that he wished he would do something for Colombia. Cleveland said to me that he hoped the President would do this. 'I would feel better,' he said, 'as a citizen; and you can tell how others feel by the way you feel yourself. Of course this

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would not undo any wrong that might have been done, but it would make us feel better.' It struck me as exceptional, and as a mark of Cleveland's simplicity and largeness of nature, that at the pressing moment, when his party was seeking for issues and trying to discredit President Roosevelt, his thought was not on partizan advantage, but on the honor of the country. Instead of cherishing his suggestion as a partizan asset, he wants the right thing done, and done at once. I asked him if the politicians were bothering him just now (about the nomination, I meant), and he said: 'Not much.'"

THE GREATEST GRIEF OF HIS LAST ADMINISTRATION

Westland, sometime after Roosevelt's election.—"Mr. Cleveland talked about the arbitration treaties which the Senate had amended, and the Senate in general. He said that even if the Senate believed it necessary to make some change, it should have been done in a more gracious way. He referred to the failure of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty in his second term as the greatest failure and grief of that administration. He spoke of the details of its framing; at first there were references apparently up to everybody except God, but that feature was modified. As finally formed, the treaty should have passed; he was deeply moved in talking about it.

"I said that nevertheless it was looked upon as the beginning of the new movement for arbitration, and his efforts for it were appreciated historically; and as for actually passing it, see even Roosevelt's difficulty, with his great majority and prestige.

CORTELYOU

"I TOLD him I had seen Cortelyou since the election, and that he told me he had read Mr. Cleveland's letter about him and had been very much touched by it. That his idea in going in as Chairman was to try to make things better, and that the first thing he had done was to go over the "literature" of the campaign committee and see that there were no reflections on Mr. Cleveland. He thought Mr. Cleveland should have known that it was his object to improve methods.

"Mr. Cleveland was interested, and said: 'Now, why was n't the matter put in that light before the public?'

"As to pledges by campaign committees, he said he had never been embarrassed by them in any of his campaigns. The only case of suspicion was one (which he mentioned) in his third Presidential campaign. He said possibly the manager had said something to one man about a foreign appointment, though he could never find out that it was so. But leaving that out, he said nothing done during a campaign by the managers ever embarrassed him."

"A CONSECRATION FROM THE PEOPLE"

Westland, 1901.—"I talked to him about the tremendous impression the scene of inauguration made upon me—I having been present at the time he took the oath the second time. He said that it seemed to him that a President on the occasion of his inauguration got a 'consecration from the people.'

"He was just recovering from a brief illness. He lay on his cot in his own little writing-room up-stairs, and talked about peace among the nations, of his own youth, and of the solemn moment of the Presidential oath, with great intensity and feeling."

GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS—"NOT ANOTHER CENT"

Time of Financial Panic.—"Talk with Grover Cleveland on ferry, Mrs. Cleveland and the trained nurse along. He was walking with a cane. He spoke of the dangers of the present system of government deposits in times of stringency. As the custom existed, in default of a better plan, he supposed they had to keep it up. In similar circumstances he had authorized Fairchild to deposit as far as twenty millions. When it got to fifty, he said to him: 'Not another cent.' He felt that when the Government might need the money and should have to withdraw it, the Government would be blamed for the withdrawal. He spoke with admiration of Morgan's quiet, masterly way of coming to the rescue in the present crisis. He said he did not see much of him at the time of the bond issue, in his Presidency, but that he had 'got a liking for him.' Mr. Cleveland was very sympathetic with the wage-earners, who would suffer in the hard times."

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THE BAIT STORY

Tamworth, September, 1906.—"Out with Mr. Cleveland looking over the site for a dam for a proposed little lake on the place, in sight of the house, and laying out lines for low, curving walls by the carriage drive. He wanted the drive ample, but not so wide as to look like a main road. He altered a curve somewhat after the stones had been laid. When appealed to, I said: 'If you see it wrong now, you will later; so you had better change it now.'

"Cleveland was once talking with Senator Voorhees about a renomination (for a second term), and took the ground that he was 'willing to sow and to let others reap.' 'Oh, no,' said Voorhees, 'you must reap as well as sow.' This in connection with the advance of opinion and practice in many ways on lines which he had advocated when President.

"He said some of the men who talked that way were really meeting to confer upon obtaining some other candidate.

"He told me the story of the old darky who risked his life when out fishing to save a small darky. He was asked whether the boy was his own. 'Oh, no, sah; he not my son.' 'Well, was he some relative, that you risked your life for him?' 'No, sah; he no relative; no, sah.' 'Then why did you plunge in in that reckless way and fetch him out?' 'Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait.'

TARIFF AND WARM WEATHER

"Cleveland fell into reminiscences about his second term. He thought that the Presidential term should be lengthened or that the prejudice against a third term should be removed. He repeated what he had said before—that at the beginning of the first term there was a long session of Congress, but the President was new, and did not know the ropes thoroughly—did not know upon whom he could rely. In the next long session Congressmen wanted to get away from Washington to 'look after their fences.' He said he could have got a decenter tariff bill through if Congressmen had been willing to stay in Washington as the warm weather came on. They could not be held; they would go back to their districts. W. L. Wilson himself was handicapped by the condition of his health. He went into detail as to conversations with Gorman. He tried to get hold of Brice and Gorman. Brice came, and while he talked pleasantly enough, being an interesting man, he would say nothing decisive about the bill, except that Gorman had gone out of town, it being Saturday, and that Cleveland had better write to Gorman and ask him to call. He hated to do so, would prefer a verbal message, but thinking he should omit no effort in behalf of the measure, he did write, asking him, if he happened to be in town Sunday, to call at any time convenient to him, or else on Monday morning as early as possible. He did call Monday morning. He asked him if he could not help the bill along. Gorman said that Senator Vilas's motion in caucus in favor of putting coal and iron on the free list might stand in the way of the passage of any bill at all. Cleveland said this was Vilas's own affair. Cleveland asked Gorman whether there would be much more talking. He said there would be. 'Do you expect to speak?' Yes, he thought he would have something to say. In fact, he *did* speak, and took strong ground against the Administration's position, accusing the President of action which would break up the Democratic party. Cleveland was told the points of the speech, there being much talk about it; but refrained from reading it. He denounced Gorman strongly for his action in crippling the bill. He thought it was outrageous conduct.

A CONFEDERATE IN THE CABINET

"He talked about Secretary Herbert's good feeling and coöperation as a cabinet officer. He said to Herbert once: 'I put you in here on account, among other things, of your being an old, wounded Confederate officer, but thinking I might have differences with you on some points owing to this very fact; but we have no trouble at all in such matters: in fact, the representative in the cabinet of the Young South, Hoke Smith, seems to be more pronounced than the representative of the Old.'"

THE DANGER FROM CRANKS

"Mr. Cleveland got to talking about the danger from cranks. His neighbors

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near Woodley, his out-of-town Washington residence, suggested, without his knowledge, that some one should follow behind him, by way of protection, when he drove out to his country home. He found it out by accident. He did not like it, but did nothing to prevent it. He himself never thought of danger. He said, however, that he thought that insane persons should be looked after, and restrained, according to the degree of insanity and the danger of their doing harm. He told of a man who got in to see him on the pretext of talking about Mormonism, and then began talking in a crazy way on the whole sex question. This man was finally confined, but was afterward released. He came to see him in Princeton, and he treated the man with kindness.

NOT ANXIOUS FOR HIS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

"He spoke of his first nomination for the Presidency. One reason he said that Manning succeeded in nominating his candidate was perhaps because the candidate was not particularly anxious himself for the nomination. While Governor, and at a time when his name was being connected with the nomination, he sent for Manning and said he thought it would be better to drop the matter. He was interested in his work as Governor, had begun to get hold of it, and was satisfied to serve the State of New York. Manning said: 'Oh, don't do that! Don't make confusion just now! At least, let it drift along till the Convention meets, and then we can see what is best to be done.'

"Immediately after this conversation, he wrote to Manning in the same vein. He did not care to give up his office as Governor and undertake the Presidency, though of course the opinion of one man might not be so valuable as that of a party. At any rate, he would not for a moment consent to the use of his name as Vice-President. This letter he had often spoken of, but he had no copy of it, and Manning was in the habit of destroying all his letters. Last year, however, one of Cleveland's sisters came East to visit the family, and said one day: 'Grove, I have some papers that I think I will give back to you. You gave them to me at Albany when you were Governor, and told me to take good care of them.' She did send them to him, and there was the original draft of three important letters, including the Manning letter. He said he was surprised to find how well he had remembered its history."

Westland, June 27, 1907.—"Went to Princeton to see Mr. Cleveland, who had had a serious attack. It was curious to see him at last submissive to a trained nurse. He was over the attack, being only now kept in bed by gout. He said that his last attack was a pretty bad 'twist.' I asked him about the stories of the night he was last nominated for the Presidency, when Governor Russell, Jefferson, and some of the Jefferson boys were with him. He smiled when I spoke of his suddenly remembering that he had not dried his fishing-lines. He spoke of the wonderful beauty of the dawn, which they went out to see. His tone was serious and awed in speaking of this. He brought up the subject of Stewart's new book, 'Partners of Providence,' which he had read with the greatest pleasure. He smiled reminiscently in speaking of it."

(Conclusion in November number)

ON THE WAY TO THE FLOATING ISLAND, OTIS RESERVOIR, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE UPLIFTING OF EFFIE

BY FLORENCE MARTIN

Author of "The Calumny"

"AIN'T you tired, Ma?" asked Effie, in an awkward tone of solicitude. "You can turn here and go right home. I 'll walk on a little farther for exercise." She stopped at the cross street, offering her parcels with an air of leave-taking.

"No; I think I 'd enjoy the walk with you," replied Mrs. Salter, stumping straight ahead with unexpected initiative. "I ain't a mite tired, and the Avenue looks so gay, with all the driving. It 's a rest to get out and see folks once in a while."

Effie's face fell. She walked along by her mother's side, dejected and silent, nursing a feeling of injury. It had been hard enough to associate her own smart finery with her mother's shabby bonnet and shawl down among the shops, but to continue that ill-assorted union up the Avenue, and with all those big bundles, too, how could any one be so selfish, spoiling her only pleasure and on so beautiful a day? But Mrs. Salter, unheedful of her daughter's ill humor, persisted in enjoying her rare leisure. The late afternoon was balmy, yet cool enough for walking; the wide street was full of life. To both the women it represented the height of metropolitan gaiety.

The Avenue—it was seldom called by its specific name—began among the tall shops and warehouses of the business quarter, climbed a very easy ascent to the highest point of the town, descended as gradually, and continued a straight level far out into the country, where little groups of clamorous sign-boards proclaimed the surpassing merit of certain indistinguishable areas of the illimitable prairies. Throughout its length it was bordered by double rows of feeble, new elm-trees, to which the Plainville citizens proudly referred when they said, with Western hopefulness, "In twenty years the Avenue will begin to look fine." Through this highway and some of its tributary cross streets flowed all of wealth and fashion that Plainville knew. Its well-kept sidewalks were bordered by vividly green lawns, for the refreshment of which whirling garden-hose fountains seemed perpetually playing, and many large, wooden houses of ornate architecture, each one aloof from its neighbors, stood well back from the street in aristocratic retirement. The climax of pretension was reached at the top of the knoll, which was known as "the Hill." Beyond it there was a gentle diminution of architectural effort, which dwindled to pocket-edition villas of American-Gothic design, semi-detached cottages, and ramshackle shanties, then solitude and the sign-boards.

It was toward the splendors of the Hill that Mrs. Salter and her daughter directed their steps. Effie knew every inch of the way; it was her daily pilgrimage. She could name the inmates of all those smart mansions; she knew by sight many of the passers-by. Here lived the people with whom she loved to associate in the society column of the "Courier"; here could be seen the well-dressed young women, girls of her own age, driving shiny pony-carts or electric machines over the smooth asphalt, or walking in friendly twos and threes with a jaunty elasticity of gait which she had learned to imitate. Occasionally it was her supreme happiness to receive amicable little signs of recognition from some of these superior beings, whom she had known as officers of the Working-Girls' Luncheon Club. She had joined the club during her brief and humiliating experience as a type-writer, and she continued to go there sometimes in order to meet these denizens of an upper air. But their kind manners had no sequel, and all

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her vague hopes of further intimacy were slowly fading.

To-day her general dejection was increased by her failure to secure a greeting from one of these club acquaintances, for Miss Sue Benton had brushed heedlessly by, absorbed in the chatter of her companions. They were all coming out together, a pretty group in their pale-colored dresses, through one of the iron gateways. Each one carried a little bunch of flowers, and Effie surmised that they were leaving a luncheon party, and that the "Courier" would make a genteel announcement to the effect that Miss Evelyn Anderson had given a recherché entertainment that day at one o'clock at which covers were laid for twelve. Covers were laid for twelve! This phrase was full of alluring mystery. Apparently it was employed only on occasions of extreme fashion, and seemed to indicate the apotheosis of festivity. How joyously life must pass with those favored girls in the Avenue to whom the august occasions when covers were laid were not infrequent!

She looked at them long and enviously. How ladylike and refined they were in their modish gowns! And yet there was not one of them—no, not one—so pretty as she—she who must wear cheap finery, live in a little back street, and never go to a real society luncheon in all her days. It was too hard. Her eyes grew large and dim with unshed tears. She looked very pale and pathetic and sweet, like a grieved child.

Nearly every one who met the mother and daughter gave a little glance of admiration and sympathy, of which she was shrewdly aware, at Effie's woebegone face; but her vanity was too robust to be satisfied with such meager sustenance. She bridled angrily under the stare of a young workman, and was even more humiliated by the tentative smile of one of the Avenue's golden youths. "How dare he look at me like that! I guess he would n't try to flirt with a real society lady," she said to herself. Then sharply to her mother, "Let us turn back here," and she walked swiftly homeward, with lowered head.

She would no longer answer her mother's questions about the fine houses or the shining vehicles, with their well-dressed occupants, at whom she glanced furtively from the corners of her eyes; but when one commodious landau drew near, somewhat dull as to varnish and old-fashioned in design, but drawn by beautiful, sleek horses, she could not forbear an awed whisper. "That is Miss Rosina Elliott," she said.

To Effie's intense dismay, Mrs. Salter turned squarely round to gaze. "Don't look round at them, Ma; they 'll see you," she besought under her breath.

"She 's real homely, ain't she? Is it old Elliott's daughter?" asked her mother.

"Yes," replied Effie to both questions; "but don't you think she looks real distinguished?"

Mrs. Salter had never heard this word so used. She cogitated upon its application to the large-featured, dark young woman in the landau, and finally asked, "What is there distinguished about her?"

"Oh, she has a way of holding her head and a tone in speaking. Once I heard her give an order to her coachman, and though she was real polite, it sounded just queenly. She is Angus Elliott's only child; they live in that big house on the Hill—the one with the conservatories. Did you notice the young gentleman with her? It was her cousin, Mr. Harry Mallory. They are engaged."

"I should think old Elliott could get an automobile," commented Mrs. Salter, "and him the richest man in town. That big carriage looks real old-fashioned."

"I like the old-fashioned carriage," returned Effie. "It looks as though they had had carriages a long time."

"Well, it 's too bad she 's so homely," insisted Mrs. Salter, with a certain satisfaction. It was not unpleasing to find an obvious flaw in an existence of such dazzling prosperity.

The carriage which had excited Mrs. Salter's disapproval had rolled rapidly past, but it turned back and drew up to the sidewalk. Miss Elliott leaned forward, nodding and smiling. Effie and her mother halted awkwardly, and looked about them. Surely Miss Elliott was not stopping to speak to them!

"How do you do?" called Miss Elliott. She paused a little as if seeking a name. It escaped her, and she went on: "I used to see you at the Luncheon Club. You don't come very often now. I hope that you will not give us up."

Effie approached the carriage, turning

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scarlet, then white, with emotion. "I am not working now," she said.

Miss Elliott seemed eager to offer anything either of sympathy or congratulation that was expected of her. She exclaimed, "Ah!" with intense, if uncertain, meaning; then noting Effie's agitated face, she continued tenderly, "I am afraid you have been ill."

Effie, greedy of the proffered sympathy, stammered a hesitating acquiescence.

"I am so sorry. You must let me go to see you. Will you give me your address?"

Miss Elliott repeated the name and number after Effie, and said, "I 'll come very soon," and then whirled away, with a little intimate wave of the hand, Mr. Mallory raising his silk hat with grave ceremony.

"Effie," said her mother, when this vision had disappeared, "why did you let Miss Elliott think you had been sick? You ain't been sick at all. You stopped typewriting because you could n't learn it." But Effie, excited and exultant, did not hear.

The days and weeks went by, but Rosina Elliott did not come, and the summer was nearly over when Effie saw her again. The meeting was a casual one on the Avenue. Rosina's little start of recollection on seeing her conveyed to Effie the humiliating assurance that the promised visit, so eagerly looked for, so painfully missed, had been quite forgotten. Something of reproach in the young girl's wistful face recalled the earlier meeting and shed an illumination on her long disappointment, and it was in this light—a light the beams of which penetrated back to other similar scenes of barren impulse, that Rosina penitently resolved hereafter to make her easy promises more than good.

She grasped Effie's two hands, exclaiming effusively: "My dear child, you look like a little ghost! What has happened to you?" turned and walked with her, eagerly talking, questioning, without pausing for replies. In this wise they continued down the Avenue.

Effie walked on air. Her heart swelled with pride and joy at the approach of each passer-by. She wished that the street might be even more populous to witness her triumphal progress. Miss Elliott was really going home with her now. But what a pity that her vigilance over the little parlor, so strictly maintained in those early days of expectation, had been of late somewhat wearily relaxed. It was Monday, too. With a sinking heart she visualized her mother's blowzy washday mien.

The reality exceeded her dismal previsions. When they entered the house, it was filled with soapy steam, and Mrs. Salter was hurrying through the hall, wiping her wet arms on her apron, in alarmed response to the shrieks of her youngest born. A horde of clamorous children, fighting, crying, explaining, seemed to fill the little room to bursting. Mrs. Salter, not seeing Rosina, raised her battered baby from the hurly-burly, and said sharply to Effie, "Did n't you promise to stay with the children?"

Rosina heard the rebuking tone, but not the words. She came hastily forward, and said with some indignation: "It is n't Effie's fault, Mrs. Salter; she has just come in with me," and she looked sympathetically at the girl's humiliated face.

There was an awkward pause. The children were struck dumb and stared open-mouthed. The baby's roar stopped short with a sudden click. Rosina had a vague feeling that she must maintain in some way her rôle of goddess from the machine.

"Mrs. Salter," she began, "I have come to ask a favor of you. Can you let me have Effie to-morrow? I want her to come to me and spend"—She was about to say "the day," but those words did not promise to raise the curtain upon a scene sufficiently spectacular to astonish this expectant audience, so she found herself fervently imploring—"a fortnight."

It was indeed effective. The most insatiate sensation-monger might well feel gratified at sight of Effie's transfigured face. "O Miss Elliott, how lovely!" she gasped.

Mrs. Salter preserved a stolid mien before Rosina's tense smile. "I don't know as her pa would let her go," she said.

Rosina was guiltily aware of a certain sense of reprieve, but it spurred her to a still warmer cordiality. "You must try to arrange it. Effie needs a change. She looks quite thin. I 'll leave you now to talk it over." And she withdrew with painstaking adieus to every one, not for-

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getting to pat benevolently the tear-stained cushion of the baby's cheek.

When the door was closed upon their guest, "Ma," said Effie, and her voice was wheedling and hard by turns—"Ma, you 'll get Pa to let me go? He shall let me go. I 've got to go."

"Well, I 'll see," replied Mrs. Salter. "I 'd advise you to behave a little prettier to your pa, if you want to get anything out of him." She spoke without enthusiasm, yet secretly she, too, was impressed by the greatness of this sudden opportunity; and having the American mother's ideal for her daughter's happiness, she coveted idleness and endless good times for Effie.

Effie behaved very prettily to her father at supper; so prettily, indeed, that Mr. Salter asked the girl what she wanted now. She was disconcerted by his insight, yet quick to see her advantage in flattering it. "Oh, Pa," she said, "how you do see right through everything! Ma will tell you all about it while I put the baby to bed."

Mrs. Salter was not a woman of tact, and she was rearing too large a family to have time for circuitous routes of persuasion, but she had not lived with her husband for twenty years without learning a few avenues of approach to his complacence.

"Miss Rosina Elliott was here to-day, Mr. Salter," she began. "She thinks Effie looks real thin and peaked."

"She don't take exercise enough," replied Mr. Salter, unsympathetically; "she sits over her silly story-books half the time, and only goes out to dawdle up and down the street. If she 'd get a move on her, she 'd be all right."

"P'raps she ain't real strong," demurred Mrs. Salter.

"Well, what did Miss Elliott want? She 's been long enough coming. I guess her visit ain't all that has set up Effie so to-night. What did she want?"

"Well, Mr. Salter, she asked Effie to come and spend a fortnight with her. She 's taken a shine to her."

Mr. Salter whistled. "Angus Elliott's daughter? Well, that 's a great note! Effie would n't be able to carry her head straight again, I guess. You 'll have to tell Miss Elliott that Effie can't be spared," said Mr. Salter, with a final air.

His wife did not seem to hear this ultimatum. She sewed silently until her husband had lit his pipe and composed himself for a comfortable smoke. Then she began: "I can spare Effie just now as well as not. She is real lonesome, I guess. She don't seem to have any mates of her own age, like I had when I was a girl."

"Well, why don't she?" inquired Mr. Salter; but he spoke easily, enjoying his pipe and the autumn fire. "It 's because she 's so stuck up that she won't go with her neighbors. There 's nice girls and boys, too, at the church socials, but she won't say a word to 'em."

"Well, she does appear more genteel than any of 'em, I must say. She 's a real pretty girl, if I do say it. She favors your family, Mr. Salter."

Mr. Salter burst out laughing.

"I wish she 'd act more like yours, Ma. Well, if you really want her to go off on such a fool's errand, I suppose she 'll have to go."

Rosina Elliott quickly silenced the premonition of boredom which at first had alloyed her eagerness for Effie's visit. She went home aglow with benevolence, and that agreeable warmth was not yet spent when, at dinner, she related the events of the afternoon to her father and her betrothed. When her father raised a pair of quizzical gray eyebrows to her, she parried the criticism gaily.

"No, this time I have done nothing foolish or quixotic, Papa dear. It is a genuine case of beauty in distress. You should have seen the dragon that guarded my poor little damsel and the cave of gloom from which I rescued her."

"How will she like going back to the hole where she lives?" asked her father. He was not given to figurative language himself, but he could translate his daughter's decorated speech.

"And how long is she going to stay?" demanded Harry Mallory in alarm, "and what will become of us poor men?"

"Now listen, dears both," said Rosina, and she stretched out an eloquent hand to each, as she sat between them at table. "I want to give this poor girl one perfectly lovely time. She shall stay at least until the roses are coaxed into her white cheeks, and she shall have a taste of gentle and refined life, such as I feel sure she is fitted for—pining for. Only think what

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an uplifting influence it will be for her, and for those about her, while life shall last! And it will be good for us, too, to come in contact with that simpler nature and more primitive existence."

To Rosina Elliott the society of Plainville suffered no lack of sophistication. She felt the responsibility of leadership no less seriously than the mistress of the most influential London coterie, and she had no misgivings as to the value of the largess, material or spiritual, which she freely dispensed.

"And now you must help me to make her happy, and to raise her ideals of art and conduct so that she may take back to her own people fresh impulses toward the higher life." She smiled at her audience with a bright enthusiasm that transfigured and beautified her dark, irregular face.

"Of course she 's pretty," commented Angus Elliott. "These working-girl pets are always pretty, I notice. The plain ones do not need an uplift, since they run less danger of a downfall, I suppose. Is that the underlying thought, to use your favorite phrase?" He softened his satire by patting her hand, and then returned to the evening paper that was propped up against his single temperate goblet. He was a plain man, absorbed in his affairs, and lavishly indulgent to his motherless daughter, though he maintained a masculine cynicism toward her exalted moods, and was not impressed by their seriousness beyond the point of defraying their expenses. But Harry Mallory was greatly impressed by each new evidence of his sweetheart's loftiness of mind. He was a supremely happy and contented young man, who even now, shortly before his marriage, could scarce believe his own good fortune in winning such a paragon. There was nothing about her which he did not admire, which he would wish to change. Even her plain face and her age—she was two or three years older than he—seemed only parts of her general desirableness. He thought her clever, distinguished, good. He loved her person, her wealth, her position, her tricks of manner, her intonations, her successful achievement of the broad "a." He loved the opportunities which came to him by means of his union with her. Already he had been admitted to the outer courts of those large business interests which were controlled by Angus Elliott, and he could plainly see before him an alluring vista of opening doors in that great structure, where some day he would walk at will. He was distantly related to the Elliotts, and had come to Plainville from a smaller, cruder town, and now his position was already that of a son of the house. Rosina loved him. The wonder of it was still tinged with awe. And Angus Elliott? Harry had never yet been able to discern with what feelings this unexpressive man had accepted him as a son-in-law. But there he was, the daily visitor, the prospective inmate, of the huge mansion which seemed to his grateful eyes the most delectable dwelling ever planned for the use of man.

The day after Rosina's visit, Effie Salter came and entered the Promised Land.

At first there were certain disappointments and disillusions, but the girl was apt in readjusting her standards. If, in her new surroundings, she missed something of the expected gorgeousness and gilding, it was not long before she grew to prefer the rich soberness that characterized the interior of Rosina's home. That this final expression had been achieved through various stages of development might be plainly seen by a more knowing eye than Effie's. In obscure chambers there were certain fossil remains of florid design which indicated a period of taste coincident with the ornate architecture of the great sprawling house, that pitilessly enduring monument of outlived ideals. There were even objects pointing to esthetic standards still more remote. One seemed to see them contributing to the chilly formality of a little best parlor, with its marble-topped table and large family Bible. But these relics antedated the memory of Rosina. For her they had acquired the charm of the past; they spoke to her pathetically of her unknown mother, whose narrow means and small ambitions were thus humbly represented, and she did not withhold from them the honor due to their sentimental value.

In their present state, the lofty rooms revealed a cautious, even anxious, refinement. The fine old mahogany furniture, supplied by the best Boston firms, lent an air of ancestral affluence. The excellent prints and etchings were those recommended in standard art books. There were a few paintings of unimpeachable

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merit. The book-shelves held most of the volumes which no lady's library should be without. There were not lacking signs of enthusiasms and fads, but they were fads at second-hand, borrowed from accredited critics. Everywhere one saw indications of the progress of an eager girl through college life, European travel, and a course of systematic, conscientious culture. Of the personality of Angus Elliott his home contained not a trace.

To guide Effie's untutored taste to the true esthetic goal was a delightful task for Rosina. It was a fine individual beginning of her pet ambition, approached tentatively hitherto in the Working-Girls' Club, to uplift the masses through beauty. And she was not doomed to the disappointment and boredom of slow success, for Effie proved astonishingly quick to express the appropriate emotions. She could divine even where Rosina's expectations would be best gratified by brief rebuffs, and she affected to find difficulties in Browning and in Botticelli while she rapturously accepted Wordsworth and Raphael. In reality, they were all alike incomprehensible, and so desperately depressed her that sometimes she was half-homesick. But her passionate admiration for Rosina and her desire for complete initiation into that esoteric circle of "nice people" kept up her courage. She must at least pretend to earn her right to be among them.

Fortunately the sessions over books and portfolios never lasted long, and then there came the mixed delights of society. Rosina took her everywhere. At last she was admitted to those desiderated luncheon parties at which she spent her time in mute observance or in shy response to the careful kindness of Rosina's friends. She realized with rage that by degrees their attitude toward her became slightly quizzical. She imagined that they despised her for her dependent position and criticized her meager wardrobe, embellished though it was from Rosina's abundant store.

She felt herself less out of place with the young men. After all, they were not so unlike the youths whom she had been used to snub at the church socials. They seldom quoted Maeterlinck or made comparisons between Brahms and Tschaikovsky, and altogether presented an aspect less alarmingly cultivated than their womenkind. But their easier society did not satisfy Effie. She was not coquettish, and her feather-headed calculations were bent solely toward the favor of Rosina and the little group of real society ladies that formed her circle, nice, simple young women, for the most part, who overdressed from idleness and were quite unaware of their undue influence on Effie's emulating spirit.

Harry Mallory had found it impossible to carry out the wishes of his betrothed and to interest himself in Effie. For him her type was without the charm of novelty. She was the sort of girl he had known in his old home. Instinctively he treated her with haughtiness, in unconscious protest to the sense of familiarity which her presence gave him. He was still treading too triumphant a measure not to scorn the luxury of relaxation. Once only did she guess that he too was straining his vision, and he quickly turned aside her shrewdness. They were sitting in the library together while Rosina read aloud "Bishop Blougram's Apology." She left the room for a moment, when something in Harry's expression prompted Effie to ask timidly, "Are you so very fond of that piece of poetry?"

"I think it is very strong," replied Harry, stiffly.

"How do you like 'Lucile'?" continued Effie. "Don't you think it is just grand where it says: 'You may live without poetry, music, and art'—What is the rest of it?"

Harry could have finished the quotation for her, but he only reddened resentfully. "I don't know anything about it," he snapped. He had not forgotten how, once, before Rosina's amazed scorn, his resources had been taxed to turn into jest a grave reference to that same luckless poem, now ignominiously preferred by Effie. He felt the need of asserting himself, and began to explain loftily, with second-hand appreciation, the merits of Bishop Blougram's harangue.

She listened to him admiringly, frankly displaying her ignorance, since it seemed on the whole to please him. The pedagogic instinct which endows the human male, hitherto stifled in Harry, awoke and fairly crowed. He became eloquently

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clever. In the course of his exposition hidden meanings revealed themselves to him as they never had done under the tuition of Rosina. He grew quite jocular and unbending, and even condescended to pull one of Effie's soft little curls when she professed that at last she could see what the bishop was driving at. "Don't think me too stupid!" she pleaded, with eyes of adulation, and he pulled the little curl again, observing with a knowing eye the coarse lace at her throat. Really it was impossible to regard as an equal a girl who was so cheaply dressed.

Rosina, finding them in animated talk when she returned, gave Harry a grateful and approving glance.

Later, when they were alone, she said, "I am glad you are beginning to tolerate Effie."

"She is a nice little thing," he replied: "but she is spoiling our evenings together. Her fortnight was over long ago."

"Yes, it is a little tiresome," acquiesced Rosina, with her indulgent smile. "She shall go home the day after the Costume Bazaar. That will be such a treat for her, and I have designed her the sweetest gown. Then I shall have to hurry off to New York for my things, you know—my trousseau."

"You can't get anything prettier than the dress you are wearing now," he exclaimed in passionate admiration, gloating over the dainty richness of her attire. He handled lovingly the filmy frills in wise appreciation. They meant more to him than all the soft little curls in the world. He folded his arms about her gently, lest he should crush the delicate fabrics, and his head swam with the ecstasy and pride of caressing such a distinguished and modish lady.

THE Costume Bazaar, for the benefit of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, given of course at the great house on the Hill, fell upon an Indian-summer day, when it was possible to arrange the bright booths among the still-leafy, russet trees of the lawn and garden. The air was pungent with the acrid odor of autumn, but the spirit which animated the gay scene was all of spring.

Rosina had been in her element through all the time of preparation. Like most of the public projects in Plainville,—the Library, the Working-Girls' Club, the Ibsen Society, and even the elms on the Avenue which had bisected the town, quite treeless for twenty years,—the bazaar had been all her own idea. She felt the responsibilities and triumphs of sovereignship as she marshaled her forces to an accompanying chorus of popular admiration, and when the day dawned favorably, the congratulations and smiling allusions to "Queen's weather" seemed no unfitting tribute.

The lawn swarmed with gaily disguised vendors of fancy wares; indeed, there had been such eagerness to take working parts in the festivities that the audience was outnumbered by the actors: but as they plied a busy trade among themselves, the Church of the Heavenly Rest would be as amply supported as were those ingenious islanders so inevitably quoted in church-fair persiflage who won a livelihood by taking in one another's washing.

Rosina, draped in the blanket of an Indian squaw, her straight, black hair hanging over her eyes, sold baskets. It was a clever, realistic presentment, but it was not becoming. She almost regretted her choice of costume as she looked rather wistfully at Effie when the girl was dressed for the flower-booth in shining pink tissue, the folds of which sheathed her softly like the petals of a rose. Her bright hair curled out from under a close cap of green. Her cheeks and her dilated eyes were on fire with happy excitement. There never was anything more adorably, bewitchingly lovely. In her charming, fantastic garb, she was quite removed from all question of caste or place. Working-girl or idle lady, what mattered it? She was now simply an exquisite embodiment of young beauty rejoicing in its power. And the spell was immediate; even the women felt it. It was impossible, without the appearance of envy, to withhold the deference that seemed due to such a radiant creature.

The flower-booth had a surpassing success. It was necessary to send twice to the florists for fresh blossoms, and when those were exhausted, Harry Mallory boldly despoiled the Elliott greenhouses. He wore in his buttonhole a pink rose which he had carefully matched to the soft curve of Effie's glowing cheeks. The other young men followed his example,

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and there was hardly a frock-coat that did not bloom with a rose summarily dubbed "The Effie."

To the poor, vain little girl, unlearned in the ways of social fads, her triumph seemed complete and lasting. She had known that she had in her to conquer the world of fashion, and now indeed it was at her feet. The afternoon went by like the passing of a victorious pageant.

The early dusk still held the warmth of the sunken sun, and the merry fair was growing gayer, to the light of colored lanterns, as departing elders left a lingering young and jolly remnant, when Effie, worn out by the excitement of the day, left her booth with a group of straying revelers to sip sherbet in the Turkish tent. As she leaned back among the cushions, with a fine-lady air, her voice took on new cadences of refinement and authority. She held out her empty glass for Harry to carry away, with a pretty imperiousness that became her well. Viewed in the light of her afternoon's success, Effie's aspect was for the moment entirely changed for Harry. To-day she was the reigning belle, and he attached himself to her train of followers as instinctively as he would have deserted her for a successful rival.

Two by two their companions slipped away, and they found themselves alone together. The dim, rich background of Oriental color, the foreign odor of burning pastils, the sound of distant, tinkling music, made a delicious alien environment in which they felt islanded, far from the common workaday world. The lanterns cast rainbow gleams across Effie's rose-hued garments; her face was in shadow, lighted only by her shining eyes; her loose angel-sleeves flowed back from her slender young arms.

"Effie," said Harry, drawing close to her feet the low Turkish tabouret on which he sat—"Effie, has not your last day here been a happy one?"

"My last day?" faltered Effie. Rosina had forborne to tell her of the impending change.

"We shall all miss you so much," he continued affectionately. "You must remember us when you are at home again, for we shall think of you very often, Rosina and I. You know our wedding-day is near, and we are going abroad." He carefully kept from his voice the exultant note which would naturally proclaim such dazzling prospects.

Effie could not speak. What fantastic, lofty superstructure of hope she had builded on the unstable foundation of Rosina's kindness, her silly little brain had hardly realized until now when she heard the crashing about her ears of those airy pinnacles, and surveyed the general ruin. She must return to the dismal back street, the crowded home, the plain fare, the uncongenial companions. Oh, it was cruel, cruel, cruel!

She broke into helpless, childish sobbing, turning her face away like a stricken creature. The little green cap was pushed aside, and her curls fell against the cushion.

"O Effie, what is the matter—what is it, Effie?" besought Harry, in consternation, completely at a loss.

She put out a hand to thrust away his bending solicitude, but he seized and held it. "Effie, Effie dear—little darling! Why are you crying so? Is it because I am going away—because I am to be married?"

"No, no," she protested quite truly.

"Is it because you love me?" he persisted fatuously, drawing her toward him. She sank unresisting into his arms. On her bruised heart the tenderness of this handsome young gentleman, of unimpeachable social position dropped like soothing balm. Her sobs grew quieter as she stifled them against his sympathetic coat-collar.

"I am so sorry, little one!" he cooed, "but what can I do? Tell me, what can I do?"

It was upon this purely rhetorical question, and upon this pretty tableau of intertwining arms that Rosina Elliott raised the embroidered tent-flap and entered. She had impatiently discarded her unflattering Indian disguise, and now appeared armed in the full panoply of modish elegance.

Harry and Effie sprang guiltily apart, each heedless of the other, and stung with dismay at their appearance of disloyalty.

"Rosina," stammered Harry, and paused a moment before her inscrutable expression. He had never thought her like her father before. "Rosina, I can explain"—

Often in after days Rosina was to ex-

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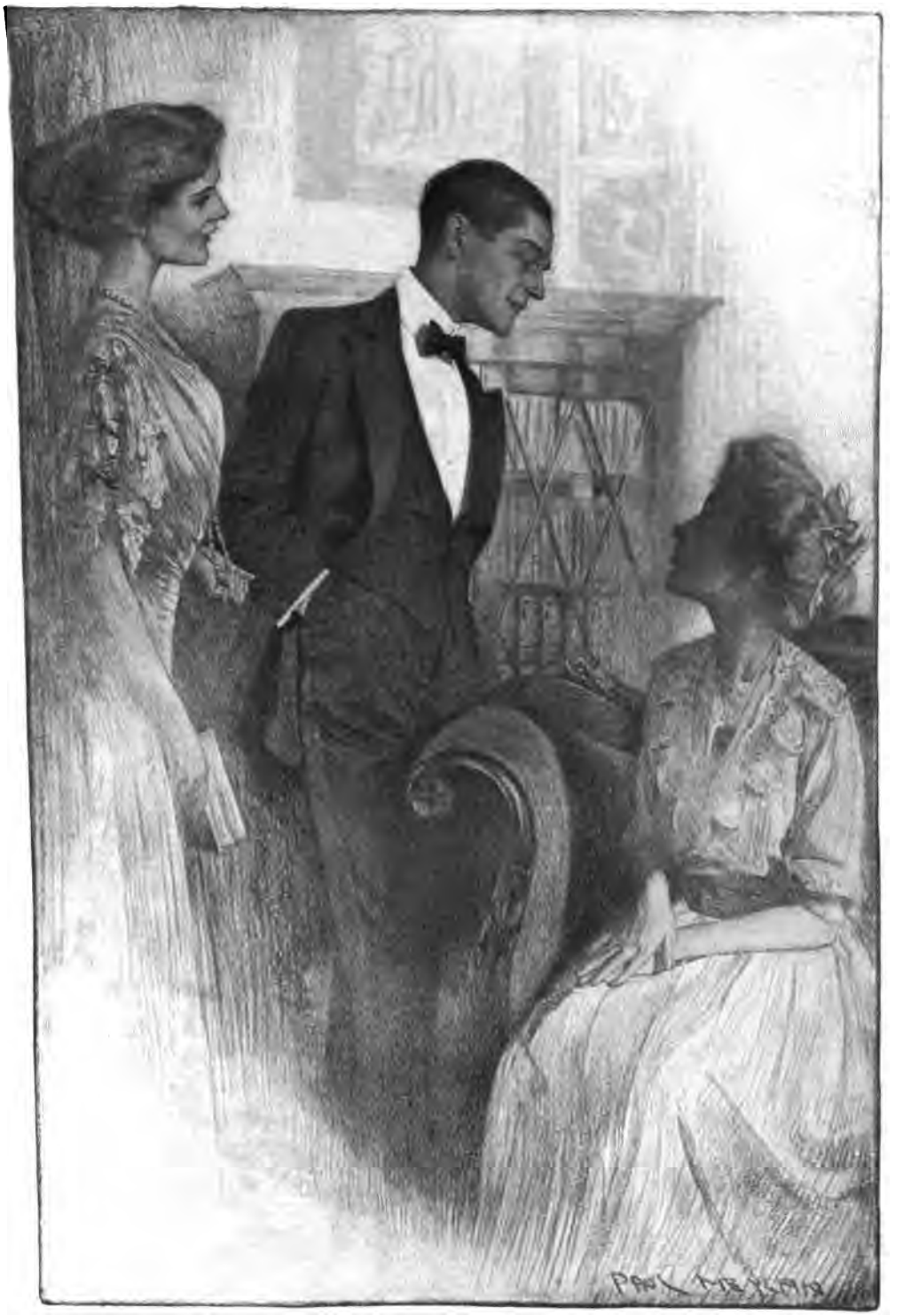

Drawn by Paul Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ROSINA . . . GAVE HARRY A GRATEFUL AND APPROVING GLANCE"

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perience the futile torture of rehearsing and improving this scene in various ways, but on the actual occasion she heard herself saying in exaggerated echoes of her old, warm tones, and how far she was genuine and how far histrionic she herself could not have told:

"I see it all—oh, how blind I have been! Harry, you shall be free to love Effie. Dears both, I hope you may be very happy together. Perhaps," she went on in dulcet tones, while something cold and venomous coiled, ready to strike, about her poor, shuddering heart—"perhaps, Harry, it may be your happy task to carry on my work of uplifting the masses. You will have such unusual opportunities."

She achieved a wonderful smile of inclusive benevolence, and, turning, walked quickly from the tent.

Harry and Effie looked at each other with frightened eyes from which every amorous beam had vanished. Their world had undergone a strange convulsion, and they emerged confused and shaken. They followed Rosina, Harry outstripping Effie in his haste. He would explain. She must be made to understand. He could not lose his happiness in such an idiotic way. It was inconceivable, preposterous!

Rosina had joined a group of departing guests on the veranda. She seemed to be relating something gaily to them, and their confused, ejaculatory replies conveyed the note of surprise. As Harry drew near, he felt that they all regarded him with marked curiosity. Without heeding them, he went directly to Rosina. He would tell her the truth, if need be, before all these grinning people. But her face was tense and strange. She still wore that new, inscrutable look. She gave him no chance to speak, but began, with great sweetness:

"I have just been telling our friends, Harry, of the change in our plans. They are anxious to felicitate you." And she sped away, leaving him surrounded by an eager, questioning group.

Effie was brought gaily into the circle, and while Harry, dazed and miserable, vainly sought the words which would release him from this horrid spell, he felt each unchallenged moment binding him more securely. Then there was Effie's tremulous, expectant face to reckon with, for she, seeing that Rosina did not appear to be angry, but even unaccountably pleased, plucked up heart with a new and soaring hope. Was it possible that she might keep Rosina's affection—for she was still first—and have this lovely young gentleman, too—a young gentleman who had been thought good enough to wed her patroness? The heavens were opening.

In Effie's kindling glance the pinioned Harry writhed as at the first flame of torture. It stung him to break his bonds, no matter how roughly. With words like random and clumsy blows, he struck the light from Effie's face, and leaving her to find the way as best she might out of the bewildering maze of events, he turned from the astonished group and strode quickly across the lighted lawn to the street. And as the iron gate closed noisily behind him, he heard the portal of his fair future clanging shut with a hard and final sound.

THE COAL

BY ETHEL M. COLEMAN

I GREW and perished countless years ago.
No flowers to my lavish leafage came.
But now fruition's wonderment I know—
I live again and blossom in the flame!

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From the original painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

JEANNE D'ARC. BY JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XII)

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

JEANNE D'ARC

BY

JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES

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Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue

THE ENTRANCE FRONT

"THE VILLAGE HOSTELRY"

BY BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

UNTIL recently, with the coming of the automobile and better roads, the village hostelry has scarcely deserved its name, its character partaking either of that of the hedge ale-house of the past, or else that of a sordid and ill-equipped summer hotel. But the village hostelry to be considered here is essentially different from both types, and in no sense competing with them. The landlord of our inn will insist that the dining-room have the full benefit of the afternoon sun, while breakfasters are almost sure to prefer a window looking toward "morning and the east." The site we have chosen has a pleasant prospect across the little river which flows past the rear of the building. Here is set a terrace lifted four or five steps above the lawn, which slopes to the river's bank, where art has aided nature a bit by providing clean white shingle to take the place of muddy sedge. On the terrace is ranged a series of connecting arbors, where the traveler may dine or sup *al fresco*.

At one end of the dining-room is a generously proportioned ingle, while at the other, immediately over the entrance, and reached only by the service staircase, will project a minstrels' gallery, in imitation of those in old English halls. For parties desiring to dine in private there is provided a small and retired room, as well as another containing a huge, round board for more jovial companies.

On the opposite side of the entrance hall is the very heart of the whole inn —its fireplace, capacious enough to take the traditional four-foot log, and on each hand a broad oak settle. Around the entrance hall are ranged those accommodations most necessary to life at a modern inn—the coat- and hat-room; the writing-room; the staircase leading up to the sleeping-rooms, and down to the various indispensable offices; the telephone booth, forming, as it happens, the back of the pages' bench; and the office itself, which is the host's sanctum, with its three windows from which he may oversee nearly all that happens in his little world; his own fireplace; and with, at the back, easy access to the "tap." With its table and chairs, and its bright rows of pewter hanging from the beams of the ceiling, it

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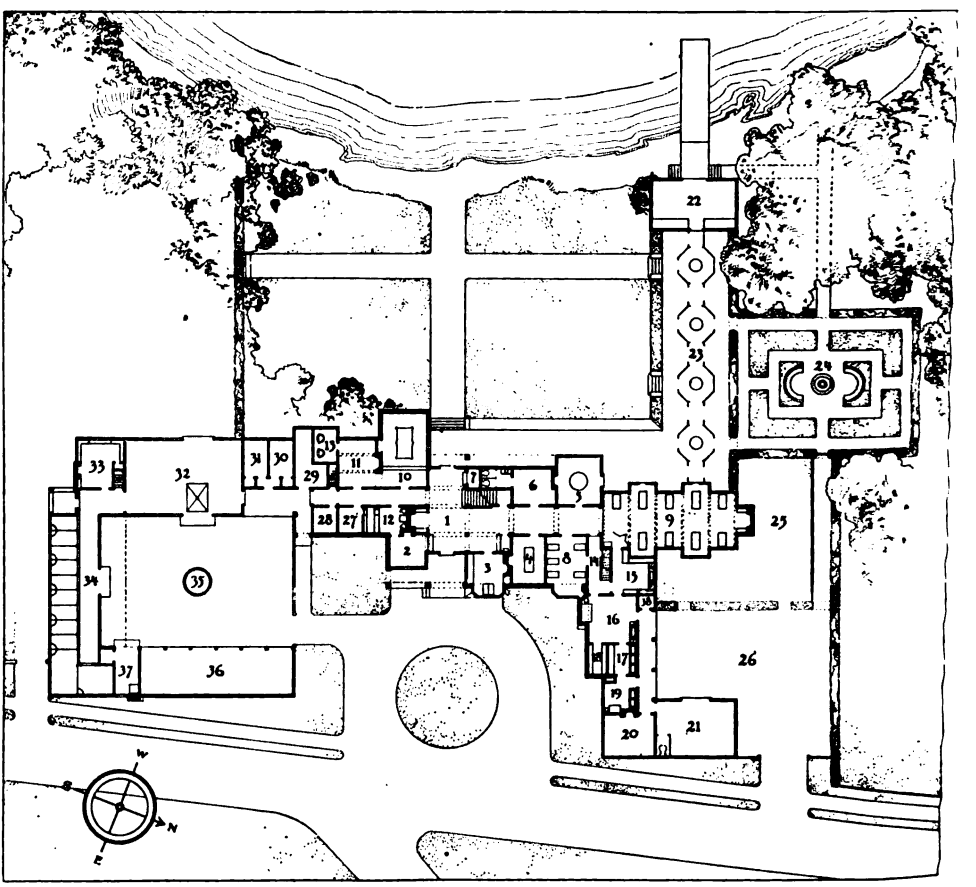
may be as attractive as convenient. Directly across the corridor from which the tap-room is entered lies the billiard-room, and connecting with this, as well as with the corridor, the smoke-room, where again comfort is the one essential. Here are heavy oak beams supporting the ceiling, a big brick hearth and fireplace, and plenty of chairs and tables.

The stable-yard is a very important adjunct, and with its central drinking-pool must be distinctly inviting. In the old days the stable-yard and the inn-yard were frequently one and the same, and to-day, partaking somewhat of its quondam character, it should be readily accessible to all comers.

So much for the ground-floor of the building. There is virtually but one other, for only a few of the many gables contain anything more than garrets. It is the quality of homely comfort and not pretentious luxury for which we should aim.

Since nothing is so certain to prevent the air of homely comfort we seek to attain as height, not only the structure itself, but also its rooms, are of necessity low, though these may vary somewhat. For instance, the entrance hall and smoke-room will have their timbered ceilings within a few inches of the floor-boards of the story above and the little newspaper and writing-room will be plastered down to the lower edge of its heaviest beams; while the dining-room will run far up into the roof, though not quite to the apex, since it is desirable to leave a certain



Key to plan: 1, Entrance hall; 2, office; 3, newspaper and writing-room; 4, private dining-room; 5, private dining-room; 6, ladies' waiting and cloak-room; 7, coats and hats; 8, coffee-room; 9, dining-room; 10, billiards; 11, smoking-room; 12, tap; 13, barber; 14, service staircase; 15, serving-room; 16, kitchen; 17, scullery; 18, stores; 19, laundry; 20, servants' hall; 21, fuel shed; 22, boat-house; 23, connected arbors; 24, garden; 25, kitchen garden; 26, kitchen court; 27, wine-cellar; 28, boots and luggage; 29, dogs and bicycles; 30, ostlers' room; 31, ostlers' room; 32, carriage-house; 33, harness-room; 34, stables; 35, stable-yard; 36, garage; 37, farrier and repair shop; 38, ice.

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Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue

THE RIVER DOOR

amount of air-space there for added warmth in winter and extra coolness in summer. This also is so large a room as to demand rather greater height.

If you ascend the staircase to have a look at the sleeping-rooms, you will very likely be surprised to find no more than twelve single rooms, each rather spacious, and well equipped as to closets; two suites of three rooms and a bath; and four of two rooms and a bath.

At the head of the main staircase is a fairly large, parlor-like apartment known as the tea-room, though in reality put to many other uses besides the serving of tea. It is, in a word, the feminine counterpart of the men's smoke-room below.

A little farther down the passage you will discover the large linen-closet that marks the ending of the housekeeper's suite, beyond which lie the second-story rooms of the kitchen wing.

From the window-seat at the head of the main staircase where we are now a little panorama of the grounds is visible. Before you lies the rectangular lawn, broken at its farther end by the irregular serrations of the river-bank. Along the left-hand side of the lawn runs a well-trimmed hedge, from behind which rise clumps of foliage in what may be used as a small paddock. On the right, at the end of the terrace, stands the boat-house, with its pier and float. Behind the arbors of the terrace you catch a glimpse of another of the architect's whims, the inn-garden. In no sense a necessity, the landlord has found it so thoroughly liked by his temporary tenants that he is beginning to cease regretting that he indulged his architect in what at first seemed to his practical mind too purely a luxury.

Let us go down,—it 's still too early to dine,—and have a look at this garden as we wait. The surrounding hedge, you observe, is rather higher than any prying pair of eyes, while within, almost lost in the bloom of simple, old-fashioned flowers, are two semicircular seats. All is quaint in its miniature formality. In the center is set the dial, already beginning to attain a touch of venerable grayness. Graven about its face is the mournful legend

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"FUGIT · HORA · DISCE · MORI" which some former guest has succeeded in enlivening by scratching the following waggish translation on the metal disc—in the very shadow of the gnomon:

THE·HOURS·FLY·LEARN·TO·DINE

Drawn by Bertram G. Go dhue

FROM THE STABLE-YARD

WHEN I HAVE GONE WEIRD WAYS

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

WHEN I have finished with this episode,
Left the hard, uphill road,
And gone weird ways to seek another load,
Oh, friends, regret me not, nor weep for me,
Child of Infinity!

Nor dig a grave, nor rear for me a tomb
To say with lying writ: "Here in the gloom
He who loved bigness takes a narrow room
Content to pillow here his weary head,
For he is dead."

But give my body to the funeral pyre,
And bid the laughing fire,
Eager and strong and swift, like my desire,
Scatter my subtle essence into space,
Free me of time and place.

And sweep the bitter ashes from the hearth,
Fling back the dust I borrowed from the earth
Into the chemic broil of death and birth,
The vast alembic of the cryptic scheme,
Warm with the master-dream.

And thus, O little house that sheltered me,
Dissolve again in wind and rain, to be
Part of the cosmic weird economy.
And, oh, how oft with new life shalt thou lift
Out of the atom-drift!

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COONEY ON THE WAR-PATH

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "The Two Runaways," "The Funeral of Rat Brooks," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

HIRAM ARD placed his little basket of eggs packed in cotton-seed on the counter.

"Cooney counted 'em," he said. "There ought to be ten dozen. I 'll go look after my team."

Brown, the cotton warehouseman and general storekeeper, leaning on the counter, nodded as Hiram disappeared, and continued his whittling. Bud Smith also was whittling, his chair tipped back against the wall, the thin curls from his strip of white pine gathering on his knees and the floor.

Brown glanced lazily at Bud sometime after Hiram disappeared through the doorway, and Bud glanced lazily at Brown. A faint smile passed over Brown's face, and Bud's round, drooping shoulders shook silently. Both men were thinking of the sudden incursion and excursion of the young countryman, his aquiline face and pathetic, little, black ribbon cravat tied in the bow a woman ties.

"Who 'd he say counted 'em?" said Bud, after a prolonged silence, a slight frown puckering his deep-lined brows.

"Cooney. Cooney is his wife, and a fine girl, too. Taught school over in Coldneck, and keeps Hiram keyed up all the year round. Don't you remember the row over the marriage? She 's a Gonder, and they were down on her pretty strong for marrying Hiram—all except the old judge, who thinks there is a good deal in Hiram, and that Cooney is going to make a man of him."

"I do sort er remember," said Bud, and fell back into silence, exhausted by the effort.

"Hiram is a good farmer," continued Brown, reflectively, "but not progressive. What he has, he made by hard work. Two-mule farm seems to be his limit. Funny how many men never get beyond a two-mule farm and a bale of cotton to three acres! I believe I can spot every one of them at a hundred yards. They all look alike." Brown closed his knife, and counted the eggs into his egg-box. "Cooney was right," he added—"ten dozen."

Then Brown had an inspiration. With something like a show of energy he took some paper sacks from his shelves and placed in them the cotton-seed from the bottom of Hiram Ard's basket, and labeled the packages with a pen. "Ard will believe anything anybody tells him," he continued; "most credulous human being I ever saw. Watch him when he comes back."

"Well," said Bud, "I hear him coming." The quick footsteps of the countryman sounded on the platform at the moment, and Hiram entered. Brown was standing as before, a shaving falling from the edge of his knife. Bud did not look up.

"Cooney was right, Hiram—ten dozen. Want the money?"

"Yes, sir. Got to buy some little things for Cooney."

"Your seed all in the ground, Hiram?" Brown was counting out the change, and his voice was curved with sympathetic interest.

"Yes, sir; finished planting yesterday. Would n't be here if I had n't."

"That 's good. Oh, by the way, Hiram, a fellow left some cotton-seed here a while back. They say it 'll make two bales to the acre on rich ground. Like to try a little?"

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"Why, yes, sir," said Hiram, eagerly. "Two bales! That 's a pretty big crop."

"Yes; sort er hard to believe. But it is n't worth the time to plant the seed, my boy, unless you plant them on very rich ground and cultivate them right. This variety of cotton has got to have *rich* ground, and, if I were you, I 'd cultivate it with a hoe early in the mornings and as often as possible. Got any rich ground?"

a chance, Hiram, and let me hear from you."

"But, Mr. Brown, I ought er pay you for them."

"No, sir; they 're yours without pay. And they did n't cost me a cent. You 're welcome to them. Let me hear from you occasionally."

"I will, sir. And I 'll get Cooney to look out for the patch from the start. If

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'GIVE THE SEED A CHANCE, HIRAM, AND LET ME HEAR FROM YOU'"

"Why, yes, sir; there 's the old orchard that 's been layin' out six years until last summer, when I sowed it down in pease."

"How big a place?"

"About an acre."

"Oh, well, then, take all these packages and try them. There 'll be enough here to plant an acre, if you 'drop' them. But let me tell you what you do. Put all the stable litter in the furrows, and take about five hundred pounds of acid phosphate—got any acid?"

"Two sacks."

"Well, broadcast that. Give the seed there 's any good in the seed, she 'll get it out."

"Sure! Good-by."

Hiram disappeared. Brown looked at Bud, and Bud looked at Brown.

"Ought to be ashamed," said Bud, shaking his head, but shaking his shoulders also.

"It 's all right. He 'll have just one more acre in cotton; and maybe it 'll be his best acre."

Bud Smith needs no description. He is part of the environment of the marked cotton-bale and attached to every warehouse in the South. Neither his face, the

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color of his beard, nor his clothes stick to memory. He is just there in the warehouse, tipped against the wall when the weather is cool, and outside, tipped against the sliding-door, if the weather is warm. In midsummer he will be found tipped against a tree, if there is one out in front, revolving around its trunk during the day with its shadow. The whole color scheme of the cotton warehouse would be spoiled but for Bud Smith.

Brown had little to do while his cotton-growing customers were trying to win their annual bets against the seasons, the negro, and the mule, a space of time covering about six months; but his sense of humor was busy all the year round. Nothing pleased him more than to perpetrate a successful prank on a country friend, something to which in the days to come he could refer gently—something that would stick to his victim like a nickname, or a vaccination-scar, or like an old colored woman who has sometime in her early life mammied him a bit and forty years after has to find her monthly rent. To the accomplishment of his purpose he brought the face of a professional mourner, or one who has eaten raw oysters a four-days' journey from salt water when the month had no "r" in it. He always insisted that he had too much respect for good jokes to laugh in their presence; that a good joke is the best friend a man can have at times, and he would as soon laugh at his grandmother when she was stopping his earache. When he was planning one, or had one under way, time was of little moment. He simply planted the seed well and let the crop come in its own appointed time and way, and was ready to gather it. Good old Brown! There had been too many bad years for the farmers—years when he tided them over happily—for any of them who knew him well to take him too seriously.

Brown heard from the wonderful cotton-seed several times during the summer. Hiram's enthusiasm knew no limit. According to Hiram, the acre patch was a marvel, and Cooney, who claimed it, was proud of her astonishing success. And Brown heard from it in October, when Hiram came with his wagon and dropped two bales of cotton by the scales. Their united weight was nearly one thousand pounds. Hiram held the certificate of his neighbors that the cotton was produced on one acre, and he was the hero of the hour. The hour was about the limit. In Georgia towns a joke will out-travel even bad news, and before noon Bud Smith had inoculated everybody with the humor of Brown's successful joke, and everybody was laughing at Hiram. He leaned over the office rail, white and almost breathless.

"Is it so, Mr. Brown?" he asked.

"What, Hiram?" Brown's face was a blank.

"About them seed."

"Yes, my boy; it was a joke. But it made you two bales of cotton, and taught you the value of thorough fertilizing and cultivation. You 're 'way ahead."

The color did not come back to Hiram's face. There was no resentment in it, but he was thinking of the little woman at home who had labored hard in the orchard patch.

"And Cooney was going to sell them seed for big money!" he whispered to himself. His throat twitched. He turned suddenly and went away.

That night Cooney Ard heard the story from Hiram. Her quick eye and intuition supplied the details. In an instant her hand lay on his.

"Don't worry, Hiram," she said. "As Mr. Brown told you, we are a long ways ahead. And we have gained a valuable experience."

"But, Cooney, if—it had n't been a joke, the seed would have sold for five dollars a bushel, and you could have had your parlor organ—"

"They are worth that to us as it is. Don't worry. We 'll get the organ some day. Come and get your supper. Come on, dear, and forget all about the seed."

But when Hiram had dragged his weary limbs off to bed, and the baby slept snugly in his little crib, Cooney sat thinking. And as she thought, her gentle face grew white and set, and once or twice she shivered.

"Oh, the wretches! the wretches!" she whispered. Then suddenly she buried her face in her hands and wept. Gradually the storm spent itself, and when she lifted it again all the womanliness had returned.

That night Cooney had an invisible visitor. Whence it came, and how, its shape, and its origin, are among the mysteries of life that even death perhaps will not solve.

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This visitor was something that flashed full grown into her consciousness. The shock caused her to sit bolt upright in bed and frighted slumber away for many an hour. It was not an unwelcome visitor. When sleep came, it found her smiling.

"Hiram," she said next morning, "if you can spare me a mule and the spring wagon, I believe I will go over into Coldneck and see Uncle Tom to-day. I 'll take the baby and get black Sally to drive

"No, you don't **understand**,"—Cooney had become eager **and a little** excited.—"I want you, **Uncle Tom**, to move your mules out of their **lot and little** run, and let me have the **ground for a year**. Will you? And I want **to have it planted** and cultivated just as **I tell you**. Will you? Tell them, after a **while, in town**, you are trying a cotton-seed **that, judging by** its name, might be a **Persian hybrid** or something; I 'll give you **a name** for it. And

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"HE WAS THINKING OF THE LITTLE WOMAN AT HOME WHO HAD LABORED HARD IN THE ORCHARD PATCH"

me. Can you get along one day by yourself?"

"Why, yes, Cooney, if you want to go. I 'll be out with the cotton-pickers 'most all day, anyhow. Don't try to come back if it looks like rain." She took his face in her hands and kissed him. The smile born of her midnight visitor was still on her lips, and she shared it with Hiram.

Uncle Tom heard the story of the seed and began to laugh gently over the joke of the incorrigible Brown. But his laugh failed before the tense tones of the young woman as she reached the climax of the shameful treatment to which her husband had been subjected.

"Confound old Brown!" he muttered. "He ought to have better sense."

when the crop is gathered, have your neighbors to witness it, and give *their* affidavits as to weights. Do this for me, Uncle Tom, won't you? You know I would n't let you help me when I was married,—I wanted Hiram to make his own way,—but you can help me now. They 've combined against Hiram, and we 'll combine, too."

Uncle Tom looked out over his thousands of acres, and let his eyes rest on *the* lot that held his score of mules.

"What the thunder are you up to, Cooney?"

Cooney leaned over and whispered; and as she whispered, a smile dawned *and* broadened on the old man's face, struck downward into laughter, and died out *in*

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tears. He was wiping his eyes as Cooney continued:

"Mr. Brown claims that he taught us a valuable lesson, Uncle Tom. We can't rest under obligations to him, can we?"

"No, Cooney. We Gonders pay our debts." And then his laughter came back.

Spring saw Cooney a frequent visitor to Coldneck, and also, under the blessings of sun and rain, and the pluck of the well-assisted young woman, Uncle Tom's mule lot and pasture grew green and rank with an enormous crop of cotton. About this time Uncle Tom began to find his way to Brown's warehouse, and speak hopefully of an experiment he was making with a variety of cotton-seed that had been presented to him, the "Dramarih Prolific."

"I have been planting cotton, gentlemen, for thirty years," he would say, "but I pledge you my word, I have never seen such a weed. It is as high as my head, and if it fulfils its promise, it will be a revelation. Fact is, if the cotton does all they claim for it, it may revolutionize the business. No," he would reply to persistent inquirers, "I am under promise myself not to sell or give away any without the originator's consent."

Time glided along, till the sensation of the season came, when the Gonder cotton results were all in and verified not only by the judge's undoubted word, but by the affidavits of his neighbors and weighers.

The yield was sixteen hundred and thirty pounds of lint cotton per acre, and the Dramarih Prolific was figuratively in every one's mouth. Exhibited at the State Fair, it won several prizes and secured an enormous advertisement. The demand for Dramarih seed was strong and active, but no seed could be had. The demand on Brown, who was Judge Gonder's factor, became so persistent that he finally rode out to Coldneck and offered to buy all the Dramarih seed, one hundred and six bushels, at the judge's price; but that gentleman was obstinate.

"My promise is out, Brown. I can't sell without my friend's permission, and I won't. But I 'll give you the refusal on the lot, and see what can be done. Of course I shall want to reserve a bushel or so."

It did not take the old gentleman many days to ascertain the wishes of his friend. Six dollars per bushel was the price, if sold in small lots; five dollars, if to one party.

The figures made the warehouseman whistle, but he purchased, giving his check for $525. The judge had reserved one bushel of the Dramarih because he was afraid of Brown's native acuteness.

And then Cooney Ard had her innings. She arrived before the warehouse one Saturday in October, when the crowd was large. Her brave, happy face was well known to many of the country folk. They loved her for her courage and her devotion to her husband, who was one of them. And she had taught many country children before her marriage. As she sat in the buggy, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, Cooney was receiving something like an ovation not only from her neighbors, but from the people of the town; for in the South woman is still the visible grace of God, and no finer type might be found than was this little one. She soon had a party of men about her buggy, neighbors and storekeepers. Fixing her eyes on Bud Smith, tipped back against the great warehouse door, as the object least likely to distract her attention from her narrative, she began with a quaver in her voice that presently, however, passed away:

"You asked me just now, Mr. Brown, how I am getting on, and I want to tell you I am doing nicely, thank you, and out of debt at last."

"You in debt? Why, I never heard of it."

"Yes, I was in debt, and we Gonders"—proudly—"always pay our debts. I have paid mine at last! There is a little story behind it, my friends—one I think you will enjoy. You all remember when I married what a time we had, Hiram and I! How everybody, 'most, prophesied failure, and all that, and how I 'd have to go to Uncle Tom for support. But I did n't. I knew Hiram better than anybody else did, and I knew he had grit. He has worked, gentlemen—worked in the sun and rain and the cold, how hard God only knows, worked for me and the baby—" Her voice broke a little, but she looked away an instant, and let it go into a laugh. "I knew it was in him to succeed. I put faith in him, and he has been faithful. But I was mistaken and disappointed in one thing. I thought, girl that I was, that men were kinder than they are

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to one another. I thought everybody would lend Hiram a helping hand, and back him up, as you say. They did n't. They left him alone and laughed at him. He believes in me, and maybe because I have n't deceived him, believes in everybody. And so it came that last year Mr. Brown fooled him with a lot of cotton-seed from my egg-basket into believing he was giving him a new variety—one that he could make a fortune on—"

September chill, and Bud, who ceased to whittle, and fixed wide-open eyes on the young woman's flushed and joyous face. "And maybe he did have," gasped Cooney. "But laughing at him was n't all. Everybody said Hiram ought to be thankful for the lesson he had learned, and that he was indebted to Mr. Brown. Well, gentlemen, will some of you read that red placard up there on the door—the new seed at four dollars a peck?"

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'I DID N'T WANT THE CHECK; I WANTED A CHANCE TO LAUGH'"

"Oh, come now, Miss Cooney, that was only a joke!" Brown was really unhappy.

"I know it; but it made him the laughing-stock of the whole county. And the disappointment hurt him so much. He thought he had a small fortune in the seed—thought he had something as good as the Dramarih Prolific!" Cooney buried her face in her hands suddenly, and everybody looked uncomfortable. But Cooney was n't crying. When she looked up, she was speechless with laughter, and sympathetically everybody laughed with her—everybody except Brown, who was vaguely uneasy, as one whose spinal column has received a wireless communication from a

"The Dramarih Prolific Cotton-Seed," shouted some one.

"That 's it. The Dramarih Prolific is the variety of cotton-seed that made 1630 pounds of lint cotton in Uncle Tom's mule lot, with enough fertilizer under them for a one-horse farm. And it was the same kind of seed Hiram got from Mr. Brown. Why, 'Dramarih' is just Hiram Ard spelled backward! Gentlemen, if any of you want the Dramarih, get them from Mr. Brown. They were sold to him for five hundred and twenty-five dollars, and here," said Cooney, almost hysterically waving a strip of paper in air—"here is his check. He did n't give it to me, but it reached me."

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When Cooney had ended her oration, everybody had read the cotton sign. There was a moment of silence, followed by hand-clapping and shouts of laughter that brought merchants to their doors half a block away. Brown had received the shock of his life. He was being pushed and pulled about by the hilarious crowd, and his hat was fatally mashed. Then rose from all a cry: "Brown! Brown! Brown!"

Cooney had gathered up her lines, and was giving him her sweetest smile.

"We Gonders," she said, "pay our debts, Mr. Brown. We are Hardshell Baptists on that point. Good-by; we are even now; and, oh, save me a peck of the Dramarihs, please. I want them for my egg-basket."

Then Brown rose to his full manhood. He strode out to the buggy and extended his hand.

"No, we are not even, Miss Cooney. You are a long ways ahead. And, God bless you, I am glad of it!"

She did not take the hand, but she dropped into it the fragments of a check. "I 'm not quite ready to shake hands with you, Mr. Brown," she said; "I 've been on the war-path too long. Maybe I will after a while. Right now I 'd feel like a hypocrite if I shook hands. And I did n't want the check; I wanted a chance to laugh."

As Cooney drove away, the crowd escorted Brown toward a sign across the street. A few moments later Bud Smith suddenly shut his knife with a snap, thrust it into his pocket, said, "Well, I 'll be hanged!" and followed the crowd.

A REVIEW OF PRESIDENT HAYES'S ADMINISTRATION

IN THE LIGHT OF THIRTY YEARS

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

Author of "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," etc.

THE paper that follows may well be regarded in the light of a postscript to the last volume of Mr. Rhodes's monumental "History of the United States"—a distinguished achievement which has placed him in the front rank of American historians.—EDITOR.

MANY of our Presidents have been inaugurated under curious and trying circumstances, but no one of them except Hayes has taken the oath of office when there was a cloud on his title. Every man who had voted for Tilden,—whose popular vote exceeded that of Hayes by 264,000,—believed that Hayes had reached his high place by means of fraud. Indeed, some of the Hayes voters shared this belief, and stigmatized as monstrous the action of the Louisiana returning board in

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awarding the electoral vote of Louisiana to Hayes. The four men, three of them dishonest and the fourth incompetent, who constituted this returning board, rejected, on the ground of intimidation of negro voters, eleven thousand votes that had been cast in due form for Tilden. In the seventh volume of my history I have told the story of the compromise in the form of the Electoral Commission which passed on the conflicting claims and adjudged the votes of the disputed States, notably Florida and Louisiana, to Hayes, giving him a majority of one in the electoral college, thus making him President. When the count was completed and the usual declaration made, Hayes had no choice but to abide by the decision. Duty to his country and to his party, the Republican, required his acceptance of the office, and there is no reason for thinking that he had any doubts regarding his proper course. His legal title was perfect, but his moral title was unsound, and it added to the difficulty of his situation that the opposition, the Democrats, had a majority in the House of Representatives. None but a determined optimist could have predicted anything but failure for an administration beginning under such conditions.

Hayes was an Ohio man, and we in Ohio now watched his successive steps with keen interest. We knew him as a man of high character, with a fine sense of honor, but we placed no great faith in his ability. He had added to his reputation by the political campaign that he had made for governor, in 1875, against the Democrats under William Allen, who demanded an inflation of the greenback currency. He took an uncompromising stand for sound money, although that cause was unpopular in Ohio, and he spoke from the stump unremittingly and fearlessly, although overshadowed by the greater ability and power of expression of Senator Sherman and of Carl Schurz, who did yeoman's service for the Republicans in this campaign. Senator Sherman had suggested Hayes as candidate for President, and the nomination by the Republican national convention had come to him in June, 1876. While his letter of acceptance may not have surprised his intimate friends, it was a revelation to most of us from its outspoken and common-sense advocacy of civil service reform, and it gave us the first glimmering that in Rutherford B. the Republicans had for standard-bearer a man of more than respectable ability.

His inaugural address confirmed this impression. He spoke with dignity and sympathy of the disputed Presidency, promised a liberal policy toward the Southern States, and declared that a reform in our civil service was a "paramount necessity." He chose for his cabinet men in sympathy with his high ideals. William M. Evarts, the Secretary of State, was one of the ablest lawyers in the country. He had been one of the leading counsel in the defense of President Johnson in the impeachment trial, and had managed the Republican cause before the Electoral Commission with adroitness and zeal. John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, was the most capable financier in public life. Carl Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior, was an aggressive and uncompromising reformer, who had served the Republican party well in the campaigns of 1875 and 1876. If these three men could work together under Hayes, the United States need envy the governors of no other country. They were in the brilliant but solid class, were abreast of the best thought of their time, had a solemn sense of duty, and believed in righteous government. Devens, the Attorney-General, had served with credit in the army and had held the honorable position of Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Thompson of Indiana, Secretary of the Navy, was a political appointment due to the influence of Senator Morton, but, all things considered, it was not a bad choice. McCrary of Iowa, as Secretary of War, had been a useful member of the House of Representatives. The Postmaster-General was Key of Tennessee, who had served in the Confederate army and voted for Tilden. This appointment was not so genuine a recognition of the South as would have been made if Hayes could have carried out his first intention, which was the appointment of General Joseph E. Johnston as Secretary of War. Considering that Johnston had surrendered the second great army of the Confederacy only twelve years before, the thought was possible only to a magnanimous nature, and in the inner circle of Hayes's counselors obvious and grave objections were urged. General Sherman

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doubted the wisdom of the proposed appointment, although he said that as General of the army he would be entirely content to receive the President's orders through his old antagonist. Although the appointment of Johnston would have added strength, the cabinet as finally made up was strong, and the selection of such advisers created a favorable impression upon the intelligent sentiment of the country; it was spoken of as the ablest cabinet since Washington's.

A wise inaugural address and an able cabinet made a good beginning, but before the harmonious coöperation of these extraordinary men could be developed a weighty question, which brooked no delay, had to be settled. The Stevens-Sumner plan of the reconstruction of the South on the basis of universal negro suffrage and military support of the governments thus constituted had failed. One by one in various ways the Southern States had recovered home rule until, on the inauguration of Hayes, carpet-bag negro governments existed in only two States, South Carolina and Louisiana. In both of these the Democrats maintained that their candidates for governor had been lawfully elected. The case of South Carolina presented no serious difficulty. Hayes electors had been rightfully chosen, and so had the Democratic governor, Hampton. But Chamberlain, the Republican candidate, had a claim based on the exclusion of the votes of two counties by the board of State canvassers. After conferences between each of the claimants and the President, the question was settled in favor of the Democrat, which was the meaning of the withdrawal of the United States troops from the State House in Columbia.

The case of Louisiana was much more troublesome. Packard, the Republican candidate for governor, had received as many votes as Hayes, and logic seemed to require that, if Hayes be President, Packard should be governor. While the question was pending, Blaine said in the Senate: "You discredit Packard, and you discredit Hayes. You hold that Packard is not the legal governor of Louisiana, and President Hayes has no title." And the other leaders of the Republican party, for the most part, held this view. To these and their followers Blaine applied the name "Stalwarts," stiff partizans, who did not believe in surrendering the hold of the Republicans on the Southern States.

Between the policies of a continuance of the support of the Republican party in Louisiana or its withdrawal, a weak man would have allowed things to drift, while a strong man of the Conkling and Chandler type would have sustained the Packard government with the whole force at his command. Hayes acted slowly and cautiously, asked for and received much good counsel, and in the end determined to withdraw the United States troops from the immediate vicinity of the State House in Louisiana. The Packard government fell, and the Democrats took possession. The lawyers could furnish cogent reasons why Packard was not entitled to the governorship, although the electoral vote of Louisiana had been counted for Hayes; but the Stalwarts maintained that no legal quibble could varnish over so glaring an inconsistency. Indeed, it was one of those illogical acts, so numerous in English and American history, that resolve difficulties when a rigid adherence to logic would tend to foment trouble.

The inaugural address and the distinctively reform cabinet did not suit the party workers, and when the President declined to sustain the Packard government in Louisiana, disapproval was succeeded by rage. In six weeks after his inauguration Hayes was without a party; that is to say, the men who carried on the organization were bitterly opposed to his policy, and they made much more noise than the independent-thinking voters who believed that a man had arisen after their own hearts. Except from the Southern wing, he received little sympathy from the Democratic party. In their parlance, fraud was written on his brow. He had the honor and perquisites of office which were rightfully theirs.

Once the troops were withdrawn from South Carolina and Louisiana, no backward step was possible, and although Hayes would have liked Congressional support and sympathy for his act, this was not necessary. The next most important question of his administration related to finance. He and his Secretary of the Treasury would have liked an obedient majority in Congress at their back. Presidents before and after Hayes have made a greater or less employment of their patron-

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age to secure the passage of their favorite measures, but Hayes immediately relinquished that power by taking a decided position for a civil service based on merit. In a little over a month after the withdrawal of the troops from the immediate vicinity of the State House in Louisiana, he announced his policy in a letter to his Secretary of the Treasury. "It is my wish," he wrote, "that the collection of the revenues should be free from partizan control, and organized on a strictly business basis, with the same guaranties for efficiency and fidelity in the selection of the chief and subordinate officers that would be required by a prudent merchant. Party-leaders should have no more influence in appointments than other equally respectable citizens. No assessments for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed. No useless officer or employee should be retained. No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns." The mandatory parts of this letter he incorporated in an order to Federal office-holders, adding: "This rule is applicable to every department of the civil service. It should be understood by every officer of the General Government that he is expected to conform his conduct to its requirements."

It must be a source of gratification to the alumni and faculty of Harvard College that its President and governing boards were, in June, 1877, in the judicious minority and recognized their appreciation of Hayes by conferring upon him its highest honorary degree. Schurz, who had received his LL.D. from the year before, accompanied Hayes to Cambridge, and, in his Harvard speech at Commencement, gave his forcible and sympathetic approval of the "famous order of the President," as it had now come to be called.

A liberal and just Southern policy, the beginning of a genuine reform in the civil service and the resumption of specie payments, are measures which distinguish and glorify President Hayes's administration, but in July, 1877, public attention was diverted from all these by a movement which partook of the nature of a social uprising. The depression following the panic of 1873 had been wide-spread and severe. The slight revival of business resulting from the Centennial Exposition of 1876 and the consequent large passenger traffic had been succeeded by a reaction in 1877 that brought business men to the verge of despair. Failures of merchants and manufacturers, stoppage of factories, diminished traffic on the railroads, railroad bankruptcies and receiverships, threw a multitude of laborers out of employment; and those fortunate enough to retain their jobs were less steadily employed, and were subject to reductions in wages.

The state of railroad transportation was deplorable. The competition of the trunk-lines, as the railroads running from Chicago to the seaboard were called, was sharp, and, as there was not business enough for all, the cutting of through freight rates caused such business to be done at an actual loss, while the through passenger transportation afforded little profit. Any freight-agent knew the remedy: an increase of freight-rates by agreement or through a system of pooling earnings. Agreements were made, but not honestly kept, and, after a breach of faith, the fight was renewed with increased fury. As the railroad managers thought that they could not increase their gross earnings, they resolved on decreasing their expenses, and somewhat hastily and jauntily they announced a reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of their employees.

This was resisted. Trouble first began on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, where the men not only struck against the reduction, but prevented other men from taking their places, and stopped by force the running of trains. The militia of West Virginia was inadequate to cope with the situation, and the governor of that State called on the President for troops, which were sent with a beneficial effect. But the trouble spread to Maryland, and a conflict in Baltimore between the militia and rioters in sympathy with the strikers resulted in a number of killed and wounded. The next day, Saturday, July 21, a riot in Pittsburg caused the most profound sensation in the country since the draft riots of the Civil War. The men on the Pennsylvania and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroads, had struck, and all freight traffic was arrested. On this day six hundred and fifty men of the first division of the Pennsylvania national guard at Philadelphia arrived in Pittsburg, and, in the

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attempt to clear the Twenty-eighth Street crossing, they replied to the missiles thrown at them by the mob with volleys of musketry, killing instantly sixteen of the rioters and wounding many.

Here was cause for exasperation, and a furious mob, composed of strikers, idle factory hands, and miners, tramps, communists, and outcasts, began its work of vengeance and plunder. Possessed of firearms, through breaking into a number of gun-shops, they attacked the Philadelphia soldiers, who had withdrawn to the railroad roundhouse, and a fierce battle ensued. Unable to dislodge the soldiers by assault, the rioters attempted to roast them out by setting fire to cars of coke saturated with petroleum and pushing these down the track against the roundhouse. This eventually forced the soldiers to leave the building, but, though pursued by the rioters, they made a good retreat across the Allegheny River. The mob, completely beyond control, began the destruction of railroad property. The torch was applied to two roundhouses, to railroad sheds, shops and offices, cars and locomotives. Barrels of spirits, taken from the freight-cars, and opened and drunk, made demons of the men, and the work of plunder and destruction of goods in transit went on with renewed fury.

That Saturday night Pittsburg witnessed a reign of terror. On Sunday the rioting and pillage were continued, and, in the afternoon the Union depot and Railroad hotel and an elevator near by were burned. Then as the rioters were satiated and too drunk to be longer dangerous, the riot died out: it was not checked. On Monday, through the action of the authorities, armed companies of law-abiding citizens, and some faithful companies of the militia, order was restored. But meanwhile the strike had spread to a large number of other railroads between the seaboard and Chicago and St. Louis. Freight traffic was entirely suspended, and passenger-trains were run only on sufferance of the strikers. Business was paralyzed, and the condition of disorganization and unrest continued throughout the month of July. The governors of West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Illinois called upon the President for United States troops, which were promptly sent, and in Indiana and Missouri they were employed on the demand of the United States marshals. Where the regular soldiers appeared order was at once restored without bloodshed, and it was said that the rioters feared one Federal bayonet more than a whole company of militia. The gravity of the situation is attested by three proclamations of warning from President Hayes.

Strikes had been common in our country, and, while serious enough in certain localities, had aroused no general concern, but the action of the mob in Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Chicago seemed like an attack on society itself, and it came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, startling Americans, who had hugged the delusion that such social uprisings belonged to Europe, and had no reason of being in a great, free republic where all men had an equal chance. The railroad managers had no idea that they were letting loose a slumbering giant when their edict of a ten per cent. reduction went forth. It was due to the prompt and efficient action of the President that order was ultimately restored. In the profound and earnest thinking and discussion that went on during the rest of the year whenever thoughtful men gathered together, many a grateful word was said of the quiet, unassuming man in the White House who saw clearly his duty and never faltered in pursuing it. It was seen that the Federal government, with a resolute President at its head, was a tower of strength in the event of a social uprising.

In the reform of the civil service Hayes proceeded from words to action. He reappointed Thomas L. James as postmaster of New York City, who had conducted his office on a thorough business basis, and gave him sympathetic support. The New York Custom-House had long been a political machine in which the interests of politicians had been more considered than those of the public it was supposed to serve. The President began an investigation of it through an impartial commission, and he and Sherman came to the conclusion that the renovation desired, in line with his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury and his order to the Federal officers, could not be effected so long as the present collector, Chester A. Arthur, and the naval officer, A. B. Cornell, remained in office. Courteous intimations were sent to them that their resignations were de-

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sired on the ground that new officers could better carry out the reform which the President had at heart. Arthur and Cornell, under the influence of Senator Conkling, refused to resign, and a plain issue was made between the President and the New York senator. At the special session of Congress, in October, 1877, he sent to the Senate nominations of new men for these places, but the power of Conkling, working through the "courtesy of the Senate," was sufficient to procure their rejection; and this was also the result when the same nominations were made in December.

In July, 1878, after the adjournment of Congress, Hayes removed Arthur and Cornell, and appointed Merritt and Burt in their places. During the following December these appointments came before the Senate for confirmation. Sherman decided to resign if they were rejected, and he made a strong personal appeal to Senators Allison, Windom, and Morrill that they should not permit "the insane hate of Conkling" to override the good of the service and the party. A seven-hours' struggle ensued in the Senate, but Merritt and Burt were confirmed by a decisive majority. After the confirmation, Hayes wrote to Merritt: "My desire is that the office be conducted on strictly business principles and according to the rules for the civil service which were recommended by the Civil Service Commission in the Administration of General Grant."

In three of his annual messages, Hayes presented strong arguments for a reform in the civil service, and he begged Congress, without avail, to make appropriations to sustain the Civil Service Commission. He sympathized with and supported Schurz in his introduction into the Interior Department of competitive examinations for appointments and promotions, and he himself extended that system to the custom-houses and post-offices of the larger cities.

All that was accomplished in this direction was due to his efforts and those of his cabinet. He received neither sympathy nor help from Congress; indeed, he met with great opposition from his own party. A picture not without humor is Hayes reading, as his justification, to the Republican remonstrants against his policy of appointments the strong declaration for a civil service based on merit in the Republican platform, on which he had stood as candidate for President. Though his preaching did not secure the needed legislation from Congress, it produced a marked effect on public sentiment.

The organization of civil-service reform associations began under Hayes. The New York association was begun in 1877, reorganized three years later, and soon had a large national membership, which induced the formation of other State associations; and although the national civil-service reform league was not formed until after his term of office expired, the origin of the society may be safely referred to his influence. In the melioration of the public service which has been so conspicuously in operation since 1877, Hayes must be rated the pioneer President. Some of Grant's efforts in this direction were well meant, but he had no fundamental appreciation of the importance of the question or enthusiasm for the work, and, in a general way, it may be said that he left the civil service in a demoralized condition. How pregnant was Hayes's remark in his last annual message, and what a text it has been for many homilies! "My views," he wrote, "concerning the dangers of patronage or appointments for personal or partizan considerations have been strengthened by my observation and experience in the Executive office and I believe these dangers threaten the stability of the government."

The brightest page in the history of the Republican party since the Civil War tells of its work in the cause of sound finance, and no administration is more noteworthy than that of Hayes. Here again the work was done by the President and his cabinet in the face of a determined opposition in Congress. During the first two years of his administration, the Democrats had a majority in the House, and during the last two a majority in both the House and the Senate. The Republican party was sounder than the Democratic on the resumption of specie payments and in the advocacy of a correct money standard, but Hayes had by no means all of his own party at his back. Enough Republicans, however, were of his way of thinking to prevent an irremediable inflation of either greenbacks or silver.

The credit for what was accomplished in finance belongs in the main to John

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Sherman, a great financier and consummate statesman; but he had the constant sympathy and support of the President. It was their custom to take long drives together every Sunday afternoon and discuss systematically and thoroughly the affairs of the treasury and the official functions of the President. No President ever had a better counselor than Sherman, no Secretary of the Treasury more sympathetic and earnest support than was given by Hayes. Sherman refunded 845 millions of the public debt at a lower rate of interest, showing in his negotiations with bankers a remarkable combination of business and political ability. Cool, watchful, and confident, he grasped the point of view of New York and London financial syndicates, and to that interested and somewhat narrow vision he joined the intelligence and foresight of a statesman. Sherman brought about the resumption of specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879, the date fixed in the bill of which he was the chief author and which, four years before, he had carried through the Senate. It was once the fashion of his opponents to discredit his work, and, emphasizing the large crop of 1878 and the European demand for our breadstuffs, to declare that resumption was brought about by Providence and not by John Sherman. No historian of American finance can fail to see how important is the part often played by bountiful nature, but it is to the lasting merit of Sherman and Hayes that, in the dark years of 1877 and 1878, with cool heads and unshaken faith, they kept the country in the path of financial safety and honor despite bitter opposition and clamorous abuse.

These two years formed a part of my own business career, and I can add my vivid recollection to my present study of the period. As values steadily declined and losses rather than profits in business became the rule, the depression and even despair of business men and manufacturers can hardly be exaggerated. The daily list of failures and bankruptcies was appalling. How often one heard that iron and coal and land were worth too little and money too much, that only the bondholder could be happy, for his interest was sure and the purchasing power of his money great! In August, 1878, when John Sherman went to Toledo to speak to a gathering three thousand strong, he was greeted with such cries as, "You are responsible for all the failures in the country"; "You work to the interest of the capitalist"; "Capitalists own you, John Sherman, and you rob the poor widows and orphans to make them rich."

By many the resumption of specie payments was deemed impossible. The most charitable of Sherman's opponents looked upon him as an honest but visionary enthusiast who would fail in his policy and be "the deadest man politically" in the country. Others deemed resumption possible only by driving to the wall a majority of active business men. It was this sentiment which gave strength to the majority in the House of Representatives, which was opposed to any contraction of the greenback currency and in favor of the free coinage of silver, and of making it likewise a full legal tender. Most of these members of Congress were sincere, and thought that they were asking no more than justice for the trader, the manufacturer, and the laborer. The "Ohio idea" was originally associated with an inflation of the paper currency, but by extension it came to mean an abundance of cheap money, whether paper or silver. Proposed legislation, with this as its aim, was very popular in Ohio, but, despite the intense feeling against the President's and Secretary's policy in their own State and generally throughout the West, Hayes and Sherman maintained it consistently, and finally brought about the resumption of specie payments.

In their way of meeting the insistent demand for the remonetization of silver Hayes and Sherman differed. In November, 1877, the House of Representatives, under a suspension of the rules, passed by a vote of 163 to 34 a bill for the free coinage of the 412½ grain silver dollar, making that dollar likewise a legal tender for all debts and dues. The Senate was still Republican, but the Republican senators were by no means unanimous for the gold standard. Sherman became convinced that, although the free-silver bill could not pass the Senate, something must nevertheless be done for silver, and, in coöperation with Senator Allison, he was instrumental in the adoption of the compromise which finally became law. This remonetized silver, providing for the purchase of not less

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than two million dollars worth of silver bullion per month, nor more than four millions, and for its coinage into 412½ grain silver dollars. Hayes vetoed this bill, sending a sound and manly message to the House of Representatives; but Congress passed it over his veto by a decided majority.

The regard for John Sherman's ability in Ohio was unbounded, and it was generally supposed that in all financial affairs, as well as in many others, he dominated Hayes. I shared that opinion until I learned indirectly from John Hay, who was first assistant Secretary of State and intimate in inner administration circles, that this was not true; that Hayes had decided opinions of his own and did not hesitate to differ with his Secretary of the Treasury. Nevertheless, not until John Sherman's "Recollections" were published was it generally known, I believe, that Sherman had a share in the Allison compromise, and did not approve of the President's veto of the bill remonetizing silver.

The Federal control of Congressional and Presidential elections, being a part of the Reconstruction legislation, was obnoxious to the Democrats, and they attempted to abrogate it by "riders" attached to several appropriation bills, especially that providing for the army. While the Senate remained Republican, there was chance for an accommodation between the President and the Senate on one side and the House on the other. Two useful compromises were made, the Democrats yielding in one case, the Republicans in the other. But in 1879, when both the House and the Senate were Democratic, a sharp contest began between Congress and the Executive, the history of which is written in seven veto messages. For lack of appropriations to carry on the Government, the President called an extra session of Congress in the first year of his administration and another in 1879, which was a remarkable record of extra sessions in a time of peace. The Democratic House passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to investigate Hayes's title and aroused some alarm lest an effort might be made "to oust President Hayes and inaugurate Tilden." Although this alarm was stilled less than a month later by a decisive vote of the House, the action and investigation were somewhat disquieting.

Thus Hayes encountered sharp opposition from the Democrats, who frequently pointed their arguments by declaring that he held his place by means of fraud. He received sympathy from hardly any of the leaders of his own party in Congress, and met with open condemnation from the Stalwarts; yet he pursued his course with steadiness and equanimity, and was happy in his office. His serene amiability and hopefulness, especially in regard to affairs in the Southern States, were a source of irritation to the Stalwarts; but it was the serenity of a man who felt himself fully equal to his responsibilities.

In his inaugural address, Hayes contributed an addition to our political idiom: "He serves his party best who serves the country best." His administration was a striking illustration of this maxim. When he became President, the Republican party was in a demoralized condition, but, despite the factional criticism to which he was subject, he gained in the first few months of his Presidency the approval of men of intelligence and independent thought, and, as success attended his different policies, he received the support of the masses. The signal Republican triumph in the Presidential election of 1880 was due to the improvement in business conditions and to the clean and efficient administration of Hayes.

In recalling his predecessor in office, we think more gladly of the Grant of Donelson, Vicksburg, and Appomattox than of Grant the President, for during his two administrations corruption was rife and bad government to the fore. Financial scandals were so frequent that despairing patriots cried out, "Is there no longer honesty in public life?" Our country then reached the high-water mark of corruption in national affairs. A striking improvement began under Hayes, who infused into the public service his own high ideals of honesty and efficiency. Hayes was much assisted in his social duties by his wife, a woman of character and intelligence, who carried herself with grace and dignity. One sometimes heard the remark that as Hayes was ruled in political matters by John Sherman, so in social affairs he was ruled by his wife. The sole foundation for this lay in his deference to her total abstinence principles, which she held so

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strongly as to exclude wine from the White House table except, I believe, at one official dinner, that to the Russian Grand Dukes.

Hayes's able cabinet was likewise a harmonious one. Its members were accustomed to dine together at regular intervals (fortnightly, I think), when affairs of State and other subjects were discussed, and the geniality of these occasions was enhanced by a temperate circulation of the wine-bottle. There must have been very good talk at these social meetings. Evarts and Schurz were citizens of the world. Evarts was a man of keen intelligence and wide information, and possessed a genial as well as a caustic wit. Schurz could discuss present politics and past history. He was well versed in European history of the eighteenth century and the Napoleonic wars, and could talk about the power of Voltaire in literature and the influence of Lessing on Goethe. From appreciative discourse on the Wagner opera and the French drama, he could, if the conversation turned to the Civil War, give a lively account of the battles of Chancellorsville or Gettysburg, in both of which he had borne an honorable part. Sherman was not a cosmopolitan like his two colleagues, but he loved dining-out. His manners were those of the old-school gentlemen; he could listen with genial appreciation, and he could talk of events in American history of which he had been a contemporaneous observer; as, for example, of the impressive oratory of Daniel Webster at a dinner in Plymouth; or the difference between the national conventions of his early political life and the huge ones of the present, illustrating his comparison with an account of the Whig convention of 1852, to which he went as a delegate.

Differing in many respects, Hayes and Grover Cleveland were alike in the possession of executive ability and the lack of oratorical. We all know that it is a purely academic question which is the better form of government, the English or our own, as both have grown up to adapt themselves to peculiar conditions. But when I hear an enthusiast for cabinet government and ministerial responsibility, I like to point out that men like Hayes and Cleveland, who made excellent Presidents, could never have been prime ministers. One cannot conceive of either in an office equivalent to that of First Lord of the Treasury, being heckled by members on the front opposition bench and holding his own or getting the better of his opponents.

I have brought Hayes and Cleveland into juxtaposition, as each had a high personal regard for the other. Hayes died on January 17, 1893. Cleveland, the President-elect, was to be inaugurated on the following fourth of March. Despite remonstrance and criticism from bitter partizans of his own party, who deprecated any honor paid to one whom all good Democrats deemed a fraudulent President, Cleveland traveled from New York to Fremont, Ohio, to attend the funeral. He could only think of Hayes as an ex-President and a man whom he highly esteemed.

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BALILLA OF GENOA

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

THE marble streets of Genoa lead downward to the sea—
The sea that all was Genoa's when Genoa was free,
And all her sons were equal where the tideless waters be.

A hundred stately palaces a-towering to the sky
Commemorate the mighty deeds of Genoa's great and high;
But down in dim Portoria, where the early shadows fall,
Stands the figure of Balilla boy, the simplest of them all.
Lithe and supple as a panther, crouching low upon the limb,
With a frown upon his brow, and eyes that blaze the soul of him.
In his hands he holds a pebble—holds it loose, to heave it strong;
And that pebble has a story worth a statue or a song.

For the sea's law was forgotten when the age of greed began,
Till a sterner one was needed, and the duty found the man.
Long the patient folk had suffered from a harsh patrician rule;
Now a foreign master added double rigor to the school,
When he bade them drag their cannon from the ramparts to the street,
As a dog his whip might carry to a cruel master's feet.
So, like cattle chained, they struggled with the mortar on the tracks,
While the sweat was on their faces and the blood was on their backs,
And the men and women stripped them for the unaccustomed strain,
Crushing soul and racking body, touching everything but brain.

Till a beast not fully broken, of the fierce Ligurian kind,
Wiped his brow, and grimly muttered to a fellow-clod behind:
"This big mortar we could move it, did we turn it here and now,
Let us try it, let us prove it. What, *fratello,* sayest thou?"
Here a loaded whip, descending on the contumacious head,
Raised a question hard to answer—there is no reply to lead;
For a word is weak as water, and a thought is light as air,
Till the wind awakes the billows, and the hurricane is there.

But the muttered whisper traveled on the ether waves of thought,
And a message for his muscles to the young Balilla brought.
Then our David of the rabble, with a single aim endowed,
Seized a pebble from the pavement, swung it high, and shouted loud,
As he launched it true and steady, "Is it time, O Genoese?"
Time and target well were chosen, for he struck the hearts of these,
And the sullen guns swung slowly, and the bitter toil grew sweet
To the willing hands that rushed them up the steep and stony street,
To their old place on the ramparts, whence their voice was heard again
By the dull sheep in the senate, by the wolf-pack on the plain,
By the people who had slumbered through a century of night,
Till the spirit of a nation woke to knowledge and to fight.

The marble streets of Genoa lead downward to the sea;
A thousand graven images upon her walls there be:
But the smallest is the greatest. Young Balilla, here 's to thee!

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THE MONUMENT TO BALILLA

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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S "CHILD WIFE"

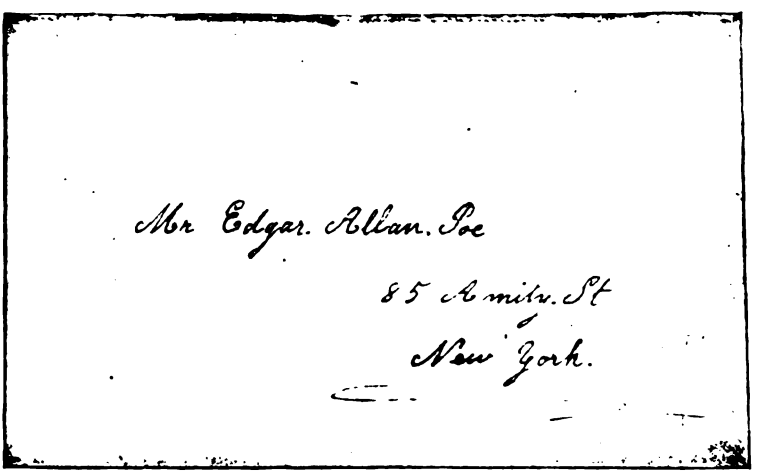
WITH AN UNPUBLISHED ACROSTIC BY HER TO HER HUSBAND

BY JOSEPHINE POE JANUARY

BETWEEN the summits of Edgar Allan Poe's literary mastery and the sad valleys of discussion and abuse of him lies that midland of his human daily life.

The only knowledge of its fair way comes to us now through a few precious personal letters. Among these is one from the poet to his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who was later his mother-in-law. It is filled with assurances of his ability to care for Virginia, descriptions of the little house in Richmond which he could take, and much resentment of what he called the cruelty of those who would separate him from his love. These hard-hearted ones were sister and brother-in-law of Virginia, who only wanted to keep this lovely child of fourteen in school another year before she should marry her ardent cousin.

On the same sheet of paper, at the bottom of this letter written by Edgar Allan Poe to "the mother of the one I loved so dearly," as he later describes Mrs. Clemm in a poem, is a most tender love-letter to Virginia—a love-letter to the beloved written quite frankly beneath a letter to her mother! How remote such things seem



FACSIMILE OF THE ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOP WHICH INCLOSED THE VALENTINE TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

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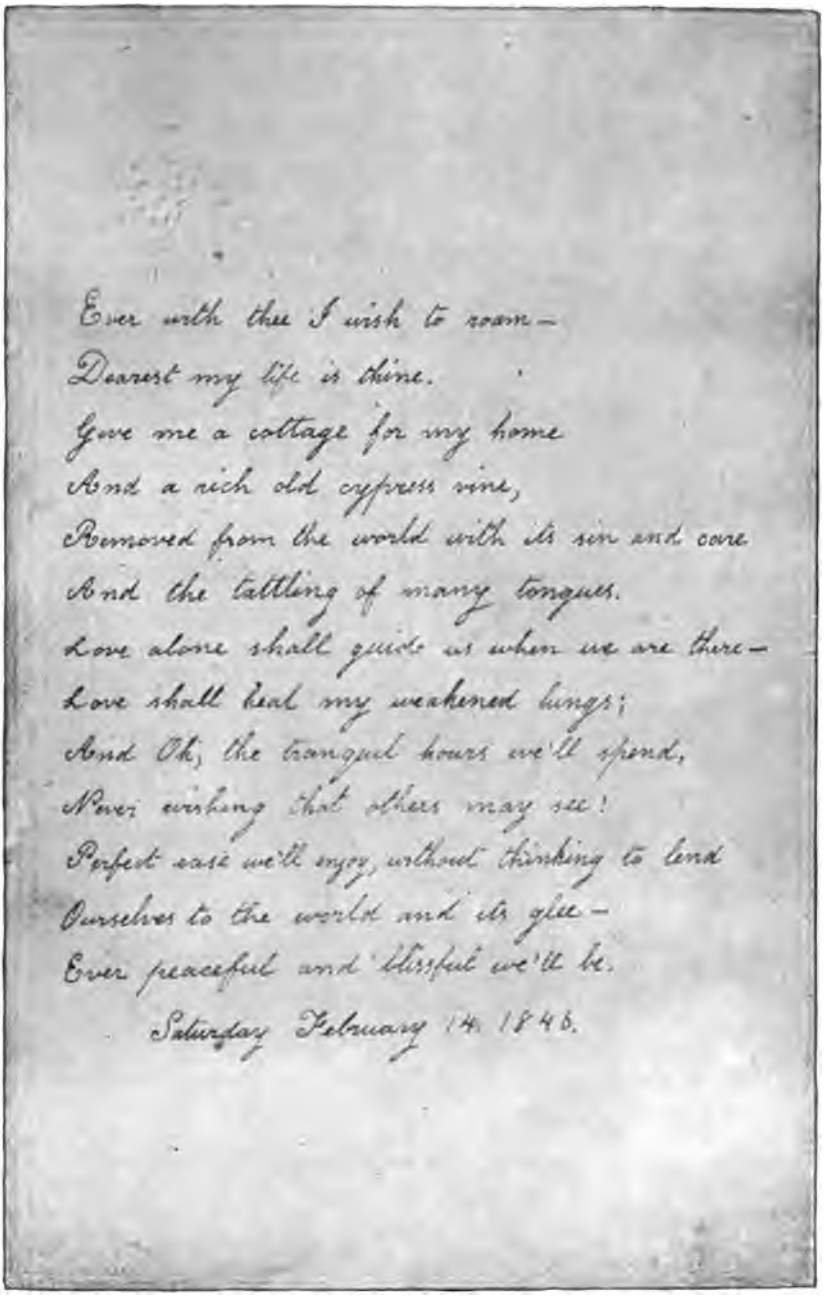

Ever with thee I wish to roam—
Dearest my life is thine.
Give me a cottage for my home
And a rich old cypress vine,
Removed from the world with its sin and care
And the tattling of many tongues.
Love alone shall guide us when we are there—
Love shall heal my weakened lungs;
And Oh, the tranquil hours we'll spend,
Never wishing that others may see!
Perfect ease we'll enjoy, without thinking to lend
Ourselves to the world and its glee—
Ever peaceful and blissful we'll be.

Saturday February 14. 1846.

From the original owned by A. F. Poe

FACSIMILE OF VALENTINE SENT BY VIRGINIA CLEMM
TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

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to-day! But to this girl in Baltimore, long ago, listening perhaps while her mother read it to her, this seemed the natural way for "Eddie" to write to her, as natural as her unchanging love for him. So the wishes and the opinions of the "cruel" family were set aside, and in a few months Virginia Clemm married Edgar Allan Poe.

Eleven years later she wrote to her husband this little acrostic valentine, now yellow with age and stained where a lock of her black hair lay. The first letters of each line spell his name in full—thirteen letters, marring the possibility of a sonnet, if the still childlike heart ever sought such poetic attainment.

In February, 1846, after some years in Philadelphia, Poe and his wife were again living in New York, and the little valentine is directed to him there. Part of the line—in which Virginia writes that love shall heal her weakened lungs—is sad autobiography. For in the use of her full, beautiful contralto voice she broke a blood-vessel in her throat, and consumption quickly followed.

Perhaps during all these years, in one or another of the cities where they had lived, Virginia saw in vision a cottage for her home; and this wish of hers probably brought about the move to the little cottage at Fordham to which the Poes went very soon after the valentine was written. And one likes to think that sixty-three years ago there *was* a rich cypress vine covering the bare porch.

Only another year was left Edgar Poe and Virginia together, for while the poet sang for the world's later hearing his exquisite "Annabel Lee," the maiden who in truth "had lived with no other thought than to love and be loved" by him was dying there in the comfortless little cottage by the Fordham road. One sees it now, and thinks of the poverty, the sorrow, the renunciation, of those two, and at first it seems so pitifully little that life gave to them. But is it little? To him the gift of song, to her the gift of love.

Drawn by R. W. Amick

HOUSE WHERE POE LIVED AT NO. 85 AMITY STREET (NOW WEST THIRD STREET), NEW YORK CITY

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A BIT OF TURKISH CHIVALRY

BY DEMETRA KENNETH BROWN

Author of "Haremlik"

OUR guest, a Greek in the employ of the Turkish government, finished telling us how in disguise he had managed to penetrate into the Tekhé of the Dervishes of Stamboul and witness one of their secret ceremonies. It was one to which only the most orthodox Mussulmans were admitted, and a Christian took his life in his hand if he tried to be present. In the silence that followed his words, the tapping of the hour by the *bektchi,* on his nightly rounds, came to us from sleeping Constantinople outside.

"And how often do these ceremonies occur?" I asked, breathless with interest.

"Twice a year. The next one will be at the end of March."

It was then the middle of February. I was sixteen years old at the time, and my imagination needed little to set it afire. I could not sleep that night for the haunting remembrance of the uncanny wonders to which I had listened. I did not even go to bed. I sat by the window and looked at the white minarets faintly gleaming against the dark-blue Oriental sky. Yonder was Stamboul, with its mysteries and its charms. I wondered which of all those graceful peaks reared itself above the Mosque of the Dervishes. My desire to see that of which I had heard grew ever stronger as the hours passed, until I could stay quiet no longer. I left my room and went to that of my brother. He was fast asleep, but with the unscrupulous cruelty of my years I awoke him.

He jumped up, rubbing his eyes. "What is it, child? Are you ill?"

"No," I said, settling myself on the foot of his bed. "Brother, I want to go to the Dervishes' dance next month."

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Go back to bed at once, or I shall think you have gone crazy."

"Brother, you have got to say that you are going to take me there."

My brother was thoroughly awake by this time. He looked at me with a kind of despair.

"But did n't you hear how dangerous it was—even for Damon Kallerghi? As for your going, you might as well prance off to prison at once."

"I don't mind going to prison, if I can see the Dervishes first," I persisted.

My brother was fourteen years older than I. He had been my playfellow and my instructor, and was now my guardian. Unfortunately, he was neither stern with me nor prudent himself. I knew that I could make him grant me this wish if I only stuck to it long enough; and when I returned to my room an hour later, I went to sleep delighted with the thought of the extracted promise.

The next six weeks passed slowly, although we were busy with a number of preparations. We had, of course, to be provided with Turkish clothes in every particular; and since, according to Osmanli custom, a lady never goes abroad alone, at least two other women on whose courage and discretion we could count had to be enlisted. It was not difficult to find men to accompany us. Any enterprise the aim of which was to outwit the Turks could not but appeal to Greeks. The two young men whom we chose were both government officials, but this did not in the least abate their enthusiasm for the enterprise.

At last the night of nights arrived. We met in our house, dressed there, and stole down the back way to two carriages awaiting us. These took us to the Galata

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Bridge, whence we proceeded on foot. A faithful man-servant, dressed in Anatolian *salvhar,* headed the procession, carrying a lantern. We women came next, and our escorts followed a little way behind, since Turkish women never walk in company with men.

Stamboul in the daytime is clamorous and overcrowded. The hundred and one cries of its peddlers and shopkeepers come at one from all quarters, and in half the languages of the earth, while one can hardly move about for the congestion of people. At night it is as silent and dark as the tomb. As we hurried along the narrow, crooked streets, we heard the occasional tramp of the night patrol, the sharp yelps of the dogs at their scavenger work, and that was all. I had never before seen Stamboul at night, and I doubt whether I shall ever wish to see it again.

I began to realize the enormity of our enterprise, and to appreciate that had my brother been of a less adventurous temperament or a more careful guardian, we should never have been where we were at that hour. As we stumbled along over the ill-paved alleys, which little deserved to be called streets, the bravery with which I had confronted the idea of possible dangers oozed out of me. Born and brought up in Turkey, of a race which had had to acknowledge the Turk as its conqueror, I had naturally heard many accounts of his cruelty and ferocity, although in my personal experience I had always found him gentle and kind. Now, however, the tales of the nursery recurred to a mind which the consciousness of doing wrong made susceptible to fear. We were on our way to steal into a mosque the door of which was strictly closed against us. We were dressed in Turkish clothes, and Christian women were forbidden under a heavy penalty to dress as Turks, except in the company of Turkish women. We were all Greeks, and the Turks had been our hereditary enemies since 1453. Had I had the courage at this juncture to demand that we return, as I had insisted on coming, I should have been spared one of the most terrifying nights of my life; but I lacked this, and my shaky legs marched on through the unnamed and unnumbered streets to our destination.

The man who had been the primary cause of our risky enterprise awaited us at the arched gateway of the Tekhé. He signaled us to follow him, and we entered an ill-lighted outer courtyard. Thence we went down a steep staircase to an inner one that must have been considerably below the street level. My recollections of our movements for the next few minutes are hazy. We walked through one crooked corridor after another till we came to what looked like an *impasse.* A young Dervish was standing so flat against the wall that I did not notice him until Damon Kallerghi made a sign to him, to which he responded. Then he lifted the heavy leather portière, which I had taken to be the solid wall, and permitted us to pass under it, and, as it seemed to me, beyond any human protection. Up to this moment it was still possible for us to turn back; but when that leather portière closed behind us, we were in the dark Tekhé itself.

An insane fear seized me. What if our guide had entrapped us here to our destruction? I did not stop to reflect how much persuasion it had required to get him to conduct us on this hair-brained escapade: I was simply afraid, and my fear robbed me of every vestige of common sense. Fortunately, beyond trembling till my teeth chattered, I attempted nothing.

A few yards farther over the stone floor, and we were pushed into a stall, and another leather portière closed us in. This was the end of our journey. The front of the stall was covered with latticework, and through its holes we could look down into a cavernous square arena, dark, save for a big charcoal fire smoldering in the middle. Around the arena ran an arched promenade, and here we presently made out the reclining forms of many Dervishes of different orders, and numerous Mohammedan pilgrims, quietly smoking their pipes. The stalls on our right and left must also have been occupied, for we heard the scuffling of feet on the floor, and then silence.

I really cannot say how long we sat on our low stools, looking down on the weird scene beneath us, before the oppressive silence was broken by a fearfully plaintive sound which seemed to come from far away, and which, for lack of a better word, I shall have to call music. On and on it went, rising and falling, monotonous, dull, and melancholy. It penetrated the

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whole place, seeming to drug the atmosphere, till one felt as if any phantasmagoria of the brain might be real.

It had another effect, this dreadful, insistent sound. After a few minutes a desire to shriek, even to bite, came over me, and I began rhythmically to tear my *feredjé* in time to the music.

From this condition I was roused by a strident yell, and looked through the lattice with renewed attention. The arena was beginning to fill with long-cloaked Dervishes carrying lighted torches. A mat was then spread near the charcoal fire, and on this the *sheik,* or abbot, of the brotherhood took his place, cross-legged. The nerve-racking music ceased while he offered a short prayer.

When this was over, other Dervishes came into the arena, received torches, and ranged themselves under the archways like caryatids. The maddening music started again, and the Dervishes, joining hands, made the round of the inclosure in a slow, dancing step, somewhat like the step of a dancing bear, gradually increasing the violence of their movements. Then each one took off his *taj,* or head-dress, kissed it, and passed it over to the *sheik.* The music grew faster, but lower in tone, and more infuriating. The Dervishes, with heads bowed and shoulders bent, danced more wildly about the smoldering fire. The long cloaks were thrown aside, and the men appeared naked, except for the band around their waists, from which hung long knives. They threw out their arms, as if in supplication, and bent back their heads in terrible contortions. Yells of *"Ya Hou!"* and *"Ya Allah!"* mingled with the music. Little by little the men lost every vestige of resemblance to human beings. They were créatures possessed by a demoniac madness. They shrieked and yelled inarticulately, their voices yet blending curiously well with the hellish music. When their frenzy reached its climax, they drew their knives from their belts and began stabbing themselves. The blood trickled down over their bodies, and added to the sinister aspect of the scene. After a while some of them began to throw themselves into the fire, and then with ferocious yelps to get out of it. Others, as if they were hungry wolves, and the fire their prey, fell upon it and ate the lighted charcoal. The smell of burning flesh was added to the smell of sweat and blood, and made the close air almost unbearable.

When at last they could whirl no more, yell no more, stab themselves and eat fire no more, one by one they fell to the ground. The music became ever faster and fainter, as if it were agonizing with the men who danced to it, until, when the last man collapsed, it, too, ceased. The *sheik* then rose from his mat and went from one prostrate form to another, breathing into their faces, and administering to their wounds. He who died on such a night, it was said, would become a saint.

Dazed and shaken, we left our stall and stumbled along the corridors until we reached the entrance. There were other people, and I was vaguely aware of cries and sobs, but heeded nothing. I wished to get out of the Tekhé as if my salvation depended on it. At the outer door I gave a great sigh of relief, and ran on after our Anatolian with his lantern.

I was by no means myself yet, but a feeling of relief came upon me when the cold, damp air of the night struck my face. I was trying to get away from the music, which still clung to my nerves. For a considerable time I walked on until a hand touched my shoulder. Startled, I turned, and by the light of the moon, which had risen, looked into the eyes of a veiled woman who was a stranger to me. Other veiled forms surrounded me, none of whom I knew.

"Hanoum effendim," said the one who had touched me, smiling, "I am afraid you have lost your party, and by mistake have come with ours."

Her words were like a cold but vivifying bath.

"I must have done so," I replied, trying to avoid much conversation. "I will go back."

"Come with us for the night," she suggested.

Thanking her, I took to my heels. I had not paid much attention to the crooked streets traversed thus far, and as I absolutely lack the sense of location, I must now have gone in some other direction than that of the Tekhé; for after long running back and forth, and hiding in the by-streets whenever I heard any one approaching, I came to the awful conclusion that I could not find the Tekhé and, alone and unprotected, was lost in the streets of

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Stamboul. I wondered, too, what the others were doing. Afterward I learned that, when they got to the entrance, one of the women of our party had fainted, and, to avoid danger, they had hidden in a dark passageway while waiting for her to come to her senses. In their excitement they did not notice my disappearance, and when they found it out, they searched high and low, finally deciding that the others should go home while my brother and one of the men hid near the Tekhé, thinking that sooner or later I should turn up there. It was only in the early morning that they went away, hoping that by some lucky chance I had reached home.

Meanwhile I was roaming far from the Tekhé, exposed to all kinds of dangers. I grew desperate. Horrible stories of the Greek revolution recurred to my mind: how our women were tortured to death by the Turks, and how, to avoid shame and torture, they had thrown themselves into the sea. If I could only reach the water! With that idea in my mind I ran in the direction in which I thought the sea lay. Fragments of prayer taught me in childhood, and long forgotten for lack of use, came back to me, and I began to pray. I was glad for the many saints in the Greek Church to whom I could appeal. I tried to remember where in the church was the particular niche of each of the saints. It took my mind from my danger, and gave it a definite object, as I hurried on.

Into the intensity of my prayers there broke the muffled sound of leather boots. The night patrol was on its rounds. I stood still. To all appearances I was a Turkish woman alone in the streets. The patrol would arrest me. What if I threw away the *feredjé* and the *yashmak?* Though as a Turkish woman I should be taken to prison, what my fate would be as a Christian I did not know, and the unknown fate was the more terrifying. The Turkish garb was my danger, but also my momentary protection.

I drew the black silk about me. While waiting for the approach of the night patrol, my mind acted quickly. I must belong to some man's harem, either as lady or slave. I was afraid that I might not act meekly enough for a slave; then it must be as somebody's wife. Whose should it be? The tall, stalwart figure of a certain Turkish cavalry officer flashed across my mind's eye. I had not seen him for three or four years, but for a while he had fed my childish imagination. He looked much as the Greek heroes must have looked, and at the time when he was a frequent visitor at our house my head was full of Greek mythology. Moreover he had two or three wives, and I knew where he lived, since my brother had once taken me thither.

By the time the patrol had come near me I felt quite safe in the thought of the dashing figure and handsome face of the man I had chosen as my husband. I walked up to the patrol, though I was swallowing hard, and told them that I was lost, and wished them to take me to the police-station and send for Selim Arif Pasha, my husband. I addressed myself to the man who appeared to be the officer of the small band, and spoke very low, in order that he might not detect any hesitancy in my Turkish, though fortunately it was the first language I ever spoke.

He saluted in military fashion, divided his few men into two groups, and between them escorted me to the police-station. There a consultation took place between him and his superior, and the latter asked me where I had been, and how I had happened to lose my party.

I smiled sweetly at him. "I shall tell that to my husband, and he will tell you, if he thinks best."

This was so admirable a wifely sentiment that it left my inquisitor bereft of questions.

"It is a long way to your house," he remarked. "It may take some hours for your husband to come here."

"That does not matter, if you will only send for him."

He took me to a large room and locked me inside. I had no means of knowing whether he would send for Arif Pasha or not, but I argued to myself that the name was too big for a policeman to trifle with. It remained to be seen whether the Pasha would come at the summons, or would first go into his *haremlik* to find out whether one of his wives was really missing. And if he had several homes, as rich Turks often have, would he be at the address I gave, or would he be with another wife at another house, or possibly out of town?

My thoughts were far from roseate. I

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sat on my stool praying to my Maker as I have never done before or since. I thought that after this experience I should become a very wise and careful woman. Alas!

The night grew older, and the grayish light gradually pierced the darkness, as I disconsolately wondered what would happen to me.

There were steps outside, the key turned, and Selim Arif Pasha entered the room, and shut the door behind him.

My father used to say: "Don't be humble with the Turks. They despise humility. Ask them what you want, and ask it as your right."

"Please be seated, Selim Pasha," I said, "and I will tell you all about it."

"And, pray, who are you?" he asked.

"I will tell you that also," I answered with as confident a manner as I was able to assume.

He drew up a stool and sat down opposite me. Then I told him the whole adventure, adding that I had sent for him to get me out of the scrape.

When I had finished, he threw back his head and laughed heartily. "So you are my wife, are you?" he exclaimed.

I laughed, too, tremendously relieved that he was not angry with me.

"I remember you well now," he went on, "and if you are not any better disciplined than you were a few years ago, you will make a troublesome handful of a wife," and again he roared. "I told your precious brother once that if he did n't use more discretion in bringing you up, you would keep him pretty busy. And now what do you think I can do for you?"

"Why, I thought you would just get me out of here, and drive me home."

Arif Pasha looked at me with a kind of puzzled exasperation. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"Well, can't you see that if I drove you home at this hour your reputation would be ruined?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed blankly. "Then what must we do?" I was quite willing to leave it all to him.

A fresh access of merriment overcame the Turk. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes. I stood by, inclined to join in with him, yet not quite sure whether it was directed against me or not. In truth, there was a sardonic humor in the situation which I did not understand until some hours later.

"Did ever a man find himself in such a position!" he gasped, wiping his eyes. "Here I am routed out of bed at an unearthly hour, and dragged across Stamboul to a police-station, to discover myself possessed of a Greek wife I never knew I had —and to get her out of jail!"

He went to the door and clapped his hands. To the soldier who responded to the signal he said a few words, and then returned to me.

"I have sent for coffee and something to eat."

"But I don't want anything to eat. I only want to go home," I said petulantly.

"Pardon me," he said with severity, "but I am not accustomed to speak twice to my wives. They do what I say without objections."

"But I 'm *not* your wife," I retorted, nettled at his lofty tone.

"No? I thought you said you were," and again his laugh filled the room.

When the coffee and *galetas* were brought in, I ate meekly, and they tasted good. The hot coffee, especially, warmed me, and made things seem much more cheerful than they had.

When we had finished eating, he said to me: "Now, Mademoiselle, my carriage is down-stairs, but I have explained to you why I cannot drive you direct to your home."

"Suppose you take me to your home, and tell your favorite wife about it," I suggested.

His dark-blue eyes danced. "You think she will believe me, Mademoiselle?"

"Why not?"

He shook his head. "When you are a woman, you will understand many things you do not now, and I hope you will still have cause to trust men as you do now. But, Mademoiselle, they are not all trustworthy, and women are right not to believe what they say."

He caressed his clean-shaven chin and became lost in thought. Presently he unfolded his plan, and even in my youth and impatience I began to see that the sole object of all his precautions was to get me into my house in such a way as to save me from any breath of scandal.

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The sooner we left the station-house the better it would be. He spoke a few words to the police-officers, and then told me to follow him. There was a closed coupé awaiting us, and when we were in it, he pulled down both curtains. "We are going on a long drive until it becomes respectable daylight. Then we shall go to your house, as if I were bringing you back from a visit to one of my wives."

It was after nine o'clock when we reached my home.

"Now," he said, "arrange the *yashmak* so that it will look like a European scarf, and hold your *feredjé* as if it were a silk cloak, and don't look frightened. I will get out and ring the bell, and stay here talking and laughing with you for a minute. If you see people whom you know, bow cordially to them, and do not act as if there were anything unusual in the situation."

When the servant answered the bell, I came out of the carriage, and Arif Pasha, bending over my hand, said:

"Mademoiselle, tell your brother that I shall forget ever having seen you to-night."

"Thank you," I said.

Of the man who opened the door, I asked: "Is my brother in?"

"No, Mademoiselle. He has been here several times this morning, but is out now. He seems to be in some kind of trouble."

"As soon as he comes in, tell him I should like to see him."

It was a haggard and miserable brother who came to my room an hour or so later.

After telling him all my adventure, I repeated Selim Arif Pasha's message.

My brother gave me a long, thoughtful look.

"Do you know," he said at last, "that Selim Arif and I have been deadly enemies for the last three years?"

LEADERS OF MEN

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WHEN they are dead, we heap the laurels high
Above them, where indifferent they lie;
We join their deeds to unaccustomed praise
And crown with garlands of immortal bays
Whom, living, we but thought to crucify.

As mountains seem less glorious, viewed too nigh,
So often do the great whom we decry
Gigantic loom to our astonished gaze,
When they are dead.

For, shamed by largeness, littlenesses die;
And, partizan and narrow hates put by,
We shrine our heroes for the future days,
And to atone our ignorant delays
With fond and emulous devotion try,
When they are dead!

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A WOMAN OF REGGIO

AN EARTHQUAKE REFUGEE

CRAYON DRAWING FROM LIFE BY JOSEPH STELLA

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BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

ITS SUCCESSES AND ITS FAILURES

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THIS comprehensive, informing, and candid article by an English writer of large experience derives special timeliness from the recent revival of agitation in India against British rule.—THE EDITOR.

THE nature of the crisis, for a crisis it unquestionably is, that confronts the British in India cannot be apprehended aright until one knows something of what India is. Except technically and geographically it is not a country at all. It is a continent, and a continent so vastly diversified in race, religion, language, physical conditions, and degrees of civilization, that Western experience offers nothing with which to compare it. Imagine the United Kingdom and all Europe under the single rule of Japan; conceive the peoples of the British Isles and of all the countries of Europe, while retaining intact their own speech and faiths and peculiar customs and characteristics, taken up, jumbled together, and poured out again, anyhow and nohow, so that there are as many Frenchmen, Magyars, Irishmen, Spaniards, Finns, Italians, and so on in Germany as there are Germans, so that all existing boundaries become meaningless, so that peoples of the most varied development and attainments, holding different beliefs, speaking different tongues, and nourished, it may be, on mutual and inveterate antipathies, dwell side by side in hourly contact—picture all this, and some faint conception will be formed of that polyglot chaos we compendiously label India. It is the beginning of all Indian wisdom to realize that no countries and no peoples in Europe differ from one another so profoundly as countries and peoples differ in India; that there is no such thing at present as an Indian nation or as the Indian people or as an Indian consciousness of unity and solidarity; and that among its three hundred millions are races as antagonistic to one another as the Pole to the Prussian or the mongoos to the snake, and as far removed from one another in interests, culture, and instincts as the New Englander from the Patagonian. But even these stupendous facts are far from telling the whole tale. The forty-three distinct nationalities or races, the nine main religions,—not sects, but religions,—and the one hundred and eighty-five languages and dialects that are spoken between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin, are only a hint of the endless mosaical complexities of the Indian structure.

All these lines of division are divided and sub-divided again by the twenty-five hundred castes and their offshoots into which the peoples of the peninsula have sectionalized themselves. The caste system, with its infinitely rigid and intricate rules and implications as to marriage, diet, occupation, religious observances, and social status and etiquette, is the unique and determinating factor of Indian life. It has marked out for virtually every native of India his place in life, his circle, and his career; it has given him the protection and companionship, the corporate interests and associations, of an established and closely related coterie. But while it has preserved Indian society through innumerable shocks, it has done so only by disuniting it, by seeking the principle of strength and endurance in thousands of minute, self-contained particles, instead of in one cohesive whole; and while the gulf between the two hundred million Hindus to whom the cow is sacred and the sixty million Mohammedans to whom the cow is an article of diet is immense and im-

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passable, it is probably no greater than between the high-caste Brahmin and his low-caste coreligionist. It is only, indeed, in terms of occupation, of poverty, and of illiteracy, that one can express a single fact or condition that holds good over nearly all of India and for most of its peoples. Nearly three quarters of the natives of India support themselves by the land; more than a hundred million of them live in villages of less than five hundred inhabitants, and more than two hundred millions in villages of less than two thousand inhabitants; nineteen twentieths of them are returned as illiterate; and their average annual income is estimated at about ten dollars a head.

Over this amazing congeries, comprising one fifth of the human race, Great Britain has exercised a sway which Mr. Roosevelt last January described as "the greatest feat of the kind that has been performed since the break-up of the Roman Empire." The praise is high, but I do not think a dispassionate judgment would pronounce it excessive. The policy and principles of British rule in India have borne fruit in a record which stands admittedly in the front rank of constructive achievement.

Among those principles the first and greatest is that India should be governed rather in the interests of her peoples than of her rulers. Great Britain derives from the great dependency no benefit that may not be shared in by any other nation on equal terms. There is not one tariff for British goods entering Indian ports and another for American or German goods. The country is held, as it were, in trust for the trade of the whole world, without favoritism or discrimination. It is a further principle of British rule to spend on the dependency all the revenue raised from it. Great Britain receives nothing from India in the nature of a tribute—no return of any kind except for services rendered. These, however, are no more than the fixed axioms of British rule all the world over.

For the special needs of her work in India Great Britain has formulated and has acted upon a second set of axioms not less liberal and sagacious. Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858—the proclamation that closed the horrors of the mutiny with a word of peace and hope—contained three cardinal pledges. The first was that the territories, rights, dignity, and honor of the native princes would be scrupulously respected. This undertaking has been amply redeemed.

One talks loosely of British India as though the British governed the whole country. There are, as a matter of fact, some seven hundred native states, covering over a third of the total area, and inhabited by over sixty-two million people, that are ruled by native princes under British suzerainty; and no feature of British rule in India has been more satisfactory than the moderation and foresight which have preserved this dual system of government. Its effects, on the whole, have been of the happiest; and in the loyalty of the native princes and the general contentment of their subjects, the British Raj finds to-day one of its surest supports. The second pledge in the Queen's proclamation guaranteed freedom of religious faith and observances, the equal and impartial protection of the law for all alike, and due regard for the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India.

I do not think any one will attempt to deny that the spirit of these promises has been adhered to with the closest fidelity. To carry them out in practice has not always been easy. It seems a simple matter to guarantee the free exercise of different forms of worship and the observance of ancient usages and customs; but when these forms of worship and belief bring with them a code of ethics in many particulars different from that of the ruling power and essentially abhorrent to; when these usages and customs are found to be an impregnable bar to progress and a constant menace, for example, to public health, then the difficulty of reconciling them with the conscience of a modern democracy and the palpable interests and development of the Indians themselves becomes very great. Thus the British Government in the last hundred years has suppressed suttee, infanticide, punishment by torture and mutilation, and slavery; has altered the laws which among Mohammedans and Hindus alike made apostasy equivalent to civil death and deprived a convert of all rights of heritage; has legalized the remarriage of widows; has been repeatedly compelled to offend native opinion in the measures it has adopted for fighting famine and plague;

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and may possibly, at no distant date, be driven to prohibit the custom of child marriage. But these changes have been effected with all possible regard for native sentiment and, on the whole, the pledges of the proclamation of 1858, in this most hazardous and delicate sphere of policy, have been lived up to with remarkable faithfulness and success. The British Government is the true, is, indeed, the sole, representative of the peoples of India. It alone looks with an equal eye on the rivalries of race and caste and creed; it alone considers the common good; it alone holds the scales with inflexible evenness.

The third, and in many ways the most momentous pledge in the proclamation of 1858, expressed the royal will that "so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge." This is, on the face of it, a cautious and guarded undertaking, but it has never been construed in any but a generous spirit. It is true the examinations for the Indian Civil Service are held only in London, thus excluding many natives who might otherwise compete. It is also true that the highest and most responsible posts both in the army and in the civil service are all but exclusively in the hands of Englishmen. But the constant tendency for the last half-century has been to widen the area of public employment for Indians and to sacrifice something of efficiency for the sake of employing them. Natives fill the lower grades of the civil services almost entirely; in the middle grades, where the salaries range from $300 to $4000 a year, they outnumber the British officials by over four to one; in the higher grades they are freely admitted to such offices as they are qualified to fill; and it is only the very small number of supreme and directing posts that have hitherto been reserved in British hands, and even this reservation is no longer to be maintained. Indians dispose of by far the greater part of the magisterial work; they manage nearly all the business connected with the public revenues; and native judges sit on the bench in each of the high courts, have almost entire control of the civil courts, excepting the Courts of Appeal, and in all classes of civil cases exercise jurisdiction over natives and Europeans alike. Altogether the number of native officials and employees closely approaches a million and a half, while that of British officials and employees is considerably less than ten thousand.

Turning to the army, one finds that here again the natives predominate. The wholly British force consists in the aggregate of some 75,000 troops. The native force consists of about 160,000 troops, commanded by British and native officers in about equal proportions. In other words, the native army in India is more than twice as large as the British. The sword which Britain wields in India is preponderantly in Indian hands, and if India, as some critics have asserted, is "overawed by superior military force," it is chiefly through the agency of the Indians themselves. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of Indians go through life without once seeing the gleam of a British bayonet or the face of a British soldier; and when one remembers that a total force of 250,000 men, two thirds of whom are natives, has for fifty years maintained an unbroken peace and insured an absolute security of life and property among 300,000,000 people scattered over a territory of a million and a half square miles, and has safeguarded both people and territory from invasion from the North, and that, in proportion to population, this force is much smaller than the American army, one sixtieth the size of the German, and one hundredth the size of the French, one needs nothing more to dismiss with contempt the "brute strength" theory of British rule in India.

Nor must it be forgotten in considering the relative participation in Indian government, that some 750 municipal bodies have been established, administering the local business of over 16,000,000 peoples and disposing of an annual income of nearly $30,000,000, on which the native representatives outnumber the Europeans by more than six to one; that over 1000 district and local boards have also been called into existence, spending some $16,000,000 every year on education, civil works, sanitation, and so on, in which likewise the elected or nominated representatives of the peoples have a decisive voice; and that the self-governing village communities, the most pertinacious feature in the social structure of India, have been taken over and maintained virtually intact

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by the British rulers. The government of India, in short, is the government of Indians, for Indians, by Indians, under British direction. So far from there being any ban of exclusion against natives, the peoples of India have been admitted to a far larger and more effective share in administering their own affairs than any other people in similar circumstances, unless perchance it be the Filipinos. They have been vested with the responsibility of working a free press, trial by jury, and the system of representation by election; and while the British, as a nation, do not look far ahead and dislike theories, I think it may fairly be said that somewhere in their consciousness is the conviction that they are in India for the ultimate purpose of teaching the Indians how to rule themselves and that they have consistently made it one of their objects to provide a training in administrative and legislative responsibility for the peoples under their charge.

The indispensable foundation for the working out of any principles of government is internal peace, and peace is the greatest of the blessings that British rule has bestowed upon India. The ravages of invaders, the horrors of civil war between state and state, race and race, creed and creed, have utterly ceased. An occasional clash between Mohammedans and Hindus, easily and promptly quelled, is nowadays all that disturbs the tranquillity of a continent once the unceasing prey of strife and disorder. But beneath the truce imposed by British power the old hatreds and passions are still straining, and it is a curious example of human inconsequence that the Bengalis, who have done most to impair the strength of the British Raj, and who have even agitated for its abolition, would be the first to suffer were it to be overthrown. There is a famous and authentic tale of a conversation that took place between a highly distinguished personage in England and a certain Indian prince, a veteran soldier and sportsman and a chief among one of the great fighting peoples.

"Tell me frankly, Maharaja, what you think would happen if we were to leave India to-morrow?"

"If you were to leave India to-morrow," said the old man, "on the day *after* to-morrow my men would be in the saddle; and three months after *that* there would not be a virgin or a rupee left in Lower Bengal."

Peace, then, a peace maintained by the minimum show of power, is the first of British achievements; and on the basis of peace there has been in the last half-century a sure and constant growth of material prosperity and a rapid multiplication of the accessories of a well-organized state. In 1858, there were only 300 miles of railroad; to-day there are over 30,000. In 1858, irrigation watered only a million and a quarter acres; to-day, partly by the direct and partly by the indirect enterprise of the Government, some fifty million acres of arid waste or dry cultivation have been turned into crop-bearing areas. The value of the imports and exports in the last fifty years has quadrupled; over twelve times as much is spent on education now as then; some 200,000 miles of roads have been built; the civil and criminal laws have been codified; the forests have been conserved; an impartial and even-handed justice has been dispensed; and a system of famine prevention and relief has been devised which must rank among the most wonderful of administrative achievements.

All this makes up a record of beneficence that has never been even approached in scope and practicality. That there is another and less satisfactory side to it I readily admit. Great Britain has sometimes, though very rarely, sacrificed the interests of India to the pressure of her own traders and manufacturers. She has never displayed anything like the enthusiasm that the American Government would have shown for educating the natives. Although the ignorance and credulity of the peoples are perhaps the most formidable peril that threatens her rule, she has made but tardy and inadequate efforts to overcome them; and such efforts as she has made have been badly devised and ill-directed. A change for the better is setting in now, but the warmest panegyrist of the British Raj would scarcely reckon its education policy among its most successful achievements. It is an undeniable blot on British administration that four villages out of five should be without a school; that three boys out of four should grow up without education; and that only one girl in forty should attend any kind of school. Then, again, it is doubtful whether the British have done all that might have been done

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to restrain the unhealthy, and when the monsoons fail, the disastrous preponderance of agriculture, to relieve the eternal indebtedness of the peasantry, to stimulate industries, and to make agriculture itself more efficient. Though it is absolutely against the weight of the evidence to talk of the British system of taxation as oppressive or as responsible directly or indirectly for the recurrence and the intensity of famines, it is probably true that a more vigorous and scientific policy of agricultural and industrial betterment would have placed the *ryot* in a better position to weather the appalling periods of unemployment when the failure of the rains deprives him of his sole occupation and only means of livelihood. The British, moreover, have not yet succeeded in establishing a native police force that is either honest or competent, and it rarely happens that a white man who has assaulted or even murdered a native is made to pay the full penalty of his crime. Like every régime that is mainly bureaucratic and personal, the British Government in India has the further defect of exalting mere efficiency in administration above the cultivation of sympathy; it is a dull and mechanical and unimaginative as well as an alien rule; it frequently blunders through sheer inability to comprehend the native point of view; it makes little or no appeal to the sovereign instinct of loyalty; and the supercilious and arrogant manners of too many of its agents are a source of constant irritation and ill-will.

That these blemishes and shortcomings have contributed to the gathering tide of unrest is certainly the case. But an impartial mind will discern in that unrest a proof rather of the success than of the failure of British rule. India has been passing through a period of unwonted tumult and commotion. She has seen a great and a not unjustifiable popular agitation against the division of Bengal into two provinces. She has seen a vehement and at times a violent demand on the part of the educated classes for more power and influence. She has seen British officials murdered, British goods boycotted, the alienation between rulers and ruled deepen into overt hostility and hostility develop into sedition. She has seen the expanding force of native opinion and ambitions beating upon a devoted, hard-working, but rather rigid and complacent bureaucracy. She has seen the propaganda of the bomb and the knife countered by stern strokes of repression. She has felt vaguely the reflex thrill of the triumphs of Japan. She has become dimly aware of a something that may in time prove to be the beginnings of a sense of collective unity among her variegated millions. But by far the larger part of all this unrest is to be put down to the credit side of the British account. It is the result of the peace and security that British rule has brought with it. It is the result of the British policy of educating the natives not merely in the learning and sciences of the West, but in those ideals of liberty which are enshrined in British literature and exemplified in British history. It is the result of the British policy of training the natives in the principles and practice of self-government. It is the result of the intellectual irrigation of a native press that could not exist without British consent, and that has rarely been interfered with even when most anti-British in tone. It is the result, too, of the intercourse which the railroads have made possible and of the common medium of understanding which the polyglot peoples of India, or at least the literate among them, are discovering in the English language. All these factors have produced their inevitable result. They have created among the educated classes a fervent and legitimate desire to take a yet larger and more effective share in ordering their affairs.

That desire is one that the British authorities both in England and in India have no intention whatever of thwarting. They are anxious, on the contrary, to meet and gratify it. It has always been their policy to associate the natives with the work of government, and they have never for one moment thought of abandoning it either on the advice of reactionaries in England and India or in a panic of apprehensions over bombs and assassinations. Lord Morley's scheme of reforms is not an innovation upon, but an extension of, the uniform practice of British rule in India. It is, however, a very large and far-reaching extension. Hitherto the natives, while intrusted with the bulk of the duties of administration, have had comparatively little part in the spheres of policy and legislation. Henceforward they

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are to have an effective, an all but controlling, voice in determining both policy and legislation. Two Indians already serve on Lord Morley's Council in London. Another has been made a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in Calcutta, which is the equivalent of the President's Cabinet in the United States—in other words, the supreme governing authority in India. At the same time all but half of the Viceroy's Legislative Council is to be composed of elected Indians who will enjoy novel and genuine privileges in the way of moving resolutions, dividing the Council, and of settling the actual figures of the budget; while for the future the Provincial Executive Councils will contain at least one Indian member, and the Provincial Legislative Councils will be under the absolute control of a native majority, subject, of course, to the veto of the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor and to the reserved powers of the Central Government. Any one with the least experience of administration can see at once that these are very valuable powers, and that they convert the opportunities of natives for guiding legislation into a working reality. Any one, too, who ponders the deep and peculiar cleavages of race, creed, and caste that run through Indian society will perceive the enormous difficulties under Lord Morley's scheme of securing the proper representation of minorities and of saving whatever electoral system is ultimately adopted from becoming an added source of racial and religious strife. Those difficulties have already begun to show themselves in the fears of the Mohammedans lest they be swamped under Hindu votes. They are not, however, beyond the power of adjustment, and Lord Morley's reforms in their final shape will undoubtedly be found as equitable to all the faiths and nationalities of India as they are large, generous, and timely.

ON HEARING MADAME OLGA SAMAROFF PLAY

BY WILLIAM WATSON

WHAT hopes and fears, what tragical delight,
What lonely rapture, what immortal pain,
Through those two hands have flowed, nor thrilled in vain
The listening spirit and all its depth and height!
Lovelier and sweeter from those hands of might
The great, strange soul of Schumann breathes again;
Through those two hands the over-peopled brain
Of Chopin floods with dreams the impassioned night.
Yea, and he, too, Beethoven the divine,
Still shakes men's bosoms with his bosom's throes,
O fair Enchantress, through those hands of thine;
And yet perchance forgets at last his woes,
Happy at last, to think that hands like those
Have poured out to the world his heart's red wine.

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FINGER-PRINTS

THEIR USE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY AND ELSEWHERE

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE SYSTEM IN OFFICIAL AND BUSINESS CIRCLES

BY CHARLES B. BREWER

"EVERY human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character, and by which he can always be identified — and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time. This signature is not his face — age can change that beyond recognition; it is not his hair, for that can fall out; it is not his height, for duplicates of that exist; it is not his form, for duplicates of that exist also, whereas this signature is each man's very own — there is no duplicate of it among the swarming populations of the globe!" — From Pudd'nhead Wilson's speech in defense of the twins.

READERS of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson"—and who has not read it?—will recall that the story turns upon the hero's identification, by means of finger-prints, of the two babes of Dawson's Landing, who "could n't be told apart when they had no clothes on," and whose clothes the nurse Roxy one day had seen fit to interchange. When the tale first appeared in THE CENTURY in 1893–94, the incident was doubtless considered wholly fanciful by most readers; that it had a scientific basis has long been demonstrated by the use of the system for public purposes. In the last eight years this use has increased with great rapidity.

As far back as 1858, Sir William James Herschel, a Civil Service Commissioner of India, introduced in Bengal the employment of finger-prints in order to prevent the false personation then prevalent in the courts.

About the same time that "Pudd'nhead Wilson" was given to the reading public, Francis Galton, Fellow of the Royal Society, who had made a study of finger-impressions, published a volume, "Finger Prints": London, 1892.

E. R. Henry, Inspector General of Police in Bengal, carried the system to England, and put it in force in Scotland Yard in 1901 as a means of identifying criminals. It has long been used in China on passports.

USE IN THE NAVY [1]

THE use of the system was introduced in the United States Navy in 1907, but not for criminal purposes. It is here employed not primarily to catch deserters, but to detect and prevent their reënlistment. It insures the seamen of the navy that the standard shall not be lowered, and that they shall not be called on to associate with those who have not "proved true."

The navy wants reliable men for its vessels, and it gets them. The men who man its vessels are the finest in the world, principally because it pays them better, feeds them better, treats them better otherwise, and offers greater chance of advancement than any other naval service, and also exercises more care in their se-

[1] Published by the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy.

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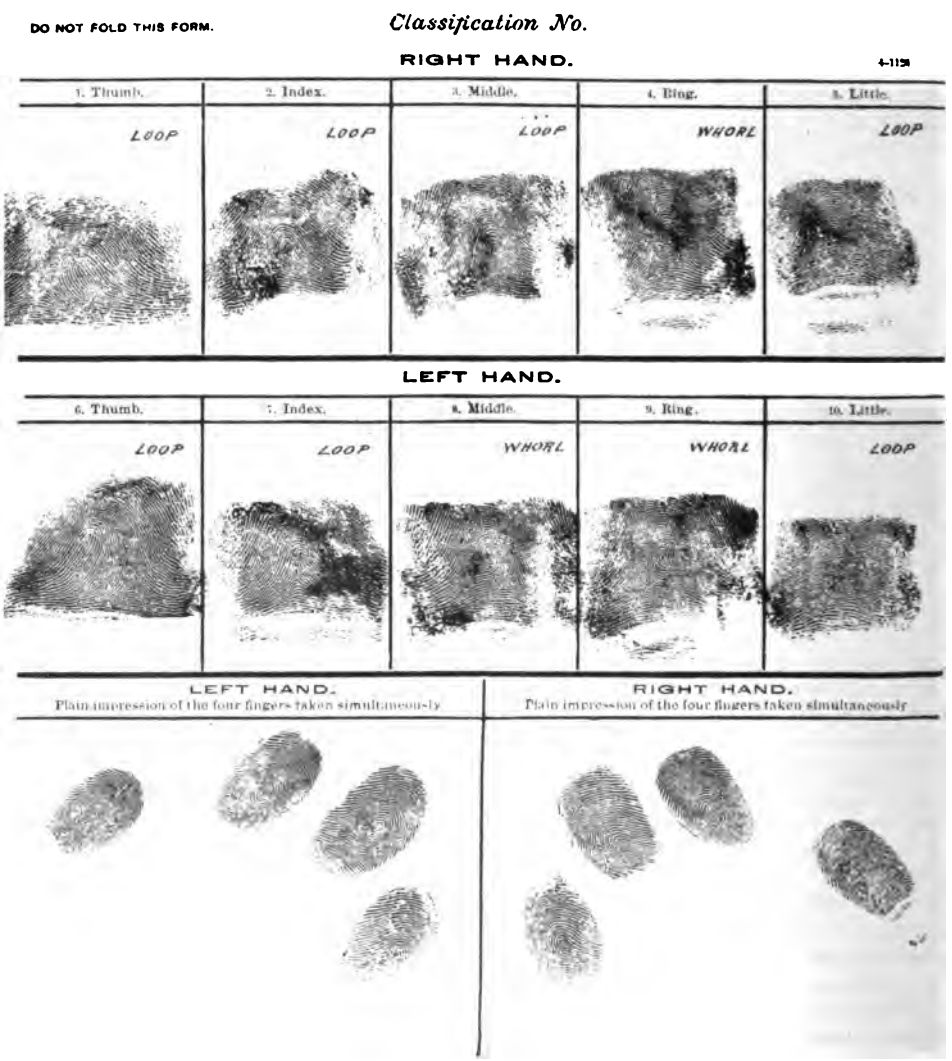
lection. Of about eighty-two thousand applicants for the fiscal year 1907–08, fifty-six thousand were rejected. After appointment, of those accepted some four thousand declined, leaving twenty-two thousand men to enter the service.

In 1908, the Bureau of Navigation, charged with the enlistment of the crews of our naval vessels, recorded the finger-prints of thirty-four thousand men with virtually the same equipment that David Wilson used for recording the finger-prints of Roxy's child and her charge. The equipment used consists of a piece of glass, a bottle of printer's ink, and a roller to spread the ink on the glass, which is used over and over by transferring the ink from the glass to "card records" by rolling on the inked glass the finger and thumb of each hand and rolling them again on these card records. The finger is rolled to obtain what is technically known as an "expanded" record. After the expanded record is obtained, what is known as a "flat" impression is taken as a check to prevent error. This flat impression is imprinted at the prescribed place at the bottom of the card for comparison with the expanded records on another part of the sheet.

No great amount of skill is required to take the impressions, but an examination



FORM USED BY NAVY DEPARTMENT FOR TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF FINGER-PRINTS

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of a few cards will inspire respect for the experts who have to classify and identify what appears to the uninitiated a bewildering mass of cobwebs. The time of two experts, one a woman, is given to this work. If care has been exercised in taking the impression, the card can be identified in one minute's time, but poor impressions may take as long as five minutes. These experts can tell with positive assurance whether a man applying for enlistment either has enlisted or has been on the navy's lists since the system was started; for, since the institution of the system, records have been taken of all men on the lists. It does not matter what a man says his name is or what his real name may be. He may have a dozen aliases, but he has only one name to the navy, and that is the name he said was his at the time of enlistment. His name as given at that time and his signature go on his finger-print card. This will be his name forever as far as the navy is concerned.

The first glance at finger-print impressions, which Mark Twain likened to the curved lines marking the oceans on the borders of maps, is apt to provoke the remark, "They all look alike to me." A little study, and one will find such differences that he will wonder at the possibility of any sort of classification. It is not within the province of this article to attempt a study of the system. It is interesting to know, however, that the experts at the Navy Department use only three grand classifications, known as arches, loops, and whorls. A crude definition of each is: arches, lines running from one side of the finger to the other; loops, lines making backward turns, but no twist; and whorls, lines forming more or less of a spiral. The direction of the lines, the distances apart of the junctions, and other more minute considerations, give certain numerical values to the impressions. These values for different fingers, when added together, give other values. The classification enables the "searcher," as the expert is called, readily to find the drawer in which the card will be found, and the "values" enable him to turn at once to the card.

Of the ability of the system to establish identity with exact certainty, a committee appointed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department of Great Britain, in reporting on the system, stated:

> The finger prints of one finger, if clearly taken, are enough to decide the question of identity or non-identity, and if the prints of three or more fingers be taken and compared, all possibility of error *is absolutely eliminated. . . . It seems impossible* to insist too strongly on the absolute certainty of the criterion of identity afforded by the finger prints.

The present population of the world is about 1,600,000,000. Francis Galton, who is the foremost author on this subject, estimates that the world could have forty times its present population before there would be a *probability* of the impressions of the hands of any two persons being the same.

Neither do these impressions change their characteristics. The features of man may change their shape and expression, his hair may change its color, his beard may be altered or entirely removed, and the measurements of his body (relied on by the Bertillon system of identification) may possibly materially change their dimensions; but as long as the body lasts, the characteristics of finger-impressions remain the same without the slightest change. From childhood to old age, and even after death until mortification sets in, this immutable witness remains to testify that you are who you are.

USE OF THE SYSTEM BY THE POLICE

THE indestructibility of these impressions is almost uncanny to the criminal who realizes the importance of them in identification work. Toil may wear them down, but not away; wounds may lessen, but not obliterate them; and even acid and fire may have their try, and yet not entirely destroy these lines and patterns.

Knowledge of the importance of finger-prints as a means of identification is not common, and neither is it commonly known that the fingers deposit an oily vapor on everything with which they come in contact, which, if sprinkled with a chemical powder expressly prepared for it, will bring out the finger-prints sufficiently to be clearly photographed, if the powder is applied within twenty-four hours. The fact is known to some criminals, however, as was shown in the case of a burglar, who, caught in the act, was found to have gloves on, lest he should be betrayed by

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his fingers. A case came to the knowledge of the Navy Department officials where a deserter who wished to reënlist had cut off his telltale fingers.

An important arrest, recorded in a London paper, well illustrates with what despatch arrests may sometimes be effected by the use of finger-prints. A pane of glass was removed from a cellar window through which a burglar entered. On examination, the glass showed the marks of several fingers in sequence, just as the glass had been handled. It is a well-known fact to those who have studied criminology that most criminals belong to a "class," and, when once caught, it is rather to be looked for that he will turn out to be an old offender. In this case the police, acting on this knowledge, compared the prints on the window-pane with their records. Within a few hours they proceeded to the lodgings of the suspected person, took him in custody, and found the stolen property in his possession.

It so happens that it is sometimes to the advantage of one accused of crime that such a positive means of identification as finger-prints afford is at hand. A murderer in the Whitechapel district in London was described to the police as being "fat," of about a certain named weight, and as having "a peculiar mark on the cheek near the left ear." No fewer than five men were arrested in the city of London, all within a few pounds of the specified weight, and, strange as it may seem, each had the same peculiar mark in the looked-for place. The witness had not had a good look at the murderer, and could not say any of the five was *not* he. Four innocent men who could not satisfactorily explain their movements spent an anxious time until a further investigation of the scene of the murder revealed a bloody finger-print. It was found to correspond exactly with that of one of the five. The other four were promptly released. The fifth was afterward convicted on other evidence.

Among the cities that now use the system are New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Louisville, Indianapolis, Memphis, and the principal cities in other parts of the world. It is being widely adopted by numerous other smaller cities.

Its introduction as a system, with central bureaus, for the entire country will make its use much more valuable. A movement to effect this is now pending. Central bureaus have already been established in several of the States.

IDENTIFYING INDIANS

In 1905, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the Department of the Interior adopted the practice of requiring Indians to attach their thumb-prints, in addition to their signatures, as evidence of the authenticity of written agreements. It worked so well that it was decided to continue it as a regular feature in all negotiations of importance. One of the earliest examples of such negotiations by the Interior Department was the agreement, concluded January 21, 1907, by Inspector James McLaughlin with the Indians of the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota for the opening to settlement and entry of a part of that reservation, and, in addition to the signature or mark of each Indian, the paper bore the imprint of his thumb.

In September, 1908, a circular was issued by the Interior Department requiring thumb-signatures, or thumb-impressions, on all checks, receipts, and other official papers which formerly had been signed by the cross-mark of Indians and others. Instructions were issued to all employees that in every case where a person could not write his name, the impression of his right thumb must be placed on the paper either before or after his name, instead of the cross-mark, as heretofore, and the words "his mark" or "her mark" to be above and below "the thumb impression in such a way as to make the identification absolute."

It was further urged upon all officers and employees "to use the greatest care in carrying out this plan, as it is desired to have, within the shortest time possible, an infallible method of identification in case of dispute or attempted fraud."

In commenting on this requirement, in his annual report, the Commissioner said:

> Quite apart from its purely material aspect as a means of preventing error and confusion, moreover, the practice has another and not less important consideration to commend it in its influence on the Indian himself. When an illiterate Indian who is called upon

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to sign a document sees a clerk make a cross with a pen and put some writing around it, and finds that his only share in the operation is to step up and touch with his finger tips the end of the penholder as a sign that the mark is his, he naturally attaches very little significance to it. . . . But it is easy to see, in every gathering where Indians are called upon to impress their thumb prints opposite their written names, that they understand that here is something which commits them, and that there is no escape from the effect of a mark actually made by them and capable of comparison with another mark similarly made at a later date.

OTHER USES

It is used for other purposes than those already mentioned. In India, where its extensive development began, the Post-office and Medical departments of the government, and the civil-service examining boards make use of it. The United States War Department and the Marine Corps use it in registering enlisted men, and its use is now being considered by the Pension Bureau as a means of checking the fraudulent drawing of pensions.

The day will probably come when finger-prints will be seen on many checks of the more cautious, doing double duty as a guard against raising the figures and also against forgery. Two years ago a plan was devised for the use of the system in a Hoboken savings-bank which had lost heavily by fraudulent impersonation, the depositors comprising many who could not write, but had to sign by mark. Since the adoption of the finger-print plan the bank has not lost a cent. For banks it is not only effective as a proof of signature, a cashier being enabled instantly to verify the print on a check, but it can be used by the institution as a safeguard against an absconding employee. The subject is now being considered in New York in connection with false impersonation in civil-service examinations. A lawyer has applied the plan to his practice, particularly in the signature of wills. As a means of perfecting a railroad or commercial company's "black list," it would be ideal. An insurance company, after spending twenty-five thousand dollars in a case of disputed personality, recently consulted the New York police for the purpose of learning something of the system, by the use of which proof of death would be absolute, provided the body of the deceased person was not lost or destroyed. The establishment of the system at Ellis Island is advocated as a most important step toward the control of the criminal immigrant.

Life and accident insurance companies and bonding companies may find it of advantage to adopt it.

It is possible that its use may have an even wider field; for with the establishment of experts in all cities on duty night and day at central places where they could always be found, the system could be made to fill a want that has more than once been experienced by many, namely, identification. The writer remembers being in a strange city during one August and, needing a check cashed, had to seek his fifth, and last, acquaintance there before finding one who was not away on his vacation. Few of us have the resource of Joseph Jefferson, who, in the good but untrue story, is said to have identified himself to a bank cashier by the remark: "You don't know me? If my leetle dog Schneider vas here, he know me."

IMAGINARY CHECK WITH FINGER-MARK IDENTIFICATION

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FINGER-PRINTS

THEIR USE BY THE POLICE

THE REMARKABLE AND SUCCESSFUL USE OF THESE RECORDS TO IDENTIFY CRIMINALS

BY JAY HAMBIDGE

A TELEPHONE in the Finger-Print Department of the New York Police Headquarters having rung, the officer in charge, after identifying the speaker, receives the following cabalistic message from the Borough of Brooklyn:

"Please give me 9 over 7, O I over I O, 16."

"All right, Lieutenant; hold the wire."

Two minutes later the inquirer receives the following report:

"The prisoner is Michael Cohen, *alias* Shifty Mike, wanted in Scranton and Toledo, suspected in connection with a job in the Bronx. Hold him."

This mystic conversation means that a police official at a metropolitan substation has taken finger-prints of a criminal, and that on his request a corresponding record has immediately been picked out of twenty-five thousand cases! Later, to make assurance doubly sure, an impression of the finger-print is sent to headquarters and verified.

The formula 9 over 7 with the letters and figure 16, is a possible combination in one of the simplest schemes of classification ever devised, so perfect indeed that these first two figures not only tell the file-keeper that he will find the case wanted in the ninth pigeonhole of the seventh row of his cabinet, but also indicate the general pattern design of the skin on the inside of the tips of every one of the criminal's ten fingers.

The reader is no doubt curious to know how so apparently complex a system can be so readily mastered. If he will observe his own fingers and those of others, he will see that the markings are divided into four classes: arches, loops, and whorls, and, in rare cases, a combination of the three called composite. Two other facts are taken into consideration; first, the number of lines between the delta of the whorl, and, second, the inclination of the loop toward the thumb, or the reverse. The lines or ridges of loops are classified as to whether they are over or under nine or ten in number on the index finger and middle finger respectively, and are accordingly designated O or I, signifying respectively "outer" or "inner." The whole classification consists of what is known as the A L W system (that is, Arch, Loop, Whorl), and is the one most generally used.

In the arch the lines or ridges run in a more or less regular transverse manner across the finger-tip.

The loop has the characteristic portion of the pattern inclosed in a gulf- or bay-like form. This form may open toward the thumb or toward the little finger side of the hand. If toward the thumb, it is called a radial loop; if toward the little finger, an ulnar loop. The letters R and U are used in the print formula, and mean a radial or an ulnar loop.

In the whorl the pattern assumes a spiral, circular, or twisted design.

Of all the patterns, six and five tenths per cent. are arches, sixty-seven and five tenths are loops, and twenty-six are whorls. The composites are too small in number materially to affect these percentages.

The A L W plan, with the divisional

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No. 94

POLICE DEPARTMENT, CITY OF NEW YORK

98 (B) 10,000

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN

This Form is not to be pinned.

MALE

*F. No.*_____ *B. No.*_____

*Name*_____

*Aliases*_____

Classification No. 1 01 17. / 19 0

RIGHT HAND

1—Right Thumb	2—R. Fore Finger	3—R. Middle Finger	4—R. Ring Finger	5—R. Little Finger
(FOLD)				(FOLD)

Impressions to be so taken that the flexure of the last joint shall be immediately above the black line marked (Fold). If the impression of any digit be defective a second print may be taken in the vacant space above it.

When a finger is missing or so injured that the impression cannot be obtained, or is deformed and yields a bad print, the fact should be noted under *Remarks*.

LEFT HAND

6—L. Thumb	7—L. Fore Finger	8—L. Middle Finger	9—L. Ring Finger	10—L. Little Finger
(FOLD)				(FOLD)

LEFT HAND	RIGHT HAND
Plain impressions of the four fingers **taken simultaneously**	Plain impressions of the four fingers **taken simultaneously**

Impressions taken by _____ *at Bureau of Identification,*

*Police Department, New York City, on*_____ *190*

Remarks _____

FORM USED BY POLICE DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY, FOR TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF FINGER-PRINTS

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letters R and U, comprises the primary or basic form arrangement.

An artificial five-pair combination of the ten fingers is made thus, R and L standing for right and left:

R. thumb r. middle r. little l. fore l. ring
R. fore r. ring l. thumb l. middle l. little

This combination is represented by the following values: loops and arches, O; whorls or composites, either 16, 8, 4, 2, or 1; so that a given instance looks like this:

$$\frac{0}{16} \quad \frac{8}{0} \quad \frac{0}{0} \quad \frac{2}{2} \quad \frac{0}{1}$$

If a whorl or a composite occurs in the first pair, it counts 16; in the second pair, 8; in the third, 4; in the fourth, 2, and in the fifth, 1. The above fractional arrangement in terms of A L W would be:

$$\frac{L}{W} \quad \frac{W}{L} \quad \frac{L}{L} \quad \frac{W}{W} \quad \frac{L}{W}$$

That is, in the first pair there is a loop and a whorl; in the second, a whorl and a loop; in the third, two loops; and so on. In this fractional arrangement the numerators are added together, as are also the denominators, the total making a new fraction, in this case, ten nineteenths, or "10 over 19," as it is spoken of. To both numerator and denominator of this fraction is arbitrarily added 1, making eleven twentieths. This fraction, inverted for convenience, gives the classification number, twenty elevenths, or 20 over 11, which represents that the impression-slips in a given case will be found in the twentieth pigeonhole of the eleventh horizontal row of the filing-cabinet.

Referring now to the print formula from the New York police department, here reproduced, we see the fraction one nineteenth (1 over 19), which, inverted and with 1 subtracted from both numerator and denominator, becomes simply eighteen (0 over 18). This tells the keeper of the file that in the first pigeonhole of the nineteenth row he is to look for the following arrangement:

$$\frac{16}{0} \quad \frac{0}{0} \quad \frac{0}{0} \quad \frac{2}{0} \quad \frac{0}{0}$$

which is

$$\frac{W}{L} \quad \frac{L}{L} \quad \frac{L}{L} \quad \text{or A} \quad \frac{W}{L} \quad \frac{L}{L}$$

The figure 17 of this sheet refers to the number of ridges which lie between the core and the delta of the pattern on the right little finger. Under the rolled prints of the fingers of the right hand are the letter w and the symbols / \ \ \. The letter signifies "whorl," the symbol made downward in the direction of the thumb, indicates that the slope of the loop of this forefinger pattern is a radial: the other three symbols, made downward in the direction of the little finger, indicate that the slopes of the loops are ulnar. These symbols are here used instead of the letters R and U.

It will be noticed that in the rolled prints of the left-hand fingers the arrangement is not the natural one used for the right hand. From left to right the thumb is printed first, then, in order, the forefinger, the middle finger, the ring finger, and the little finger. This makes the signs for the radial and ulnar loops just the opposite of those of the right hand, or downward from left to right for radials, and from right to left for ulnars.

The prints of the two hands in the ten divisions of the formula-slip are called "rolled prints"; that is, the inked fingertip is rolled on the paper when the impression is made, and is analogous to printing from a half cylinder. The finger is always rolled inward, on the right hand from right to left, and on the left hand from left to right. This rolling transfers to the paper the entire ridge plan surrounding the core of the pattern. The prints of the four finger-tips of each hand in the two compartments at the bottom of the sheet are known as "plain impressions," and are used solely to check up and verify the "rolled impressions."

The system of classification by finger-prints has now become an approved instrumentality for the detection of criminals in New York and other large American cities. At the Mulberry Street headquarters, once a week, before a class of detectives, patrolmen, and other police officials, Lieutenant Joseph Faurot, the expert in finger-print matters, who is at the head of the bureau, gives instruction

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

TAKING FINGER-PRINTS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

from actual cases in the intricacy of the system. This unique class is composed largely of those who are generally first to arrive at the scene of a crime, and thus have the opportunity of securing clues and those obscure scraps of evidence which may mean the simple solution of what otherwise might prove a baffling mystery. Of course the pupils are informed of many other matters, but finger-prints and their classification comprise the bulk of the instruction.

The class is not limited to New Yorkers. One week it is Hoboken, New Jersey, whose representative is learning the system. Another week it may be Newark, or New Haven, or Middletown, New York. Representatives of outside cities are welcomed, and everything possible is done to make them expert. The depart-

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ment also encourages correspondence, and gives immediate attention to inquiries from other authorities. The police of various cities are constantly sending finger-prints of suspected persons or telegraphing formulas. Such inquiries now daily number from half a dozen to three dozen. Lieutenant Faurot predicts that if the employment of the finger-print scheme of identification becomes general, it will do more than anything else to discourage the habitual or professional criminal.

Some thirty years ago a photographer in San Francisco named Taber, noticing the print of his finger on a piece of blotting-paper while at work in his studio, became interested, and, experimenting with the subject, finally proposed a method for using such prints for registering the Chinese; but nothing came of the proposal. Two years later, Gilbert Thompson, who had been an assistant-engineer with the Army of the Potomac, and, at the time, was an officer of a United States Geological Survey party in New Mexico, having a number of men under him whose characters appeared dubious, and being at a distance from camp, conceived the idea of issuing his pay-orders with his own finger-print on them as a check upon possible dishonesty. His method was identical with the method that would be used in a bank to-day. Following is a literal copy of one of his orders:

August 8th, 1882.

Mr. Jones, Sutler, will pay to Lying Bob seventy-five dollars.

75\frac{00}{100}$ *Gilbert Thompson,*
U. S. G. S.

The figures 75 were written over the finger-print, which was made from an aniline-ink pad.

In 1901 the scheme was imported from India by the London police and adopted at Scotland Yard as a means of identifying professional criminals. It immediately broke up the practice of the old hands in crime of disguising their personality to secure the lighter punishment meted to first offenders. The adoption of the system by the police was quickly followed by a series of such extraordinary detections of crime that the interest of the authorities in other countries was aroused.

Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, was among those who early recognized the importance of the new idea. He sent men to England to investigate and learn the method. When these men reported favorably, the very simplicity of the process caused the older detectives to question its effectiveness. Fortunately a situation arose which called for its use, and the unusual facility with which it cleared up a spectacular and confusing riddle of identification turned the most skeptical into enthusiastic advocates. A man who was regarded as an expert and dangerous criminal had been caught in a large New York hotel. The police had no record or photograph of him; nothing could be found to throw the least light on his personality or past activities. In the hopelessness of the situation it occurred to the advocates of the finger-print idea that this was the looked-for opportunity. The appearance and accent of the prisoner were English. A print of his fingers was taken and sent to Scotland Yard. Almost by return steamer came back photographs of the man, a list of his aliases, and a long record of his shady past. He was tried and convicted, and received a heavy sentence. As a result, the photographing-room on the top floor of the headquarters in Mulberry Street was rearranged, and a complete printing and classifying equipment was established.

Although only three years have elapsed since then, twenty-five thousand prints of criminals and others, male and female, have been taken and classified. The value of the collection is proved by the fact that the identifications number from three to five a day. As a means of personal identification among criminals, the finger-print has proved that it is the simplest, cheapest, and surest method ever devised. It is not only more effective than the photograph, but it is easier to make, and, what is of considerable importance, the subject raises no objection to it. To the average criminal the camera is a thing of horror, and he submits most ungracefully to the "mugging" process; but the dabbing of the fingers on a piece of paper appears to him simple, even futile, and he is inclined to regard it as a species of official red tape. The overpowering effectiveness of the scheme probably never will be realized by the average subject.

A printing and classifying plant takes

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but little room. Two square feet of table top will hold all the materials necessary for printing, while a cabinet six feet high, eighteen inches wide, and ten feet long will hold the records of a hundred thousand cases. The extensive use of the system has shown that the print of the finger is a document complete in itself, which nothing can ever invalidate. The making of the print requires no special skill. A warder in an English prison who had never handled the materials took, for a committee, in the course of an hour, thirty-five sets of impressions of three fingers, each in duplicate, every one of which was legible. The average policeman, with fifteen minutes' coaching, would soon become an adept printer. The classification of the sheets, after the print formulas have been taken, however, requires trained knowledge. Among the members of an ordinary American police force possibly ten per cent. of the men would be found capable of mastering the subject in a few weeks. The system of classification now in use by Scotland Yard and the police departments of the principal American cities is such that in a collection of five hundred thousand prints, only five would need close examination in comparison with a definite case, and these five would be found in two minutes. It has been estimated that not once in ten thousand years, among the entire population of the world, would the finger-tip patterns of one person be duplicated. It is apparent that evidence of this character is almost as perfect as evidence can be.

Although scars from wounds and ulcers frequently partly destroy the pattern folds, such disfigurements are more often than otherwise aids to identification. When the system was first introduced at police headquarters in New York, a lieutenant in one of the administrative departments tried to discredit it. He had an experimental print made of the tip of a finger, and a short time afterward asked to have the same finger reprinted. He had meantime ground down the skin of this finger on a grindstone until the blood almost flowed. Nevertheless, the pattern form was more accurately disclosed in the second printing than in the first. Once the record has been made, nothing has yet been discovered to invalidate it.

The system was first used in this country for criminal work in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. E. H. Henry of the Scotland Yard service, who had come over to give an exhibition of finger-print work at the St. Louis Exposition, visited the prison, and later Major McClaury, Superintendent of its Identification Bureau, went to England for the purpose of studying the methods there employed.

THOUGH LIFE WERE ALL

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

THOUGH life were all,
And its cessation silence, night, the grave,
Yet from our lips no note of fear should fall.
Dear heart, be brave!

Though this dim hallway down which
mortals go,
Lead into night,
Wide all its windows to the sunshine throw!
Lave in the light!

Though through the star-flecked spaces
ne'er should flit
This thing that men call soul,
Though birth and death and daily bonds
encompass it,
Life still were whole.

Still flowers bloom, the winds go
singing by
The songs that Eden heard:
Deep unto deep of longing makes reply;
Still soul by soul is stirred.

All that man longs for potent in life is,—
Joy, labor, love, content,—
Though else were silent all eternities,
With these thy soul well spent.

Just for to-day, dear heart, live large
of soul,
Just for to-day walk where the light
streams fall;
For so to live were recompense and goal,
Though life were all.

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From the painting by Harvey T. Dunn. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OX-DRIVER, AN OLD-TIME FIGURE OF THE WEST

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THE LADY AND THE DEMAGOGUE

BY KENNETH BROWN

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I

MARCUS AURELIUS DOMWOOD, demagogue to his enemies and demigod to his followers, achieved success in the grocery business before he gave the world an inkling that his ultimate goal was politics. As he progressed, he blended his two professions together in a marvelous manner. "Groceries and Good Government!" was one of his battle-cries, and his coat of arms might well have been a sugar-scoop rampant, had it typified his aspirations.

His methods were original in the grocery business, as they afterward were in politics. With prosperity, his first small shop did not swell into a huge edifice, as one would have expected. Instead, it remained small, but threw out other small shops, and yet others and others, until at the height of his glory it had spawned seventeen hundred and odd little shops, which freckled the face of Greater New York and displaced even his largest and most powerful competitors.

At the time when Domwood's shops numbered 983, the tendrils of his political ambition began to put forth—little tendrils which at first were so green and weak a mouse might have bitten through them, but which were destined to wax until they threatened the whole political edifice of the proud city.

Domwood consorted with no ward politicians, curried favor with no bosses, did not even buy a newspaper to boost him into popularity; but one morning a large part of New York read upon the wrapper of every package of groceries delivered at the basement door the announcement that Domwood proposed himself as candidate for the office of mayor of New York.

For three days the announcement was repeated, until no one was unaware of his pretensions. Over the surface of the city passed a ripple of laughter. "A clever advertising dodge," they said; but he followed up his ridiculous announcement with hot shot from his political locker, all printed in bold-faced type upon his wrapping-paper. And every day more people read him, laughed at him, thought about him, discussed him. He had a permanent and growing circulation, dependent not upon the public's fickle taste in literature, but on its solid appreciation of coffee, flour, sugar, and the like.

He carried on his campaign no less cleverly than he had begun. Undeniably he had a gift of phrase, and judgment of the popular taste. Strikingly he announced:

> Jefferson says every man has the right to the *pursuit* of happiness. Domwood says every man has the right to *happiness itself.*

The old world, which has grown aweary pursuing happiness, sat up and took notice at this bold utterance. Again, going from the abstract to the concrete:

> *Beer* costs 50c. a *barrel* to make. What does it cost *you* to drink? Domwood would give it to you at *cost*, and employ the *unemployed* to make *more* beer.

Beer has ever appealed to the average voter as the height of earthly bliss, and it cannot be denied that such sentiments as these won him much support.

Of course, with intelligent persons Domwood remained an absurdity, a monstrosity, a wart upon the fair face of Columbia, until the vaudeville artists began to make jokes upon him and the newspapers to cartoon him. Then the smiles

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with which he was still mentioned grew more wan.

After a time, in order to insure that the wrappers of his groceries should be saved and read, he procured stories from the best living authors, and printed them in

"EVERY DAY MORE PEOPLE READ HIM"

parallel columns with the panegyrics of himself. And he was able to pay such prices that the magazines became alarmed and thundered against him editorially, which only served to advertise him the more.

His next move was one that attracted world-wide attention, and won over numbers of philanthropic sentimentalists to his cause. He took up the popular doctrine that the world owes every man a living, and announced that although he was only one man on this teeming earth, and although he had no political power as yet, still, single-handed and alone he would undertake to feed all the hungry and employ all the unemployed. He, Domwood, would assume the debt of the world and pay it. Let every hungry man present himself at his shops, and the living should be forthcoming.

For a few days after this it looked as though his 1345 shops, the number he owned by this time, would be swamped by those who came to collect their debt. Yet the truly remarkable ability of Domwood was never shown to better advantage than in the way he handled this crisis.

Chaos resolved itself into combination. He put to the task of delivering groceries all the men who applied to him, only requiring from each a small deposit to insure the safe delivery of the goods, and, after they had done half a day's work, fed them with a bowel of soup, a hunk of bread, and a cup of coffee. When the sun had ceased to shine upon the parcel-carrying horde, he gave them, in addition to another simple hygienic meal, a ticket to a ten-cent lodging-house—tickets which he obtained at wholesale for seven and three quarters cents apiece.

Under this system he was able to dispense with all of his delivery-wagons and many of his clerks. Not only was he a philanthropic apostle, but he was effecting an actual saving of nearly four thousand dollars a week, after deducting the cost of lodging-house tickets and meals.

II

At three monster mass-meetings in Madison Square Garden Marcus Aurelius Domwood was to announce his formal candidature for the office of mayor of New York. The metropolis of the New World has passed through many periods of tense emotion, but neither war nor financial panic ever so strained the public's nerves as did Domwood at this time. What fears arose in the minds of those to whom he was demagogue! What hopes surged up in the battered breasts of the proletariat at the thought of free happiness, free beer—free hell, as some of the rougher of speech phrased it!

The only sober-minded persons in the city were those who had accepted Domwood's offer to pay them the world's debt. These men were strangely silent. Though they never wavered in their allegiance to Domwood, somewhere in the back of their simple minds there groped feebly an idea that this debt-collecting was not all that it was supposed to be.

Domwood's opponent in the campaign was the Hon. Littlefield Walters, on whom Democrats and Republicans had united, in terror at the progress made by the grocer and his wrapping-paper. Walters was a man the politicians would have chosen only under the most powerful impulse. For once they laid aside all party differences and selected the best man they could get—a man rich and high-minded, who accepted the nomination

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from a sense of public duty. However, their action appeared to be in vain. Domwood had started an avalanche which seemed destined to overwhelm the city.

"It is a marvel the enthusiasm the man has managed to arouse," confided Walters to his wife, discussing the situation. "I know the man is a faker—we all do. The best element is with me to a man, but the mob is bewitched. You can feel it in the air as you walk along the streets. And there 's no telling what harm he will do, if he is elected."

Littlefield Walters was in the habit of unburdening his mind to his wife when things jumped out of their accustomed grooves. Himself of an old and rich Knickerbocker family, he often received valuable suggestions from Mrs. Walters, who had been reared in the West, where there were no grooves.

Now she was perched on the arm of his chair,—she was not beyond the perching age—listening soberly.

Mrs. Walters was very thoughtful for some minutes, and her husband had hopes that her wits would see a way to help him. Her next remark, however, deeply disappointed him by its inconsequentiality, married though he had been these four years.

"I wish you would give me two thousand dollars, Little."

In view of Walters's six feet two, the diminutive always had a caressing sound. To-day he felt hurt that she should use it for money-wheedling, when she might have been thinking of him rather than of shopping. Nevertheless, he did not permit his sense of hurt to interfere with his generosity, and went to write the check without even asking what she wished it for, his kindly way of showing his displeasure.

Mrs. Walters did not seem to notice the lack of conjugal interest. She pocketed the check with a careless word of thanks, and that afternoon drove down

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'I WISH YOU WOULD GIVE ME TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, LITTLE'"

"Do you really believe there is danger of his defeating you?" she asked.

"Danger! If the roof does n't blow off Madison Square Garden when he makes his first speech there, I shall be surprised."

into the shopping district, as what wife would not, newly possessed of such easy money?

But the lady did not wend her way to any shop which catered to feminine vanity. She went to the office of a prominent

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theatrical manager, and sent in her card. Her name procured her an immediate interview. Next she drove to a boarding-house frequented by theatrical people. There she found Monsieur Pierre Viret, Master of

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"SHE SPOKE WITH HIM EARNESTLY AND AT SOME LENGTH"

the Claque, newly imported from Paris by the Theatrical Combine, to insure the appearance of popular appreciation for its plays, and incidentally to manifest disapproval of the productions of the few independent managers still extant in this land of the free.

Monsieur Viret was an innovation that had not yet got into the newspapers,—indeed, great pains had been taken that he should not,—and only an accident had made Mrs. Walters aware of his presence in America. She spoke with him earnestly and at some length. He nodded. She held out her hand. He reached forth his, and took what she gave. He put his hand back into his pocket. Mrs. Walters drove away.

III

MARCUS AURELIUS DOMWOOD arrived at his first monster political meeting in Madison Square Garden at exactly ten minutes past eight.

At his appearance a frantic, spontaneous yell swept through the hall, and the reporters took out their watches to notice how long it would last. For a delirious half-hour, it was, to use the time-honored phrase, as if pandemonium had broken loose.

Domwood's triumph had come. He looked as happy as a child in an infant-food advertisement. Three quarters of an hour sped by, and he wore the smile that would not come off. An hour of joyous acclaim, and he might well have been forgiven for feeling that it was all over except the shouting, and that that was coming on pretty well.

An hour of noise, and the reporters made bets among themselves as to whether the long cheering record would be broken. An hour and a half,—two hours;—two hours and a half,—"This is like taking candy from a baby," said those reporters who had won their bets.

The cheering continued. It rose and fell; it changed from the full-throated cry of a jubilant people to a raucous, sore-throated howl: yet never did it subside enough for Domwood to begin to speak. Men fell fainting, and were borne out. Their places were taken by fresh and lusty voices from outside. Whenever the cheering showed signs of abating, a piercing whistle shrieked through the hall, and seemed to lend renewed fury to the noise.

It was the greatest personal triumph ever received by a man at the hands of the public. True, he was unable to say a word, although he stayed till midnight. Yet what of that? Domwood went away from the meeting feeling that he held the city, the State, the Nation in the hollow of his hand. Strange visions came to him that night. He saw his grocery business overwhelming the Americas, spreading over Europe, climbing the Himalayas, enlightening darkest Africa. He dreamed that his nod was received with thrills from pole to pole. The equator was his belt, the tropic of Cancer was his cravat, and Capricorn his garter. Had Napoleon, had Cæsar, ever aroused such enthusiasm? The pages of history and legend mention no other man cheered for three hours and fifty minutes.

IV

Two more concourses of his followers gathered to hear the words of Marcus Aurelius Domwood. The two were repe-

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titions of the meeting already held, except that now Domwood pleaded, gesticulated, and entreated for quiet. Even his final tears were in vain. He went from the last meeting, as he had gone from the first, with no public utterance of his delivered.

There have been men hoist with their own petard, exploded by their own bomb, hanged with their own superabundance of rope; but Domwood, demagogue or demigod, was assuredly the first that was ever blown from the face of the political map by the breath of his own applause.

And yet, to reveal a secret that has been zealously guarded, there were scattered among the vast throng filling the Garden to the roof, a few hundred men who were the noisiest of Domwood's applauders. Not at first, when the whooping was cataclysmic over the whole hall, but later, when, in answer to his flapping hands, there came signs of a lull. Then, fresh-throated and bellows-lunged they emitted *Domwood!* DOMWOOD! DOMWOOD! with a zeal that revived the enthusiasm of his followers.

They were picked men, these scattered hundreds, and under the command of the master *claqueur* of the world. They were men of stamina, men with fog-horn voices, and a power of yell that engulfed the candidate in an ocean of sound. And not to them alone was due the uproar. They stimulated in others the primal instinct to roar which has come down to us from our baboon ancestors, and which rarely finds vent in this crowded civilization. They went noise-mad, and would not stop howling. Domwood could howl with them, or he could be silent: speak to them he might not.

"THE CHEERING CONTINUED . . . YET NEVER DID IT SUBSIDE ENOUGH FOR DOMWOOD TO BEGIN TO SPEAK"

There is little more to tell. After the three mass-meetings at none of which was

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Domwood permitted to utter a syllable, the country burst into a shout of laughter, more fatal than bayonets—laughter which utterly soused Domwood and his pretensions in oblivion. As demagogue or demigod he is no more a menace or a hope. He may still have his grocery-shops and his epigrams; nobody knows or cares.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

BY FREDERICK JONES BLISS

MY acquaintance with Mr. Meredith came about in this wise: one evening when the long shadows were slanting across the plain, Abd-el-Hadi, Moslem messenger between Gaza of the Philistines and the excavation camp at Lachish of the Amorites, rode up to the tents, slid off his tiny donkey, and handed me the precious post-bag. Opening it, I pulled out a copy of "The Egoist." Late into that night, and into many following nights, when on the camp had fallen the desert stillness, broken only by the boom of the distant Mediterranean, or by a burst of wild chanting from a neighboring Arab encampment, and while about the tents the fellah workmen slept in the shallow graves they had dug for their hard-earned repose, I read of the twistings and turnings of Sir Willoughby to show a calm and brave front to the much-considered world of society. In the daytime, too, I lived in a double consciousness. Standing on the lofty mound of Tel-el-Hesy, with Philistia stretching its treeless plains to the west, and with the rocky bulwark of the Judean mountains bounding the eastern horizon, I would look down upon several score of workmen disentangling the mud-brick walls of one of the superimposed towns of Lachish from the mud-brick debris in which they were buried. The unearthing of a delicate vase 3000 years old or more would be watched with interest. The apparent laziness of one of the women basket-carriers, preoccupied with longings for her alienated husband working by choice in another gang, would be instantly detected. But all the while I was aware of a richly wooded, richly turfed English landscape, the background of a complicated modern civilization. Lætitia tripped across the lawn. Clara on horseback flashed through the woods with Colonel de Craye. Mrs. Mountstuart's epigrams sounded as an inconsequent echo to the cries of the peasants emulating one another in work. The nineteenth century A.D. in England was interpenetrated with the nineteenth century A.D. in Palestine, and with the fifteenth century B.C. as well.

Some months later I met Mr. Meredith's daughter at a garden party in Dorking. I expressed my ardent wish to meet her father. "Tell him," I said, "that my love of his books is of course not held to be any claim on him, but it may interest him to know that they formed for months the only companions of one who lived in the desert."

The message did interest him, and an appointment was promptly made. I did not know then how strongly the mystery and the glamour of the East had always appealed to him, for I had not then read the "Shaving of Shagpat," a sort of Arabian Nights tale which antedates even "Richard Feverel." Indeed, he begged me to read it, and to let him know whether I thought he had caught the Oriental atmosphere. His genuine pleasure at my report on the work, embodied in a letter couched in Oriental epistolary form, and addressed to "George Effendi Meredith, the Mighty, the Glorious, the Preserved of God," was to me a touching illustration of the childlike simplicity of his character.

For many years before the close of his

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life, Mr. Meredith lived at the foot of Box Hill, that holiday haunt of cockneys, in the township of Dorking, Surrey, about twenty miles from London. The train, after passing through Leatherhead Tunnel, ushers the visitor into a broad valley bounded by thickly wooded hills. Alighting at Box Hill Station, he passes by the quaint Burford Bridge Inn, crosses the bridge, turns up a little lane, and in a moment is standing before Mr. Meredith's house. Though built of gray stone, it resembles an ordinary New England two-story dwelling. Immediately opposite the front door a staircase ascends to the second floor. The sitting-room—one can hardly call it a drawing-room—is to the right of the entrance; the dining-room is to the left. The furniture was of the simplest, the chief ornaments consisting of a quantity of photographs of celebrities signed with precious autographs. One loves to be reminded by these of the scores of men and women, great in heart and intellect, who have sat and talked together in these unpretentious rooms. But a deeper thrill is felt when one enters the Swiss chalet at the very edge of the woods behind the house. Here Mr. Meredith spent his days, not returning to the house even for luncheon, but contenting himself with a cup of tea and a baked apple. Here his scores of characters began to live and move and have their being. Here some of them—thus much even the critics will concede—took unto themselves flesh and blood, and went out into the world as living personalities.

Those who wish to know how Mr. Meredith looked may study Watts's portrait of him. When Watts found a soul that was worth painting, he was successful in its incarnation, and Mr. Meredith inspired one of his greatest works. Almost equally characteristic is the well-known Hollyer print. In this, one may see the head somewhat advanced; the gray hair clustering over the lofty brows; the gray-blue eyes, observing, reflecting, prophesying, mournful, hopeful, tender; the sharp Welsh nose; the thin, ironic lips; the narrow, positive chin; the pointed white beard. When I first saw him, in 1893, he was in his sixty-seventh year. The disability of the lower limbs, which later greatly grew upon him, had already begun to impede his walking. He was also suffering from a slight deafness. His voice, however, was strong and resonant, his articulation almost painfully distinct and incisive.

The first time I was to dine with him I was told that the meal was to be strictly *à deux;* but while I was waiting for him in the sitting-room I heard him conversing with some one in the interior of the house in a voice which convinced me that some member of the family or some guest was present. The conventional note so apt to flavor the manner in which servants are addressed was wanting. Soon after he had welcomed me, a maid entered with a telegram announcing his daughter's safe arrival at some distant city.

"Is n't that nice, Mary!" he exclaimed joyfully. "She has got there all right."

When the maid left,—and it was she to whom I had previously heard him talking,—he said to me in effect: "In our household, the affairs of life are shared by all the members up to a point where training and education involve a difference of interest.

"I wish you could meet my man," he added regretfully, "but he is away." He referred to a factotum who, as I heard later, returned his employer's enthusiasm with interest. Once on hearing of an interview between Mr. Meredith and Mr. Gladstone, whose liberal views were shared by the author, the man remarked, "How proud Mr. Gladstone must have been to meet the master!"

But while his true spirit of democracy made him the adored of all his household, I gathered that he was misunderstood or unappreciated as a man, let alone the question of his writings, by the average neighbor. This may have been due to his intellectual isolation, possibly also to his manner. To me this was always sympathetic and unconstrained to a wonderful degree. But I am told that he appeared otherwise to some people. In the phrase, "I have so many people to-night to be kind to," offered by our author to a lady, herself a writer, in explanation of the few words he could say to her at a reception given in his honor, her sensitiveness detected a patronizing strain. But of this, I repeat, I felt nothing, I suspected nothing. "Ask me anything you like," he declared, when I expressed a fear that I was taking advantage of his kindness. He not

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only spoke freely of his own life and of his own writings, but he drew me out about myself, and the members of my family in far-away Syria. When I saw him again after a separation of five years, he asked for these by name. I can hear now the grave reverberation of his "I remember" when I showed surprise at his mentioning little incidents which I had told him.

To music he was very sensitive. "I wish you would come and play often, and often, and often," he said to me with earnest iteration. That he had true spiritual discernment is of course to be gathered from many passages in his novels, such as from the beautiful words on prayer in "Lord Ormont," and notably from the saying in "The Pilgrim's Scrip":

> For this reason so many fall from God, who have attained to Him: that they cling to Him with their weakness, not with their strength.

But I inferred from our talk that he laid more stress on the spirit of Christianity than on its historic setting. The impression left upon me after my few interviews with him—for I saw him only four times—was of a warm, sympathetic heart, sensitive to every influence; of a keen, critical intellect; of a temperament full of poetry and mysticism; and, above all, of a firm will which kept these elements in a just equipoise.

The most gratifying, because it was to me the least expected, characteristic of Mr. Meredith was his willingness, even eagerness, to talk over his own work. "Do you like Adrian?" he said to me half shyly. He spoke of Diana—"Poor dear" he called her—as if she were then living out her life somewhere. "You are very generous to her," he added, when I expressed sympathy for the difficulties of her temperament. He outlined the plot of "Evan Harrington," not then read by me. From him I learned that "The Amazing Marriage," published as the last of his novels in 1895, was actually composed before "The Egoist," which appeared in 1879, but was set aside for that work. If I remember rightly, when he took it up again, various alterations were made. Thus an interesting problem is offered to strenuous Meredithians who may desire to trace the fusion of his middle and his latest manner.

At the time I first met him he was writing "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." The latter name I mistook, calling it "Araminta." Disliking to have one of his children miscalled, he repeated the right name, "Aminta, Aminta." When, months later, I read in the book how Mr. Cuper's boys pursed up their lips when repeating the name, it amused me to recall the very same expression on the author's face.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" left the press the same year. A recent critic has pointed out that in Mr. Meredith's novels there are many indications of his sensitiveness to the long popular neglect of them by his countrymen. Of this sensitiveness I found abundant proof in his conversation. "My books were not known to the English," he said to me, "until they were told from America that these were worth reading." No Englishman would see that," he remarked, at a recognition of the naturalness of the conclusion to Diana's story, bringing her back to the common uses of life. This sensitiveness was doubtless exaggerated. His stubbornly held theory that those who should have been closest to him cared nothing for his novels was not supported by the actual fact. But the feeling was, in general, natural. The tardy recognition could never completely compensate for the weary years of neglect.

The peculiar pleasure which I showed in discussing some of my favorite novels with their author led to his generously devoting a good deal of time to these. But he talked of other books, notably those of Americans. Mr. Meredith had read our authors with sympathy and with discrimination. For Miss Wilkins, whose style is at the pole opposite his own, he had a genuine admiration. A passage in one of Cable's novels, describing a military pageant, he called one of the finest bits of description ever written.

It is not only his persistent appeal to the intellect that has limited the number of Mr. Meredith's readers, but also the so-called difficulty of his style. His tendency toward the epigrammatic, as well as toward the involved, form of expression, already apparent in "Richard Feverel," fully developed, though on the whole well under control, in "the Egoist," had pretty nearly mastered him in his later novels. That this tendency was deliber-

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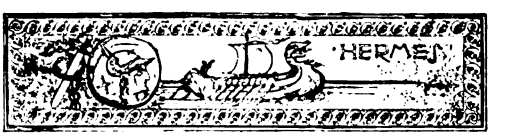
ately, even perversely, cultivated is undeniable. But that it was a real tendency, having a purely natural origin, was suggested, if not proved to me, by his manner of oral expression. Of course for a good deal of the time he talked like other men, but after my first dinner with him I felt that I had assisted at a pyrotechnic phenomenon. I use the word advisedly. It was not a display, not an exhibition. His phrases were spontaneous, born without an effort. Many of the effects, to speak quite objectively, were lost in the general blaze; others were indelibly impressed on my memory. "My early life," he said, "was a struggle with poverty. I was waiting for a reversion from an invalid aunt who had lost her head, but kept her stomach; and nature, having but one channel to work through, achieved wonders, and she lived till eighty-five." "The English," he said again, "have a splendid courage, and on their Puritan side are at their best; but to see an Englishman attempting to enjoy himself—good Heaven! it is a degrading spectacle." "Delirious passion poured through a tin trumpet" was his description of a lady's singing. His doctor had limited him to cold water, but it was interesting at the table to hear him make phrases about wines, recalling to me the famous monologue of Dr. Middleton. That he took a certain pride in the intricacies of his style was shown in our talk of the Prelude to "The Egoist." I confessed that, though I had read it, I had not understood it. "Ah," he said, "few do."

But I would not leave the impression upon my readers that Mr. Meredith's brilliancy was his most striking quality, for this impression was not my own. What he was affected me more than what he said. I love best to remember him as he sat quiet at table when, owing to his deafness, he could not catch the general conversation. A restful, contented expression told of a soul at peace with itself. His calm was eloquent of a life spent steadfastly and without misgiving in following a purpose. And this calm he diffused as a gentle, genial atmosphere by which those who came within its range were both comforted and strengthened.



AT SEA

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

WHEN the great autumn gales rush up the coast,
Rending their canopies of driven cloud,
And, answering to their touch, an endless host
Of northward storming billows cry aloud,
How shall he fear who sails the sea?
Though death come very nigh,
He cannot fear to die
Enarmed in this immense vitality.

When mystic haze of autumn lulls the deep
To visions of unending peacefulness,
And wide its argent acres swing and sleep,
Unruffled by the dim air's slow caress,
How shall he fear who sails the sea?
Whate'er the day may give,
He cannot fear to live
Wrapped in this measureless tranquillity.

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FROM THE HARZ TO HILDESHEIM

ROMANTIC GERMANY—X

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED SCHERRES

MODULATION is as important an element of the art of traveling as it is of those cousin arts, painting and music.

I have had occasion to speak of getting the soul down from the shrill modern key of Berlin to the deep, mellow tonality of old Dantzic; but there is another sort of modulation, quite as important to the traveler, and more difficult; it is a smooth transition from the simple, deliberate, careless romanza of outdoor life to the exciting, exacting, exhausting scherzo movement of some rich, historic city, where attention, memory, and sympathy are every moment astrain.

In wandering through Germany one is enticed, for instance, to linger too long with knapsack and staff among the evergreen forests of the Harz Mountains, following where the charming Oker leads; idling in the fabled region where sleeps Barbarossa, his red beard grown clean through the table; or held fast in the wild gorge of the Bode-Thal, where, from the cliffs, the Hexentanz-Platz and the Rosstrappe look down on the river boiling far beneath.

Standing on that lofty crag whence the princess, pursued by the giant, made her mythical leap across the valley, and left her horse's hoof print in the rock, the traveler gazes over the sandy level that is north Germany, and makes out on the horizon, far beyond the spires of Quedlinburg and Halberstadt, the massive towers of Magdeburg cathedral. He realizes then that there are other wonders in this region besides mountains and rivers and their genii. The fever of civilization seizes him. Rashly importunate, he crashes down on the itinerant keyboard with both elbows, and rushes headlong into so bewildering a treasure-house of the ages as Brunswick or Halberstadt or Hildesheim.

The transition is too abrupt. He is no longer used to cathedrals and Rembrandts, to streets of Gothic houses with overlapping stories. If his time in Germany is really inelastic, it would be far wiser to lop a day or two from Berlin or Leipsic or Frankfort, from Dresden or even from Munich, and so make his journey conform to the canons of the art of traveling.

Suppose that our tourist should actually come to his senses at Thale, for instance. Let him not make a hysterical dash for Hildesheim, but rather stop over a train at little Wernigerode, to marvel at the ancient Rathaus: to visit the vaulted cellar; to enjoy a slight foretaste of what the half-timbered houses of the Harz country are like; to glimpse the romantic castle; and then to move on for a day to the more impressive and interesting town of Goslar, with its august history and its curious legends.

The entry into this town is reminiscent of Nuremberg; for one comes at once upon a huge, round fortress tower guarding the approach. But instead of lingering here, one hastens to the farther end of town to see the building that is the very *raison d' être* of Goslar.

Goslar came into the world because it lay on the fringe of the Harz forests and at the foot of the silver-yielding Rammelsberg, both of which were owned by the ninth-century emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. There they put up a succession of hunting lodges and small palaces until Emperor Henry III built the Kaiserhaus, which is to-day the oldest

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From a painting by Alfred Scherres. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GOSLAR—THE KAISERHAUS, WITH THE MONUMENTS TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I AND EMPEROR FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

secular building in Germany. Here Henry IV began his ill-starred life. His preference for living at Goslar, and the number of castles he built in the neighborhood, roused the fears of the Saxon nobles, who tried to assassinate him one evening at the Kaiserhaus. And this was the opening scene of the drama that culminated at Canossa, when, barefooted, the Emperor waited three days in the snow before Pope Gregory's portal.

The last Holy Roman emperor in these spacious halls was Barbarossa. After him the noble building gradually fell into ruin until the coming of the new empire, when it was restored in a rather hard, Prussian style, and received into its halls the second great German leader William I. Now, in bronze, the pair sit their warhorses one on each side of the main flight of steps—Barbarossa and Barbablanca, as the people call them.

The main hall is decorated with frescos of the Sleeping Beauty and the Barbarossa legends, and with scenes from local and imperial history. Its principal attraction is the old Kaiserstuhl, seat of a long line of emperors.

In the chapel of St. Ulrich lies buried the heart of Henry III. It lay formerly in the famous cathedral which Henry built near his palace, and which was torn down in 1819. This piece of vanished glory possessed an extraordinary collection of treasures and relics. It made nothing of the bones of such saints as Nicholas, Lawrence, Cyril, and Dionysius: for there were also important remains of the Apostles themselves. There was half of the Apostle Philip, an arm of Bartholomew, and one of James; a hand, arm, and the head of Matthew, and a great part of the bodies of Peter and Paul. There were also, among many other wonders, an original portrait of St. Matthew, and part of a nail from the true cross.

Many of these valuables were stolen in the sack of Goslar in 1206, and more during the Swedish occupation in the Thirty Years' War. Others were sold to keep up the cathedral during the hard times brought on by the Reformation; so that the only remnant of the building and its treasures to-day is a part of one transept near the Kaiserhaus, with some interesting statues, some of the oldest

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stained glass in existence, and an early Romanesque reliquarium borne by still earlier brazen figures of the four rivers of paradise, as old as the city itself. From this one fragment, with its splendid, sculptured portal, one can reconstruct the whole,—*ex pede Herculem*,—and realize the effect of a religious pageant on one of Goslar's chief holy-days, such as the Feast of St. Matthew, when the bells in the twin towers went mad when Henry III in his imperial robes swept down the broad steps of the Kaiserhaus, heading a brilliant train of prelates, princes, knights, and many a band of pilgrims who had come from every part of the empire to bow at this famous shrine. And after the last Amen had died away amid the groined vaulting of the cathedral, St. Matthew in his silver sarcophagus was carried with due rites about the city walls.

These occasions, however, were not always peaceful. For once Widerad, Abbot of Fulda, quarreled with Hezilo, Bishop of Hildesheim, over a matter of precedence. Both brought armed followers to the cathedral, and a bloody fight broke out in the choir, the bishop standing on the steps of the high altar and urging on his men with all his resources of dispensation and absolution. Legend has mingled with this story of the "bloodbath," and relates that the encounter had been arranged by the evil one himself, who now rolled about behind the bishop in convulsions of laughter. Finally he flew away through the roof, calling out, "I 've made this day a bloody one," and left a broad crack, which could not be walled up until some one hit on the expedient of stuffing a Bible into the breach.

These buildings, then, the Kaiserhaus and the Domkapelle are the only local *"Sehenswürdigkeiten ersten Ranges"*—the only "see-worthinesses of the first class." That is why Goslar makes such a smooth modulation to Hildesheim. Here you have a mere taste of the labor of conscientious sight-seeing; then for the balance of your stay you feel at liberty to send your conscience to the hotel, while you yourself drift about happy, careless, and Baedekerless, seeking what your eyes may devour. In other words, you put down the big history book for an hour's ramble through an illustrated magazine.

Perhaps you come upon a mighty round tower embowered in trees beyond the waters of the Kahnteich. It is the old Zwinger, largest of Goslar's original 182 towers of defense, and capable of holding a thousand warriors.

Or you happen on an anomalous building, a cross between church and dwelling, with columned windows, a generous spread of roof filled with little dormers, and, above, a projection undecided whether to be a steeple or a chimney. You venture through the Gothic portal, and see long sweeps of raftered ceiling and gloomy wooden balconies and no end of tiny rooms, where old women sit about knitting humbly, and making, with their surroundings, the most delightful Dutch genre pictures of the sixteenth century. Then one of them comes out, accepts a copper with deprecation, and quavers out that this is, please, the almshouse of the Great Holy Cross.

Or you meander along the diminutive Gose River. You find a delightful mill, and fall to sketching—or wish that you could fall. And you break into the adjoining Glockengiesser-Strasse, and think of the bell-caster of Goslar who cast the famous cathedral bells and the spooky fountain in the market, and whose ancestor perhaps did the four rivers of paradise in the Domkapelle.

You appreciate the half-timbered houses there so much that your appetite is whetted for better ones. If you are persistent, you find them at the head of the Markt-Strasse.

Presently, unless you are very reserved or blasé, you give a cry of pleasure. You have discovered the Brusttuch, a crooked, late-Gothic guildhall named after an indispensable part of the local peasant's costume—the neck-cloth. It has a sharp, high ridge. Its lowest story is of picturesque, rough stone; its second, half-timbered, and filled with such homely, humorous carvings as riot along the streets of Brunswick. Among them are reliefs of convivial monkeys and of witches riding their broomsticks to the Brocken. With its wide oriel and flowing lines, it is a charming example of the old-German patrician house, and, with its two distinguished neighbors, the Bakers' Guildhall and the Kaiserworth, forms a group more reminiscent of the picturesque houses of

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From a painting by Alfred Scherres. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

THE BRUSTTUCH, GOSLAR

Nuremberg than of more Northern architecture.

The simple Rathaus harmonizes well with this trio. It is especially interesting for its series of frescos thought to be from the hand of the great Nuremberg painter, Wohlgemuth, although a few learned Germans deny this with frenzied gesticulations. Another notable possession of the Rathaus is an old iron cage called "The Biting Cat," made to accommodate a pair of shrews, but now unhappily fallen into innocuous desuetude. It is well known of the fountain outside that if, at midnight, you knock three times on its lowest basin, the devil will appear at once and fly away with you to his home in the neighboring Rammelsberg.

No wonder he is a powerful personage in Goslar, as the churches, for so old a city, are singularly unattractive. Perhaps they were too much overshadowed by the vanished cathedral. But the Church of the New Work contains an interesting old fresco, and its eastern apse boasts a gem of a colonnade.

Beyond the walls is a remarkable grotto-chapel called Clus, hewn by hand in a mighty boulder. Legend says that the gigantic St. Christopher used to haunt

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the region between Goslar and Harzburg. One day he felt a pebble in his shoe, and emptied out this very boulder. Many years afterward it was made into a chapel by Agnes, the wife of Henry III, in penance for a terrible mistake. This empress once had her oldest servant executed for the theft of some jewelry, and when this was found years afterward in a raven's nest, she thought to save her soul by founding the Clus Chapel and the Abbey of St. Peter, the ruins of which may still be seen hard by.

From here one reënters the city by the Broad Gate, the most elaborate fragment of the original fortifications. Its four massive towers made an entrance worthy to welcome any emperor, and one imagines the splendor of the Holy Roman Empire pouring in brilliant cavalcade between those huge bastions.

Of German cities, none is coyer than Hildesheim. Of course, I did not expect the railway-station to be romantic; but my hotel window, near by, brought a pang of disappointment. Almost the first sound I had heard on arrival was the clatter of a pianola brutally enlivening a cinematograph show; and now the first glimpse of the home of the Thousand-Year Rosebush was that of an ordinary New England village, with commonplace houses and homely steeples.

A few steps toward the center of things destroyed this impression, only to bring another. I had expected to find Hildesheim a smaller, more exquisite edition of my favorite German city, a little Brunswick de luxe, with a jeweled clasp. Instead, I found its counterpart.

Brunswick is democratic, a city of plain people; Hildesheim is aristocratic, as befits the ancient see of a line of great prelate princes. Brunswick's charm is mainly Gothic; Hildesheim's, mainly Romanesque and Renaissance. In Brunswick the churches are subservient to the wonderful homogeneous old streets about them, the houses are sincere expressions of strong individuality; but here the real key-note of the place is struck by such magnificent church interiors as St. Michael's and St. Godehard's. Many of these houses are richer, more picturesque, than those of Brunswick, but the rich façades are in glaring contrast to the poor ones, and all show, instead of personal initiative, a desire to emulate the pomp, the learning, the solemn circumstance, of the bishops. In Hildesheim there is a marked absence of the familiar, informal, little courts, the grotesque friezes, the homely, humorous carvings and mottos that make Brunswick so intimate a place. Inscriptions there are a-plenty, but most of them are pompous or stilted, ill-natured, didactic, or melancholy; and a great many are in ostentatious Latin. It is clear that the old Hildesheimers were not so happy in their exclusiveness as were the Brunswickers in their democracy. Instead of the genial clowns and mermen, the tugs of war, the musical asses and apes, the domesticated gargoyles, one beholds reliefs of the virtues and the vices, of the arts, sciences, elements, seasons, all with neat Latin labels that remind one of the scrolls issuing from the mouths of figures in old-fashioned woodcuts. And the few saints left over from Gothic times keep shockingly indiscriminate company, not with low German sinners, but with the gods of Greece and Rome.

I have never known any other private architecture with so strong a didactic and homiletic flavor as that which these Hildesheimers assimilated from their pious overlords.

But if the place gives one the impression of being always on its good behavior and a trifle self-conscious, it more than makes up for this by its wealth of legend. Fairy fingers have woven gleaming strands about many of its choicest treasures, and in the length and breadth of the German land there are few legends more lovely than that of the origin of Hildesheim. This is one of the many variants:

In the year 815, Emperor Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the outskirts of the Hercynian Forest, and, in following a white buck, distanced his followers and lost both his quarry, his horse, and his way in the Innerste River. The Emperor swam to shore, and wandered alone until he came to a mound sacred to the ancient Saxon goddess Hulda, a beautiful mound covered with her own flower, the wild rose. Again and again he sounded his hunting-horn, but there was no answer. Then he drew from his bosom a casket containing relics of the Holy Virgin, and, while

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praying before it for rescue, fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, the mound where he lay was covered with snow, although it was summer and everything about was green. The roses on the sacred mound were blooming more brilliantly than ever. He looked for the reliquary, is still in bloom. All this is by no means pure fiction; for it is certain that the spot was a center of the old Saxon religion; that Louis transferred the Eastphalian see here from Elze in 815, and that nobody knows how many centuries old the roots of the famous rose-bush really are.

From a painting by Alfred Scherres. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

HILDESHEIM—CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS (THE THOUSAND-YEAR ROSE-BUSH)

and found it frozen fast amid the thorns of a great rose-bush. Then the Emperor knew that the heathen goddess had, "by shaking her bed," sent the holy snow in token that the Christian goddess should now be worshiped in her stead. When his followers finally discovered him, he had resolved to build on that mound a cathedral to the Virgin Mary. To-day on Hildesheim cathedral that rose-bush

Where it grows is the birthplace of Hildesheim, or "Hulda's Home," and the cloisters that inclose it are worthy of their situation. In the autumn, when the woodbine breaks forth into scarlet and old rose and carnelian, into pinks and oranges and purples, brought out the more by the deep browns and grays and yellows of the double arcade, it needs neither the Thousand-Year Rose-bush nor the crumb-

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ling tombs nor the charming Gothic chapel, with its devout gargoyles, to make this cloister garden one of the sweetest shrines ever dedicated to the contemplative life.

Out of this beautiful beginning grew a city that has ever since seemed suffused with the romaunt of the rose. The first, small, fortified settlement about the cathedral, called the Domburg, was surrounded with rose-hedges which became the godmothers of such streets as Long-Hedge, Short-Hedge, Flood-Hedge, and the trio of Rose-Hedges (Rosenhagen I, II, and III); and there is a tradition that each of the cathedral clergy is warned three days beforehand of his own death by a white rose which he finds in his choir-stall.

In the eighteenth century, sad to relate, the ancient, austere splendor of the cathedral interior was transformed into a baroque splendor that shows particularly vulgar and frivolous against the few remains of Romanesque construction and the notable treasures of early art that fill the building. Though the architecture of this cathedral is not to be compared with Brunswick's, yet the place is fully as interesting. For here the famous bronze doors, the "Christ Pillar," and the wonderful fount far outshine the trinity of Romanesque sculptures there.

The doors were finished in 1015 by St. Bernward of Hildesheim, one of the most illustrious of German bishops, celebrated as teacher, architect, sculptor, and friend of three emperors. Standing before them, one is filled with astonishment on remembering that this was the virgin appearance of art in a region hitherto artless. It is a miracle of precocity. For these reliefs, though crude, are far more direct and elemental, and touch the heart more deeply in their naïve blending of humor, pathos, and religious fervor, than Ghiberti's doors on the Florentine Baptistery.

During his visit to Rome in the year 1001, St. Bernward borrowed the idea for this work from the doors of St. Sabina, and his Christ Pillar was executed in the spirit of the Column of Trajan.

It is peculiarly fitting that these works, representing the miraculous birth of German art, should be accompanied by the thirteenth-century font that stands for the culmination of Romanesque brazen sculpture in the North.

In the nave hangs a reminder of that Bishop Hezilo who urged on his bloody band from the high altar of Goslar. It is an immense chandelier in the form of the heavenly Jerusalem, a battlemented ring-wall of exquisite filigree, broken by twelve towers and twelve portals.

Before the elaborate Renaissance reredos stands a column of polished stone bearing a Madonna. The people of Hildesheim firmly believe it to be a part of the original *Irmensäule* that stood near the city in the Dark Ages, and marked the principal shrine of the Saxon goddess Irmen. They say that Charlemagne cast it down and broke it with his own hand in his vigorous attempt to Christianize the heathen.

In the treasury one may see the reliquary that contained the relics of the Virgin frozen in the sacred snow, besides many other precious things, such as the gemmed fork of Charlemagne, a sliver of the true cross, the head of Oswald, King of Northumbria, who died in the year 642, the geometry from which the holy Bernward taught Emperor Otto III. And all at once you come upon a thing that transports you in a trice beyond the Alps into another consecrated treasure-house below the hill of Fiesole. It is a perfect little altar by Fra Angelico.

Worn out by the incessant demands of so much beauty, I left the building to rest for an hour on the lawns, beneath the venerable lindens of the Domhof. The Treasury had taken me to "the warm South"; but here for the first time on my pilgrimage I caught a breath of the peaceful seclusion, the idyllic secret charm, of the English cathedral close.

A citizen came to sit beside me and to relate how, in that very place, until the middle of the eighteenth century, the boys of Hildesheim had annually played at Charlemagne and the Heathen, a game in which the *Irmensäule* in effigy was finally stoned and overthrown.

The old gentleman pointed to the cupola that sheltered the old heathen pillar. "That also has a story," he said. "You see it is of gold? In the year 1367 the Brunswickers surprised us. Then good Bishop Gerhardt put himself at the head of our little army and prayed to the Holy Virgin. 'It is for Thee to de-

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THE NAVE OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, HILDESHEIM

cide now whether Thou wilt live henceforth under a roof of thatch or of gold.' As our men approached the great host of Brunswick they were dismayed, but the bishop stretched forth his left arm, crying: 'Leven Kerle, truret nich. Hier hebbe ek noch dusend in miner Maven.' ('My dear fellows, be not dismayed, I have here a thousand more [men] up my sleeve.')" Then they knew that the good bishop carried in his sleeve Hildesheim's greatest treasure, the reliquary of the Virgin, and taking heart, they put the enemy to rout, slaying 1500 of them, and capturing much treasure. Ever since," the old gentleman concluded, "our Dear Lady has lived under a golden roof."

Not far from this quiet close I found another feast of beauty. The lawns and gardens surrounding the Church of St. Michael meant renewed thoughts of old England, and the interior brought back, like a refrain, the holiest memories of Italy. For though the Romanesque is more truly the national style of Germany than any other, yet this most perfect of Northern Romanesque interiors cannot help suggesting the land of its birth. The

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THE RATHAUS, WITH THE TEMPLE HOUSE AND THE WEDEKIND HOUSE, HILDESHEIM

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alternation of light and dark blocks in the transept arches reminds one of Siena, while the pure beauty and variety of the capitals take one back to Ravenna. These capitals pass from the simple, "dice" design of the year 1001 to the timid attempts at low relief of the middle, and the high relief of the end of the eleventh century, with grotesques and even medallions between the angel corners. These in turn pass into the luxuriant stone foliage of the twelfth century, peopled with little faces and figures.

It pays to prowl long in St. Michael's; for there is many a surprise in store for the appreciative, such as the eight archaic Beatitudes over the columns of the southern aisle, with their hint of Assyrian influence; the delightful angels and saints on each side of the wall separating the western choir from the northern transept; the tombs, the altar-pieces, and the crypt where Bernward reposes and shows himself even here for the saint and artist that he was by the flowing Latin hexameters of his own epitaph. It is a satisfaction to know that he made his famous doors and Christ Pillar for this sanctuary, and that they were not, until recent years, compelled to endure the baroque interior of the cathedral.

St. Michael's crowning glory is the painted wooden ceiling of 1180, the only one of its kind north of the Alps. It gives the genealogy of Christ from Adam down, with a feeling for composition, a restraint, and a knowledge of anatomy quite unusual in Romanesque painting. And there is a touch of the Germany of today; for if you look long enough, you discover that the tree back of Eve is filled with portraits of the five senses, while in Adam's tree reposes the *Herrgott* himself, a conception truly German in its lack of gallantry.

St. Magdalen's Church is worth visiting for the sake of its three treasures: a jeweled cross containing splinters of the true cross, and a pair of wonderful candlesticks, all the work of Bernward, and prophetic of the Renaissance goldsmiths of Nuremberg.

It is not often that one city possesses two leading examples of the same architectural style; but St. Godehard's is one of St. Michael's dearest rivals, and even surpasses the sister-church in the purity and homogeneity of its ornament, though it has recently been disfigured by a great deal of garish paint. It has, besides, an interesting portal and a fine little treasury.

The Church of the Cross is one of those fascinating churches that are coming more and more to light in our day—churches built originally to war not against spiritual wickedness, but against flesh and blood. For the Church of the Cross was originally an outwork of the Bishop's fortress on Cathedral Hill, and the Chronicler Saxo records that toward the end of the eleventh century Bishop Hezilo changed it from a "home of war" to a "home of peace." May this act have been in expiation of Hezilo's share in the "blood-bath" at Goslar?

The town halls of Hildesheim and Brunswick neatly contrast the spirit of the two places. The low, level Rathaus of democratic Brunswick is faced with a series of ten double arcades, all free and equal. Hildesheim's Rathaus sounds a note unmistakably aristocratic, with its commanding western gable flanked by proud clock- and window-towers.

The interior at Brunswick is plain; at Hildesheim it is resplendent. And it is a significant fact that the fine frescos of local history and legend, begun by Prell in 1887, were the pioneers of the recent German revival of the old *al fresco* technic. The building teems with legend.

On the apex of the western façade the *Hildesheimer Jungfer*—the Maid of Hildesheim—stands proudly under a baldachin. She is supposed to be no other than the old heathen goddess who sent the sacred snow, and who once, in the form of the Holy Virgin, appeared to a maiden lost in the woods beyond the wall and led her back to her home. She it was who used to stand on the ramparts in time of siege and catch the cannon-balls of the foe in her apron. So that, out of gratitude, the Hildesheimers graved her image on their municipal banner and seal.

On the clock-tower, below the red-frocked town-piper who pipes the halves and trumpets the hours, is the head of a Jew, who opens and closes his eyes and mouth at the sound of the trumpet, as if in pain at the thought of another unprofitable hour gone by. They call it the head

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THE OLD-GERMAN HOUSE, IN THE OSTER-STRASSE, HILDESHEIM

of a would-be traitor who was caught in the fact and shut in the Rathaus dungeon to die of starvation.

On the northern wall a measure is chiseled with these words: "Dat is de Garen mathe" ("This is the measure for yarn"). You are told that the widow of a local yarn-dealer was once wakened by her late spouse, who complained bitterly that he had to suffer much pain in his present home because in life he had bought with a long measure and sold with a short one. Whereupon he cast an iron ruler upon the table, crying, "Dat is de Garen mathe!" and vanished. When the widow came to her senses, the ruler had disappeared, but the measure was burned through the table, through all the floors of the house, and so deep beneath the cellar that the bottom of the hole could not be plumbed. Whereupon the magistrate graved the length of the measure upon the wall of the Rathaus as an abiding stimulus to honesty.

After all, that which draws most of us to Hildesheim is not the lure of its churches and public buildings, potent as they are; it is the lure of the quaint streets and squares, and of the houses where German private architecture touches its zenith. Though these distinguished dwellings are

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not jolly and intimate like Brunswick's, they have more glamour. These narrow, streets disengage no least hint of Brunswick's democracy, but they are the abiding-places of romance.

In our day it is the mode to shrug one's shoulders at the German Renaissance; and, indeed, what with the tenacity of its predecessor, the Gothic, and the untimely disaster of the Thirty Years' War, the style had small chance to mature in the fatherland. But no one who knows such places as Hildesheim and Nuremberg, Dantzic and Rothenburg, towns specially spared in the great war, can feel like scoffing at the German Renaissance. For there the style makes up in picturesqueness for its departure from the canons of Italian proportion. Its faults are simply the extravagances of romantic youth; for the German Renaissance is, at its best, eternally young and eternally romantic.

It must have been a dim realization that this fresh charm scarcely befitted their proud, pious aristocracy which made the Hildesheimers try to counteract the effect with solemn, pompous, pedantic carvings and inscriptions.

Drawn by Alfred Scherres. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE PILLAR HOUSE, ANDREAS-PLATZ, HILDESHEIM

The "Old-German House," for instance, at the head of the Oster-Strasse is a delightful composition of three sharp gables with a great, bay-window as high as the roof, and four tiers of wooden friezes, unintelligible at a distance. But these

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turn out to be representations of the elements and the heavenly bodies, and prominent among them is Death with a youth, a sage, and this motto: "Hodie mihi—cras tibi" ("To-day for me—to-morrow for thee").

These wide, lofty bay-windows are as characteristic of Hildesheim as small, delicate oriels are of Nuremberg. And it would be hard to decide which kind is the more picturesque.

There are two of them in the Wedekind house in the Markt, with a seven-storied gable rising between them. The whole house is overspun with filigree like one of the elaborate reliquaries in the cathedral, with an effect indescribably vivacious. Here, floor by floor, are the subjects of the carvings:

I. Truth, Justice, Charity, Hope, Wealth, Prudence, Fortitude, Courage, Temperance, Patience, Faith.

II. Grammar, Dialectics, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Woman with pitcher and glass, Geometry, Woman with soap-bubble, Astrology.

III. A tower (earth), A ship (water), A thunderbolt (fire), Avarice, Air, Sloth, Woman with pitcher, Pride, Luxury, Appetite, Envy, Wrath. There are many pious inscriptions.

The Wedekind house shows the more elaborate and nervous by contrast with the dignified Gothic "Temple House" next door, with its narrow, trefoiled windows, its great spaces of repose, and the loop-holed watch-turrets on each side. The Roland Fountain before them helps to harmonize the two houses, combining, as it does, the decorativeness of the one with the nobility and calm of the other.

Across the Markt is a corner which every lover of Germany holds as a hallowed spot. Here stood the Butchers' Guildhall,—the Knochenhaueramtshaus,—famed as the finest half-timbered building in the land. It was a splendid specimen of the early Renaissance, and, through its model in the leading museums, the world has come to love the rhythmical proportions of its boldly projecting stories, its sharp, lofty gable, its purely modeled corbels and friezes. Its destruction by fire early in 1908 was mourned as an international calamity. Through this fire one of the mottos on the eastern façade was given a lamentable architectural application:

Arm und reich,
der Tod macht Alles gleich.

(For poor and rich the sequel
By Death is brought out equal.)

It would be useless to attempt describing within these limits all of the most fascinating among the four hundred noteworthy old houses of Hildesheim. A few leading types must suffice.

On the corner where one comes to the Hoher Weg is the Ratsapotheke, with its long-winded Latin hexameters and German doggerel and with one of Hildesheim's few fine Renaissance portals. Farther on is the old Ratsweinschenke, with solemn Biblical illustrations of the wine business such as the Noah episode and the spies importing grapes from the Promised Land.

The Hildesheimers liked to copy the architecture as well as the customs of their friends the fairies. The façade of the Kaiserhaus is a thing as curiously inverted as a "goop." For the elaborate stone oriel and portal reproduce the woodcarver's technic so well that they seem petrified, and the expanse of wall filled with medallions of Roman emperors seems as if copied from some rich ceiling of paneled oak.

These people were fond of building toy streets like the Hoken and the Juden-Strasse—streets almost as narrow as the narrowest Venetian lanes, the houses of which, set capriciously askew, almost allow opposite neighbors to shake hands from their projecting stories.

They also loved toy houses, like the little one in the Andreas-Platz, set perpendicular to the sharply sloping street; or the Pillar house, under which the way leads into the square. This beautiful dwelling is a veritable picture-book of the Virtues, the Muses, and the gods of Rome. One unconsciously expects these wooden people suddenly to become alive, like the gingerbread children on the house of the witch in "Hänsel und Gretel." And it really might have been a witch's house, for many such old persons have been done to death in Hildesheim. There is only one thing to spoil its delightful atmosphere: it is that self-conscious quotation about "*mens conscia recti.*"

The Hildesheimers were fond of composing an amusing line of roofs, such as

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THE ECKEMECKER-STRASSE, HILDESHEIM

the one northeast of St. Andrew's, and of leaving one grand old Gothic house, like Trinity Hospital, to temper the vivacity of a Renaissance neighborhood, like an ancient oak set in a grove of silver birches.

They were fond of packing alleys full of romantic, strangely formed gables, and winding them alluringly away into the unknown, as they wound the Eckemecker-Strasse away from the dominating tower of St. Andrew's. This street name is onomatopoetic; for, with its suggestion of bleating flocks, it means "The Street of Sheepskin Tanners." It is a name fitter for laughing Brunswick than for long-faced Hildesheim. Here stands one of the most fascinating houses in town, the Roland Hospital, with its tall, characteristic bay-window and its five far-projecting stories adorned with scenes from the former rural life of Simon Arnholt, its builder, such as sheepshearing, hunting, wine-making, pig-sticking, sowing, and sandbagging the police. At least I thought them police at first, but found later that they were only Philistines being smitten with the jawbone of an ass. And there is an inscription with the same old note of defiance, as though whoever built a fine house in this place had to become a mark for envious tongues:

Wer bawen will an freier strassen,
muss sich vel unnütz geswetz nich iren lassen.

(He who would build upon the public walk
Must not be turned aside by idle talk.)

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The Schuh-Strasse runs parallel with the Eckemecker-Strasse and, in the matter of picturesqueness, is a worthy companion. But you will find more noteworthy houses by turning down the Bohlweg, which derives its name from the planks, or Bohlen, laid down in olden times for crossing the marshy remnants of the cathedral moat. Here, at the head of the Kreuz-Strasse is the Domschenke, or cathedral wine-house; and opposite is its first rival, the Golden Angel, a charming early Renaissance building called *"der Alte Schaden"* ("the Old Damage"), because it damaged the monopoly of the Domschenke. It bears a relief of five horses straining at three wine-butts; and behind them appears mine host smugly reckoning up his gains.

Not many doors down the Kreuz-Strasse is the tavern called *"der Neue Schaden"* ("the New Damage"), the second rival. And a serious rival it was; for it introduced into Hildesheim that pale amber fluid which was destined never to check its mad career until it became the national drink. This fine transition façade actually bears humorous carvings:

"Fish-tailed persons," so writes learned Herr Gerland, "are drinking there, and experiencing all the effects of drinking, while heads, interposed, reflect the impressions which are produced upon them by these phenomena."

No wonder the New Damage was so daring as to be humorous, for that jolly tavern was always the hotbed of radicalism. In Luther's time it was the headquarters of the Reformation Club, which used to make it a base of supplies in their horse-play campaigns against the Catholics. It is easy to imagine what these zealous youths must have done to the Reformation chronicler Johannes Oldecop, Dean of the Holy Cross; for, upon the façade of his house around the corner, the old gentleman poured out all his bitterness against the new faith. His fury may even be seen in the jumbled order of the words, which read like a Chinese puzzle:

Anno dm. 1549. Virtus. ecclesia. clerus. demon. simonia. cessat. turbatur. errat. regnat. dominatur. verbum dni. manet in eternum. nil nisi divinum stabile. humana laborant, lignea cum saxis sunt peritura.

(A. D. 1549. Virtue ceases, the church is in an uproar, the clergy has gone astray, the devil rules, simony reigns. God's word remains for all eternity. The divine alone stands. The human falls. Wood and stone will pass away.)

Past the square of the Holy Cross, where, December 28, 1221, the boy choristers were still celebrating with bonfires the heathen festival of the winter solstice (*Sonnenwende*), the way leads "Am Platz" and down the Friesenstieg to the Braunschweiger-Strasse, with its wealth of interesting houses. And at the head of the long Wollenweber-Strasse there comes a sight which one is glad to carry away as the final impression of this faery town.

Flanked by quaint, carved houses, there rises from the old city wall beyond, the beautiful Kehrwieder Turm, or Turn-again Tower.

Once upon a time, when all the world was young, the little bell in this Kehrwieder Turm rang out for the Maid of Hildesheim as she was wandering, lost, in the deep woods beyond the wall, calling her back to her beloved city. And to this day, as the Fountain of Trevi calls back to the sound of its murmuring waters all who have known the Eternal City, so the Kehrwieder Turm forever rings out to all who have come under the magical spell of Hildesheim, "Turn again!"

(THE END OF THE SERIES)

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IN NORMANDY. FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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(TO M. E. H.)

TOURAINE

QUITE near the sky and far above
A river I shall tell you of,
Upon the hilltop edge, there clings
My garden full of lovely things.

I think it grew upon this hill
Because it was so high and still:
And convent-gardens like to lie
As close as may be to the sky.

Where the hillside goes greenly down
It changes to a steepled town,
That climbs again, all brown and red,
To meet a castle overhead.

But these—outside the garden—seem
The town and castle of a dream;
For walls enfolding it about
Shut all the world completely out.

Only one wall climbs down instead
Of towering up above my head,
And helps the garden not to go
Splash in the river far below.

On this broad wall I like to lie
To watch the river slipping by,
And its green brim, where poplars grow
Like pointed church-spires in a row.

But it was long before I knew
The river—and my garden, too—
The gray-green trees and velvet plain
And hills together, made Touraine.

There 's more of it beyond, I know,
For Sœur Matthias told me so;
And how much wider it must be
Than just this country I can see.

Sœur Matthias could not explain
One thing *I* thought about Touraine:
It 's just a garden that has grown
A bigger garden than my own.

SŒUR MATTHIAS

OF all the sisterhood that go
With noiseless footstep to and fro,
Each one like all the others dressed,
I love Sœur Matthias the best.

The other sisters look so pale,
And they are still and tired and frail;
But Sœur Matthias seems to be
Made round and rosy—more like me.

The white and black she dresses in—
The snowy band beneath her chin
And one across her forehead bound—
These make her rosier and more round.

It is a mystery to me,
No matter what she does, that she
Can keep quite spotless: so much more
Than I in my white pinafore.

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She is the one who seems to think
A child can always eat and drink,
And gives me milk and apples red,
And sprinkles sugar on my bread.

And somehow when I think of her
It always makes me happier;
She is so comforting and wise
And has such soft and smiling eyes!

OUR LADY OF THE GARDEN

In a deep hollow of the wall,
Shining and white and very tall,
Our Lady of the Garden stands
With meek head bent and praying hands.

I bring her flowers every day,
Cover her feet with giroflée,
And comfort her with mignonette,
Anemone, and violet.

Her eyes are wide and sad, but I
Have seen, when no one else was by,
A kind of sweetness shining through,
As though a secret joy she knew.

Sœur Matthias tells me when my own
Dear mother left me here alone,
Our Lady of the Garden said
That I could be *her* child instead.

One thing is certain: that she had
Some bitter thing to make her sad.
How hard it must have been, I know,
For any one to hurt her so!

I know I should be lonelier
If I did not belong to her:
She lets me talk, and says no word,
But always looks as though she heard.

THE RIVER

From where at night the sun goes down
Beyond the hills behind the town,
To where it climbs the sky next day,
The traveling river makes its way.

—But it keeps looking the same way—
To think it 's different every day.

The town the river has to pass
Is mirrored in its shining glass;
The peach-blow tiles the houses wear,
And dots of green trees everywhere.

You cannot hear or see it go,
Its footsteps are so still and slow;
And passing by the convent-hill,
It goes on tiptoe—*very* still.

And the blue sky is mirrored, too—
Or grayness, if there is no blue:
But sunsets, when the sky turns pink,
Become the river best, *I* think.

It sometimes seems a little strange
When I can't see the water change

NIGHTINGALES

At sunset my brown nightingales,
Hidden and hushed all day,
Ring vespers while the color pales
And fades to twilight gray;
The little mellow bells they ring,
The little flutes they play,
Are soft as though for practising
The things they want to say.
It 's when the dark has floated down
To hide and guard and fold,
I know their throats, that look so brown,
Are really made of gold.
No music I have ever heard
Can call as sweet as they:
I wonder if it *is* a bird
That sings within the hidden tree,
Or some shy angel calling me
To follow far away.

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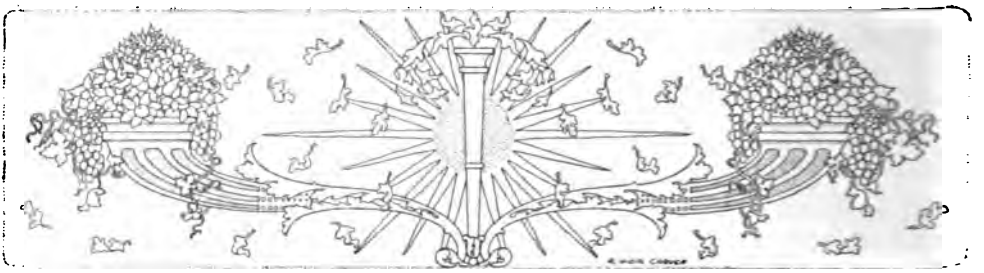

IS A CENTRAL BANK DESIRABLE?

THE RIGIDITY OF THE UNITED STATES CURRENCY CONTRASTED WITH THE FLEXIBILITY OF THE CURRENCY OF OTHER NATIONS

BY A. BARTON HEPBURN

Author of "History of Coinage and Currency"

IN view of the investigations and the forthcoming report of the National Monetary Commission, the following paper has been written at our request by Mr. Hepburn, President of the Chase National Bank, New York, and former Comptroller of the Currency, one of the most eminent financial authorities in the United States.—THE EDITOR.

IT is a recognized function and responsibility of government to provide safe and efficient currency as a means of commercial exchange, as well as for use in the common affairs of every-day life. The coining of metallic money is done exclusively by the government, but banks, as a matter of economy and general convenience, are permitted to supplement the labor of the government by issuing, under fixed conditions, paper currency redeemable in coin.

The volume of metallic money changes slowly. It is increased by such portion of the annual output of precious metals as finds its way to the mint; it is diminished by loss, abrasion, and such portion of coin as is absorbed by the arts. As between nations, it varies as the international balance of trade calls for exports or imports of gold. Metallic money cannot respond, as to volume, to the fluctuating demands of trade. An elastic paper currency must be relied upon for that, and the efficiency of paper currency depends upon the wisdom of the legislation which calls it into being.

A Congressional commission, headed by Senator Aldrich, is now engaged in revising our currency system. It has entered upon the task in a thorough, business-like manner, has made a study of the subject at home and abroad, has gleaned many fields, and accumulated much valuable data, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the prospect of this question being taken up seriously and handled with ability.

OUR CURRENCY SYSTEM

THERE are two theories with respect to bank-note issues, the "currency principle" and the "banking principle." The "currency principle" is illustrated by the Bank of England note. Beyond a limited amount, its bank-notes are issued only in exchange for gold, the theory being that paper currency possesses essentially the same characteristics as metallic money, and should be subject to the same rules and regulations. Our gold and silver certificates illustrate this principle. The "banking principle" is that bank-notes should represent the credit of the bank, should be issued against the assets of the bank ac-

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quired in regular business, and that the volume should correspond to the needs of the bank's constituency, increasing and diminishing with such needs. The currency of the United States, prior to the passage of the Aldrich-Vreeland law, ignored the banking principle altogether. Under our law, any national bank may take out circulating notes in an amount not exceeding its capital stock. In order to do so, it must purchase government bonds as security therefor, assign the same to, and deposit them with, the United States Treasurer; thereupon the Treasurer and the Comptroller of the Currency issue and deliver to the bank notes equal to the par of the bonds deposited. These notes are receivable for all dues to the United States except duties on imports, and for all demands owing by the United States, within the United States, except interest on the public debt, and must be received by national banks.

Notes secured by two-per cent. bonds are subject to an annual tax of one half of one per cent.; if secured by bonds bearing a higher rate of interest, the annual tax is one per cent., hence two-per cent. bonds are preferred. The market-price for United States two-per cent. bonds ranged as high as 109½ in 1907; for the last fiscal year it averaged 102.83. To illustrate the working of the law, suppose a bank buys $100,000 par value of these two-per cent. bonds, in order to secure bank-notes, and pays therefor $103,000; by depositing the same with the Treasury Department, it would receive notes equal to the par, $100,000; it pays $103,000 for security, and realizes $100,000 in notes, thereby locking up the premium in so doing, and impairing, rather than increasing, its power to serve the public by making loans.

BRITISH CURRENCY SYSTEMS

THE Bank of England issues £14,000,000 of notes against securities, largely the debt of the British Government to the bank; beyond the above amount, notes are issued only against gold deposited for the purpose. The currency of England, therefore, possesses no greater degree of elasticity than metallic money.

The banks of Scotland may issue uncovered notes [1] amounting to about $13,500,000. These notes remain in the hands of the public an average of eighteen days. The population of Scotland is not quite five millions, and there are twelve banks in Scotland, with 1065 branches. This concentrated management approximates in its practical working the influence that would be exercised by a central bank, and of course they are under the dominating influence of the Bank of England.

The British Colonies possess elastic currency well adapted to commercial needs. The Canadian bank system is admirable. The banks are allowed to issue notes to an amount equivalent to their paid-up capital; they are required to redeem their notes in the capital of every province and to insure the par of the same throughout Canada. The amount they do issue averages less than fifty per cent. of their capital and surplus, and varies in amount with the season's demand. Their notes remain in circulation an average of thirty days, and are a prior lien upon the assets, including double liability of shareholders; each bank is required to maintain in the custody of the Minister of Finance a redemption fund equal to five per cent. of its average circulation. There are thirty-five banks in Canada, with 1841 branches in the Dominion of Canada, and many outside. This system, in its practical working, approximates results which would be obtained by means of a central bank.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM

THE bank-note of the leading commercial nations of continental Europe is based upon commercial paper; credit extended in the course of trade is the mainspring that calls it into being.

The Bank of France has a monopoly of note issues. The bank pays to the government a lump sum in consideration of each renewal of its charter, but pays no special compensation for the right of note issue; the government, however, exacts a small stamp duty on its notes. The maximum issue is fixed by the government, and is always kept fully equal to commercial needs. At present it is 5,800,000,000

[1] Uncovered notes are issued against the general assets or credit of a bank. Covered notes must be covered, or equaled, by specified collateral, usually commercial paper, in the general assets of the bank, and secured notes are protected by specific collateral set apart and assigned as security.

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francs. The Bank of France carries a very strong cash reserve, and is one of the large gold-holders of the world. It is the fiscal representative of the government, although its stock is privately owned, and discounts three-name commercial paper as required. It is one of the best exemplars of the banking principle in currency.

When in Paris recently, I called at the Crédit Lyonnais, one of the very large and strong banks of continental Europe. In conversation with one of its representatives, he handed me a statement of the bank's resources and liabilities. After examining the same somewhat critically, and having in mind its large aggregate resources,—over two billion francs,—I remarked, "You owe a very large amount of money."

"Yes; but we could pay it very easily, if called upon to do so," he replied.

"Certainly; but what period of time would you require to pay your liabilities? How soon could you do so?"

"It would require no longer time than is necessary to perform the physical labor of making payment."

"Well, let us see; your liabilities to the general public—what you owe to others than your stock-holders—amount approximately to $400,000,000. Now tell me, please, just how you would obtain currency with which to pay the same, if presently called upon to do so."

"We should first make use of our cash on hand and balances with correspondent banks subject to check. We should utilize our foreign exchange, which has a ready market; after this application, the unpaid balance would be much less than our commercial paper on hand. We should take a sufficient amount of this paper to the Bank of France, discount the same, and receive currency with which to pay the balance."

"But suppose the Bank of France declined to discount?"

"It cannot decline to discount."

"Is there any law which compels the bank to discount paper offered?" I asked.

"There is no statute law, but the law of the bank's being compels it to discount good paper when required to do so. That is what the bank was created for; it is an unwritten law, recognized alike by the bank and public," he replied.

I have given the substance of our conversation as a concrete illustration of the working of the French law. No solvent bank in France need have any difficulty in paying its obligations in currency. These brief references are intended only to illustrate the banking principle which underlies the French currency system. Of course, no such extreme instance of withdrawal of funds could occur, and the banks are not called upon for general payment except in case of a run resulting from loss of confidence. Even then experience shows that not exceeding sixty per cent. of deposits could be withdrawn before reaching a point where the depositors and the debtors become identical. A bank's depositors and borrowers are largely the same, and no depositor, for fear of loss, would withdraw his deposit when he was at the same time indebted to the bank in a still larger sum.

THE GERMAN SYSTEM

THE Imperial Bank of Germany may issue 472,829,000 marks of uncovered banknotes (issue them against the general credit of the bank) free from tax. This amount may be exceeded at any time, in which case a five-per cent. tax is paid to the government upon the excess; thirty-three and one third per cent. coin reserve must be maintained against the aggregate issue, and the additional amount must be covered by commercial paper having not to exceed three months to run, in possession of the bank, not segregated, but in the general assets.[1]

The purpose of the German law is to enable commercial paper to be resolved into currency in the discretion of the bank-managers, to place the currency of the country at the service of the commerce of the country. Commercial paper represents the credit—the borrowings—by means of which people supplement their capital and thereby increase the volume and profit of their business. Probity, industry, and ef-

[1] Pending changes in the German law relating to the Reichsbank, recommended by a commission:

(a) Before profits are divided, ten per cent. thereof should be added to surplus fund, without limitation of aggregate amount.

(b) Expansion of untaxed notes at end of periods when settlements are made,—for instance, December 31, etc.; the expansion limited to a short period, sufficient to make the turn.

(c) Reichsbank notes to be made a legal tender.

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ficiency are a proper foundation for credit, and, once established, enable men of small means, though with sufficient to margin their business, to command within conservative limits the funds of banks. Commercial paper is the bond of mutual advantage that joins money and labor.

LIQUID ASSETS THE BEST SECURITY

IT is the general experience of banks that the best and most available asset, especially in time of financial stringency, is the maturing note of a solvent maker—a note the payment of which must be looked after in order to protect his credit and preserve his financial life. This is the basis of commercial banking; a bank's future engagements are based upon its maturing receivables, which it knows will be paid, for the payment of which thousands upon thousands—the note-makers—are planning and working. Such liquid assets of a well-managed bank are the best possible security. Bonds may insure eventual payment, but in a financial crisis they are worth only the sacrifice price which they will bring at forced sale. To insist upon bonds as security for circulation is to discriminate against the credit of every merchant, manufacturer, farmer, mechanic—in fact, every one who utilizes his credit in the conduct of his business.

Whatever else may befall Germany, it cannot have a currency famine. Contrast the German law with the United States law, which compels commercial banks to go outside of their normal business and buy bonds as a basis for bank-notes—bonds which they would not otherwise purchase, since they yield less than two per cent. as an investment. The German law aids commerce; what does our law aid? When a German bank-note, in the course of business, comes into the possession of the bank, it is thereby redeemed, and may be laid away in the bank's vault awaiting future demand. In the United States the note is forced into circulation to help bear the burden of carrying the bonds.

RELATION OF INTERIOR BANKS TO THE PROBLEM

INTERIOR banks seem to think it better suits their interest, in time of a money plethora, to maintain their bank-note circulation, and increase their balances with correspondent banks, upon which they receive interest: they lessen the burden of carrying government bonds by the amount of interest which the balances thus increased enables them to earn. I say interior banks, for the reason that banks in reserve cities, especially New York, cannot keep their circulation in public use when currency is superabundant. Bank-notes do not count as reserve, and all a New York bank need do is to deposit bank-notes forwarded to it in the subtreasury, and receive in return cash that does count as reserve. Proximity to the subtreasury enables them to do this without loss of time. Last year New York banks so deposited for redemption bank-notes to the amount of $222,291,620. Interior banks lose interest upon notes sent to the treasury for redemption during the period in transit covered by the transaction.

The unusually large bank balances maintained in New York at the present time (June, 1909) by interior banks, because of the abnormal and constantly increasing volume of bank-notes, is at least $150,000,000. Conversely stated, if interior banks were to retire a large amount of their circulation, probably two thirds of the amount of lawful money necessary to deposit with the treasury for such retirement would be withdrawn from their New York balances.

It is well to consider what influence for unwise speculation is traceable to our non-contracting circulation. Oh, for a currency that will contract when no legitimate business interest demands its use, and expand to meet the wants of growing commerce!

CURRENCY AND PANICS

OUR currency system is defective, but it is by no means responsible for all our financial ills. A good currency system can mitigate and ameliorate the embarrassments that always attend the extremes of business,—the swing of the pendulum is marked by boom and stagnation,—but cannot prevent periodic crises.

Political conditions affecting the standard of values or possibly resulting in war, for instance, may produce a panic which cannot be forecast, as it is not produced by economic causes; but a commercial crisis always follows economic debauch. The great maw of commerce may for a time receive all that offers, but indigestible se-

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curities, and ill-considered ventures will not assimilate, and in the end natural law is bound to assert itself.

The crisis of 1907 was brought about by over-trading, causing an undue extension of credit, and this condition was world-wide. It was not due to lack of currency, but to lack of capital. Producers could not make goods fast enough to supply the demands; lured by the enormous profits offering, even conservative men were carried away by the tide. When finally distrust curtailed credit, the business world, suddenly confronted with what it owed, was unable to pay, and panic reigned. An easily expanding currency, unwisely administered, very likely would have added fuel to the flame, and permitted credit to become still more extended; this possibility demands full consideration in framing any currency law.

MEANING OF AN "ELASTIC" CURRENCY

THE word "elasticity," as applied to currency, with the great majority of people means simply "expansion." It should also mean "contraction." Just now money is abundant, interest rates low, and in the public mind our currency system is working beautifully. But it is not working beautifully. Its present working, because of its failure to contract, reflects quite as severely upon the system as anything that occurred during the panic. The Comptroller of the Currency, in his report for 1908, says:

> The outstanding issues of all reserve city banks . . . declined from a maximum of $249,400,000 in February, to $223,500,000 in September; but the outstanding issues of the country banks have steadily increased during the year, rising from $364,800,000 on December 3, 1907, to $390,200,000 on September 23, 1908.

During a prolonged period of comparative inactivity and very low interest rates, the volume of bank-notes has actually increased, and thereby contributed to the exportation of gold.

WHAT CAUSES EXPORTATION OF GOLD

THE elements of cost that determine the exportation of gold from one country to another are cost of transportation, cost of insurance, abrasion, and the loss of interest in transit. From the time money is withdrawn from bank in one country until it is deposited in bank in the country to which it is consigned, it is barren. Exchange may be sold against the same, but no interest can be realized thereupon; and interest is the determining factor. High rates of interest attract gold importations, and low rates of interest facilitate its export. The pronounced increase in national bank circulation, added to the money plethora, reduced rates of interest, and therefore tended to facilitate the exportation of gold, which during the first seven months of the year amounted to $73,837,302.

ADVANTAGE OF A CONTRACTIVE CURRENCY

OUR bank-notes are secured by government bonds that net less than two per cent. as an investment. Of the $913,317,490 United States bonds outstanding, $724,823,000 are owned by the national banks. The Government has sold its two-per cent. bonds to the banks at a premium, because of the circulation privilege. According to London quotations, British Consols (2½%) are selling at 87, and German Consols (3%) at 86½. Upon an investment basis, United States 2s would hardly have realized 80; the Government, that is, the people, have realized for these bonds, say, 25% above their investment value, and the banks have become approximately the sole owners. There is virtually no market except as the banks sell to one another. Owning these bonds, and unable to sell them except at a loss, the banks struggle to keep out circulation against the same in order to lighten the burden of carrying them; and this is another reason why our bank-note volume does not contract.

Had we an elastic currency, based upon normal bank assets, the volume naturally would have contracted enormously during the period of business stagnation following the panic. This would have minimized gold exports, would not have prevented reasonably low rates for money, but would have insured more uniform rates, which is most desirable in the interest of trade. It would have prevented whatever induce-

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ment to unwise speculation is found in abnormally low-interest rates. Never did our currency system appear to worse advantage than now.

ASSET-CURRENCY NEEDED

OVER ninety per cent. of all business transactions accomplished through banks is consummated by means of checks and drafts, which are in a sense auxiliary currency and possess perfect elasticity. Less than ten per cent. is done by means of money. A very slight degree of distrust, which lessens the use of checks and increases the demand for money, can easily produce a money stringency. Until Congress enacts laws which will enable strong, well-managed banks, with ample capital and possessing abundant good liquid assets, to obtain currency with which to supply public wants, our system will be defective, and all classes must suffer financial loss with every recurring money stringency.

I think there is no disposition to interfere with the law authorizing all national banks to issue circulation secured by government bonds. The banks have purchased these bonds at a price far in excess of their investment value, because of the circulation privilege, and have rights which should be acknowledged and fairly dealt with; but it is evident, I think, that our commercial interests cannot be properly safeguarded until the power exists somewhere to issue notes against natural and normal banking assets—credit, or asset currency, if you please.

DESIRABILITY OF A CENTRAL BANK SYSTEM

IT will be readily conceded that such function can be exercised to better advantage by a central bank than by several thousand individual banks. The primary purpose in allowing banks to issue notes is not to enable them to make money, but to serve the public. Congress recognized the banking principle in the Aldrich-Vreeland law, providing for currency associations composed of contiguously located banks, with power, in coöperation with the Secretary of the Treasury, to issue bank-notes secured by their assets. This law seeks to provide in a crude and impracticable manner the advantages which a central bank would possess. I do not sympathize with the assumption that the people will not approve a central bank, and that therefore some other expedient must be devised. We already possess a great central bank—the Treasury Department. It is the greatest bank of deposit in the world. June 1 it held $804,609,289 in gold belonging to the public, for which it issued certificates of deposit to circulate as money; it held $476,581,797 in silver, for which it issued certificates of deposit to circulate as money. On the same date there were still in circulation as money, $4,265,188 treasury notes issued in payment for silver bullion purchased; there was also in circulation $339,522,807 in fiat notes, commonly called "greenbacks"; there was also in circulation $687,408,227 national bank-notes issued by the Treasury Department through the Comptroller of the Currency and the United States Treasurer to banks, upon the assignment and deposit with the Treasurer of government bonds as security therefor.

THE TREASURY REALLY A CENTRAL BANK

FROM the above facts it is apparent that we now have far-and-away the greatest central bank of deposit and issue in the world. On the same date, June 1, this central bank of ours was loaning $72,946,079.63 to national banks in the form of deposits secured by collateral, at two per cent. interest. It has loaned to banks as high as $249,233,643 (December 27, 1907) at one time.

Our central bank, located at Washington, also engages in branch banking, by means of subtreasuries and mints. It has branches at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Denver, and Seattle. It buys and sells exchange. A bank, wishing to ship money to any point where the treasury has branches, applies to the subtreasury for a telegraphic transfer, paying therefor the government contract express transfer rate. The bank saves time by the transfer, and hence loss of interest; the Government is enabled to transfer its funds to desirable points, and makes a profit. Gold from Alaska, received at Seattle, and gold received at San Francisco, from importation

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or otherwise, becomes the subject of exchange transfer. A remittance of gold from New York to Japan is thus facilitated as occasion requires.

For the year ending June 30, 1907, there was deposited by banks with the subtreasury in New York, to be transferred by wire to cities outside of New York, where the Treasury Department has branches, for the benefit of their correspondent banks, $69,665,189.99. The Government receives compensation for such transfers.

For the year ending June 30, 1908, $2,253,778.79 was similarly transferred, and for the year ending June 30, 1909, $6,155,000. The varying amounts show the trend of the currency movement. In 1907 the demands from the interior for currency were pronounced, whereas during the period of stagnation following the crisis of 1907, the flow of currency has been generally from the interior to New York.

The following figures are interesting as showing the volume of money transfers constantly going on through the Treasury:

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, deposits were made with the Assistant Treasurer at New York, by depositary banks for account "transfer of funds," amounting to $195,232,286.36; there was also transferred through the subtreasury to depositary banks, upon orders from the United States Treasurer, $32,784,951.56.

It does not discount commercial paper or loan money to private persons, or to banks except upon collateral. It is, however, doing pretty much all that commercial banking contemplates, and doing it in a constrained and unsatisfactory manner. The department is managed by one man, who is not necessarily an experienced business man, and oftener than otherwise is without banking experience. Would not a board of directors representing the various parts and diversified interests of our country be an improvement? It would require no very great changes, though perhaps they would be radical in character, to put our present system on a par with the great central banks of our commercial rivals. What warrant is there for saying that public sentiment will not approve?

The Imperial Bank of Germany, though the stock is privately owned, is absolutely managed by the government. The directors are appointed by the Kaiser for life, upon recommendation of the federal council. The officers are considered government officials, but are paid by the bank, and are not permitted to own stock. Stock-holders are entitled to three and one half per cent. dividend; any additional dividend is divided between the shareholders and the government, the shareholders receiving one fourth and the government three fourths. This indirect limitation of dividends fortifies an altruistic policy in the bank's management, and insures the conservation of the general commercial interests of the public as a whole. The law seeks to make the public interest paramount, and the dividend claims of stock-holders subordinate.

THE QUESTION OF RESERVES

ANOTHER feature of our banking almost as important as the currency is the question of reserves. There are three central reserve cities, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, each national bank of which is required by law to keep in cash on hand a reserve equal to twenty-five per cent. of its deposits. Any city with a population of 50,000 or over may be designated as a reserve city by the Comptroller of the Currency. There are forty-two such cities; they are required to keep twenty-five per cent. reserve against deposits, one half cash on hand, and one half may be kept with an approved reserve agent in a central reserve city. All other national banks must keep fifteen per cent. reserve, six per cent. cash on hand, and nine per cent. may be kept with an approved reserve agent in any reserve city or central reserve city.

Under the working of this law, a goodly portion of the required bank reserves is pretty well distributed over the country, although mainly concentrated in the large cities. Inability to withdraw these balances in currency during the recent panic resulted in approximate business stagnation, caused the loudest complaint, and resulted in serious losses. To a large extent a central bank would doubtless become a reserve depository of other banks; with its note-issuing power such reserve could always be withdrawn in currency.

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Other banks, which should continue to act as reserve agents, or carry balances of correspondents, would, in competition and comparison, be compelled to strengthen their reserves in time of money plethora, in order that they might be able to respond to currency demands whenever made. A concentrated reserve can be handled more efficiently and more to the advantage of the whole country; but if we are not to have a central bank, which would be a central reservoir of the money power of all the banks, then our present reserve law should be amended, so as to require the reserve, whatever amount may be determined upon, to be kept in the form of cash on hand, instead of permitting one half or more to be loaned to other banks. Individual banks would depend in greater degree upon themselves to meet emergencies, and would keep with correspondents only such balances as might be necessary to meet their exchange requirements.

FUNCTIONS OF A CENTRAL BANK INDICATED

A STATUTE is largely educational; it stands as a constant reminder and teacher. A government bank, from the fact of its paternity, would possess great moral influence, and, supplemented with material power, would exercise a most wholesome effect in bringing about uniformity and preventing abnormal fluctuations in the rate of interest; it should act as fiscal agent of the Government, and would certainly keep in the channels of commerce funds which are now arbitrarily withdrawn whenever the Government's revenues exceed its disbursements; it would prevent the embarrassment and injury to business which result from the absorption of these funds by our subtreasury system, even during a crisis, and the subsequent deposit of the same in the banks in lump sums, in an effort to offset the injury. Kansas and Texas claim that the Government ought to loan its money to them upon baled hay and baled cotton as well as to metropolitan banks upon bonds. There is some difference, as to convenience, in handling the respective collateral, but in principle the contention is perfectly just, and by means of a central bank such claim can be easily recognized. Let the local bank make loans upon paper secured by hay and cotton, indorse the same, and present to the central bank for discount, and the fact is accomplished. By means of a central bank the Government may be brought as close to the farmer as to the bond-dealer.

Within the limitations of a magazine article comprehensive discussion is impossible. I think, however, that the brief suggestions I have made justify propounding the question, Will not a government-controlled central bank of issue, where banks of the country in good credit can discount their receivables, receiving the proceeds thereof in bank-notes, afford the best solution of the currency question, the interest rates, and bank reserve?

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TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE ORIGINAL AUTOCRAT AND HIS BOSWELL

THE readers of the periodicals of 1909 will not be able to complain of any lack of biographical material in their favorite publications, owing to the various centennial, bicentennial, tricentennial, and quatricentennial celebrations. THE CENTURY has already taken note of all the principal occasions except two, the bicentennial of Johnson and the centennial of Holmes.

It may be said that the two hundredth anniversary of Samuel Johnson's birth would have had meager celebration if it had not been for the chronicle of his Scotch admirer. But this does not mean that the great Londoner was not great, and himself well worthy of centennial remembrance. Even if his best book is Boswell's "Life" of him, and after all due credit has been given to the industry and skill of the chronicler, still, the greatness is Johnson's—the greatness of an interesting, typical, gifted, sturdy, witty, and often very wise Englishman of the eighteenth century.

The contradictions in Johnson's character only go to make the study of it the more entertaining. The hatred of the American Revolution and revolutionists, and of all things American, was an inevitable accompaniment of his toryism; and yet among the things for which he despised Americans was their tolerance of human slavery. For while he was against the freedom of the colonies, he was in advance of the colonies in his attitude toward individual freedom, declaring that "no man is by nature the property of another." In this he was in advance, too, by the way, of Boswell, who, while he favored the colonists, was as to slavery a typical "stand-patter," and earnestly deprecated the attempt to abolish "so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest" as the slave trade.

To continue the enumeration of some of the contradictions: Johnson was an example of persistent energy and of monumental laziness. He was one of the kindest of men, as exemplified in hundreds of acts of consideration and helpfulness, and he could suddenly turn and cut his best friend to the quick. He furnishes examples of admirable judgment on literary subjects, and he could delight in some commonplace piece of verse of the time, and fail to see the immortality in Milton's sonnets. He could say tersely and admirably, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet," and then ruin the phrase by correcting himself into: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." He could eloquently uphold the absolute truth, and then use his powers of verbal contention in conscienceless pursuit of a victory of wits. While maintaining his own opinions with overbearing pugnacity, and breathing contempt upon those who advocated opposite views and principles, he delighted in the company of not a few men and women for whose opinions he had nothing but scorn. While his reverence for all things feudal was colossal, no one could send a barb deeper beneath the skin of an aristocrat. With a mind broadened by study and general reading to a greater extent, perhaps, than any man of his time, he could scout at the first approaches of the deeper truths of science and the first hint of intellectual freedom in the realm of religion.

As to the yieldings at times to various temptations of the flesh on the part of a nature so essentially religious—this is not so much a matter of unusual contradictions, as of ordinary humanity. He weakly and humanly sinned, and he powerfully repented, and in this he was like the men of the Old Testament, whose repentances and strivings of the spirit are among the most valuable literary inheritances of a humanity still slowly struggling upward from the animal origins of ages past.

One of the most useful elements in the famous Boswell book, specially for Amer-

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icans, is the pronounced feudalism of the two men, especially of "the philosopher" himself. It is tonic to run against the sturdy maintenance of opinions the precise opposite of those upon which our institutions were founded, and against the entire trend of the modern world of both England and America. Whatever strength, whatever value, there may be in such supposedly outworn views, is enhanced by the honesty, good conscience, and manly vigor of their advocacy.

But as time goes on, it is the endearing traits of the man that count most. Who can forget that lonely figure of expiation,—bareheaded in the market-place, in the rain, on the very spot where his father's book-stall had stood,—because, through youthful pride, he once refused attendance there. The growing willingness that comes with years to express the affections of friendship moderates the stately Johnsonese style to simpler cadences, which come from the sincere heart. "My dear friend," he writes to Boswell, "life is very short, and very uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can." "Love me as well as you can." Again to Boswell, after some needed and sensible advice: "This may seem but an ill return for your tenderness; but I mean it well, for I love you with great ardour and sincerity." And to Mr. Langton: "A friend, at once cheerful and serious, is a great acquisition. Let us not neglect one another for the little time which providence allows us to hope." And with what fortitude he took up the task of failing and dying—he who so dreaded the encroachments of age and the possible retributions of eternity! "A very great loss is the loss of hope, but I struggle on as I can," says the old man, fighting for companionship and cheerfulness and a clear conscience to the very end.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE" AND HIS CENTENNIAL

IT is appropriate that the author of the phrase, "Every man his own Boswell," should be celebrated in the year when our thoughts are turned to the original Autocrat and the original Boswell. William Allen White's new novel, "A Certain Rich Man," opens with a description of a prairie town in the later fifties. He describes a pretty scene under a lone elm-tree, where a mother spreads a lunch for herself and her small son. The boy plays around, while the mother "sits on the hillside, almost hidden by the rippling prairie grass," reading the first number of the "Atlantic Monthly." When the mother goes home, her head is "full of the whims of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

There are many of the boys and girls of those times, gray-headed now, who remember, if too young to take in the "whims" of the Autocrat themselves, the fine pleasure of their elders in those genial pages—and their successors. The contribution of Oliver Wendell Holmes to the pleasure, poise, and sanity of mind, and the general cheerfulness, of the young, the middle-aged, and the old, during several generations of Americans, should win for him the continuing gratitude of their descendants. And their descendants would do wisely if they themselves more frequently returned to the same well of refreshment.

But whether they do or do not, they cannot help profiting from the literature of that "wise physician." Surely Dr. Holmes has been one of the influences that has brought in a better day of tolerance and of breadth of view. If a large part of the load of inherited superstition has been dumped without too much violence, remorse, and ill effect generally, it is not a little to the credit of such quiet influences as the writings of the genial Autocrat.

It may be that his prose will be even more thoroughly supplanted than it now is, and that his joyous, ever-boyish occasional verse will be forgotten outside of his native haunts; but he was, among other things, truly a poet, and some of the finer fruits of his imagination will be kept always in the anthology of worthy English verse. It is well that his centennial should be honored not only with ceremony, but in the hearts he has brightened.

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OPEN LETTERS

The Fulton-Livingston Contract

SINCE Mrs. Sutcliffe's article in the present number was made up, she has received, by the courtesy of Mr. John Henry Livingston of Clermont, New York, the following important historical document, found among the papers of his great-grandfather, Chancellor Livingston, and, it is believed, not before published.—THE EDITOR.

Memorandum of an Agreement entered into this tenth day of October in the Year One Thousand Eight hundred and two, between Robert R. Livingston Esq., of the State of New York, and Robert Fulton of the State of Pennsylvania.

Whereas the said Livingston and Fulton have for several years past separately tried various mechanical Combinations for the purpose of propelling boats and vessels by the power of Steam Engines, and conceiving that their experiments have demonstrated the possibility of success, they hereby agree to make an attempt to carry their invention into useful operation, And for that purpose enter into partnership on the following conditions:

First: That a passage boat moved by the power of a Steam Engine shall be constructed at New York, for the purpose of navigating between New York and Albany, which boat shall not exceed 120 feet in length, 8 feet in width nor draw more than 15 inches water; that such boat shall be calculated on the experiments already made, with the view to run 8 miles an hour in stagnate water and carry at least 60 passengers allowing 200 pounds weight to each passenger:

Second: That a patent shall be taken in the United States of America in the name of said Fulton for a new mechanical combination of a boat to navigate by the power of a Steam Engine for which Patent the said Fulton shall deposit every necessary drawing, model, and specification, and when such patent is obtained, the property thereof shall be divided into One Hundred shares, fifty of which shares shall be transferred to the said Livingston as his property, and fifty shares shall be held by the said Fulton as his property, and all emoluments arising from said Patent in America, or from any extension of said Patent, or for any Patent premium or privilege in any other Country shall be equally divided, one half to the said Livingston, and one half to the said Fulton:

Third: That for the purpose of proving the utility of this invention by a fair experiment, the said Fulton agrees to go immediately to England, and there construct a boat and engine as near the dimensions and powers of the Steam Boat mentioned in Article the First as the Engine he may find will admit, which boat being for the purpose of experiment, it is presumed that a steam engine may be borrowed for that purpose; it is also estimated that if the experiment should not succeed, the loss on the different parts of the machinery together with the expenses of the said Fulton will amount to Five Hundred Pounds sterling, which sum the said Livingston agrees to furnish at any time or times which the said Fulton may think proper to draw for the same. And the said Fulton binds himself to pay to the said Livingston, one half of the expense which such experiment may cost, within two years from the abandoning said enterprise, with interest for the same at seven per cent per annum. But should the experiment succeed to the satisfaction of the here contracting parties, the first object shall be to obtain a Patent in America and establish a passage boat to run to and from New York and Albany which work the said Fulton agrees to superintend, during which time his reasonable expenses shall be estimated as part of the general expenses of the establishment.

Fourth: And when such boat shall be in complete activity and the principle of navigating by Steam fully established, each of the here contracting parties may dispose of any number of their shares, *not exceeding forty shares,* that they may think proper; but the purchasers of shares, or share holders shall have no voice or command in conducting the business of the concern; but the number of boats, offices and agents shall be augmented or diminished as may be thought proper by the said Livingston and Fulton, nevertheless all augmentations and expenses shall be made out of the profits of the undertaking and not by a demand for advances on the part of shareholders, and the surplus profits shall be divided twice a year in proportion to the shares, for which purpose the share holders or their agents shall be at liberty to examine the books during the first week of May and the first week of October in each year:

Fifth: And Whereas the duration of a Patent in the United States of America is for fourteen years, this partnership is made for fourteen years, or for any greater period to which the privilege in any of the American States can be extended, *But at any period over fourteen years at which the Patent expires in America,* the partnership shall cease also, And the whole stock of boats, warehouses or other property shall be considered the property

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of the share holders, who as a Company of proprietors will make such regulations as they think proper to govern their affairs, each share being a voice in such arrangement:

Sixth: And it is hereby further agreed that in case of the death of the said Livingston or Fulton within fourteen years, or before the termination of the period specified for the duration of the partnership, each heir or assign who holds at least twenty shares shall be considered as an active partner, with full power to act in place of the deceased, but as this arrangement may introduce two partners, Should two partners be introduced, the surviving primitive partner shall be considered equal to two voices, whatever may be the number of shares which he at such time may possess:

Seventh: And it is hereby agreed that the said Livingston may withdraw from this enterprise at any period he thinks proper, after the Five Hundred Pounds before mentioned shall be expended in the first experiment, but until he signifies to the said Fulton in writing, his determination to decline any further pursuit of the experiment he shall be considered as a partner in the undertaking.

signed { ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON (LS)
{ ROBERT FULTON. (LS)

Witnessed by
(signed) ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON.

MR. LIVINGSTON also possesses the booking list of the *Clermont,* or *North River,* from September 20, 1809, to May 5, 1810, with stubs showing the names of the passengers and the amount of fare paid by each. Pasted at the back of this book is an advertisement of the boat from which we take the following "regulations," which amusingly supplements the similar paragraphs on page 831:

REGULATIONS

For the North River Steam Boat

The rules, which are made for order and neatness in the boat, are not to be abused. Judgment shall be according to the letter of the law. Gentlemen wishing well to so public and useful an establishment, will see the propriety of strict justice, and the impropriety of the least imposition on the purse or feelings of any individual.

The Back Cabin, of 12 births, but which will accommodate 18 persons, is exclusively for the Ladies and their children. They who first apply and enter their names on the book, and at the same time pay their passage-money, shall have the choice of 12 births. Any greater number of persons will be accommodated with sophas or cross lockers.

The Great Cabin, of 24 births, which will accommodate 36 persons, is for Gentlemen. The first who apply and enter their names in the book, at the same time paying their passage-money, will have their choice of the 24 births. Any greater number of persons will be accommodated with sophas.

The Fore Cabin, of 16 births, will accommodate 24 persons. The first who apply, on entering their names and paying their passage-money, will have the choice of the births. Any greater number of persons will be accommodated with sophas.

Way-Passengers, who are not out for more than half the night, are not entitled to lie down in a birth.

As the comfort of all persons must be considered, cleanliness, neatness, and order are necessary; it is therefore not permitted that any person shall smoke in the ladies' cabin, or in the great cabin, under a penalty, first of one dollar and an half, and half a dollar for each half hour they offend against this rule; the money to be spent in wine for the company.

It is not permitted for any person to lie down in a birth with their boots or shoes on, under a penalty of one dollar and a half, and half a dollar for every half hour they may offend against this rule.

A shelf has been added to each birth, on which gentlemen will please to put their boots, shoes, and clothes, that the cabin may not be incumbered.

On deck and in the fore cabin it is allowed to smoke.

In the ladies' cabin and in the great cabin, cards and all games are to cease at 10 o'clock in the evening, that those persons who wish to sleep might not be disturbed.

As the Steam-Boat has been fitted up in an elegant style, order is necessary to keep it so: gentlemen will therefore please to observe cleanliness, and a reasonable attention not to injure the furniture; for this purpose no one must sit on a table under the penalty of half a dollar for each time, and every breakage of tables, chairs, sophas, or windows, tearing of curtains, or injury of any kind, must be paid for before leaving the Boat.

George Frederick Munn

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN, whose picture "In Normandy" is reproduced in this number of THE CENTURY, was born in Utica in August, 1851. He went abroad for the first time in 1865, and for the second time in 1870. In 1873 he took the National Gold Medal for success in art at the South Kensington Art School, and entered the Royal Academy School, where he took the silver medal for sculpture. After completing the Royal Academy course, he went to Paris, where he continued his studies at the Julien and Munkácsy studios.

Soon after his return to London from Paris, in 1876 or 1877, George Frederick Watts sent for him to work with him, and among other things the young artist "laid in" the "Triumph of Death," in distemper, for the master to work on.

He exhibited in the leading London galleries until 1886, and his paintings, both landscapes and figures, were to be found in

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the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the British Artists, the New, and the Dudley galleries. His landscapes painted in England, Brittany, and Normandy were of a high order. His more recent pictures, painted after his return to America in 1887, were few in number, owing to ill health, and were not exhibited, although some were as fine as any he ever painted.

On February 10, 1907, he died suddenly of heart failure in New York City.

Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, 1780-1867

TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

(SEE PAGE 871)

INGRES was born at Montauban in 1780, and died at Paris in 1867. When sixteen years of age he became a pupil of David, and four years later was awarded the "Grand prize of Rome." At that time the finances of France were in a crippled condition, owing to the wars of Napoleon, and the Academy at Rome was without funds for the support of pupils, so that Ingres had to wait five years before he could avail himself of its advantages. In the meantime he supported himself by illustrating, and as he was unable to hire models, he copied from the Greek antiquities of the Louvre. Finally he went to Italy, and was there from 1806 to 1824, studying the old masters at Rome and Florence, and gaining much from the works of Raphael, who at that time had long been neglected. When nearly fifty years of age he returned to France to find fame and honors awaiting him. From 1834 to 1841 he was a director of the Academy at Rome, and during the remainder of his life he was recognized as chief of the French school.

The influence of David is paramount in his works, though by his love of nature he ameliorated the severe and passionless style of his master, which had degenerated into the mere painting of antique sculpture. He blended the study of the antique and that of nature with happy results, insomuch that he has been called a "romantic Greek." To Ingres is attributed the statement that "drawing is the probity of art." With him drawing is the main thing, and in his remarkable "Jeanne d'Arc," a life-sized figure on canvas in the Louvre, his dictum is exemplified. Every inch shows his wonderful power and finesse of draftsmanship, every minute detail is unsparingly delineated, and before it one may well acknowledge that Ingres is the drawing-master *par excellence*. Yet the conception is not without considerable grandeur and the solemnity befitting the occasion. Jeanne d'Arc, clad in armor, and bearing a banner, stands before the high altar in attendance upon the ceremony of the consecration of Charles VII as king of France.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Mothers' Meeting at Parkersville

IT certainly was announced from the pulpit and by the press as "A Mothers' Meeting," the subject being, "How to Govern Children," yet, if you will believe me, when the parlors of the church were filled on Friday afternoon, the eldest in the audience was Jane Smith, who had seen twelve winters. As she was too large to be set aside, she took the chair. There were boys as well as girls present. Possibly they also had mothers.

"We 've got something awful important on hand," began the president. "Is n't it the most important thing in the world to have a mother?"

No one had anything more important to offer.

"Is anything more important than training a mother with a mortal soul, as the preacher says?"

As no question was raised, the speaker went on: "We are having in history about government. This country has always been fussing over it. Folks have got to be governed, or they turn to savages; and dogs, too. If not governed in the right way, folks revolutionize. Dogs run away. If we want a country of well-governed parents, we 've got to find the right way to govern 'em. Some folks govern by talking and some by more striking ways."

Several of the boys nodded assent.

"What we want to talk about is the best way to manage mothers without so much everlasting talking, putting them to bed without their suppers, and all that," continued the Chair, feelingly. "Say *mothers,*

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but that means fathers, too, who mind our mothers without knowing it; but when the children want them to mind, they make an awful fuss. Why, making good mothers is more important than getting rich, or writing stories for the magazines,—even wizard and fairy stories,—or taking baskets to poor people, or saving your candy pennies for the heathen. We can have a mother only once —at least one at a time, so we ought n't to mind a little trouble. Now, children, you can talk when I get through, only don't all try to talk at once, as if it was a grown-up ladies' meeting."

"I think not bein' selfish is the nicest thing in a mother," spoke up a bright little girl of ten. "Jest 'cause it takes all her time when the children are getting the teething and measles and whooping-cough out of the way, is no reason they should be let get out and have a good time when children are at school, and I heard my pa say that was what the kindergarten was made for, so mothers could get shut of their real little ones for a spell each day. My older sister works it well with ma. She lets ma do the washing, so she can have music lessons, and the dish-washing, 'cause she says it makes her hands stift. Ma 's doing it all only makes her back stift. I ain't going to set down, Johnny, till I get through, so there."

When Johnny Bly got the floor, he remarked: "The first thing to do is to train a mother to wait on herself. It 's awful easy for a mother to get to dependin' on a boy to fill the wood-box and attend to the chores. If you let her wait on everybody in the house, she sort o' stops botherin' you when you want to get out with the boys. Football is a mighty sight better exercise than choppin' kindlin', and not so dangerous, I don't care what the papers say. Fingers have been cut right off with hatchets."

"You mean cherry-trees?" corrected the Chair, who was studying history.

"My mother wears old clothes so the girls can have the new things and go out with pa," said a promising little girl. Many nodded approval.

"I think mothers might always take the childern when they go down-town or visitin'," suggested a small boy. "Mama dass n't let us cry on the street or 'fore folks, and we get what we tease for when we 're away. I heard mama tell papa she could n't have a scene with me when she was visitin'."

"I think mothers ought to be patient and never talk back," said another boy. "A good way to help that is always to be late to breakfast, and then push back your plate and put out your lips, and call for an egg, if there 's hash, and hot toast, if it happens to be pancakes."

"Leaving things on the floor is a good way to give a mama exercise," said a pretty little girl. "Mama thinks I am too sickly to make up my bed or pick up my room, an' I have a special teacher to learn me—oh, what is it, p'scian cultar?—'cause the p'scian told mama I needed exercise, and she thought work might hurt me. I 'm learnin' to pose—see," and the little lady struck a dramatic attitude that convulsed Johnny Bly.

When order was restored, after the Chair had shaken Johnny for saying, "Miss Stuckup pose, with upturned nose," another little girl arose and said:

"Mama says it is easier to do my work than see that I do it well, so I 'm not bothered as some children are. Mama read in the ladies' paper that tells everybody how to do everything that a mother must always send a child to school in a happy frame of mind. She sees we are not in a happy frame if we have to hunt our things, so she gits out the mittens and school-books and coaxes and smiles and lets her own work go, for the happy frame, and throws after us the kiss that the ladies' paper recommended."

"The same one the paper said to meet pa with when he came home late and cross?" asked another.

"The same kind of a one—a *made* smile, even if your pa did forget to mail her letter and order the flour," explained the Chair.

"Mamas should rock their chil'ren, even if it does muss up a party dress an' make the side ache when a boy gits real big. They should rock 'em to sleep an' read or tell stories," said a chubby urchin, who would not go to bed unless well paid for the favor.

"Mamas need n't try to read or write a letter when we want a racket. My mama heard at her club 'bout the nat'ral method, never to say no—make Bob White stop pinchin' me, Jane."

"Was jest bein' natural. I like to pinch to hurt," answered the demonstrator.

"My mama used to sort o' rest up Sunday afternoon, after her infant-class at Sunday-school; but she heard at that same club 'bout mothers playin' Sunday games, an' readin' for fear their children might get lonesome, an' she don't rest no more when we 're round," said a nervous little fellow.

"But s'pose they won't mind, what then?" quavered a small feminine voice. "S'pose you give 'em pennies and candy, and tell 'em the p'lice will carry 'em off, or that Santa Claus is list'nin' at the chimbly, what then?"

A deathlike silence fell upon the assembly. The gravity of the situation was appalling.

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"I know of two girls who *made* their ma mind," said one child. "They got her down on the floor and pounded her and broke her teeth—store ones at that."

"Yes, and they went to the reform school. I mean the girls," spoke up an older girl.

"Pa says there was no mothers' meetin's when he was a little boy," said a small boy, timidly.

"Yes; but they wore slippers," said another.

"Pa says they did n't have time to have mothers' meetin's, 'cause the mothers were so busy bringin' up their children. They had so many they had to depend on something quicker than talk. A mother did not have to wait for a meetin' when she found the children were makin' a fire in the stable near the hay."

"What kind of mothers did they have, any way?" asked an up-to-date-looking boy.

"Mighty good, I guess, 'cause they made dandy grandmas when they got through being mothers," was the cheerful answer. "They cooked mince-pies and crullers, and made little pies for the children, and let 'em key the pies around the edge, and kept cookies in a big jar, on the lowest pantry shelf, and they had birthdays, and Christmas, and the Fourth o' July. But pa says children helped all they could; they rocked the cradle, and wiped dishes, and did not answer back. Mothers had the best that was going—the white meat and the rocking-chair, and they would have it quiet sometimes. Grown folks then did n't have to wait till the children got through when they wanted to talk. The children did as they was told, 'cause they got into trouble if they did n't."

After this long and somewhat startling speech about the customs of the ancients, a little girl in the back of the room felt encouraged to lay a piece of her mind before the audience.

"I want to say somethin'. Mothers sometimes die. They sort o' wear out. Aunt Sallie did. She worked all the time and never answered back, and let her children have their way, and wore her company smile every day; but it was too much for her, and she up and died. She made home pleasant for her children, and her monument is the new one by the cemetery gate. But, my! how them children wish her back! Hired girls won't stay and be put upon as auntie was, and that makes uncle cross, and it 's just awful. Me and Billy made up our minds we 'd make home pleasant for mama, and mind without making a fuss. It ain't easy to get a mother in the first place, and even harder to get a good second-hand one. We 'd better do the minding."

"Maybe," said the Chair. "We have n't any mothers to spare, and it is easier for them when we do what they want. Maybe it is a good thing to learn how to mind. The boys may be soldiers when they grow up, or go to the penitentiary, and be shot dead, if they don't mind, and the girls may get married and have to mind hired girls. The meeting is adjourned. That means it is out."

Myra Goodwin Plantz.

SHE: Whoever started the habit of calling a boat "*She*"?
HE: Probably the first man that tried to steer one.

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The Use of Life

He 'd never heard of Phideas,
He 'd never heard of Byron;
His tastes were not fastidious,
His soul was not aspirin':
But he could tell you what the birds were
whisp'ring in the trees,
And he could find sweet music in the
sounding of the seas,
And he could joy in wintry snows,
And summer's sunny weather,
And tell you all the names of those
Who frolic in the heather.

He 'd never heard of Socrates,
He 'd never heard of Irving;
He loved the mediocrities
Much more than the deserving:
But when the frost was in the air he knew
the fox's hole,
The haunt of deer and beaver, and the
woodchuck and the mole;
And he could joy in arching trees,
In heavens blue or starlit,
And in the cold, crisp autumn breeze
That paints the country scarlet.

He nothing knew of sciences,
Of art, or eke of letters;
Nor of those strange appliances
That fill the world with debtors:
But happiness he knew right well; he knew
from A to Z
The art of filling life with song, and others'
souls with glee;
And he could joy in day and night,
Heart full of pure thanksgiving—
I am not sure he was not right
In using life for living.

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Village Procrastinator

Somewhere along in '93
Jed Wheeler come an' said to me,
"Ezekiel, I 'm a-goin' to buy
A bicycle." "Git out!" says I.
"It 's true," said Jed, with tilted head,
"A reg'lar bicycle," says Jed.

Then Jed took on a knowin' air,
An' raised his hat frum off his hair,
An' wiped his Dan'l Webster brow,
An' says: "But I don't buy it *now*.
No, sir, not now," says Jed. "I swow,
They 'll be much cheaper year from now."
An' that was 'long in '93
That Jed made that remark to me.

In '94 I spoke to Jed
About his bicycle; he said
That he hed foun' by lookin' roun'
That wheels was surely comin' down,
An' that he 'd wait a year or so,
Till they hed dropped down purty low.
"Oh, yes," said Jed, with tilted head,
"Great scheme fer savin' cash," he said.

Waal, '95 an' '6 went by,
An' bicycles war n't nigh so high.
I met Jed down to Jones's store
An' asked him, as I 'd done before,
Ef he hed got his wheel ez yit,
Or what kind he was like to git.
Then Jed took on a wise-like grin,
An' scratched the stubble on his chin,
An' hemmed an' hawed, an' shet one eye,
An' says, "I 'll git one by an' by."

Says Jed, "they 're droppin' three or four
Dollars per year, an' some years more;
I 'm savin' that much, don't you see,
Which is good interest fer me.
I 'll walk aroun' this blamed ol' town
Another year an' salt it down."
An' so he walked, two years, at least,
The while the price of wheels decreased.

In 1900 once again
I met ol' Jed upon the train.
"Why don't you ride your wheel?" says I,
An' Jed he kinder closed one eye
An' says, quite conferdential-like:
"The reason I ain't bought no bike
Is jest becuz I 'm waitin' till
They git a little cheaper still.
Why, man," says he—"why, don't you see
I 'm makin' money? Course I be."

A year or two or more went by,
An' Jed, still squintin' up one eye,
Walked back an' forth from home to town
While bicycles kept comin' down.
"Oh, no," says Jed, with shake of head,
"I 'll walk an' save my cash instead.
I 'll walk an' use my weather eye;
They 'll git down cheaper by an' by."

An' that was back in '93
That Jed talked bicycle to me;
He 's talked about it ever sence,
An' still kept straddle of the fence.
"Oh, no," says he, "you can't fool me;
I know what I 'm about," says he.
An' so he walked, an' by degrees
Poor Jed he got the foot disease.

Says he, "I vow, it 's high time now
I bought a bicycle, I swow!"
So t' other day he sent away
To git his wheel. But, strange to say,
Afore he got aroun' to ride
Jed took a turn, an' up an' died.

Joe Cone.

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"Hikin'"

"Hep! Hep! Hayfoot! Strawfoot!
Belly full o' bean soup—Hep!"
Ancient lay.

GRAVEL agitators on a long, hard hike—
Hep!
Kickin' up an orful dust along the dreary pike—
Hep!
Bay'nit scabbard draggin' o' yer foot-tracks out;
Mouth a-pantin' open like a landed mountain trout;
Try ter lag a little, an' you hear the sergeant shout:
"Hep!

Hep! Hep! Murphy git in step;
The hod ain't on yer shoulder now, so
Hep! Hep! Hep!"

Ammunition weighin' 'bout a quarter of a ton—
Hep!
Blanket-roll a-chafin', an' yer hand stuck to yer gun—
Hep!
Sweat a-diggin' furrows in the dust around yer neck;
Mouth is full o' sand, an' in yer ears about a peck;
Try ter slack a little, an' the sergeant sings his check:
"Hep!

Hep! Hep! Lengthen out the step!
Kick yer legs out faster, there, an'
Hep! Hep! Hep!"

Cavalry goes slidin' by like we was standin' still—
Hep!
Sloppin' in their saddles an' they guy us as we drill—
Hep!
Wait until you see the column goin' inter camp,
See us hit the pillows, then it 's them wot 's got ter tramp,
Guardin' our sweet slumber an' a-shakin' in the damp—
"Hep!

Hep! Hep! Liven up that step!
Yer all a-walkin' half-asleep, so
Hep! Hep! Hep!"

Alfred Damon Runyon.

CURIOSITY THAT IS HUMAN

EACH ONE, AFTER STOPPING TO SEE: What a lot of simpletons one meets on the street!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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